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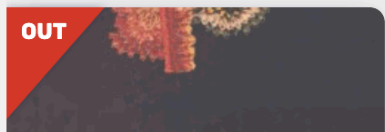


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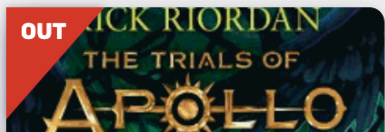


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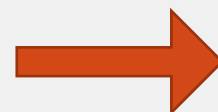
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Published: 2014

Reading Level: 4.5

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Details



Artemis Fowl the last guardian

Eoin Colfer.

Young criminal mastermind Artemis Fowl goes up against his arch rival Opal Koboi one more time after Opal reanimates dead fairies, who were buried in the grounds of Fowl Manor, and the spirits possess his little brother.

1 of 1 available

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Series: Artemis Fowl ; bk. 8

Published: Solon, OH : Findaway, c2012.

Edition: Unabridged.

Format: 1 online resource (1 audio file) : digital

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Cataloged from publisher supplied information.

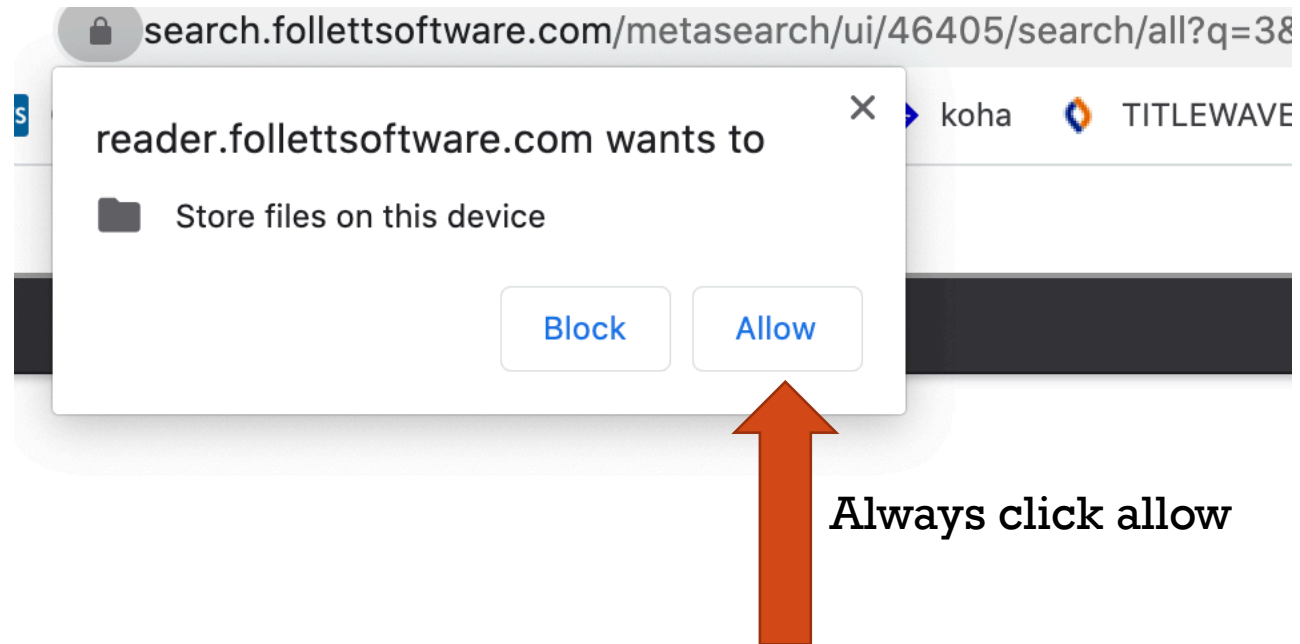
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Interest Level: 5-8

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ALWAYS ALLOW



"This woman. She is a healer, near Tu Do Street. She works in exchange for rice wine. All the time, drunk."



Default



“They had better be. Or Butler will seal them permanently.”

Nguyen skipped off down the alley, so relieved to be alive that he didn't even bother counting the sheaf of U.S. r's work.

Artemis turned back to the healer.

“Now, madam, you have something that I want.”

The healer's tongue caught a drop of

“Yes, Irish. Sore head. Bad tooth. I

Artemis replaced the night-vision goggles and squatted to her level.

“I am perfectly healthy, madam, apart from a slight dust-mite allergy, and I don't think even you can do anything.

The hag froze. Bright eyes glinted from beneath the shawl.

“Book?” she said cautiously. “I don't know about no book. I am healer. You want book, go to library.”



HIGHLIGHT



NOTE



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1?"

Vine first. Then talk."

drew out a half pint of the finest Irish whiskey. Artemis took the glass. A mottled green hand. There was no doubt.

, Mister Xuan, this is between us. You don't want Butler to come here, not permanently."

seemed to be alive that he didn't even bother counting the sheaf of wheat.

want."

looked at the corner of her mouth.

and squatted to her level.

with a slight dust-mite allergy, and I don't think even you can do anything about it beneath the shawl.

about no book. I am healer. You want book, go to library."

"You are no healer. You are a sprite, *p'shóg*, fairy, *ka-dalun*. When you were young, then she threw back the shawl from her forehead. In the green of her hair. Her ears were pointed, and the alcohol addiction had melted her face. She said slowly, fighting the numbing effects of the whiskey, "there you are. You are near dead. The rice wine has dulled your senses. Remember this?"

to know are your options."

is?"

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