

DEREK LANDY

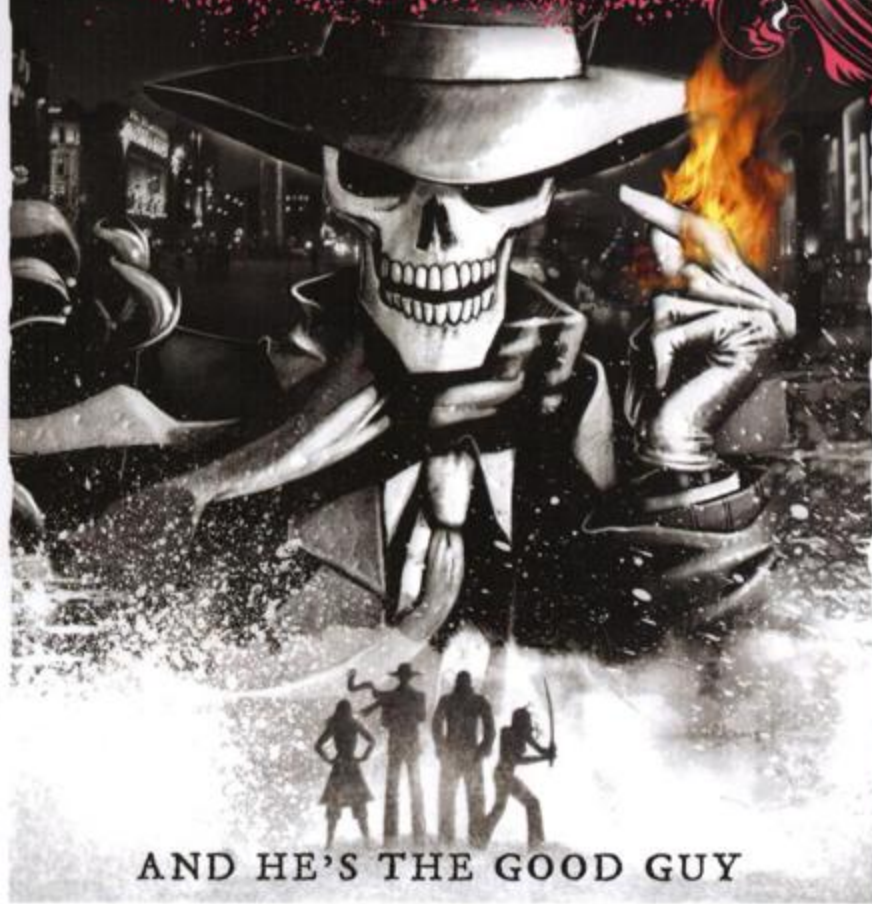
Skulduggery Pleasant



AND HE'S THE GOOD GUY

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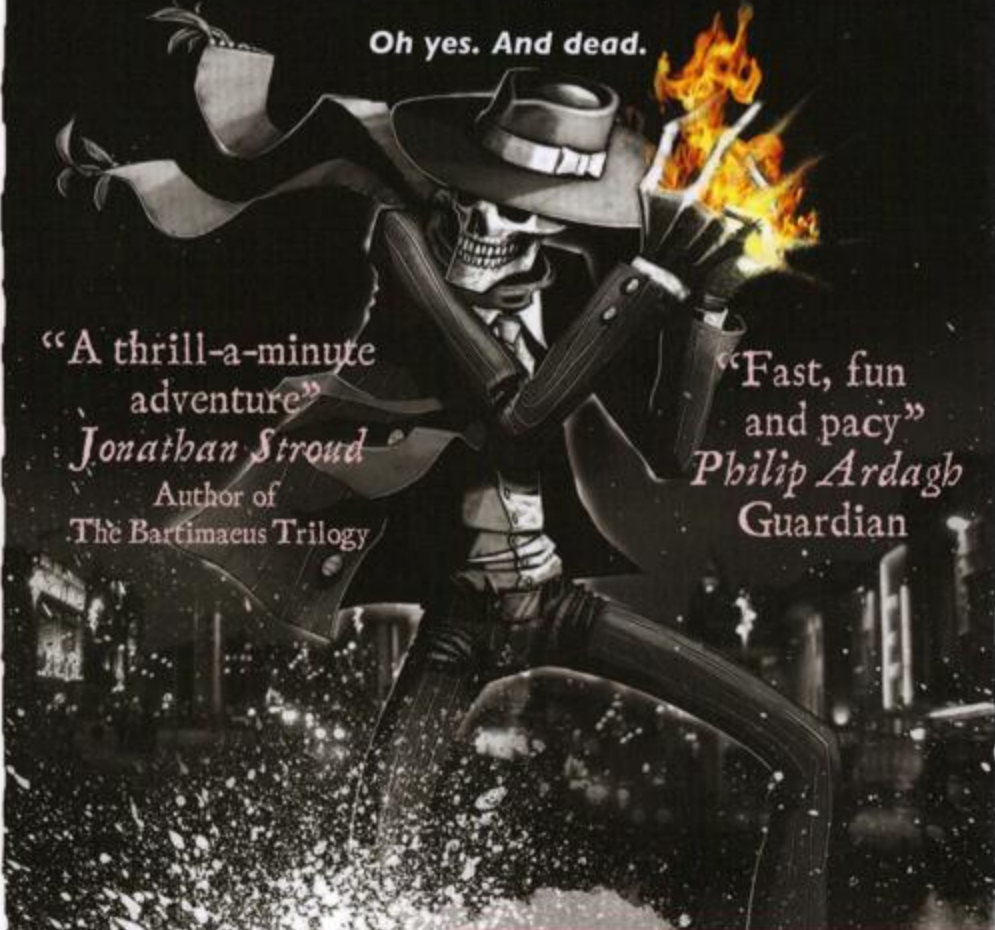
“With his sunglasses gone there was no denying the fact that he had no face. All he had was a skull for a head.”

**Meet Skulduggery Pleasant:
wise-cracking detective, powerful magician,
sworn enemy of evil.**

Oh yes. And dead.

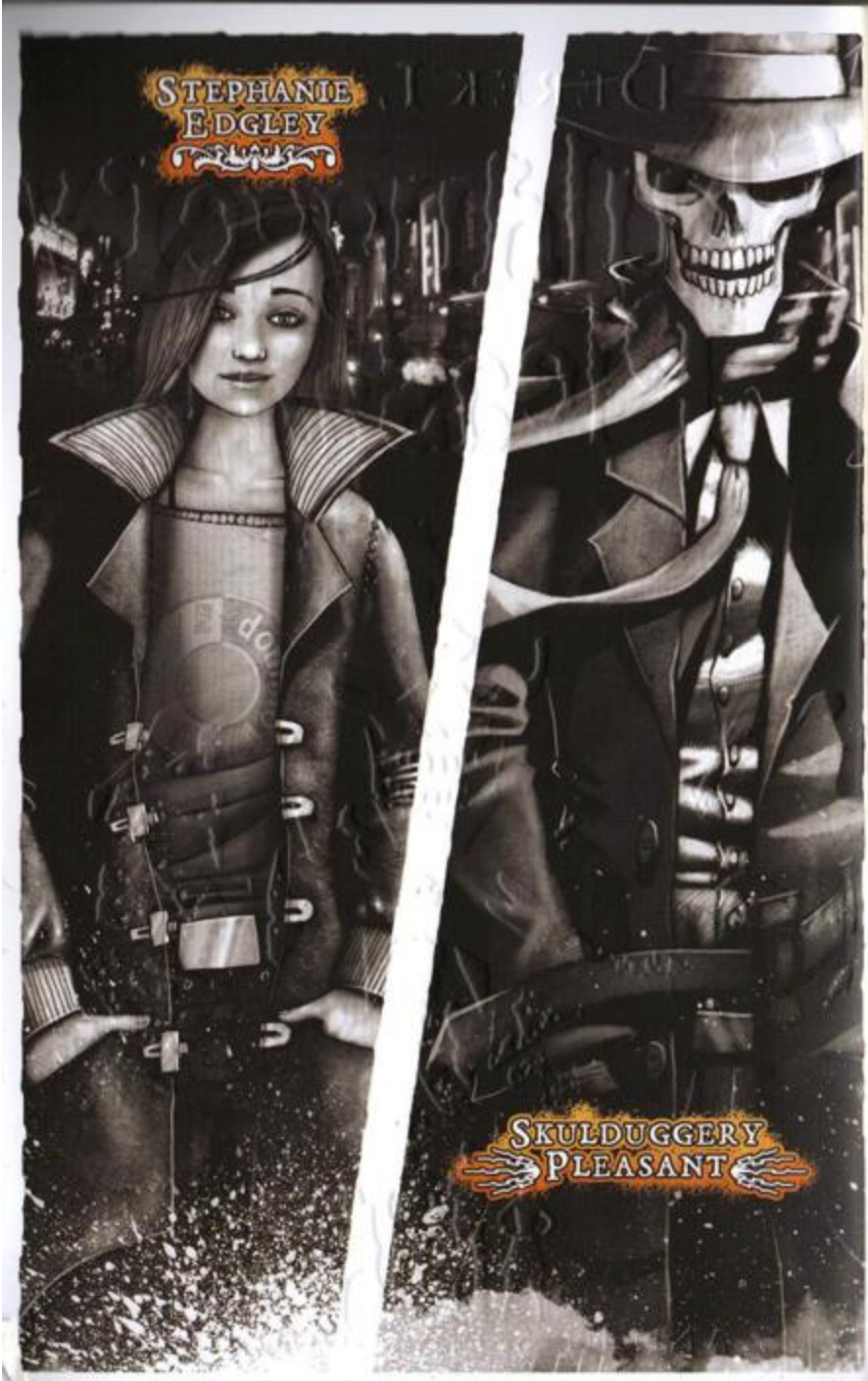
“A thrill-a-minute
adventure”
Jonathan Stroud
Author of
The Bartimaeus Trilogy

“Fast, fun
and pacy”
Philip Ardagh
Guardian



www.skulduggerypleasant.com

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STEPHANIE
EDGLEY

SKULDUGGERY
PLEASANT



Before writing his children's story about a sharply-dressed skeleton detective, DEREK

LANDY wrote the screenplays for a zombie movie and a murderous thriller in which everybody dies.

As a black belt in Kenpo Karate he has taught countless children how to defend themselves, in the hopes of building his own private munchkin army. He firmly believes that they await his call to strike against his enemies (he doesn't actually have any enemies, but he's assuming they'll show up, sooner or later).

Derek lives on the outskirts of Dublin, and the reason he writes his own biography blurb is so that he can finally refer to himself in the third person without looking pompous or insane.

What people are saying about Skulduggery Pleasant:

"The adventure is brilliant because it makes you sooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo excited and you always think something incredible will happen next. 10 out of 10!"

Minna (Age 11)

"This is thoroughly gripping. A book you could never just put down."

Aurelius (Age 11)

"I would give this book 10/10 and would advise everybody young and old to read it. It is such a compulsive page turner it will be finished in about 2 days."

Joel (Age 12)

"I enjoyed every word and was glued to the book. It has an interesting and original story line that sometimes had me rolling around laughing and at other times had my heart racing. I really

hope that there are more Skulduggery books to come and if there are I'll be first in line!"

Chloe (Age 11)

"This book had me on the edge of my seat throughout the story. I think that is because of the fast paced action, the funny jokes that Skulduggery made and a curiosity about him and his world."

Max (Age 12)

"It's exciting, pacy nicely handled and fun. I sincerely hope Landy revisits these characters."

Philip Ardagh, Guardian

"A gripping debut."

Phil Hogan, Observer

"Landy's witty style will win him fans of all ages... With writing of this standard, a rattling plot and definite potential for cross-over appeal, it's a good job Harry's resigning before he's forcibly retired."

Irish Mail on Sunday

"A remarkably accomplished debut with wonderful dialogue."

Robert Dunbar, Irish Times

"[Landy's] fight scenes are perfectly pitched. His characters are exceptionally well drawn and delightfully colourful... Reading

[this book] is like riding a rollercoaster"

Irish Independent

"A debut that brings a much-needed twist to the mystery/fantasy genre with its wisecracking detective hero."

New York Times

"Readers will be skipping meals and sleep to get to the end."

Kirkus Reviews

'An utterly charming debut, perfect for the Potter crowd.'

Publishers Weekly

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Skulduggery Pleasant rests his weary bones on the web at:
www.skulduggerypleasant.com

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This book is dedicated to my parents, John and Barbara.

Dad - this is for your bizarrely unwavering support and unflinching faith.

Barbs - this is for that look on your face when I told you the good news.

I owe you absolutely everything and, y'know, I suppose it's entirely possible that I feel some, like, degree of affection towards the two of you...

STEPHANIE

Gordon Edgley's sudden death came as a shock to everyone — not least himself. One moment he was in his study, seven words into the twenty-fifth sentence of the final chapter of his new book *And The Darkness Rained Upon Them*, and the next he was dead. *A tragic loss*, his mind echoed numbly as he slipped away.

The funeral was attended by family and acquaintances but not many friends. Gordon hadn't been a well-liked figure in the publishing world, for although the books he wrote -

tales of horror and magic and wonder - regularly reared their heads in the bestseller lists, he had the disquieting habit of insulting people without realizing it, then laughing at their shock.

It was at Gordon's funeral, however, that Stephanie Edgley first caught sight of the gentleman in the tan overcoat.

He was standing under the shade of a large tree, away from the crowd, the coat buttoned up all the way despite the warmth of the afternoon. A scarf was wrapped around the lower half of his face and even from her position on the far side of the grave, Stephanie could make out the wild and frizzy hair that escaped from the wide brimmed hat he wore low over his gigantic sunglasses. She watched him, intrigued by his appearance. And then, like he knew he was being observed, he turned and walked back through the rows of headstones, and disappeared from sight.

After the service, Stephanie and her parents travelled back to her dead uncle's house, over a humpbacked bridge and along a narrow road that carved its way through thick woodland. The gates were heavy and grand and stood open, welcoming them into the estate.

The grounds were vast and the old house itself was ridiculously big.