



*Some books want to be read.
This one wants to be finished.*

Élena Dubois catalogs other people's pasts for a living. Paper doesn't lie to her — until a crate of a dead notary's papers gives up a book with no title, warm as something sleeping, marked only with a serpent swallowing its own tail.

The book returns what she buried thirty years ago: her mother's voice. Her mother's name. But every gift is paid for. A baker no one remembers. A friend who never existed. A scar gone from her own face. And watching from the city's doorways, a society whose whole discipline is to never read — who have seen this before, and know exactly how it ends.

To save what's left of the people she loves, Élena must become the book's keeper — and finish what four hundred years were built to prevent.



THE FIRST DRAFT

Reality is only a first draft.



THE FIRST DRAFT

a novel

BLOODARKY

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