

NEW YORK TIMES #1 BEST-SELLING AUTHOR

RICK RIORDAN

DAUGHTER

OF THE

DEEP





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RICK
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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

About the Author

Rick Riordan, dubbed 'storyteller of the gods' by Publishers Weekly, is the author of five New York Times number-one bestselling book series with millions of copies sold throughout the world: Percy Jackson, the Heroes of Olympus and the Trials of Apollo, based on Greek and Roman mythology; the Kane Chronicles, based on Egyptian mythology; and Magnus Chase, based on Norse mythology.

Rick lives in Boston with his wife, Becky, and their two sons, and when he's not writing, he enjoys traveling the world. He's even been known to go scuba diving on occasion.

To learn more about Rick and his books, you can visit him at www.rickriordan.co.uk or follow him on Twitter @RickRiordan.

Books by Rick Riordan

The Percy Jackson series

PERCY JACKSON AND THE LIGHTNING THIEF*

PERCY JACKSON AND THE SEA OF MONSTERS*

PERCY JACKSON AND THE TITAN'S CURSE*

PERCY JACKSON AND THE BATTLE OF THE LABYRINTH*

PERCY JACKSON AND THE LAST OLYMPIAN*

THE DEMIGOD FILES

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CAMP JUPITER CLASSIFIED

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*Nature's creative power is far beyond man's
instinct of destruction.*

*– Jules Verne, 20,000 Leagues
Under the Sea*

Foreword

Don't Pick Up a Starfish by Its Arm

Did you know more than eighty percent of the ocean remains unexplored? EIGHTY, PEOPLE! It is very possible that at this moment a mermaid and a giant squid are munching on macroalgae macaroni and wondering when we're going to catch up and discover that Atlantis was just a theme park that went terribly wrong. Who knows?

No one can say for certain, because so much of the ocean is unknown. And I am terrified of the unknown, so it goes without saying that I am absolutely terrified of the ocean. Perhaps it started when, at the age of ten, I picked up a starfish by one of its arms ... and soon found myself holding a single wiggling appendage. At the time, I didn't know that starfish arms could regenerate. I believed I was a murderer. I fell to my knees and bellowed with horror. (CURSE YE, FORMIDABLE MIGHT! SUCH INNOCENCE ... DESTROYED! DOES THIS MEAN I CAN PERMANENTLY SKIP GYM?)

But the more that something terrifies me, the more I tend to obsess over it. And, ever since that fateful starfish encounter, the ocean, with its strange inhabitants – that's right, I'm looking at you, various *echinoderms* and *ophiuroids* – has loomed large in my mind as a place of unknowable power, unimaginable beauty and untapped potential.

Rick Riordan's *Daughter of the Deep* captures every single facet of that awe and terror.

If you have ever craved a story that will leave your heart racing, your lungs gasping from numerous twists and turns, your soul heaving from the effort of carrying around an ensemble cast that includes smol, ingenious and possibly bloodthirsty cinnamon rolls (oh, and a humongous creature of the deep who, truly, just wants love), you will find all that and more in the pages ahead. Our story begins with two warring schools and a cataclysmic event that sends the freshman class of the elite Harding-Pencroft Academy

on a deadly mission to unearth a secret about the kind of technological power that can remake the world. I was on the edge of my seat the whole time as the crew navigated high-tech high jinks, deep-sea riddles and the sort of military tactics that somehow make *me* feel smarter despite the fact that I have been ensconced in a soft blankie for the better part of the day.

I cannot think of a better captain to helm this watery adventure than the formidable Ana Dakkar. Ana is everything I wished I could be at fifteen. Fearless, brilliant, a linguistic whiz, friends with a dolphin named Socrates and – most importantly to a daydreaming adolescent Rosh – burdened with an ancestral legacy that is the stuff of legends.

You see, Ana is one of the last descendants of Captain Nemo, and that's where things get complicated. As the last of the Dakkars, Ana not only finds herself grappling with an inheritance that could change the entire world's understanding of technology, but she's also struggling with larger questions, like *What are we owed?* and *What do we owe others?* It's easy to make the right decisions when all the world is watching, but when you're deep underwater, where the sun can't see you, you might just end up doing something you never expected ...

To me, this story is a lot like the ocean. Equal parts thrilling and terrifying, and, no matter which way you look at it, downright cool. Enjoy! And don't eat too many cinnamon rolls.

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Roshani Chokshi". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style with a large initial 'R' and a decorative flourish at the end.

Introduction

My journey under the sea started in landlocked Bologna, Italy, in 2008. I was there for a children's book fair, right before *The Battle of the Labyrinth* and *The 39 Clues: The Maze of Bones* were scheduled for release. I was having dinner in the basement of a restaurant with about fourteen of the top brass from Disney Publishing when the president of the division turned to me and said, 'Rick, is there any existing Disney intellectual property you'd love to write about?' I didn't hesitate in saying, '*20,000 Leagues Under the Sea*.' It took me another twelve years before I was ready to write it, but my version of that story is now in your hands.



Who is Captain Nemo? (No, not the cartoon fish.)

If you're not familiar with the original Captain Nemo, he's a character created by the French author Jules Verne in the nineteenth century. Verne wrote about him in two novels, *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea* (1870) and *The Mysterious Island* (1875), in which Nemo commands the world's most advanced submarine, the *Nautilus*.

Captain Nemo was smart, well educated, courteous and massively wealthy. He was also angry, bitter and dangerous. Imagine a combination of Bruce Wayne, Tony Stark and Lex Luthor. Formerly known as Prince Dakkar, Nemo had fought the British colonial government in India. In retaliation, the British killed his wife and children. This was Dakkar's supervillain/superhero origin story. He renamed himself Nemo, which is Latin for *no one*. (Greek myth fans: this was an Easter egg about/shout-out to Odysseus, who told the Cyclops Polyphemus that his name was Nobody.) Nemo dedicated the rest of his life to terrorizing the colonial European powers on the high seas, sinking and plundering their ships and making them fear the unstoppable 'sea monster' that was the *Nautilus*.

Who wouldn't want to have that kind of power? As a kid, every time I jumped in a lake or even a swimming pool, I liked to pretend I was Captain Nemo. I could sink enemy ships with impunity, go all over the world undetected, explore depths no one had ever visited, and uncover fabulous ruins and priceless treasures. I could submerge into my own secret realm and never return to the surface world (which was kind of horrible anyway). When I eventually wrote about Percy Jackson, the son of Poseidon, you can bet that my old daydreams about Captain Nemo and the *Nautilus* were a big reason I chose to make Percy a demigod of the sea.

Now, I'll be honest, I found Verne's novels slow going when I was a kid. But I *did* enjoy my uncle's old Classics Illustrated editions, and I loved watching the Disney film version of *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea* – even the cheesy bits like Kirk Douglas dancing and singing, and the giant rubber squid attacking the ship. Only when I was older did I realize how rich and complex the original stories were. Nemo was even more interesting than I had imagined. And I began to see little openings in the narrative where Verne had left room for a possible sequel ...



Why does Captain Nemo still matter?

Verne was one of the first writers of science fiction. Looking back from the twenty-first century, it can be difficult for us to appreciate just how revolutionary his ideas were, but Verne imagined technology that would not exist for hundreds of years to come. A self-powered submarine that could circle the globe continuously and never have to dock for supplies? Impossible! In 1870, submarines were still newfangled inventions – dangerous tin cans that were more likely to blow up and kill everyone on board than to complete a trip around the world. Verne also wrote *Around the World in 80 Days* at a time when making the trip that quickly was unthinkable, and *Journey to the Centre of the Earth*, a feat that is still far beyond human technology, though some day, who knows?

The best science fiction can shape how humans see their own future. Jules Verne did that better than anyone. Way back in the 1800s, he suggested what *could* be possible, and humans rose to the challenge. When people talk about how fast a plane or a ship can circle the world, they still use *Around the World in 80 Days* as a benchmark. At one time, eighty days

was an incredibly short trip for circumnavigating the globe. Now we can do it in less than eighty hours by plane, and less than forty days by sea.

Verne's *Journey to the Centre of the Earth* inspired generations of cavers to explore the earth's cave systems and spurred geoengineers to figure out how the layers of the earth function.

Captain Nemo, on the other hand, raised awareness of the importance the oceans would have for the future of the planet. We know most of the earth is covered with water, and eighty percent of the oceans are *still* unexplored. Figuring out how to tap the power of the sea, and to live *with* the power of the sea as our climate changes, may be key to human survival. Verne envisioned all of that in his books.

Nemo and his crew are able to live self-sufficiently without ever touching dry land. The sea provides all their needs. In *20,000 Leagues*, Nemo tells Aronnax that the *Nautilus* is entirely electric and draws all its power from the ocean. In *The Mysterious Island*, Cyrus Harding speculates that when coal runs out, humans will learn to draw energy from the abundant hydrogen of the ocean. That is *still* a goal people are trying to achieve today, and one of the reasons I decided that Nemo must have unlocked the secret of cold fusion.

In *20,000 Leagues*, Nemo's crew uses electrical Leyden guns that are more effective and elegant than standard arms. They have almost limitless wealth thanks to the many shipwrecks they've plundered. They've discovered the secrets of subaquatic agriculture, so food is never an issue. Most importantly, they have *freedom*. They are independent of any nation's laws and can come and go as they please. They answer to no one except Nemo. Whether that is good or bad ... I guess that depends on what you think of Nemo!

The importance of the sea, the importance of imagining new technological advances – these are great reasons to still read Jules Verne. But there's one more critical thing to consider. Verne made Captain Nemo an Indian prince whose people suffered under European colonialism. His character explores themes that are just as critical now as they were in Victorian times. How do you find a voice and power when society denies you those privileges? How do you fight injustice? Who gets to write the history books and decide who were the 'good guys' and the 'bad guys'? Nemo is an outlaw, a rebel, a genius, a scientist, an explorer, a pirate, a gentleman, an 'archangel of vengeance'. He's a complicated guy, which

makes him a lot of fun to read about. I was fascinated by the idea of fast-forwarding his legacy into the twenty-first century and looking at what his descendants would be dealing with all these years later.

What would *you* do if you had the power of the *Nautilus* at your command? I hope *Daughter of the Deep* will inspire you to think about your own adventures, the way Jules Verne inspired me. Make ready to dive. We're going deep!

A handwritten signature in black ink, reading "Rick Lindan". The signature is written in a cursive style with a large, looping initial "R".



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communications, exploration, cryptography, counter-intelligence

HOUSE SHARK

command, combat, weapons systems, logistics

HOUSE CEPHALOPOD

engineering, applied mechanics, innovation, defensive systems

HOUSE ORCA

medicine, psychology, education, marine biology, communal memory

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Cooper Dunne
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Kay Ramsay

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Franklin Couch, prefect
Ester Harding
Linzi Huang
Rhys Morrow
Brigid Salter



CHAPTER ONE

Here's the thing about life-shattering days.

They start just like any other. You don't realize your world is about to explode into a million smoking pieces of awfulness until it's too late.

The last Friday of my freshman year, I wake in my dorm room at five a.m. as usual. I get up quietly so as not to disturb my room-mates, change into my bikini and head for the ocean.

I love the campus in the early morning. The white concrete facades of the buildings are turning pink and turquoise in the sunrise. The quad's grassy lawn is empty except for seagulls and squirrels waging their eternal war for the snack crumbs we students have left behind. The air smells of sea salt, eucalyptus and fresh cinnamon rolls baking in the cafeteria. The cool Southern California breeze raises goosebumps on my arms and legs. It's times like this I can't believe I'm lucky enough to go to school at Harding-Pencroft Academy.

Assuming I survive this weekend's trials, of course. I might wash out in disgrace, or die tangled in a net at the bottom of some underwater obstacle course ... But, hey, it's still better than ending the term doing five jillion multiple-choice problems on some state standardized test.

I follow the gravel footpath that leads to the ocean.

A hundred yards past the naval-warfare building, the cliffs drop into the Pacific. Far below, white surf ribs the steel-blue sea. Waves rumble and reverberate around the curve of the bay like the snores of a giant.

My brother, Dev, is waiting for me at the edge of the cliff. 'You're late, Ana Banana.'

He knows I hate it when he calls me that.

‘I *will* push you off,’ I warn.

‘Well, you could try.’ When Dev grins, he does this lopsided squint, like he can’t equalize the pressure in one ear. The other girls tell me it’s adorable. I’m not convinced. His dark hair is spiky in front, like a sea urchin. He claims it’s his ‘style’. I think it’s just because he sleeps with a pillow over his face.

As usual, he’s wearing his standard black HP wetsuit with the silver Shark logo on the front, indicating his house. Dev thinks I’m crazy to make the dive in a bikini. In most ways, he’s a tough guy. When it comes to cold temperatures, though, he’s kind of a baby.

We do our pre-dive stretches. This spot is one of the few places along the California coast where you can free dive without getting smashed to pieces against the rocks below. The cliffs are sheer, plunging straight into the depths of the bay.

It’s quiet and peaceful this time of morning. Despite Dev’s responsibilities as a house captain, he is never too busy for our morning ritual. I love him for that.

‘What did you bring for Socrates today?’ I ask.

Dev gestures nearby. Two dead squid lie glistening in the grass. As a senior, Dev has access to the aquarium’s feeding supplies. This means he can sneak little treats for our friend under the bay. The squid are about a foot long from tail to tentacles – slimy, silver and brown like oxidized aluminium. *Loligo opalescens*. California market squid. Lifespan six to nine months.

I can’t turn off the data stream. Our marine biology professor, Dr Farez, has trained us too well. You learn to remember the details because everything, literally *everything*, will be on her quizzes.

Socrates has another name for *Loligo opalescens*. He calls them breakfast.

‘Nice.’ I pick up the squid, still cold from the freezer, and hand one to Dev. ‘You ready?’

‘Hey, before we dive ...’ His expression turns serious. ‘I have something I want to give you ...’

I don’t know if he’s telling the truth or not, but I always fall for his distractions. As soon as he has my attention, he turns and jumps off the cliff.

I curse. ‘Oh, you little –’

Whoever jumps in first has a better chance of finding Socrates first.

I take a deep breath and leap after him.

Cliff-diving is the ultimate rush. I free-fall ten stories, wind and adrenalin screaming in my ears, then punch through the icy water.

I relish the shock to my system: the sudden cold, the sting of the brine on my cuts and scrapes. (If you don't have cuts and scrapes as a student at HP, you haven't been doing your combat exercises right.)

I plunge straight through a school of copper rockfish – dozens of frilly orange-and-white bruisers who look like punk-rock koi. But their tough looks are just for show, since they scatter with a massive burst of YIKES! Ten metres below me, I spot the shimmering whirlwind of Dev's bubble trail. I follow it down.

My static apnoea record is five minutes. Obviously, I can't hold my breath that long when I'm exerting myself, but still, this is my environment. On the surface, Dev has the advantage of strength and speed. Underwater, I've got the endurance and agility. At least, that's what I tell myself.

My brother floats above the sandy seabed, his legs crossed like he's been meditating there for hours. He's keeping the squid behind his back, because Socrates has arrived and is nuzzling Dev's chest as if to say, *C'mon, I know what you've got for me.*

Socrates is a gorgeous animal. And I don't say that just because my house is Dolphin. He's a young male bottlenose, nine feet long, with bluish-grey skin and a prominent dark streak across his dorsal fin. I know he isn't *actually* smiling. His long-beaked mouth is just shaped that way. Still, I find it unbelievably cute.

Dev produces his squid. Socrates snaps it up and swallows it whole. Dev grins at me, a bubble escaping from his lips. His expression says *Ha-ha, the dolphin likes me best.*

I offer Socrates my squid. He's only too happy to have seconds. He lets me scratch his head, which is as smooth and taut as a water balloon, then rub his pectoral fins. (Dolphins are suckers for pectoral-fin rubs.)

Then he does something I'm not expecting. He bucks, pushing my hand up with his rostrum in a gesture I've come to read as *Let's go!* or *Hurry!* He veers and swims off, the wake from his tail buffeting my face.

I watch until he disappears into the gloom. I wait for him to circle back. He doesn't.

I don't understand.

Usually he doesn't eat and run. He likes to hang out. Dolphins are naturally social. Most days, he'll follow us to the surface and leap over our heads, or play hide-and-seek, or pepper us with squeaks and clicks that sound like questions. That's why we call him Socrates. He never gives answers – just asks questions.

But today he seemed agitated ... almost worried.

At the edge of my vision, the blue lights of the security grid stretch across the mouth of the bay – a glowing diamond pattern I've grown used to over the last two years. As I watch, the lights wink out, then flicker back on. I've never seen them do that before.

I glance at Dev. He doesn't appear to have noticed the change in the grid. He points up. *Race you.*

He kicks for the surface, leaving me in a cloud of sand.

I want to stay under longer. I'm curious to see if the lights go out again, or if Socrates comes back. But my lungs are burning. Reluctantly, I follow Dev.

After I join him on the surface and catch my breath, I ask if he saw the grid flicker off.

He squints at me. 'Are you sure you weren't just blacking out?'

I splash his face. 'I'm serious. We should tell somebody.'

Dev wipes the water from his eyes. He still looks sceptical.

To be honest, I've never understood why we have a state-of-the-art electronic underwater barrier across the mouth of the bay. I know it's supposed to keep the sea life safe by keeping out everything else, like poachers, recreational divers and pranksters from our rival high school, Land Institute. But it seems like overkill, even for a school that produces the world's best marine scientists and naval cadets. I don't know exactly how the grid works. I *do* know it isn't supposed to flicker, though.

Dev must see that I'm genuinely worried. 'Fine,' he says. 'I'll report it.'

'Also, Socrates was acting weird.'

'A dolphin acting weird. Okay, I'll report that, too.'

'I could do it, but, like you always say, I'm just a lowly freshman. You're the big, powerful house captain of the Sharks, so –'

He splashes me back. 'If you're done being paranoid, I really *do* have something for you.' He pulls a glittering chain from the pouch of his dive belt. 'Happy early birthday, Ana.'

He hands me the necklace: a single black pearl set in gold. It takes me a second to understand what he's given me. My chest tightens.

'Mom's?' I can barely say the word.

The pearl was the centrepiece of Mom's mangalsutra, her wedding necklace. It's also the only thing we have left of her.

Dev smiles, though his eyes get that familiar melancholy drift. 'I got the pearl reset. You'll be fifteen next week. She'd want you to wear it.'

This is the sweetest thing he's ever done for me. I'm going to start weeping. 'But ... why not wait until next week?'

'You're leaving for your freshman trials today. I wanted you to have the pearl for luck – just in case, you know, you fail spectacularly or something.'

He really knows how to ruin a moment.

'Oh, shut up,' I say.

He laughs. 'I'm kidding, of course. You're going to do great. You always do great, Ana. Just be careful, okay?'

I feel myself flush. I'm not sure what to do with all this warmth and affection. 'Well ... the necklace is beautiful. Thank you.'

'Course.' He stares at the horizon, a flicker of worry in his dark brown eyes. Maybe he's thinking about the security grid, or he really *is* nervous about my weekend trials. Or maybe he's thinking about what happened two years ago, when our parents flew over that horizon for the last time.

'Come on.' He musters another reassuring smile, as he has done so often for my sake. 'We'll be late for breakfast.'

Always hungry, my brother, and always moving – the perfect Shark captain.

He swims for shore.

I look at my mother's black pearl – her talisman that was supposed to bring long life and protection from evil. Unfortunately for her and my father, it did neither. I scan the horizon, wondering where Socrates has gone, and what he was trying to tell me.

Then I swim after my brother, because suddenly I don't want to be alone in the water.