

Enjoy this excerpt from the upcoming book, *The Prince Warriors*, by *New York Times* bestselling author Priscilla Shirer.

*“Get up!”*

*Evan sprang upright, his book and flashlight falling to the floor with a thud.*

*“What?” He rubbed his eyes, searching for the owner of the voice. Was it a voice? He couldn’t be sure. The room was dark. Eerie shadows moved around him, shadows of the tree branches in the yard shifting under the full moon.*

*“Hurry!”*

*Yes, a voice—soft, whispery, yet loud at the same time—filling his whole head.*

*“Come!”*

*A shadow darted across the room. Not the tree branch shadow, but a creature sort of shadow. A raccoon? A cat? No, too big for that. But too small for a person. The shadow jumped into the windowsill. In the moonlight Evan could make out a flowing garment, like a robe. A purple robe. The shadow creature turned away, revealing a glowing symbol on its back—Evan’s mouth opened and closed involuntarily.*

*The symbol was the same one that was on the cover of his book. The book about Ahoratos.*

*Who are you? he wanted to ask. But no words came out of his mouth. It wouldn’t open at all now. He just stared. The creature’s head swiveled around, but Evan could not make out a face in the hood—as if the hood were actually empty.*

*“Hurry! Before it’s too late!”*

*“Too late . . .” Evan’s words started working but each one seemed to take forever to come out. “For . . . what?”*

*Suddenly the bedroom door burst open, and Xavier stomped in.*

*“Evan, there was this thing in my room—”*

*Evan’s eyes flicked to his brother, who wore a wide-eyed expression. He turned back to the creature sitting in the window. So he sees it too. I’m not imagining it.*

*Very slowly, Evan lifted his arm until his finger pointed directly to the silhouette of the thing sitting on the sill. He heard Xavier gasp.*

*“What . . . is . . . it . . .?”*

*He was having the same trouble with words that Evan had.*

*The creature spoke impatiently. “Prince Evan, Prince Xavier. Follow me! Quickly!” And then it disappeared out the window. The second-floor window.*

*Evan glanced at his brother’s frozen face. He looked like he’d seen a ghost. Maybe they both had. But Evan didn’t think so. He was suddenly filled with curiosity. He had to know what that creature was and what the big hurry was all about. Evan jumped out of bed and headed for the windowsill.*

*“Wait! What are you doing?” Xavier hissed at him.*

*“He said we had to go with him!” Evan replied. The curtains of the window blew riotously, as if a storm were brewing outside. Evan looked out, scanning the darkness. The creature was nowhere to be seen. But there was something else—something glowing in the night air. There it was again! The same symbol from the book. It was huge, transparent yet somehow solid, shimmering as it spun slowly, suspended in space.*

*He heard the voice again. “Come!”*

*“Evan, you can’t jump—you’ll break your legs!”*

*Xavier had come up beside him. He saw it too—the weird glowing object hovering in the air. “What is . . .?” His voice trailed off.*

*Maybe it’s a dream, Evan thought. It had to be. In which case, what harm could it do to follow the shadow creature and see what would happen next?*

*“Let’s go!” Evan said.*

*“Wait!” Xavier nearly shouted. But Evan ignored him. It was only a dream. He jumped.*