

THE
RESTORATIONISTS

BEYOND THE FAR HORIZON



WRITTEN BY CAROLYN LEILOGLOU

ILLUSTRATED BY VIVIENNE TO

Praise for **The Restorationists**

Beneath the Swirling Sky

“Colorful descriptions will send curious readers searching for images of the paintings mentioned, while discussions of art as a vehicle for the expression of truth and beauty add depth to the plot. . . . [Vivienne] To’s expressive, delicately rendered illustrations enhance the text.”

—KIRKUS REVIEWS

“A delightful adventure, excellent for reading aloud. This book will make you want to study van Gogh and get out the paintbrushes!”

—SARAH MACKENZIE, founder of Read-Aloud Revival
and author of *The Read-Aloud Family*

“*Beneath the Swirling Sky* adds to the literary canon that blends art and mystery, such as *From the Mixed-Up Files of Mrs. Basil E. Frankweiler* and *Chasing Vermeer*. An art adventure woven with truth and beauty.”

—MEGAN SABEN, associate editor for Redeemed Reader and author of *Something Better Coming*

Between Flowers and Bones

“Plenty of fast-paced action [with] a gentle feel. . . . A sweet and thoroughly researched story with a firm moral grounding.”

—KIRKUS REVIEWS

“Carolyn Leiloglou has done it again! Families will be delighted and inspired to read this book together—then go visit some museums or pick up a paintbrush!”

—J. D. PEABODY, author of *The Inkwell Chronicles* series

“Your kids will be begging for one more chapter as you travel around the world and back again in this delightful fantasy adventure story!”

—AIMEE OTTO, host of *The Homeschool Compass* podcast

Beyond the Far Horizon

“The stakes are higher than ever—and the artwork all the more brilliant—as friends Ravi, Georgia, and Vincent race to defeat the Distortionists once and for all. Delight in this book as a read-aloud. Research the paintings with your kids. Most of all, linger over moments of grace in the story that point to the greatest Artist of all.”

—KATHRYN BUTLER, author of *The Dream Keeper Saga*

"Beyond the Far Horizon is a captivating adventure involving hostages, undercover agents, and a daring art heist that will keep you turning the pages."

—MARTY MACHOWSKI, author of *Dragon Seed* and the Redemption Tales series

"What a fantastic gift to young readers this book is! A thrilling adventure that resonates powerfully with themes of hope, loyalty, and courage. I can't imagine a more perfect middle-grade novel."

—GLENN MCCARTY, author of the Tumbleweed Thompson Adventures

"This is definitely my favorite book in the Restorationists trilogy! Five stars!"

—JUDAH, age 9

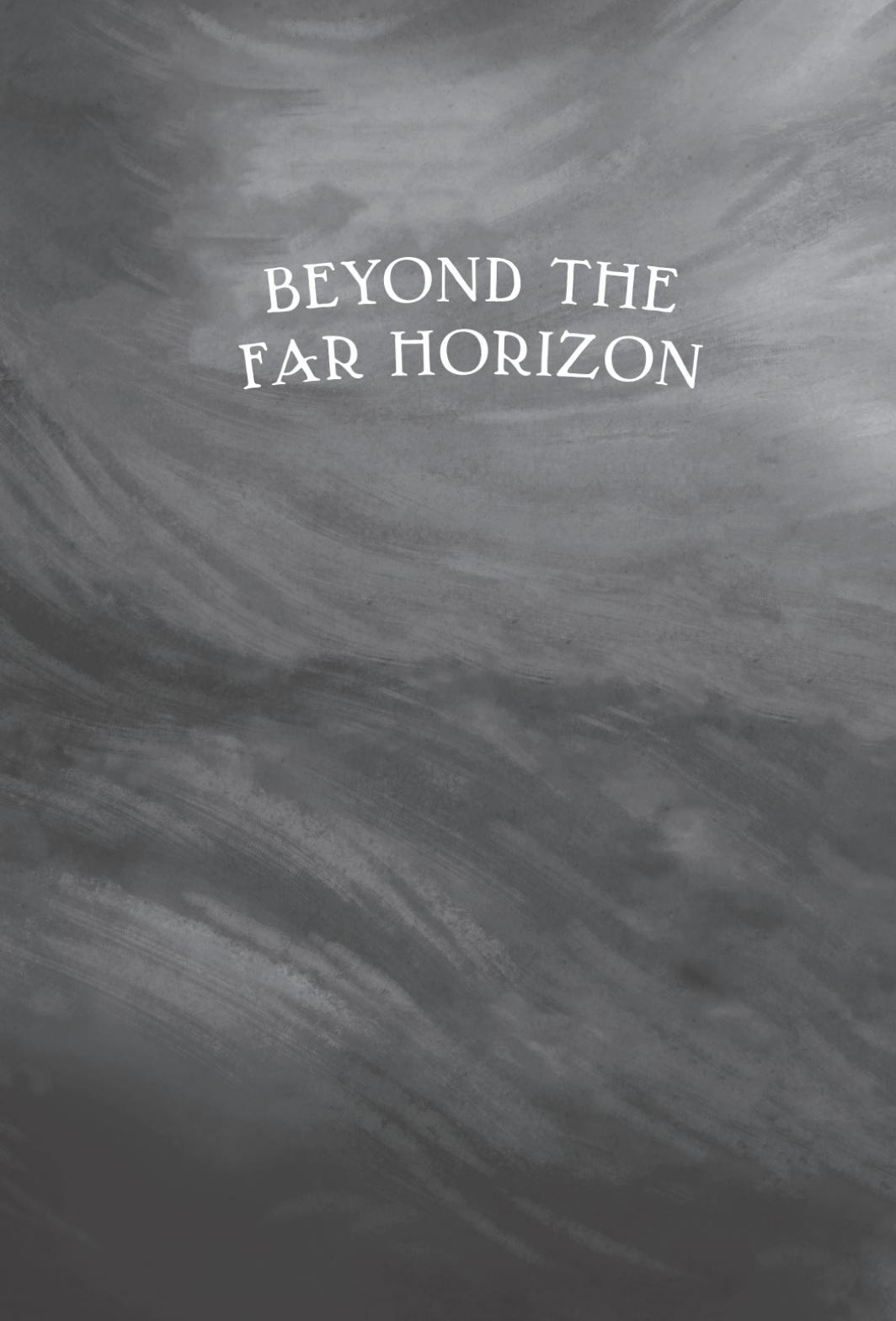
"I am so sad that this is the last book in the Restorationists series! I read the whole book in one day; I didn't want to put it down!"

—ANDREA, age 10



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Beneath the Swirling Sky
Between Flowers and Bones
Beyond the Far Horizon



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**TO CAELYN—I'M ALWAYS CHEERING FOR
YOU, AND I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE YOUR
STORIES OUT IN THE WORLD!**

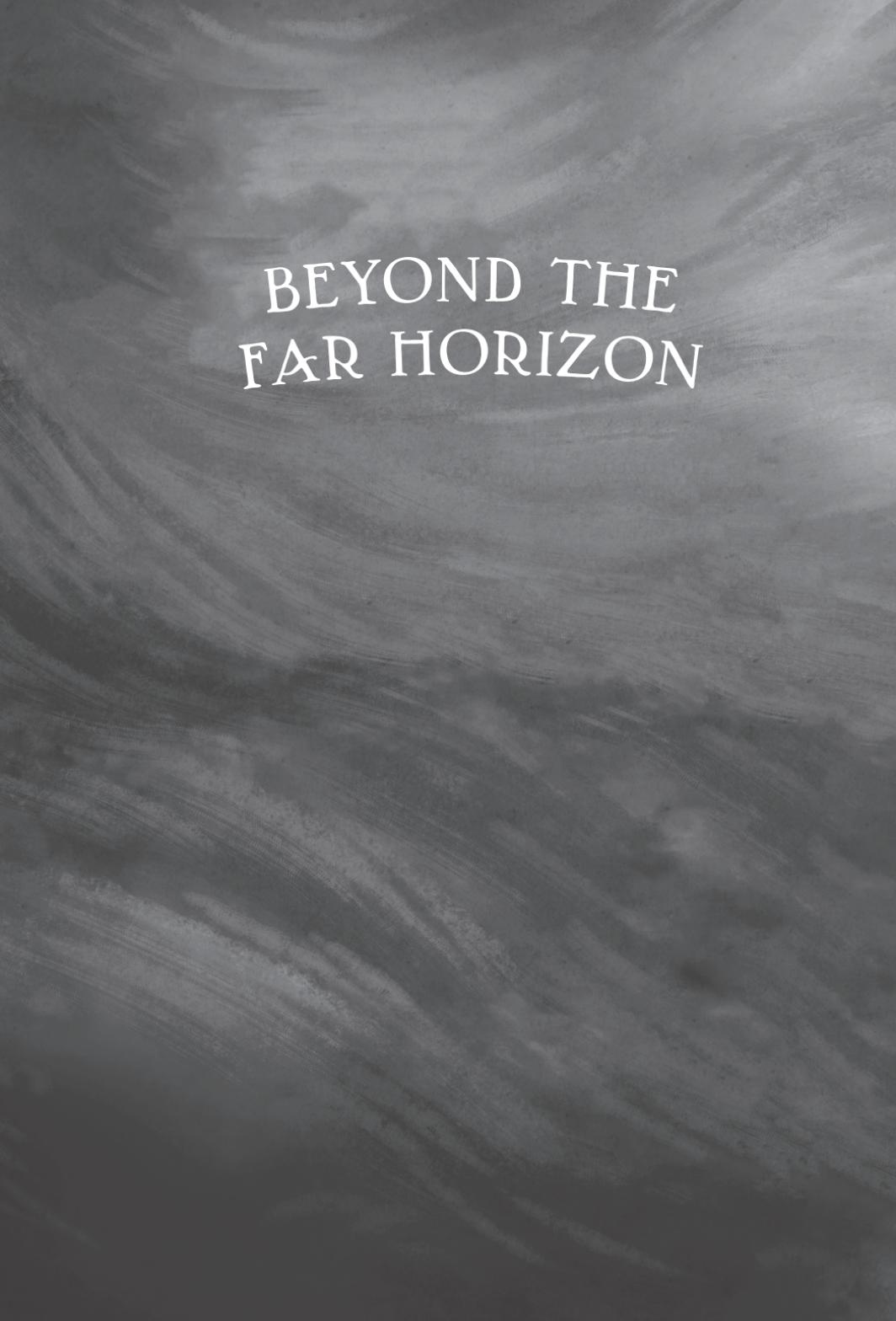


I will preach with my brush.

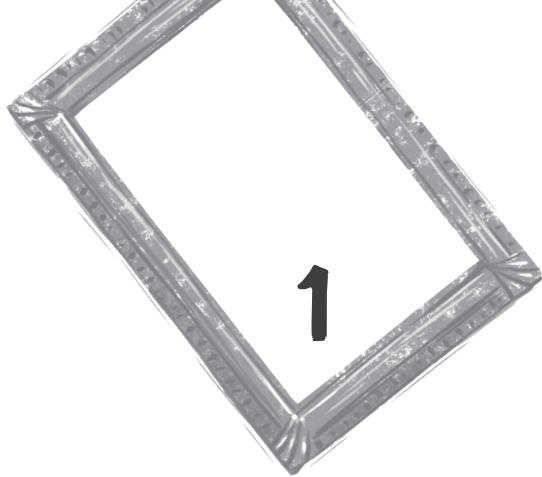
—ATTRIBUTED TO HENRY OSSAWA TANNER

If I can inspire one of these youngsters to
develop the talent I know they possess,
then my monument will be in their work.
No one could ask for more than that.

—AUGUSTA SAVAGE



BEYOND THE
FAR HORIZON



Ravi clutched the book-sized frame he'd just stolen to his chest, where he could still feel his heart pounding. He leaned against the door to the room he shared with Vincent and sighed in relief.

The frame was the perfect size to fit in his backpack. The first piece of his backup plan in case this alliance with the Restorationists went sideways.

It had taken him weeks to locate the right frame. Even though Mr. Leo stored them in every nook and cranny of this eccentric, disorganized house, Ravi had needed to be careful. He couldn't just take a frame that Mr. Leo was likely to reach for in his work. This frame, he was pretty sure, wouldn't be missed.

The only problem now was he had no idea what painting it belonged to. And no painting meant no escape plan.

It wasn't that he was trying to leave, exactly. But he'd been prisoner to the Lady—or Adelaide, as the others called her—for so long that not having a way out made him claustrophobic. When he'd decided to join Vincent, Georgia, Mr. Leo, and Ms. Arte, he'd thought it would get easier to trust them—after all, Mr. Leo had been friends with his parents. He even claimed to be Ravi's godfather. But the Lady had known his parents too . . . and she'd still done terrible things. How could he be sure that he wasn't just being used? Again. He'd volunteered to help, but there was no way to really know he wasn't being manipulated now, however much he wanted to trust that he'd found the “good guys.”

Ravi slumped onto his bed and picked up the old Polaroid photo from the bedside table. Mr. Leo had given him the picture of toddler Ravi holding a red-haired baby Georgia. The old man had probably meant for it to be another thread to attach Ravi to their family, to the Restorationists. The trouble was, Ravi had no memory of that moment. He couldn't connect the boy in that picture with who he was now: formerly kidnapped, trained to steal and deface art, to use his skills to make one woman wealthy and powerful, the same woman who had betrayed his family and stolen his chance at understanding his own identity.

Which was why he needed an escape plan.

“Whatcha doing?”

Lili was standing in the doorway. Her dark hair was pulled back in pigtails, making her look younger than her seven years.

“When did you learn to be so sneaky?” Ravi said, trying to keep his voice playful while nudging his plunder under a pillow.

Lili giggled. “What’s the frame for?”

Ravi stilled his face to hide his panic. Vincent’s little sister—who the family had adopted from China—was the one person in this house Ravi felt like he could trust completely, but that didn’t mean she wouldn’t tell someone. Maybe he could make her think it was part of their training.

“Can you keep a secret?” he whispered.

Lili shut the door and tiptoed over, a huge grin on her face.

“I have to figure out what painting fits just right in this frame,” he said. “But I can only look at it in this room.”

“Oooh, can I help you?” Lili asked, her eyes hopeful.

“Only if you don’t tell anyone. If you do, we’ll lose the game.” He didn’t think she could really help, but this might just keep her quiet.

“I can do that! I’ll find the painting.” She threw her arms around him. “Thank you for letting me help. No one lets me do anything!”

Ravi let her examine the frame a moment before he folded it into a spare shirt and tucked it into his black backpack. “Just remember, our secret.” He felt bad lying to her, but he didn’t have a choice.

“Right. Oh!” Lili grabbed his hand and tugged him toward the door. “I just remembered! Mommy said to tell you she’s ready to go.”

Ravi reluctantly followed. As nice as she was, Lili’s mom, Artemisia—or Arte, as she liked to be called—sometimes made him uncomfortable. Ms. Arte was the Lady’s—Adelaide’s—identical twin, which meant every time he saw Ms. Arte, he couldn’t help thinking about the woman who’d trained him and forced him to steal for her. It had been a risky decision to betray the Lady and help the Restorationists just a month ago, but learning his parents had actually been Restorationists, too, had helped sway him.

Except it was hard to shake his past when his role within this family—or organization or whatever—was to train Ms. Arte to impersonate her sister. With that constant reminder, could anyone really blame him for wanting a backup plan?

Lili continued to pull him down the stairs toward Georgia, Vincent, and . . .

Ravi did a double take.

The woman standing at the bottom wore a satiny

blue dress with matching heels, her hair perfectly styled in a French twist. If it weren't for the warm smile on her crimson lips, Ravi would have sworn he was looking at the Lady.

When he'd begun training Ms. Arte to impersonate her sister, he'd been sure she'd never pull it off. Ms. Arte was timid and maternal, while the Lady was bold and haughty. And when she'd started practicing in heels, Ms. Arte could barely stand without wobbling. But now it was clear that her determination, the acting classes from her college days, and a lifetime of experience with her sister were finally paying off.

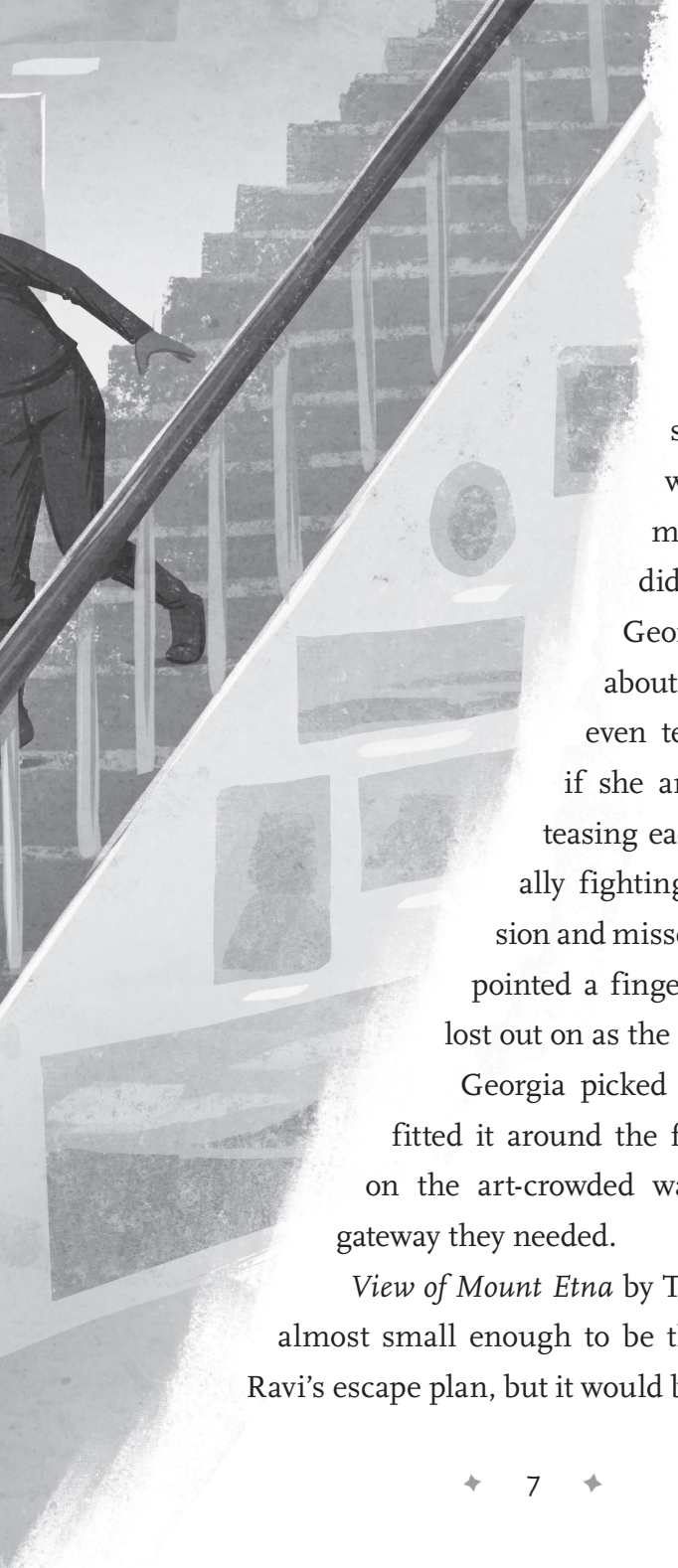
"Please, Aunt Arte?" Georgia was begging. "We've barely left the house in a month."

"Yeah, Georgia's getting rusty on her Navigation," Vincent added, and Georgia landed a punch on his arm. He winced a little. "And what if you need someone to protect you?"

Ms. Arte smiled. "That's just the point. The less Traveling any of us do for now, the less risk is involved. And Ravi and I will go the usual way. No need for Navigation—which, as a Navigator *myself*, I could handle easily—nor is there need for an Artist to protect me. But"—she looked at Vincent—"I do need you to look after your sister."

"Okay," Vincent said with a defeated sigh.





“It was worth a try,” Georgia said. “Hey, Ravi, have fun storming the castle!”

Ravi wasn’t sure what that was supposed to mean, but he often didn’t know what Georgia was talking about. He couldn’t even tell half the time if she and Vincent were teasing each other or actually fighting. All the confusion and missed references just pointed a finger to the life he’d lost out on as the Lady’s prisoner.

Georgia picked up a frame and fitted it around the familiar painting on the art-crowded wall, opening the gateway they needed.

View of Mount Etna by Thomas Cole was almost small enough to be the right size for Ravi’s escape plan, but it would be foolish to even

consider it. That painting would be missed right away since they'd been Traveling through it almost daily while he'd been living at the ranch. Plus, it linked to another work by Cole in the FBI safe house where the Lady was being held, and her powerful Skill as a Tracker meant she would sense anyone Traveling through that artist. Ravi had to make sure that if or when he did get away, the painting he used didn't give her, or anyone else, a chance to track him down.

"Bye, Ravi." Lili gave him a quick hug.

He would have been happy to stay at the ranch with Lili and let Vincent and Georgia go with Ms. Arte in his place. But instead, once Lili let go, he reached toward the mountain scene.

In an instant, the cluttered ranch house disappeared and he was surrounded by low hills dotted with short trees. Some old arches, or maybe an aqueduct, overgrown with vines stood to one side, and a snowcapped mountain rose in the hazy distance.

As soon as they stepped from the painting into the dark Corridor linking Thomas Cole's works, Ms. Arte touched Ravi's arm.

"Is it safe?" she asked. Like always.

"All clear."

Ms. Arte relied on Ravi's Tracking abilities to make sure they didn't run into any surprises. Ravi's Skill—or

Gift, as he was learning to call it—enabled him to see if anyone had Traveled through a Corridor recently or was lurking in a painting. But of course, they never saw anyone on these visits. No one was looking for them. Not yet.

It was a quick trip down the murky Corridor to the painting that hung in the FBI safe house. Ms. Arte had insisted the path to and from the safe house be direct, through a single artist. But despite the vast number of paintings at the ranch, Mr. Leo rarely possessed two by the same creator. He'd needed to pull a painting that a museum had sent him for conservation, *The Arch of Nero*, and station it at the safe house, saying it would be in good hands with the FBI.

They entered the painting, and Ravi took a deep breath of fresh air. He was always amazed how some paintings smelled so green. Staring past the now-familiar arch into the distance, he wished, not for the first time, that he could disappear beyond the farthest hill. It was something he'd always imagined when working for Adelaide. Any time he Traveled into a landscape painting like this one, he felt as if there were something or someone waiting for him beyond the far horizon . . . if he could only somehow reach it.

"It's a peaceful view, isn't it?" Ms. Arte asked, looking down at him with a smile. "Ready?"

He nodded, even though that was far from true.



Ravi stepped out of the painting after Ms. Arte and into the living room of the safe house, which was set up more like a makeshift office. The FBI agent who sat guard at a cheap table looked up from his laptop in surprise.

“It never gets old, watching you just appear like that!” the guard said, addressing Ms. Arte.

“At least you have something interesting to look forward to,” she replied, smiling.

All Ravi knew about the house’s location was that it was somewhere in Texas, near where Mr. Leo’s friend Agent Raquel Jiménez was stationed. The house wasn’t just Adelaide’s prison—it was also where Ravi and Ms. Arte met with the agent to debrief and plan.

For all its uses, surely the government could spring for something nicer. The beige walls of the house were

in need of a paint job, and everything smelled old. Ravi wiped sweaty palms on his pants while Ms. Arte signed them in. The whole process made no sense to him, as their names were the only ones ever on the sign-in sheet besides Agent Jiménez's. He wished they could just get this over with.

The guard glanced at him. "Lighten up, kid. You look nervous."

Did he? Ravi hadn't realized it was so obvious. He'd have to work on that.

When they'd begun this, he hadn't expected that coming to see the Lady would be the hard part. After all, he'd seen her nearly every day of his life that he could remember. But each visit had become more difficult, especially as he began to acknowledge and understand how wrong it had been for her to take him—and so many other children—in order to build a ring of superpowered thieves all under her control. Being asked to confront her again and again felt like continually picking a scab off a wound, never allowing it to heal. But that didn't mean he was ready for anyone to see his scars.

"Are you okay?" Ms. Arte squeezed his shoulder. "Do you need to wait outside today?"

"I'm fine." To prove it, he left the office area and walked down the short hallway past an empty room and half bath to the last door. Ravi unlocked the dead bolt,

opened the door, and stepped inside, Ms. Arte following behind him.

The room was simple, holding just a single bed, a dresser, and a small table with three chairs, quite a contrast to the luxurious spaces the Lady—Adelaide, Ravi reminded himself to call her—had formerly occupied. The only other door led to a small bathroom. It looked like a normal bedroom, but Ravi knew that beyond the shaded windows, iron bars lined the outside. There was no way out but past the guard.

Adelaide reclined on the bed, flipping through a magazine. She didn't even glance at them. Her expression carried the same bored nonchalance it always did when they entered her room. Ravi felt sure she just put it on the moment she heard the dead bolt unlock. She'd always been good at projecting an air of calm confidence, no matter what the circumstance.

"This game is getting tiresome, sister," Adelaide said, now inspecting her fingernails. Normally she would have kept them perfectly manicured, but after a month in captivity, they were chipped and ragged. In some ways, she looked more like Ms. Arte now, wearing no makeup and with her hair in a loose ponytail. Her change of appearance was part of what was helping him stop thinking of her as the Lady and remember she could no longer control him. "You come, you go, and yet you never get

closer to your goal. If you don't plan to put this little play into action, you should persuade them to let me go. Perhaps I can convince Dorian on my own."

Ravi's stomach clenched. Dorian was Adelaide's ex-fiancé. The same ex-fiancé who had orchestrated the murder of nearly every single Restorationist, thanks to her having given him an opening to steal her parents' directory. A directory that included Ravi's parents, leaving him vulnerable and alone.



A fuzzy memory resurfaced of the Lady finding him alone, wandering in a painting, and scooping him into her arms. She'd seemed like an angel come to rescue him. In reality, she'd just used him, training him to sneak and steal and do her bidding. Even then, he'd wanted to please her—that is, until he learned that she'd known exactly who he was. That she'd been friends with his mom and dad. That she'd known the Distortionists would kill his parents but had done nothing to save them. That it was her fault he was an orphan with no one to trust.

The massacre had been ten years ago, when Ravi was barely four. And although Adelaide had split from Dorian soon after, Ravi couldn't help but think they were perfect for each other. They were both so despicable.

Ravi had met Dorian only once, when he'd shown up at Adelaide's apartment last month to convince her to rejoin him. His cool and calculated demeanor, the way he'd found their hideout so easily, had spooked Ravi. Especially because it was clear that even Adelaide was scared of the guy. The man was a well-dressed snake with a British accent. And Dorian was even more dangerous now that he'd united several factions to become the leader of a new larger alliance of Distortionists, a group that stole and distorted art, like Adelaide. But unlike her,

they used those Distortions to destabilize societies and were willing to kill anyone who got in their way.

Dorian's invitation to Adelaide was the opening the Restorationists were using to infiltrate his operation. But it would work only if Ms. Arte could pull off impersonating her twin sister. And if they waited much longer, there wouldn't be any point to all their planning. The heist they needed in on was happening sometime in the next month.

Ravi stood silently beside Vincent's mom, waiting to see how she would respond to her sister's challenge. She'd pulled off the look, but he still worried that she'd crumple under pressure when she faced Dorian.

"Actually," Ms. Arte said, crossing her arms and staring at her sister, "I think we're ready to make contact."

Adelaide looked up sharply, examining her twin for the first time since they'd entered the room. She stood and approached her sister, gaze turning critical as she inspected her.

"Eyeshadow is too dark, and your nails . . . more rounded, I think." She circled her sister like a shark. "The perfume is wrong too."

"Yes, I used mine on accident."

"Throw it away," Adelaide said with a sweep of her hand, her eyes fiery. "That's the kind of mistake that

could get you killed—and the others too. You have to be perfect. He will know, and you will be dead.”

Ravi winced and glanced over to see Ms. Arte’s reaction. Tears were forming in her eyes. She’d told Vincent she didn’t need protecting, but maybe she was wrong.

“Dorian isn’t going to think twice about who she is”—Ravi stepped forward, acting bolder than he felt—“because he’ll recognize me from the last time. He’s got no reason to suspect anything.”

Ms. Arte shot Ravi a grateful smile.

“Besides, last he saw you,” he continued, “you were practically on your deathbed. You didn’t even look like yourself.”

“Dorian wasn’t there by invitation,” Adelaide said sulkily. “I wanted nothing to do with him.”

“Well, I don’t want anything to do with him either,” Ms. Arte snapped, “but we’ve got no choice.”

Adelaide’s chin jutted out and she looked away. She looked stronger now, but Ravi had watched her spiral both physically and mentally over the last few months after Vincent and Georgia managed to topple her little empire. When what was left of her crew deserted, Adelaide had gotten so desperate that she’d started Traveling into a painting Vincent had created, trying to influence him and regain control by any means. She’d grown weaker as she became more frantic to salvage her power.

Even when the others left, joining the Distortionists had never felt like an option for Ravi. But watching Adelaide, the one person he'd relied on to take care of him, fall apart had been terrifying. If he was honest, her disintegration had nearly as much to do with him joining the Restorationists as learning who his parents had been and Adelaide's role in their deaths.

"You really think you're ready to be me?" Adelaide asked.

Ms. Arte hesitated. Whatever confidence she gained when practicing at the ranch always seemed to vanish in her sister's presence.

Which was the problem. They couldn't risk Ms. Arte not being confident. The Restorationists needed to make sure Dorian had no doubt she was Adelaide. Otherwise, more lives would be on the line. Not only their own, but Georgia's parents'. *If* they were still alive, something Ravi sometimes doubted. They'd disappeared about the same time Dorian came to find Adelaide, who was convinced he would have kept them alive for information and leverage until he was sure the Restorationists were snuffed out for good.

If Ms. Arte and Ravi, with the help of Georgia and Vincent, could successfully embed themselves within the Distortionists, that would enable them not only to *hopefully* rescue Georgia's parents but also to *hopefully*

prevent the Distortionists' next heist, which would *hopefully* end with most of them getting arrested. *Hopefully* was the key word.

And Ravi wasn't sure he wanted to hang his future on *hopefully*.

"Ready or not, we're running out of time," he said, once again coming to Ms. Arte's defense. "And you should be helping however you can. Because if we can't trick the Distortionists and deliver them to the FBI by the end of August, your immunity deal will be void. You'll wind up in an actual prison, not some comfy bed-and-breakfast like this."

Adelaide smiled coolly, but Ravi saw fear in her eyes. "Then don't let me down."

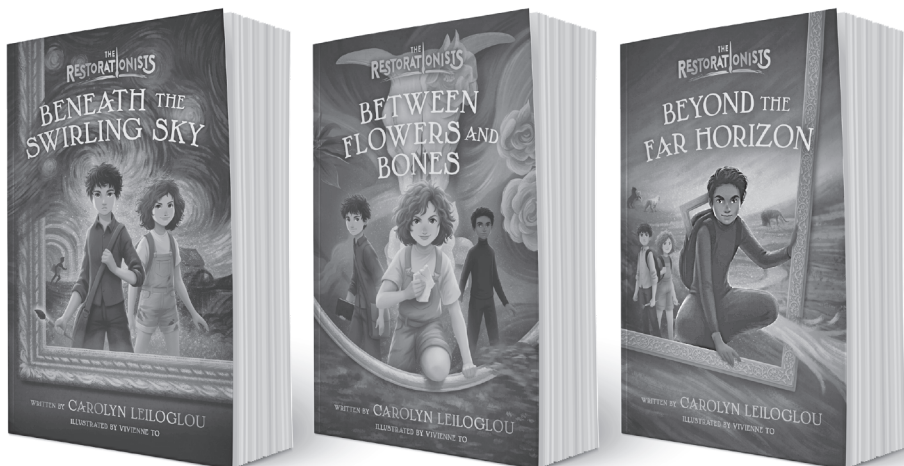
She scribbled something on a sheet of paper and handed it to her sister.

"Good luck," Adelaide called after them as they left the room.

But luck might not be enough. Which was why he needed that painting.

THE RESTORATIONISTS

**Art Is Powerful. Paintings Are Portals.
And One Family Has Been Tasked with Protecting Them.**



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