Dear Literary Agent,

Lis Rouvain usually sits beside the treatment bed and holds a patient's hand. When she wakes in it herself, she remembers the basin and her teacher's wet sleeve, but she can't remember asking him to take anything away. Outside, a man is waiting who thinks she'll be glad to see him. When she asks his name, he says he hasn't got one. By the time Lis finds the warning she stitched into her coat – DO NOT TRUST THE NAMELESS MAN – she's already told him where her sister lives.

Her sister, Coriselle, still knows how Lis takes her tea. Then one day she looks at Lis across her own doorstep and says she's never had a sister. The man Lis warned herself against remembers them both. He's the Crown's executioner, and he once shared Lis's home. When she remembers Edrin, a patient who saw soldiers keep people inside burning houses, she learns what the two of them did to him. Lis told her teacher what Edrin had seen, believing he'd keep him safe. The executioner admits he killed him. At the fair he asks her to call him Aderic. Knowing what he did, Lis still takes his hand to dance.

Then Coriselle starts tasting smoke from the fire Edrin witnessed. Lis asked her to carry the little bird he carved, and never told her what she'd hidden in it. Frightened by a memory she can't account for, Coriselle goes to the very man Lis once trusted with Edrin. To bring her sister home, Lis must go back to her old ward and recover what she once knew about freeing the Crown's witnesses. If she succeeds, they can speak for themselves again, including the ones whose memories Lis took.

THE NAMES WE LEAVE BEHIND is an adult fantasy novel with a tragic love story, complete at 82,000 words. It brings the contested memories of Hayley Gelfuso's *The Book of Lost Hours* together with the lovers caught in a national legend in Alix E. Harrow's *The Everlasting*.

I live in Melbourne, Australia, where I work in IT. I write fantasy under the name Naria Khan. Thank you for considering my work.

Kind regards,
Naria Khan