

# DARK MAN

## THE DARK MACHINE

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 **SADDLEBACK**  
EDUCATIONAL PUBLISHING



## **Chapter One: Meeting in the Rain**

The Old Man stands in a dirty doorway.

He is in the bad part of the city.

The wind howls and the rain pours down.

It is day, but it is gloomy and the streets are empty.

The Old Man is waiting for the Dark Man.

Rain runs down his face, as he looks around.

He senses that someone is behind him,  
and he turns.

The Dark Man is there.



“It is very clever, the way you move  
in the gloom without making a sound,”  
the Old Man says.

The Dark Man grins, but the Old Man  
does not smile.

“Why are we meeting here so suddenly?”  
the Dark Man asks.

“Something dangerous has appeared in  
the city,” the Old Man replies.

“It has been called here by the Shadow  
Masters, but they don’t have it yet. You  
must see that they do not get it.”

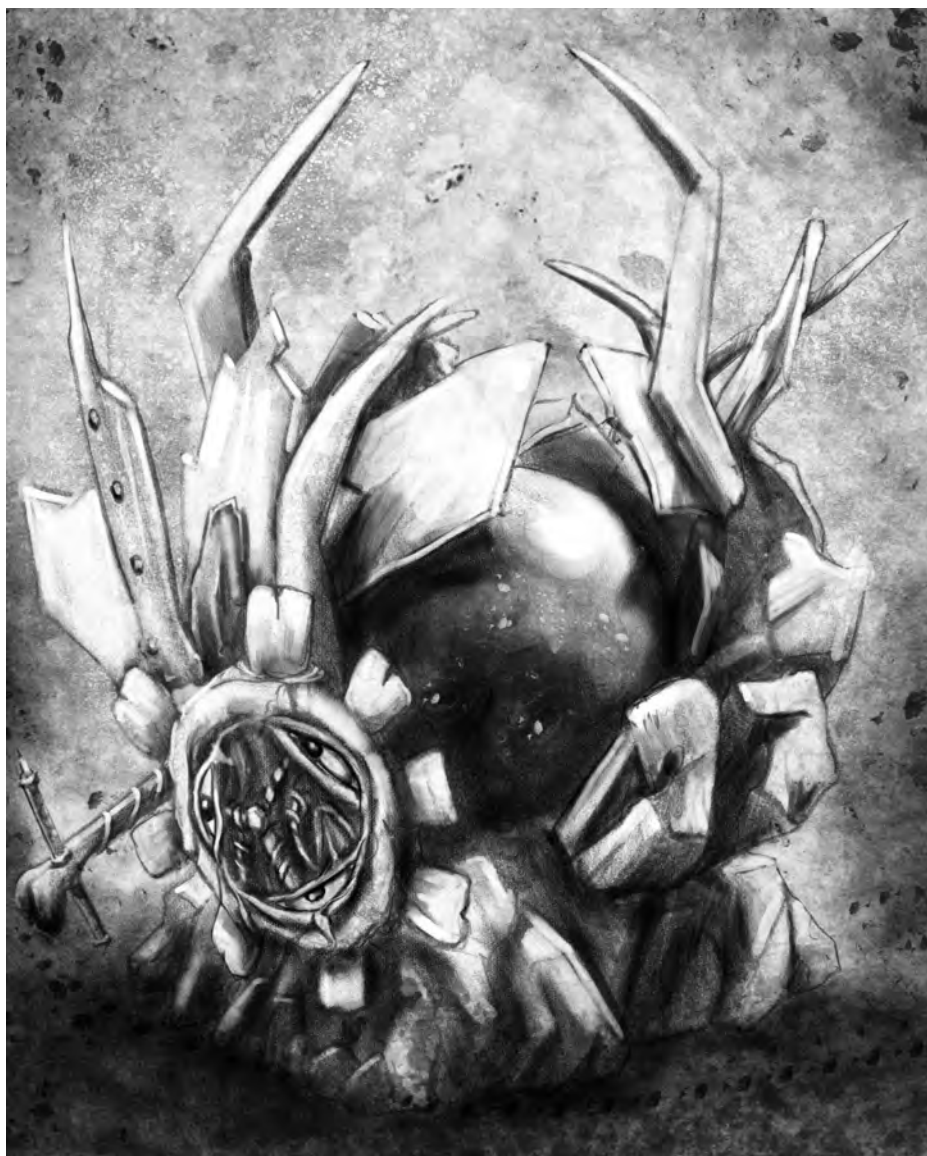
“If they called it here, why don’t they have it?”  
the Dark Man asks.

“What they have called here is a Dark  
Machine.

“It is made of glass and stone, and it is not  
very big.

“They used magic to call it from the Realm  
of Screams.”





The Dark Man frowns.

Contact with the Realm of Screams is forbidden.

Once, he saw a man who had tried to make contact.

That man was insane and could never sleep.

He had to be strapped to his bed and fed through a tube.