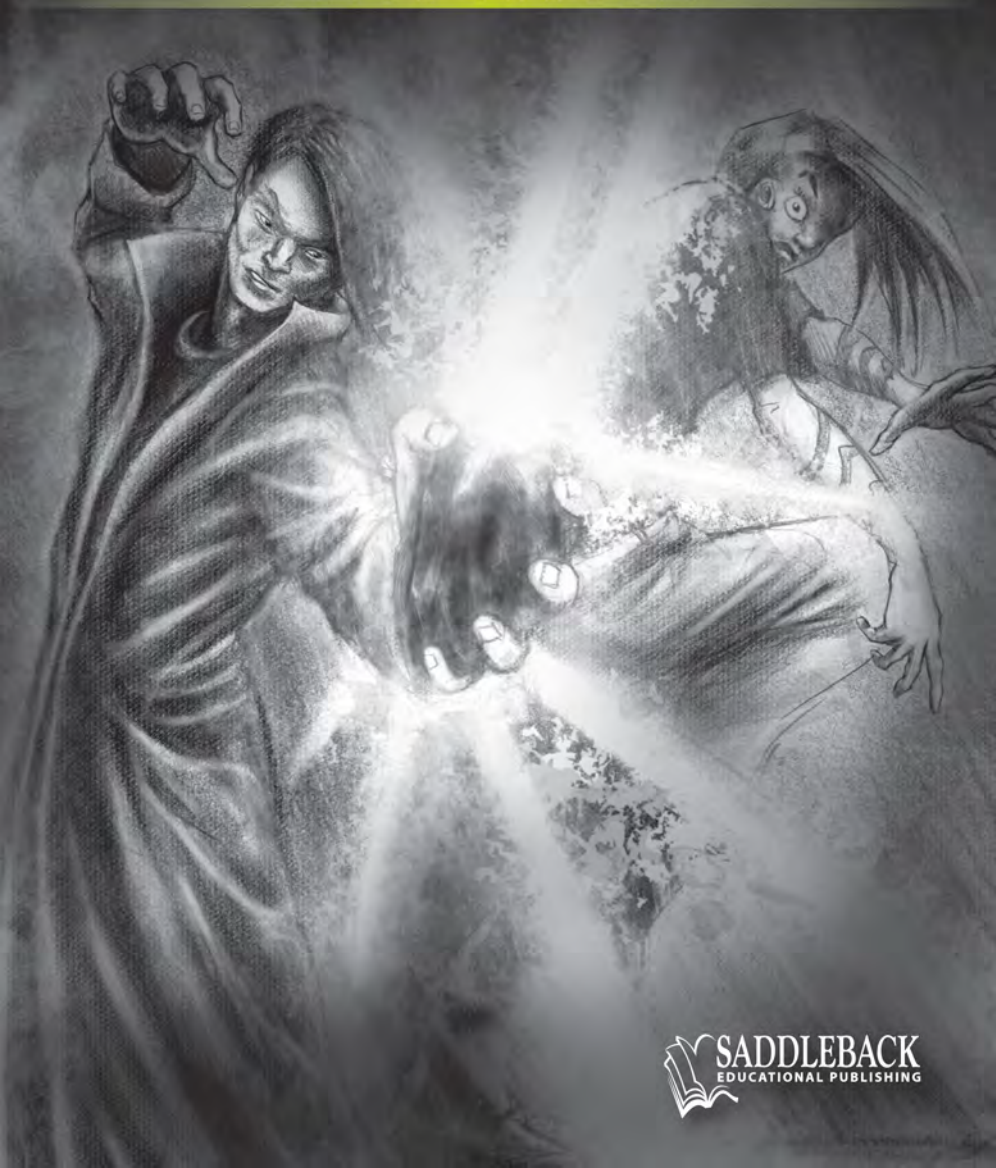


# DARK MAN

THE DAY IS DARK

PETER LANCETT



## **Chapter One: Someone Needs Our Help**

From a high building, the Dark Man looks down on the city.

Directly below are the dirty streets of the bad part of the city.





He sees people hurrying.

Groups of young thugs are hiding in doorways.

The Dark Man is sad for the people who have to live here.

He steps back from the ledge and reaches into a coat pocket.

He pulls out a crumpled photo.

The picture is faded, but it is of a smiling girl.





The Dark Man feels a hand placed on his shoulder.

“She is lost, and you know it.”

It is the Old Man speaking.

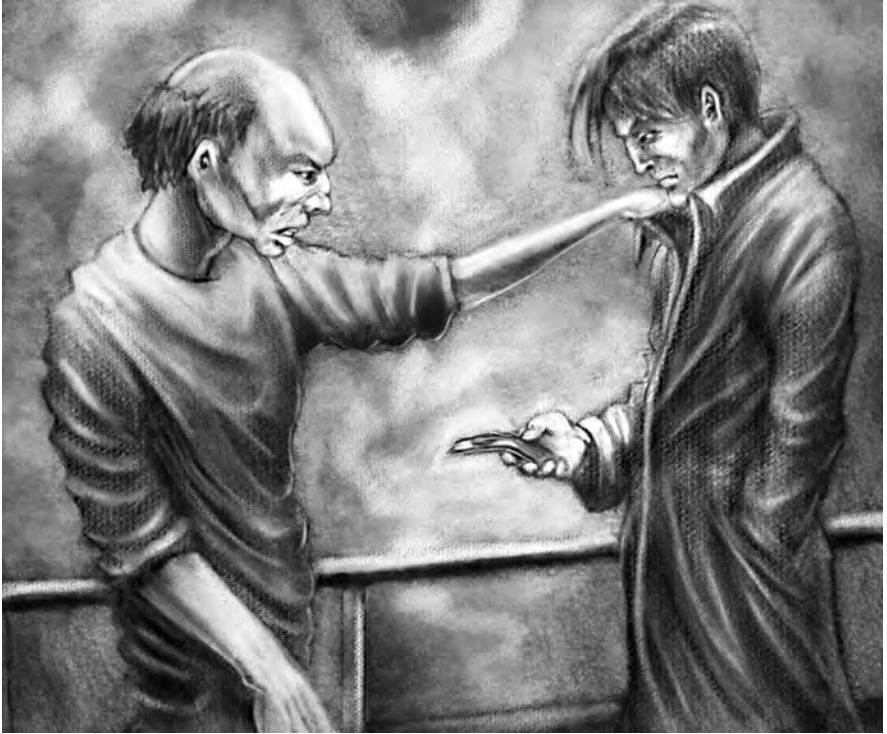


He must have used magic to appear there. Otherwise the Dark Man would have heard him.

The Dark Man puts the photo back in his pocket.

“Why are you here?” he asks.

“There is another who needs our help,” the Old Man replies. “Someone who has helped us in the past.”



“Who?” the Dark Man asks.

The Old Man waits a moment.

“It is Angela,” he says. “The Shadow Masters have her trapped, and we must rescue her.”



## **Chapter Two: Strange Magic**

The Dark Man's eyes narrow.

"Angela is a killer," he says. "The streets are not safe when she walks at night."

The Old Man nods.

"But she has the gift of second sight. Sometimes she can see things that even we cannot."



The Dark Man remembers the time when Angela's power had shown him where to find the Golden Cup.

But he also remembers the screams of the young boys from that night.

The thought makes him shiver.

# DARK MAN

KILLER IN THE DARK

PETER LANCETT



## **Chapter One: Shadow in the Shadows**

In the city, the streets are empty.

A cold wind blows. The street lights are all broken.

The Dark Man stands hidden in a doorway,  
watching.

Across the street is a high-rise. It contains  
apartments where the poor and elderly live.





The Dark Man is here because the Old Man asked him to watch over these people.

A foul murderer is on the prowl. Nothing is done to help in this part of the city.

This is why, in the cold and the gloom, the Dark Man watches.

Nothing moves on the street.

The Dark Man's thoughts begin to drift.

He thinks of the girl he still loves. The Shadow Masters took her, a long time in the past.

The thought makes him sad but brings no tears. He stopped crying long ago.

A car approaches.

The Dark Man shrinks back into the doorway.

The car passes. It is a police car, moving quickly.

The Dark Man knows it will never stop here.  
No one cares about the people living here.

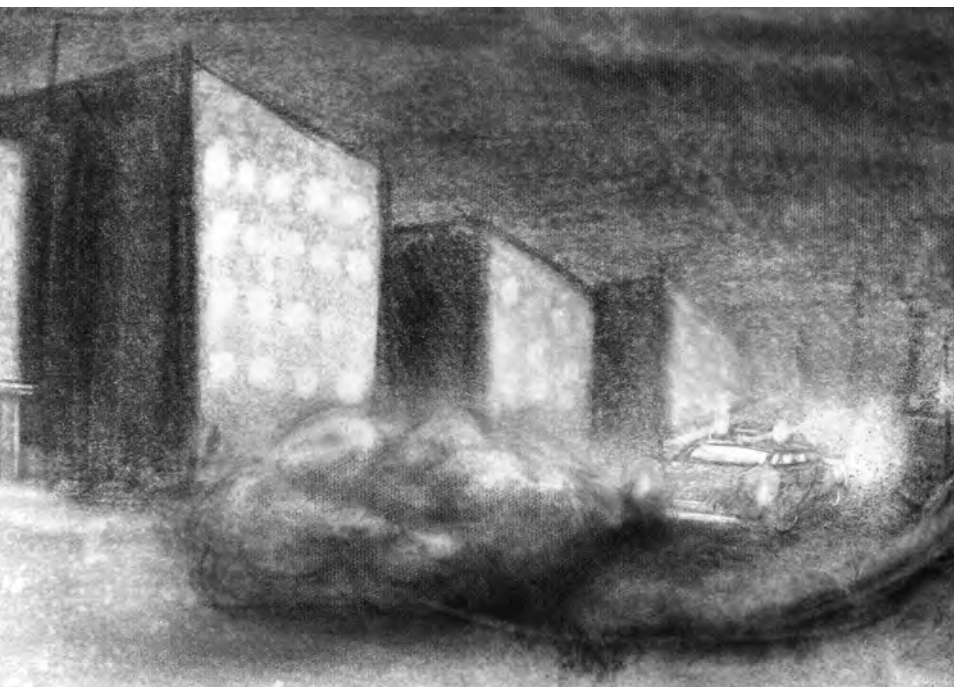


Across the street there is movement.

A plastic bag flutters from behind an abandoned car.

The Dark Man smiles to himself.

Then he looks again. Something moves behind the car. He cannot tell what it is. It is something black.



A shadow within a shadow.

The shadow moves.

It seems to peel away from the general gloom.  
There is no light to cast this shadow.

It seems to be alive.

