

# Killer in the Dark

by  
Peter Lancett

Dark Man

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by Peter Lancett

illustrated by Jan Pedroietta

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# Chapter One:

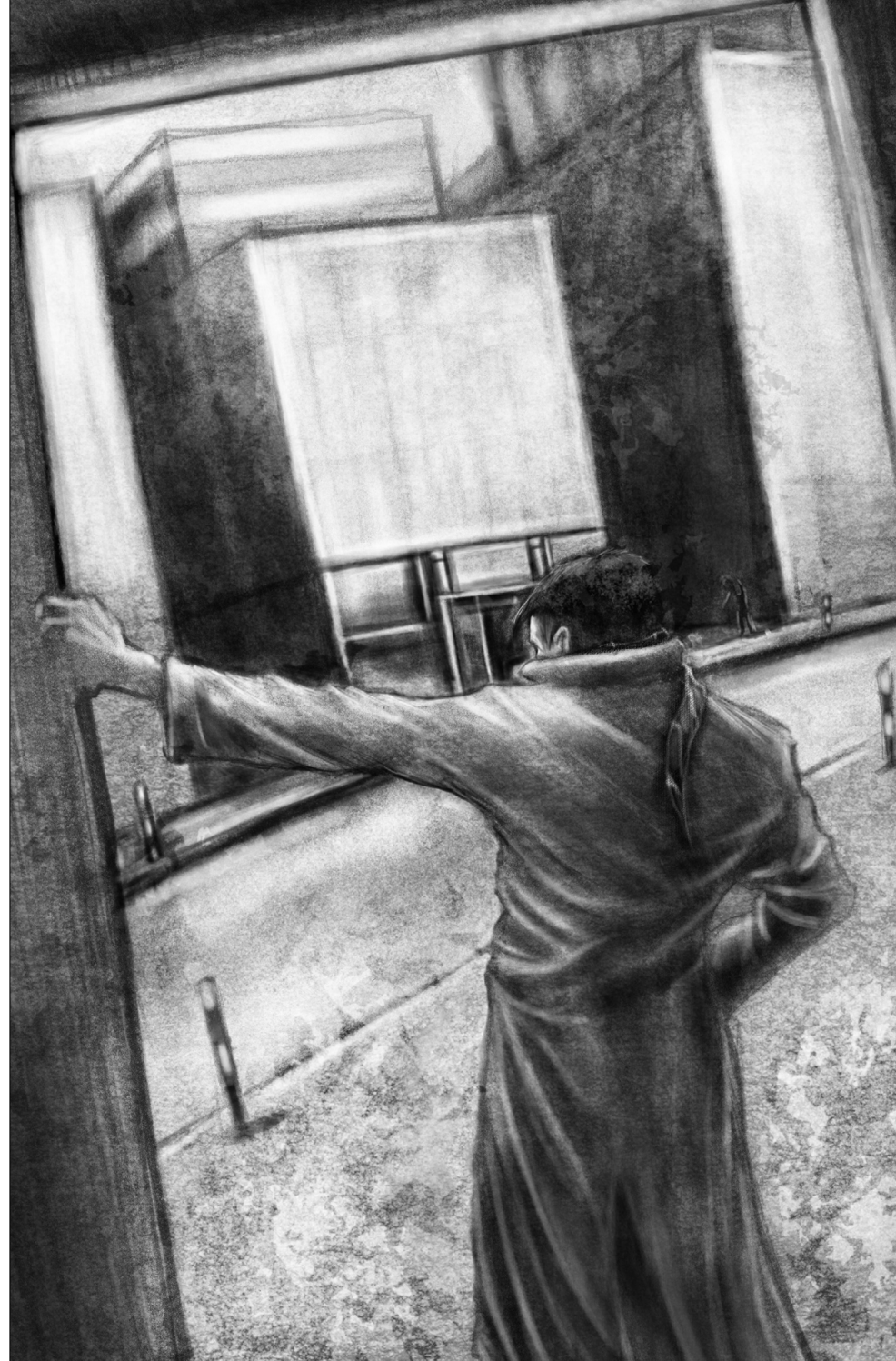
## Shadow in the Shadows

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 tower block. It contains flats 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.





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.





A chill runs down the Dark Man's spine.

He watches this living darkness as it slides, flat against the wall.

It is shaped like a man, and glides silently towards the tower block entrance. It comes to rest on the glass doors.

The moon appears from behind some clouds. It casts silver light on the shadow.

The shadow leaps as though hurt, then quickly slides down the glass. It slips beneath the doors and into the dark hallway beyond.

The Dark Man can no longer see it.