Something woke Scott and he lay listening to the wind buffeting the house and rattling the windows. He got out of bed and pulled the curtains aside peering into the unfamiliar darkness. It was their first night in the new house. Lightning flashed! In that instant he saw a figure hurrying from the house towards the gate which led up onto the moors…

Deep in the forest, the magical Lake glittered in the early morning sun. Tall trees stood like silent guards around the water’s edge, thick branches keeping out all but the most determined of visitors. In the middle of the Lake, a purple mist swirled around. The figure watching from the bank knew just what the mist concealed…

‘Avalon!’ the woman whispered. Her dress was long and black, decorated with dark jewels that seemed to greedily draw in the light from around her. Although the early autumn air was cold, the woman wore no cloak and not a single shiver crossed her pale skin.

The boy ran down the rain-soaked street, weaving between abandoned cars. He crouched behind one of the vehicles and tried to quiet his laboured breath. At first he heard nothing, but then behind the noise of the falling rain he made out another sound… one that in recent months he had learned to fear. The high-pitched whine was getting louder. Did that mean the Drones had tracked his scent? The boy forced himself to his feet, pushing the long black hair out of his eyes and set off down the road again. He didn’t look back, if there was anything behind him he would rather not know.

He ducked through the broken door of one of the shops lining the street and ran between shelves stocked with now useless electronic devices. Vaulting over a counter at the far end of the shop, he grabbed the handle of a door marked **Staff Only,** silently praying that it wasn’t locked. The handle turned and he stepped into

the gloom of the room beyond. As the door closed again, he was plunged into darkness.

