Lovereading4kids.co.uk

Helping you choose books for children

0-5 5-7 7-9 9-12 12+

opening extract from

Shadow Bringer

written by

David Calcutt

published by

Oxford University Press

All text is copyright of the author and illustrator

please print off and read at your leisure.

One

The Creature

It slept.

It lay at the bottom of all things.

Without shape, without form, without height, without depth. Growing, shrinking, rising, falling. Ebb and flow, tremble and pulse.

A creature of darkness dwelling in darkness.

Not breathing.

But sleeping, and dreaming.

Chaos and confusion, turmoil, upheaval. Things splitting, things falling apart. It dreamed worlds collapsing, suns exploding. Unmaking and unravelling, the flux of destruction. It dreamed fire, flood, warfare, ruin.

These were its dreams. These were what it fed on. These were what gave it its strength and its power.

These were what it was for.

Sometimes a call came. A name spoken, a challenge made. Then it let its power stir. It roused itself and rose from the darkness, it found its form and made itself known. Then, as monster, or giant,

or ogre, or demon, it strode across the earth and waged war. To taste the thrill of battle and bloodshed, to fight and to kill beneath the fierce sun.

Sometimes it was victor. Sometimes vanquished. It didn't matter.

What mattered was the contest, the joy of destruction.

Things splitting, things falling apart.

And now, again, a call came. Little more than a whisper, from far off, a voice. Falling, spinning, a flickering spark, a flash of light in the darkness. A shining hook dropped in the black pool. A name spoken. The creature felt the voice pierce the depth of its being. It heard the name spoken. It stirred. It woke.

There was a burst of light, a rush of air.

The creature breathed, and spoke.

I'm coming to get you.