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Opening extract from  
**The Dark**

Written by  
**Lemony Snicket**

Illustrated by  
**Jon Klassen**

Published by  
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Laszlo was  
afraid of  
the dark.



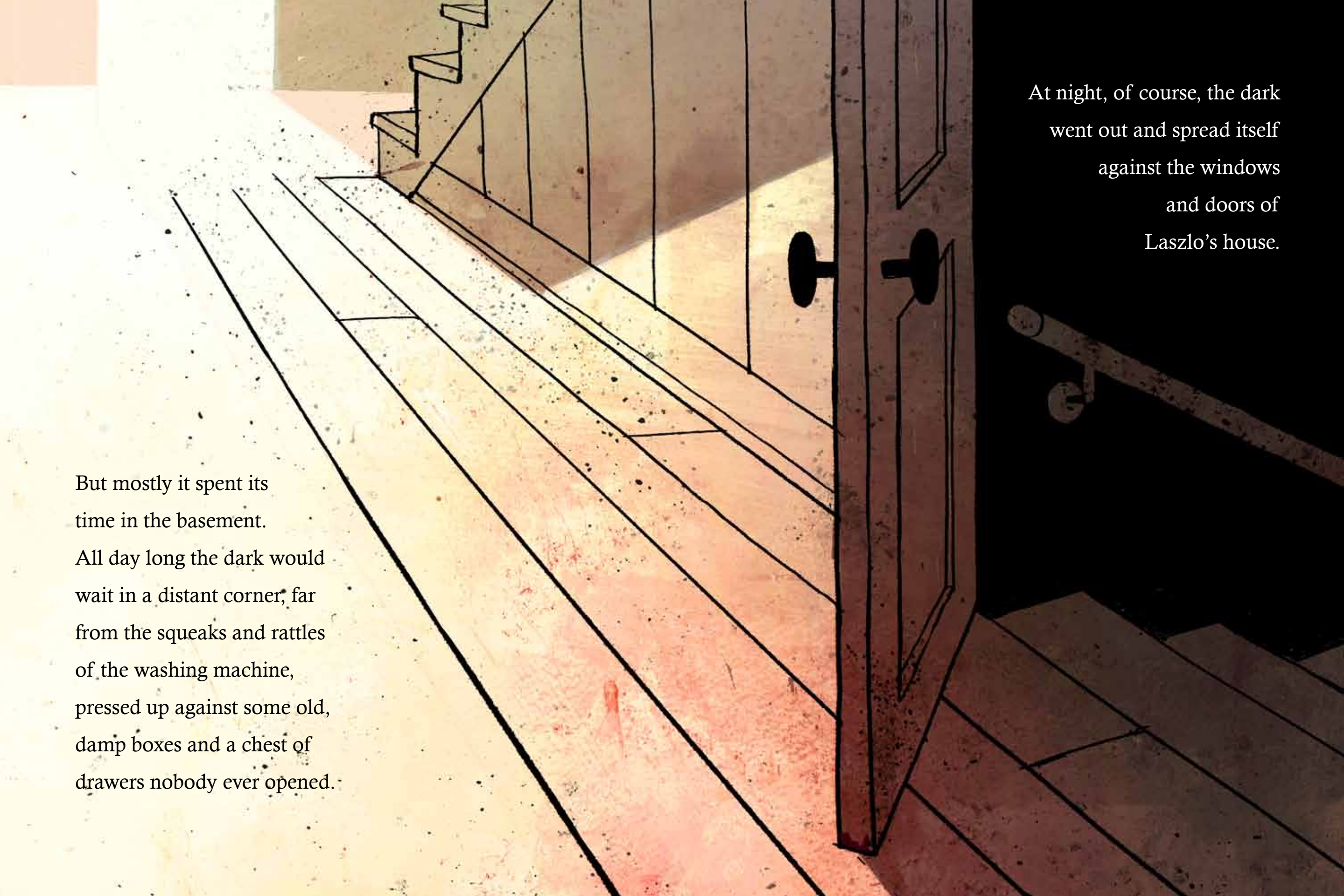


The dark lived in the same house as Laszlo, a big place with a creaky roof, smooth, cold windows, and several sets of stairs.



Sometimes  
the dark hid  
in the closet.

Sometimes  
it sat behind  
the shower curtain.



But mostly it spent its  
time in the basement.  
All day long the dark would  
wait in a distant corner, far  
from the squeaks and rattles  
of the washing machine,  
pressed up against some old,  
damp boxes and a chest of  
drawers nobody ever opened.

At night, of course, the dark  
went out and spread itself  
against the windows  
and doors of  
Laszlo's house.

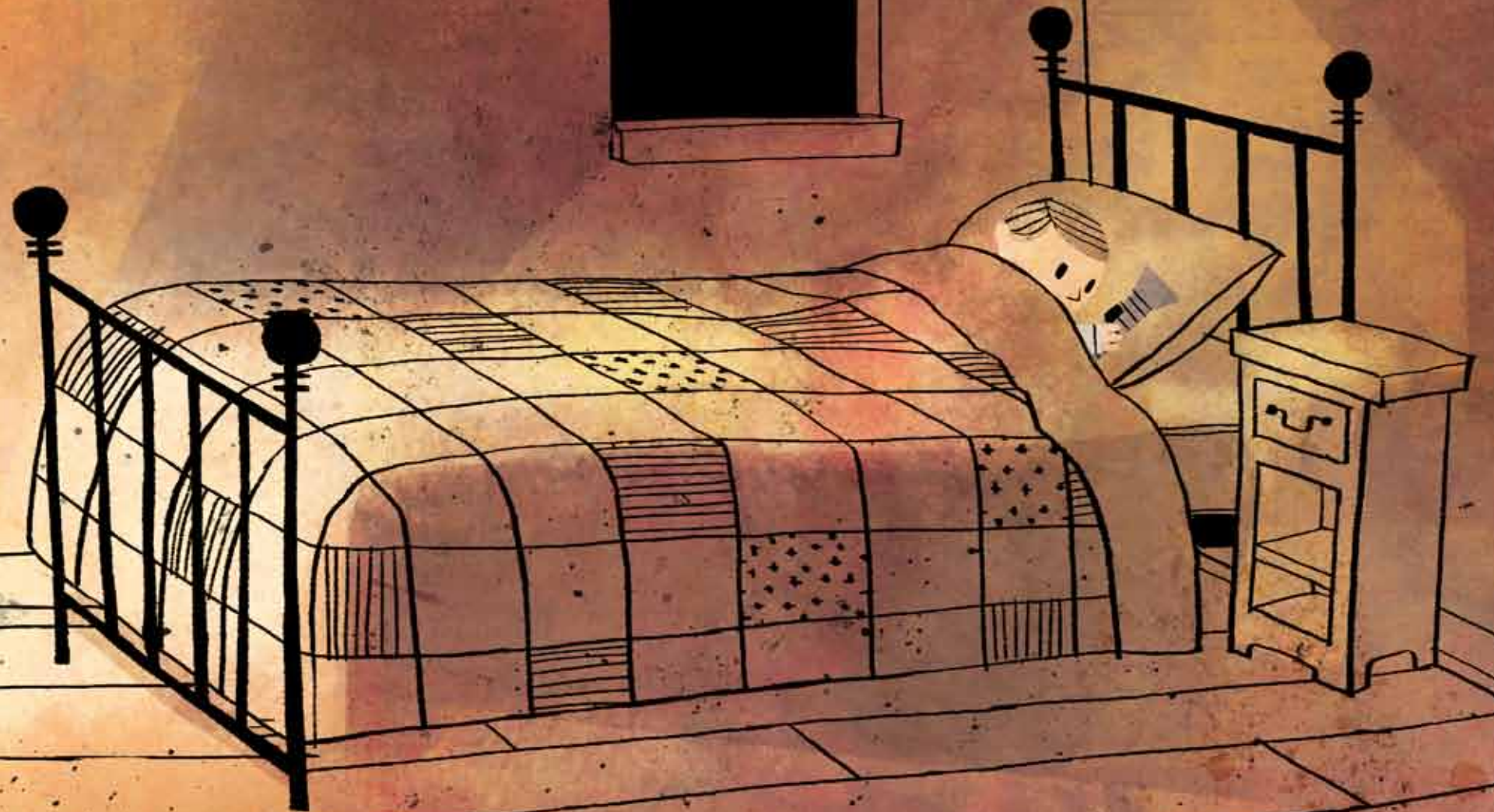
But in the morning  
the dark would be  
back in the basement,  
where it belonged.  
Laszlo would peek at the  
dark every morning.



“Hi,”  
he would say.  
“Hi, dark.”



Laszlo thought that  
if he visited the dark  
in the dark's room,  
maybe the dark  
wouldn't come visit him  
in his room.



“Laszlo,” the dark said,  
in the dark.

But one night—  
it did.





The voice of the dark was as creaky  
as the roof of the house, and as smooth and  
cold as the windows, and even though the dark  
was right next to Laszlo, the  
voice seemed very far away.

“What do  
you want?”  
asked Laszlo.

“I want to  
show you  
something,”  
said the dark.

