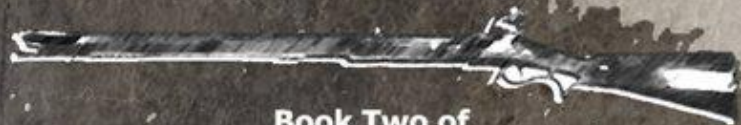


MICHAEL C THOMAS



Book Two of  
The Pen Glas Mysteries

INTO THE  
SHATTERED  
DARK

*The First Shard*

Into the  
Shattered Dark

The First Shard

Michael C Thomas



Tomser Cat Books

Big Cats Edition

To fathers and brothers everywhere,  
especially the ones in my life.

## Acknowledgements

*Many thanks to:*

Grey Actual for encouraging me.

Gr3yTw0, Midna and Brockway  
for being the best and most patient Hunters.

Mark Dorey for teaching me the joy of hyphens.

Llancaiach Fawr for keeping history alive.

The Imperial War Museum for making sure that we remember.

The Rejects for teaching me the joys of pedantry and its  
importance over merely being 'correct'.

Map of Wales showing Pen Glas, adapted from the 1573 map of  
Wales, *Cambriae Typus*, by Humphrey Lloyd. Original image  
available from the National Library of Wales.

# Into the Shattered Dark

The First Shard



Tomser Cat Books

Big Cats Edition



m

Lhyn.

Lymnos Ptol.  
Ynys Enlhi. B.  
Bardesey. A.



NICVM MARE

Anglis.



Penglasius  
Penglasius habet.

Deme: tia.

Penglas

PROLOGUE

# THE NORTH STAR

## *Bristol Channel 1675*

**T**HE FOUR-MASTED SHIP *North Star* rose up in the stormy sea before crashing back down into the water. Emrys stood at the bow, keeping to his feet in spite of the jarring impact. Rain lashed at him from the dark night sky and tore at his protective, oiled leather cloak. Emrys laughed. He had been at sea for months and nothing, not even nature itself, was going to stop him making port now.

The ship was sailing back from the New World. He was on a mission for his employer, Daniel Morcant, to bring back much needed supplies for the fledgling township they were building. Although he would return with some seed, livestock and the steel tools that they vitally needed, he also had to recruit more settlers to further their community. There was another task that had been entrusted to him as well, a sacred task, to return a treasure to Daniel's sister, Rachel Whitlock.

Maybe it was a sixth sense born of years of keeping alive on the battlefield, or from the time he had spent tracking in the wilds of the New World, or perhaps he just heard something amidst the noise of the storm but suddenly Emrys turned and faced the man who had been stalking him from behind.

Edward Mainard.

He had arrived in the New World bearing the ill news that the General, Daniel Morcant's father, had died. Emrys had never trusted Mainard. Something about his eyes had bothered him. They were skittish and never seemed to settle.

Mainard held a long-bladed knife in one hand.

"I wondered when you would make your move," shouted

## PROLOGUE

Emrys over the wind and rain.

Mainard moved closer, his feet set wide apart, helping him to keep his balance as the ship rolled with the waves. “No-one is coming to help you Emrys. The Captain and crew are too busy with the storm. Hand it over old man and I may yet decide to let you live!”

“Where’s that man of yours, the moustache wearer, Geraint? I was expecting you to come at me together. I didn’t think you had the guts to try and stab me in the back by yourself.”

“He has his own job to do, and don’t you worry, I am more than able to gut an old fool like you from the front.” With every word Mainard inched closer to striking range.

Lightning flashed across the sky, illuminating both the savage scar and wide smile on Emrys’ face.

“One... two...” Emrys counted out loud.

Mainard approached with more care. Was the old man up to something, or was he just trying to confuse him?

“Three...four... five...”

Thunder crashed through the sky.

Mainard collapsed to the deck, blood streaming from a wound in his chest, mixing with the rain and salt water on the deck. A small, smoking hole had appeared in Emrys’ heavy cloak. Underneath he slid his hidden pistol back into its holster.

Carefully, he walked over and checked Mainard. He was dead. A quick search of the body revealed nothing. There was no clue as to whom he may have been working for. Emrys caught a movement out of the corner of his eye: a figure of a man emerging from the ship’s hold before running to the side of the ship and diving over into the angry sea.

‘Damn, it must be Geraint,’ thought Emrys, “but what fool would jump overboard in this sea? Unless...” Emrys ran to the edge of the bow and leapt into the water.

The ship exploded behind him as the powder stores blew, lighting up the night sky and sending deadly splinters of wood, the size of spears, shooting through the air. An oil barrel must have been in the explosion as the murdered ship burned through the storm and rain.

Emrys sank, his heavy raincoat a death sentence in the sea.



## THE NORTH STAR

Drawing a blade he cut himself free and swam hard towards the surface. The turbulence of the storm caused the current to pull him in all directions but the glow of the blazing wreck gave Emrys his bearings. With his lungs screaming he kept swimming. The light was getting brighter, but was it the burning ship or the lack of air in his lungs? He knew he would never make the surface but he kept kicking.

Nothing would stop him – not even being dead...

\*

The sun was warm on his back. Shaking his head Emrys tried to get up. His clothes were caked with dried salt and sand. He managed to get to his knees and look around. He was halfway up a beach, the waves gently lapping at the shore, the tide in retreat. A sheer rock cliff rose up against a bright, blue sky. There was no sign of the storm from last night. He didn't recognise the beach and realised he could be anywhere along the Welsh, Cornish or even Devon coast.

"Sir! Down there, another one!"

The voice came from a young man up on the cliff top. He was dressed in a red uniform with a white bandolier and a tall, black hat topped with white feathers. He would have looked comical to Emrys were it not for the long musket he carried, tipped with a cruel bayonet.

A second, older man joined the first at the cliff top. He nodded to the first then shouted down the beach.

"You men! Hold that man for me!"

Emrys staggered to his feet. A group of three red coated men were working their way towards him, their muskets trained on him. Emrys did not run, he had no reason to and anyway he didn't have the strength. The three men surrounded him. They did not look very trusting and kept their guns levelled at him. Emrys may not have known who they were but he recognised seasoned soldiers when he saw them, and these men had known battle.

Their muskets looked odd to Emrys, but he had been in the Americas for some years and no doubt there had been some

## PROLOGUE

improvements since he was last in Britain. Subconsciously, he felt for his own pistol but he had lost it in the sea along with the knife that he had used to cut free his heavy coat.

“What do you think he is?” the youngest of the three men asked his companions. Emrys could not place the man’s strong accent.

“I dunno... deserter, smuggler or maybe... maybe he’s a spy. Yeah, a French spy...”

This man’s accent Emrys *could* place – London. Emrys had never been there himself but there were a few people from London in the township back home. ‘Strange to think of the Americas as being back home,’ Emrys thought.

By now more red coated soldiers had joined them on the beach including the older man that Emrys had seen at the cliff top. His uniform had some kind of gold braiding on the shoulders indicating he was an officer. At his hip was a sword and some kind of pistol.

“Account for yourself in the name of the King!” ordered the officer.

“Just a sailor washed overboard in the storm last night. Where to am I?” countered Emrys. There was something wrong here, he did not know what it was but he decided to keep his name to himself. Who knew, maybe these men worked for the same master as Mainard?

“He’s Welsh! I bet he got lost trying to swim the Bristol!” exclaimed one of the soldiers with a smirk.

The officer gave the soldier a dark look for speaking out of turn, turning his attention back to Emrys, stepping in closer to get a better look at his face. He took note of the wide scar and the way that he stood. ‘This old man was once a soldier or sailor of rank,’ the officer thought.

“There was no storm last night. As lieutenant in the 2<sup>nd</sup> Battalion of Devonshire Foot, and by order of King George, you will be kept in chains at his Majesty’s pleasure until you decide to tell us some truth.”

Emrys looked at the lieutenant and swallowed hard. King George! Where was he? He felt his arms being pulled roughly behind him and cold irons locked into place. The lieutenant

## THE NORTH STAR

came closer and pulled a small pouch on a cord from around Emrys' neck.

"That isn't yours!" Emrys sprang at the man, barging into him with his shoulder. The butt of a rifle hit Emrys in the side of the head and he pitched face first into the sand.

"You two!" the lieutenant ordered two of his men, "Drag him up to the jail carriage."

He opened the pouch and emptied it into his hand. It contained a small sphere made from a dark metal.

*PROLOGUE*

# ***THE COLDEST WINTER***

## *Pen Glas 1942*

**T**HE NIGHT SKY WAS BEAUTIFUL, dark and clear. Only a silver sliver of a waning moon hung in the cold sky. Tomorrow there would be no moon at all to look down on the blanket of crisp snow that covered the village of Pen Glas.

Sergeant Brockway of the Home Guard shivered with the cold and pulled his heavy canvas trench coat tightly around himself. The night time beauty of the snow-covered village and to the East, the grounds of Pen Glas Manor was not lost on him, but then he wasn't standing exposed on the hillside to admire the view.

Brockway stamped his feet in the six inches of snow that was standing in, and tried to get some feeling back into them. Fumbling, in his thick woollen gloves, he took out his pocket watch and read the time by his bicycle headlamp. Blue tape had been placed over the light and a hood fitted, so it only illuminated the area immediately in front of the bike. Even in the wilds of West Wales the blackout, to reduce targets for enemy bombers, was in full force.

It was just coming up to 2am. Brockway nodded to himself and pulled a big flashlight out of the bike's saddlebag then, breaking every rule in the ARP book of blackout regulations, he turned the flashlight on and pointed it up into the dark. Satisfied that the torch was working he pulsed three flashes into the night sky. Brockway counted to thirty before sending three more flashes. He repeated the count and flashes again and again...

It was timed well. His long wait in the snow was rewarded

## THE COLDEST WINTER

within a few minutes. A black winged shadow passed overhead. The silhouette was instantly recognisable as the German Junkers 88 bomber that he had been expecting. The silence meant the engines were dead and the plane was just gliding. 'Blast!' thought Brockway. 'They're not going to make it. They're going to go down in the West Woods.' Grabbing his Lee Enfield rifle, he threw it over his shoulder and jumped onto his bike. The snow would make it a tough ride but he had to get there fast.

\*

Owen tried to shake his head clear from the shock of the crash. His chest hurt and it was hard to breathe but no limbs seemed broken. The stolen Junkers had smashed its way through the woods as it came down. The wings and tail had been torn off, and the fuselage had finally come to rest in a clearing. Luckily there had been no fire, probably owing to the fact that the fuel tank had been punctured, which was the reason the plane had crashed. Owen undid his restraints and pushed the remains of the cockpit's broken window free so he could get out of the crashed aircraft. His chest burned with the effort, maybe he had broken some ribs.

A bright torch light shone in his face and a gloved hand reached in and pulled him free. Owen lent against the outside of the ruined aircraft, his rasping breath forming clouds of white in the cold night air. Brockway gave him a long look over. "I think you will live," he said and turned to help the pilot.

Owen put a hand on his shoulder to stop him. "Hans didn't make it. We got tagged by a Mossie night fighter over the channel, hard to complain when they are on our side, but they killed Hans and almost took the whole plane down.

Brockway breathed out slowly. "He was a good man, Hans. One of the last of those over there that the Trust could rely on. I hope his life wasn't wasted."

Owen winced as he pulled a string from around his neck. Tied to it was a small leather bag. Despite the pain he managed a smile as he tossed the pouch to Brockway.

## PROLOGUE

He didn't catch it. Something in the woods had caught his eye. He fumbled to where he had left his rifle, leaning against the crashed plane.

"I wouldn't touch that old chap. I would just have to shoot you and wouldn't that be a bore." A man stepped into the clearing, a heavy revolver held in his right hand.

"You don't know what you're dealing with," said Brockway as he carefully raised his arms in surrender.

"Oh, but I do," the gunman retorted, lifting up his left hand.

On his index finger was a ring made from a coil of dark metal. It began to glow.

Brockway and Owen gasped as the shadows around them detached from the objects they belonged to and became smoke-like ribbons of Darkness wrapping around the two men, holding them fast. As they struggled against the force holding them, two pairs of green glowing eyes appeared in the Darkness. Dark figures formed out of the night, to stand next to the two captives.

"These are errors," the gunman said to the Witch Hunters, "file them away as such."

They bowed their heads and the Darkness enveloped the men completely. If the men screamed, their terror could not be heard through the blackness that writhed around them.

The Darkness dissipated, the men were gone, leaving just the green-eyed Hunters.

The gunman walked over to the crashed plane, picking up the fallen pouch as he did so. He emptied it into his hand. The pouch contained a nugget of what looked like some kind of dark ore, plus some folded paper. He smiled as he slipped them into his pocket.

A sudden sound came from the forest. Out of the corner of his eye the man saw a slight figure running between the trees.

"Find them and hold them for me," he commanded the green-eyed shadows.

The Shadows left in pursuit, running through the forest but making no more sound than mist rising.

The man turned his attention to the pilot in the crashed plane. He reached in, taking the man's pulse to confirm that he

## THE COLDEST WINTER

was dead. He searched around for a bit, and brought out the dead man's sidearm: a German made Luger automatic pistol.

"This could be a useful distraction," he said to himself as he carefully tucked the gun into his belt.

He followed his Dark Hunters, through the fields of snow and past the frozen lake. Their quarry had gone to ground in the boathouse. Snow began to fall again and the man smiled at nature's help in hiding his tracks to and from the wood. Putting his own revolver away he paused to straighten his long moustache before drawing the German Luger.

To be safe, he sent the Hunters in ahead of him. They phased through the walls. There was a woman's scream followed by two gunshots. He was glad he had waited, his prey had been armed after all. He took a flashlight from his pocket and carefully approached the boathouse to open the door.

He shone the torch beam around the inside. The two green-eyed shadows stood next to a young woman. Ribbons of Darkness wrapped around her, holding her. One tendril locked over her mouth. As the light shone on her face, her deep brown eyes could be seen wide with fear.

Outside the wind picked up and the snow fell more heavily. There was no-one around, no-one to hear the sound of gunshots that came from within the boathouse.

*PROLOGUE*

# **WAR BUDDIES**

*Pen Glas 2016*

**L**EWYS TURNED THE KEY on his bike, shutting down the engine. He looked around the village. “Another crappy wet October day in nowhere land,” he complained to himself.

He took off his helmet and hung it on the bars of his bike, an orange Kawasaki 50. There was a buzz in his back pocket. He checked his phone and read the text from Lucy. He had only met her a couple of times over the summer but he liked her. He liked her a lot. It helped that both his mother and his grandfather didn’t approve. His mother never wanted him to have anything to do with those from the Manor. He had no idea know why his grandfather didn’t approve, but then again he didn’t care.

He walked from his bike to the War Memorial. This was his place to be alone, somewhere he felt close to his father, even if he hated him more than he hated anyone. He was angry at him for leaving, for dying on them so far away.

It would be November soon and the memorial would be covered in red paper poppies, placed there by people who knew nothing, had felt nothing. Looking sombre and serious they would read poems and nod to each other. As far as Lewys was concerned there was no-one left in this village who had served in the forces, no-one left to have the right to understand.

Lewys stopped. A man was standing by the memorial. He was dressed in biker leathers, a large chopper style motorbike was parked on the road. The man’s head was shaved, his face unshaven. Rough.



## WAR BUDDIES

He looked up at Lewys and his mouth fell open. "Frag me! You have gotta be Ozy's boy! You're Lewys right?"

Lewys frowned and stepped back, not wanting to commit anything to this strange man.

"Look, it's alright mate, I served with ya dad. We was mates. My name is Tod."

"I met all his friends at the funeral, all of them from the Welsh."

"What the..?" The man looked at Lewys, his face confused. "Welsh Guard? You mean you don't know? No-one has told you about your old man?" He pointed at the war memorial, "That's a load of crock, you know that, right?"

"What do you mean!" demanded Lewys, his face becoming red with anger.

The strange man looked around as if wary of prying eyes, however the damp, grey village remained deserted.

"Look, your dad was regiment like me... 26th? SAS? I can't believe your granddad didn't tell you."

"What! He knew?"

"Yeah, course he did. He got us in. Well, he got us in the selections at least, some contact with his old Falkland buddies. Look, is there somewhere we can go and grab a cuppa. I didn't think it would be me, but I owe it to Ozy for his son to know the truth."

Still confused Lewys nodded and motioned over the road to the small village café.

"Nice bike," said Lewys as they passed the man's Harley.

He smiled, "Yeah, I see you got your dad's passion for bikes too, although I think he would like to see you on something with a bit more heart than that 50cc."

"Yeah well, beggars and all that," replied Lewys patting down his empty pockets.

They sat in the corner of the café and ordered two coffees. Lewys sat with his arms crossed, untrusting. After the waitress left, the old biker pulled out a hip flask and added a large dash of whisky to both mugs of coffee.

"Cold day," he said simply.

Lewys nodded and took a big gulp of the hot coffee, the

## PROLOGUE

burning made worse by the raw, cheap whisky. He spluttered and coughed.

The man laughed out loud and slapped Lewys on his back. “You remind me so much of your old man. He hated whisky too. I tell you what, let me fill you in on what they ain’t been telling you. Then maybe, I might even have a job for you! For Ozy, you know, for old time’s sake. It isn’t a lot of cash but it might at least help you out and upgrade that ‘beggar’s’ bike o’ yours.”

Lewys nodded. He still wasn’t sure about this man but he was desperate to know what had been kept from him. Tod put the hip flask back into his jacket.

They talked for over an hour and Tod described to Lewys a hero of a dad that he had never met, until he almost felt he had known the legendary “Ozy” himself. Eventually they parted, agreeing to meet up again while Tod was still in the area. As Lewys drove off on his orange bike, Tod took out his phone and sent a simple text message.

It read, “Bait taken.”

## CHAPTER ONE

# A FACE OUT OF TIME

*Cardiff 2016*

**T**HE COLLAR OF THE BLACK BLAZER itched Lucy's neck. Her old school had had no uniform; her new school was extremely formal. She felt uncomfortable in the blazer and knee-length skirt. Her reflection in the bathroom mirror seemed almost a stranger to her. She washed her hands in the sink, splashing water on her face and rubbing the back of her neck with cold water.

It was her sixth week at St Peter's and she had been dragged on a school visit to Cardiff museum. The trip was part of her history studies but at the same time, as an older student, she was drafted into watching the Year Eight pupils including her younger sister, Megan. The toilet behind her flushed and Gemma came out. Gemma Watkins, or Gems as she liked to be known, had been assigned to be Lucy's friend until she settled in. Gems was nice enough and Lucy could see why she had the role of being the newbies' mate – the girl was all smiles and she was friends with just about everyone. Just like Lucy used to be at her old school, but that was not the Lucy who had joined St Peter's. The events of last summer at Pen Glas had changed Lucy. She was less interested in the social world around her which she now saw as facile and dull.

Gems grabbed Lucy by the arm. "Okay, time to head back up to watch the minions."

Lucy forced a smile "Sure, let's go." She pulled the heavy wooden door of the washroom open and they headed up the marble steps.

There were four other sixth formers on the stairs, three were

## CHAPTER 1

grouped together. Lucy knew who they were even though they had never spoken. The one in the middle was Alison Harper. She went by the name of Aly. Her cousin, Luke, had warned her about the Harper clan before Lucy had started at the school. The whole family had a nasty streak a mile wide. Aly was a bully and looked the part, with an ever-present snarl of a grin and nicotine stained fingers. She also had a twin brother who was apparently even worse.

Aly and her two sidekicks, Claire and India, were laughing as they followed the fourth student. Lucy could see from her black headscarf that it was Amena Kattan. All she knew about Amena was that, like Lucy, she was new to the school that year. Also, she was a refugee from the conflict in Syria. Amena and Lucy were two of only a handful of students that had not been born in Wales.

Amena was carrying an armful of clipboards, she had been tasked with handing out by a teacher. There were too many to be carried easily and Amena stumbled on the top step and lost her footing. She would have regained it if Aly had not stepped forward to shove Amena in the back. She went flying, hitting the marble floor hard, clipboards scattering around her. Aly and her sidekicks burst out laughing.

“What happened – scarf got in your eyes?” chimed in Aly as if it was the funniest joke in the world.

Gems pulled back on Lucy's arm and shook her head, warning Lucy not to get involved. Shrugging off her friend's advice Lucy pushed forward, shoving past Aly and her posse.

“Hey! What d'yer think yer doin'?” protested Aly.

Lucy ignored her and bent down to Amena, offering a hand to help her up. Cautiously Amena accepted the hand.

“Hey, I was talkin' to you!” snapped Aly.

Lucy kept her back to Aly ignoring her. “Are you okay?” she asked as she helped Amena recover some of the fallen clipboards.

Amena nodded, “Thank you,” she said hesitantly. Her voice was heavy with a Middle Eastern accent.

“HEY!” shouted Aly marching up behind Lucy.

“That newbie is dissin' you,” said Claire trying to add fuel

## A FACE OUT OF TIME

to the fire.

Lucy still had her back turned when Aly gave her a massive shove from behind. By rights Lucy should have either ended up on the floor or, at the very least, have gone crashing into Amena. However, Lucy didn't move a centimetre. It may have been all the Tai Kwando practice and the way she had placed her feet, awaiting Aly's attack, but ever since Lucy had passed through the Darkness she felt as if she had become as solid as stone. Last year one of her instructors had even broken his wrist when he hit her in a sparring match and had failed to pull the strike. To Aly it had felt as if she was pushing all her weight against a brick wall and she rebounded backwards into her friends who were lucky not to end up tumbling down the stairs. Hatred rose inside Aly like an angry snake as she balled her right hand into a fist.

Lucy turned to face her, "You okay?" she asked, her voice calm yet unyielding. Aly snarled and brought her arm back but suddenly seemed to think better of it.

"Let's go!" she snorted and pushed past Amena, her posse silently in tow. Aly wasn't sure why she had backed down. Maybe it was because she had never pushed anyone who felt as strong as Lucy did. It might have been because she had seen the history teacher, Miss Brown, coming through the other door. Or perhaps it was the way Lucy had looked at her with those green eyes, like she really wanted Aly to throw a punch. She shrugged to herself, Aly wasn't finished with Lucy Rose, she would bide her time.

"Girls, come on!" Miss Brown's voice was shrill. "The Year Eights are waiting for their clipboards."

"Are you alright, Miss Brown?" asked Gems in her usual cheery voice, as if the incident with Aly had never happened.

"No, I am not! I have just heard there has been a fire at the Pencelli Historical Centre where we should have been going for half term! I have no idea where I am going to find a replacement venue at such short notice. Especially one with such a focus on early Christianity in Wales!" Miss Brown sighed, leading the three girls towards the lobby and the waiting horde of Year Eights.

## CHAPTER 1

Megan looked at the questions on her clipboard:

“What was the cause of the Rebecca Riots?”

“Why were they called the Rebecca Riots?”

“Do you think the riots were successful?”

“This is soooo dull,” moaned the girl next to her. “I've not seen you before; my name's Ffion.”

Megan looked at the girl who had introduced herself. Ffion had long, brown hair and obviously cared about her appearance. She guessed Ffion was popular but she also seemed friendly. Today was actually Megan's first day at St Peter's. She should have started a couple of weeks earlier but she had come down with a virus followed by a chest infection which had taken her off her feet for a while.

She introduced herself back, “I'm Megan. I don't know, a bunch of cross-dressing men rioting against unfair taxes? Sounds fun!”

“What do you mean?” asked Ffion.

“The Rebecca Riots. The government put toll gates on the roads then taxed the poor to move their goods through them. So the men dressed up as women and attacked the toll gates with axes.”

Ffion looked at her, surprised. “How do you know that?”

“It's written there,” said Megan pointing to a sign on the wall, “right next to that statue of a man dressed as a woman breaking down a gate with an axe.”

Ffion paused for a bit. “I like you,” she decided out loud. Ffion took Megan by the arm and introduced her to some other Year Eights. Unusually for Megan she seemed to fit in. Maybe it was just that everyone liked Ffion but, whereas in her old school Megan had been the oddball with her nose in a book, these students seemed to be more accepting.

“Now, that boy over there,” began Ffion, pointing across the great hall of the museum to where a small, lone boy stood staring at an oil painting, “he's only eleven, but so clever they moved him up a couple of years. He used to get a load of grief for it, but over the summer he became a kind of gaming

## A FACE OUT OF TIME

celebrity. He beat some game and it was all over the net, you know, famous. He's okay I guess, but it's his brother you want to look out for – he's *really* nice!"

"Really? You think Luke is *really* nice? Let me know if you want me to introduce you to him," Megan said with a smile before calling out, "Hey, Cuz," and walking over to Jake, leaving a confused Ffion behind.

Jake briefly looked up at Megan before looking back at the painting, his face frowning in concentration.

"Hey," he said quietly.

Megan was a bit taken aback, she had expected a friendlier reaction than that. Then she realised why Jake was off.

"You can feel it can't you?" asked Jake quietly.

"Yes," whispered Megan. "This painting, it's... *thin*."

The painting was called *The Dance of the Tree*. It showed a lone man dressed in black standing on a gallows platforms, a noose around his neck. It was dated 1814.

"It's the man," said Jake, "I know him." A jagged scar ran across the highwayman's face like it had once been torn open and had healed badly. "But when I knew him it was 1645, at the battle of the Knight's Folly. He fought for Richard... Emrys was his name, Captain Emrys." Jake turned to face Megan, "Something's coming."

Megan nodded slowly, her gut felt cold and twisted inside. "I'll talk to Lucy, we should all get together."

"Time to go!" came the shrill cry of Miss Brown.

The coaches were bustling. Aly was at the back with her cronies; Lucy, Gems and Amena were at the front with Miss Brown. Miss Brown was on her phone having an animated conversation. She ended the call just as the coach hit the main rush hour traffic heading out of the city.

"Amazing!" she said to the older girls. "The centre that had the fire, well they just called. Apparently there is a new centre, it was not due to open yet but they are opening it just for us, and it is going to be free. Better still, there is a really old church nearby dating back to the early times of the Church in Wales." She smiled at the girls, "This half term we are off to Pen Glas!"

## CHAPTER 1



Thank you for previewing our book

*INTO THE  
SHATTERED  
DARK*

*THE FIRST SHARD*

You can carry on reading this amazing  
adventure available in paperback now from

**[www.tomsercat.com](http://www.tomsercat.com)**

Keep following the Cat...

