

Chapter 1

Patricia Shaw woke up with a really bad headache and the strong feeling that something was absolutely wrong. With her room, with her family and with herself.

She opened her eyes and looked at the pattern of the wall paper in front of her. Harry Potter riding on his broomstick, chasing the quaffle. What a childish choice she had made only two years ago, when her parents had asked her for her wishes for a new decoration of her bedroom! Her parents, ha! One year later, at her thirteenth birthday, they had let the cat out of the bag!

Pat's attention was distracted from her thoughts about her family by something strange in her room.

She never woke up during the night!

She turned around. A look at the alarm clock at the bookshelf by her bedside showed that it was only three o'clock in the morning. This was not only an unusual time to wake up. The fact that she could see the alarm clock and not just the digital numbers on its screen was unusual, too. Pat realised that her room was much brighter than it should have been at night, as if the curtains were open. That could not be!

Pat was cold, she felt a chilly wind touch her cheek. Her window must have stayed open last night as well, another thing that never happened. She used to close it very carefully every night!

She was alarmed and grasped for her mother's amulet hanging around her neck. She had started to do so when her so called parents had decided to tell her the truth, to make sure she had a real mother in real life, that she was not caught in a bad dream.

Pat turned her head towards the window and froze in her movement, as if hit by an icy arrow. Pat gasped.

Her window stood wide open and let in the white light of a full moon. This alone would have been enough to make her shiver and hold her breath. But there was something else. The sharp light of the moon fell onto a figure like a spotlight on a theatre stage. Pat's heartbeat sped up, she could feel it right in her throat like a little bird caught in a trap.

Between Pat and the open window stood a giant wrapped in a dark cape that covered his whole body. The man looked at her. Pat could feel his eyes more than she saw them. They pricked the skin of her face and she tried to scream. But her voice was gone. No tone came from her mouth. She bit into her fist.

The moon outlined the man's silhouette. He seemed to have long black hair and an almost bold forehead, both reflected the moonlight. His skin sparkled like the moonlight itself. The view reminded Pat of something she could not name.

The man didn't move, nor did Pat. Even if she had wanted to she would not have been able to move. She was paralysed by horror and waited for her heartbeat to collapse any moment.

Who was he? What was he here for? What did he want? Was he going to kill her?
Turn her into one of his kind?

The giant moved, his hair and his cape swung around him in big waves. The movement made a sound like the wings of a flying eagle.

Pat kept her breath and waited for the man's final movement, an attack, a stroke or a bite in her throat. But there was just the air moving like a winter storm and a kind of roar. Or was it a laugh?

The man turned towards the window in a quick motion.

Pat saw his profile against the moon. It reminded her of Aro, one of the Vampire Kings in Stephenie Meyers novel trilogy and the one to whom Edward wanted to sacrifice himself when he thought Bella, the love of his life, had drowned.

When the giant jumped onto the window sill and spread his arms Pat started breathing again.

The dark man's cape unfolded and with a few flaps he lifted and started flying. It looked as if he aimed for the moon.

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