



## *About the Author*

Hello, I'm Danielle, I'm nearly at the big 3.0 & volunteer at my local Library. I have a 17-year-old rescue cat, who I love to bits. I enjoy days out with friends, learning Italian & always looking to try something new. I'm classed as disabled, I don't let that limit me, well I don't think I do? I'm a country girl at heart. I decided against University & hope to become a published Author. I also love strong coffee and tasty food.

“Never in my wildest dreams, did I ever think I would start writing. I thought it was too hard, complex & tiring... but then one day in 2019, I started to write and I was good... Really Good!. Although currently, I do not have any published or finished books, I'm really enjoying the process... *Love, Danielle. x.*”

(Danielle, “W Books n Thoughts” - Blog/Website. 2019)

<https://welshiebooksandthoughts.com/>

## *Chapter 1.*

There stood a shadow six foot six, dressed in dark clothes and soaking wet. The rain was rushing down heavy and cold. The man was hiding in the shadows aware of each person passing. No one would look in his direction in fear of what was there.

There was a mother with her two little children on her way back from the supermarket and a teenager on his way home from a friend's house unaware of what was near. They would go on to recount how they scurried past, and did not look him in the eye.

This image struck fear into the street that night. Something as glinting in the darkness from the reflection of the street lights. No one dared to walk too close in fear of attack. There was something shifty and dangerous about the man in black.

This was not the regular look to the area. In the summer it was a street filled with children's laughter and tears as they played kiss chase and hopscotch in the warm filled bright evenings. The teenagers booming their music too late for a school night and the mothers and fathers sat with their cold drinks talking over the fences and walls between neighbours. It was a happy time, and a happy place normally.

But tonight, this mysterious figure who had appeared from the devils clutch suddenly, made the residents of Side View Crescent nervous. Everyone who seen the figure walking down the road has rung one another or brought their children in due to fear of the unknown.

There was something unnatural about him. Something that made grown men's hairs on the back of their head stick up uncomfortably. Some decided there and then to call him the dark man, and wished him to go on his way and never come back...The next day people would ask, after peering through their blinds, Who Was that? Did anyone know him? And will he ever return? They hoped not.

The dark man made 3 more visits before officers had to get involved and remove him from the area. There were whispers that the young 20 year-old Dianne had approached him on night 2 and 3 but no one had heard how or why someone so simple and innocent would want to make herself known to a sinister figure like him.

In the coming days, weeks and months, nothing more happened. No more sightings of the dark man. The nights were getting lighter and Summer was on its way. Side View Crescent wiped thoughts about the dark man and the month of November the last year from out of their minds. The children, slightly older were back out playing in the street by March & mothers and father resumed their garden chats in the sun.

It was late one night, maybe 11 a clock and the residents of Side View Crescent were awoken to a piercing scream. Ronald the local gardener was the first to come out. Or so he thought. He walked down to the end of the street where the scream was coming from while his wife Angela rang 999 ...just in case. He came to the turning of the cull de sac and walked past Dianne hurriedly striding past muttering under her breath and covering her herself with a large parka jacket. He thought nothing of it...

Police and ambulances swarmed Side View Crescent. The residents up until now had never been witness to any crime. It was a thing that was talked about from the TV and news not in their small estate. Speaking of the News it was all over it the next day. No one could believe it had happened and the only person nearby by witness statement was Dianne. Why was she running from the scene & was she involved in some way? Ronald told people and friends the next day his story, his find, the body.

Dianne's mother and Father were called into questioning. Lottie & Derek had never seen a police station in their lives and to be asked about their only daughter was traumatising. They were asked numerous questions which they knew. But something stumped them - what Parka jacket? She had never owned one.

She had decided to go for a walk and yes, she had come back home very shortly after they heard a scream the night of the death. She had been wearing the same top & they didn't think to ask why she had blood on her, only to get changed and clean.

The officers were fascinated and wanted to ask more questions to her directly but her boyfriend and her had gone for a break away straight after. Lottie & Derek had never met her boyfriend but he must've been local. They had thought so anyway.

After that incident, no one would let their children out to play in the streets. Neighbours became bitter and accused each other of hiding something. It was a dark time for that street and no one seen a way back to how things were before. Rumours started to fly around about the dark man from all those months ago and how he was involved. People started to turn on each other!