

THIS IS HOW HE COLLECTS THEM

By Eric Wood

EXCERPT

PROLOGUE

The darkness descends, and the witch recoils. She senses it nearby but cannot visually establish its location. But it is close. It remains trapped inside The Amalgam high rise, one of New York City's premiere structures for the past one hundred years. The witch's home. Her powers existed for years under its nose. She fooled it for decades. Made it believe she was but a mere charlatan taking advantage of the weak minded.

But the witch is no fraud. Her powers are real. Her powers are formidable. And she's been here the whole time. Planning. Plotting. Over the past couple days, she has been leaving with her bags full. She is trying to escape before they can capture her. Escape like the few over the years who fled before the darkness could consume them. They were among the most powerful ones to cross into its space. But they have also been located, and like the witch, their powers amassed together will bring forth a darkness never seen in human history.

Now the witch understands that she has been exposed and is trying to flee to a safer place. Because even she knows that she cannot stop it no matter how much information she gathers on it. No matter how many of his minions she deceives.

You no longer fool me, Witch. It is time to set my gatherers in motion. And your book of spells will not save you.

Or your daughter.

Or the others.

In its century of existence, The Amalgam has brought forth an abundant supply of those with gifts the holders never quite understood. Most have been a mere pittance to that of a true witch – a descendent of one of the most powerful ever seen.

As it continues to observe, the witch lingers through the lobby looking from left to right. She knows it's watching, and she sprints to the elevator. Other tenants wait alongside, so the darkness dissipates back. But it's now clear. The witch must be top priority before she can escape.

But once she is collected, the others will return.

The plan for a world of darkness will reach its zenith.

It's time to call them home. It's time to collect.