

# Chapter 1

## Darkness knocks

The gusts of wind whistled in the air, rupturing the biting snow with every stroke. A carpet of dark smog blanketed the unlit skies, streaks of the luminous moonlight piercing through the veil. The date was the 14th of November 1876, it was a time of industrialisation and prosperity under Queen Victoria. Georg Faust, an aristocrat, was the heir of a wealthy German land-owner who had migrated to England after hearing rumours that war was going to erupt in the coming years; Georg grew up in a sheltered household, becoming a learned man in every aspect of the term. He was a highly desirable bachelor and his capital continued to thrive; after his father's passing his riches only continued to grow and flourish. At the tender age of 24, he was an established member of the upper-class, owned several robust business' and was the patriarch of a dignified household.

Faust was most proud of his family life, he was quite illustrious in the community for being very bleak in the way he described worldly matters but seemed to radiate at any opportunity to talk about his children. He was quite cold and unrefined in social matters but people admired him for his secure family life. His wife was a beautiful, young woman from the same class; she mothered two of his children, of all of his achievements Faust considered them to be his greatest.

Until it all came crashing down. His life was turned upside down in a matter of minutes; he arrived home late at night after a meeting with several traders in the community. His house was roaring in flames, the fieriness of the blaze opposed the harsh winter. The screams of his children echoed through the street, a tear slid down his cheek as he desperately tried to hide his emotion. All hope was lost, he couldn't even try to risk his own life for his family. Conflicted, he ran away from the scene; turning his back on the family he claimed to love so much. Whispers about his cowardice would haunt him for the passing months.

The date was the 9th of December, the image of his house up in an inferno hadn't left his thought for a minute.