

Kent Allard has lived an uncanny life. As The Shadow...enigma is his bread and butter, mystery his morning paper and the macabre no more surprising to him than the cream in his coffee.

But now...for the third time he finds himself in another man's skin, looking out at an unfamiliar world through unknown eyes.

For somewhere in the past twenty four hours he walked through an unmarked door, and now wanders lost through the corridors of...

...The Twilight Zone.

RRRRRRING
RRRRRRING

HELLO?

HEY, ART...HOW'S IT COMING?

THE LIVING SHADOW

BY
MAXWELL GRANT

Umm...
THIS ISN'T
ART...IT'S...
MAXWELL.
MAXWELL
GRANT.







FIRST LAMONT, THEN THE ACTOR... NOW THIS.

IF THAT'S ACCURATE, I'M EIGHT YEARS IN THE PAST. SOMEHOW.



WHAT WAS I DOING IN MARCH OF '31?

THAT'S WHEN I PLUCKED HARRY VINCENT OFF THE BRIDGE.

SO RIGHT NOW AM I OUT THERE, ON THAT BRIDGE, WITH HARRY VINCENT?



THE TYPEWRITER... THE PHONE CALL... THEY SAY NO.

LIKE WITH THE ACTOR, I AM IN A DIFFERENT WORLD. A WORLD WHERE THE SHADOW IS JUST A FICTION. A FICTION THAT HAS YET TO BE WRITTEN.



DO I TAKE THE CHALLENGE AND DO THE JOB? CREATE MYSELF, HERE, ON PAPER? WHAT HAPPENS THEN?

SOMETHING OR SOMEONE... SOME FORCE IS TRYING TO TEACH ME... TEACH US... SOMETHING. OR SEND A MESSAGE.



WHO WOULD DARE?

PERHAPS I'M TIED TO A CHAIR SOMEWHERE...

...WITH OPIUM DRIPPING INTO MY VEINS, CREATING THESE DIFFERENT WORLDS.



NO. I'VE BEEN DRUGGED BEFORE. SOMEHOW...THIS IS ALL... "REAL".

SO DO I WRITE MY WAY OUT? WILL THAT GET ME BACK WHERE I BELONG?



NO. THE SHADOW IS NO MAN'S PLAYTHING, AND THE TIME HAS COME TO STOP FOLLOWING THE RULES OF THESE "DIFFERENT WORLDS".

THE TIME HAS COME TO ESCAPE THIS... GAME.



THE WAY OF THE XINCA?

YES. THE POWER OF THE MIND TO PIERCE THE VEIL. TO FIND THE REAL. WE CAN FOCUS THAT POWER AND SEEK OUR OWN REALITY.



I WONDER IF THIS BODY WILL LIMIT THE ABILITY.

THE BODY IS SOURCE OF THE DOUBT: I AM THE MIND, AND THE ABILITY IS THERE. THE MIND HOLDS THE SECRETS OF THE XINCA WAY.