

NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLER

DENNIS LEHANE

Author of *Shutter Island* and *Mystic River*



DARKNESS, TAKE MY HAND

"DARKNESS, TAKE MY HAND PLACES LEHANE IN THE TOP RANK OF SUSPENSE AUTHORS." *Chicago Tribune*

**DENNIS
LEHANE**

DARKNESS, TAKE MY HAND

 HarperCollins e-books

Dedication

This novel is dedicated to Mal Ellenburg and Sterling Watson for a thousand good arguments about the nature of the craft and the nature of the beast.

Epigraph

We should be thankful we cannot see the horrors and degradations lying around our childhood, in cupboards and bookshelves, everywhere.

—Graham Greene
The Power and the Glory

Contents

Dedication

Epigraph

Prologue

Three days ago, on the first official night of winter...

1

Angie and I were up in our belfry office trying...

2

As we left Lewis Wharf and walked up Commercial, the...

3

“Left,” Bubba said. Then, “About eight inches to your right.

4

By ten that night, Angie and I were sitting in...

5

Except for a single white track light in the kitchen...

6

It was close to midnight when I left Diandra’s, and...

7

Shortly after Grace left, Diandra called. Stan Timpson would give...

8

My father, even before he entered the arena himself, had...

9

By the time I reached Meeting House Hill, the temperature...

10

I'd crawled into bed at four that morning, been awakened...

11

The second and third floors of McIrwin Hall housed the...

12

For another week, Angie and I tailed Jason around campus...

13

"Careful, Mae," Grace said.

14

Grace and I weren't quite at the point yet where...

15

"Cal Morrison wasn't crucified," I said.

16

It was snowing on a bright summer day when Kara...

17

"Why's Alec Hardiman want to talk to me?"

18

We found Jade, Gabrielle, and Lauren dining together in the...

19

In an abandoned trucking depot along the waterfront in South...

20

When I got back upstairs, the first thing I did...

21

"You're going to go see Alec Hardiman," Bolton said without...

22

Alec Hardiman was forty-one years old, but looked fifteen years...

23

Lief led us through a maze of maintenance corridors, the...

24

Devin faxed us a copy of Evandro Arujo's photo from...

25

“I’m supposed to be afraid of this guy?” Phil held...

26

“Why didn’t he take off the cowboy hat?” I said...

27

Around eleven, I called Devin on the walkie-talkie and told...

28

“What did these people do?” Angie said.

29

Angie and I walked to a donut shop on Boston...

30

Patrick,

31

In the days and weeks after Cal Morrison was killed...

32

I was the first one out of Angie’s house. I...

33

Our cab driver maneuvered the icy streets with a deft...

34

Before I could speak, Evandro pressed a stiletto against the...

35

By the time the cops sorted everything out, Angie was...

36

Four eleven South Street was the only vacant building on...

37

I didn’t like the way Pine stood over the elevator...

38

“How you guys doing?” Gerry said.

39

Gerry had run down to the cellar and crossed into...

[Epilogue](#)

A month after Gerry Glynn's death, his killing ground was...

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[About the Author](#)

[Praise](#)

[Other Books by Dennis Lehane](#)

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When I was a kid, my father took me up on the roof of a freshly burned building.

He'd been giving me a tour of the firehouse when the call came in, and I got to ride beside him in the front seat of the fire engine, thrill to the feel of it turning corners as its back half buckled and the sirens rang and the smoke poured blue and black and thick ahead of us.

An hour after they'd doused the flames, once my hair had been ruffled by his fellow firemen a dozen times, and I'd been fed my limit of street vendor hot dogs as I sat on the curb and watched them work, my father came and took my hand and led me up the fire escape.

Oily wisps of smoke curled into our hair and caressed the brick as we climbed, and through broken windows I could see charred, gutted floors. Gaps in the ceilings rained dirty water.

I was terrified of that building, and my father had to pick me up when he stepped out on the roof.

"Patrick," he whispered as we walked across the tar paper, "it's okay. Don't you see?"

I looked out and saw the city rising steel blue and yellow beyond the stretch of neighborhood. I could smell the heat and damage below me.

"Don't you see?" my father repeated. "It's safe here. We stopped the fire in the low floors. It can't reach us up here. If you stop it at its base, it can't rise."

He smoothed my hair and kissed my cheek.

And I trembled.

Prologue

Christmas Eve

6:15 p.m.

Three days ago, on the first official night of winter, a guy I grew up with, Eddie Brewer, was one of four people shot in a convenience store. Robbery was not a motive. The shooter, James Fahey, had recently broken up with his girlfriend, Laura Stiles, who was a cashier on the four-to-twelve shift. At eleven fifteen, as Eddie Brewer filled a styrofoam cup with ice and Sprite, James Fahey walked through the door and shot Laura Stiles once in the face and twice in the heart.

Then he shot Eddie Brewer once in the head and walked down the frozen food aisle and found an elderly Vietnamese couple huddling in the dairy section. Two bullets each for them, and James Fahey decided his work was complete.

He walked out to his car, sat behind the wheel, and taped the restraining order Laura Stiles and her family had successfully filed against him to the rearview mirror. Then he tied one of Laura's bras around his head, took a pull from a bottle of Jack Daniel's, and fired a bullet into his mouth.

James Fahey and Laura Stiles were pronounced dead at the scene. The elderly Vietnamese man died en route to Carney Hospital, his wife a few hours later. Eddie Brewer, however, lies in a coma, and while doctors say his prognosis isn't good, they also admit his continued existence is all but miraculous.

The press have been giving that description a lot of play lately, because Eddie Brewer, never anything close to a saint when we were growing up, is a priest. He'd been out jogging the night he was shot, dressed in thermals and