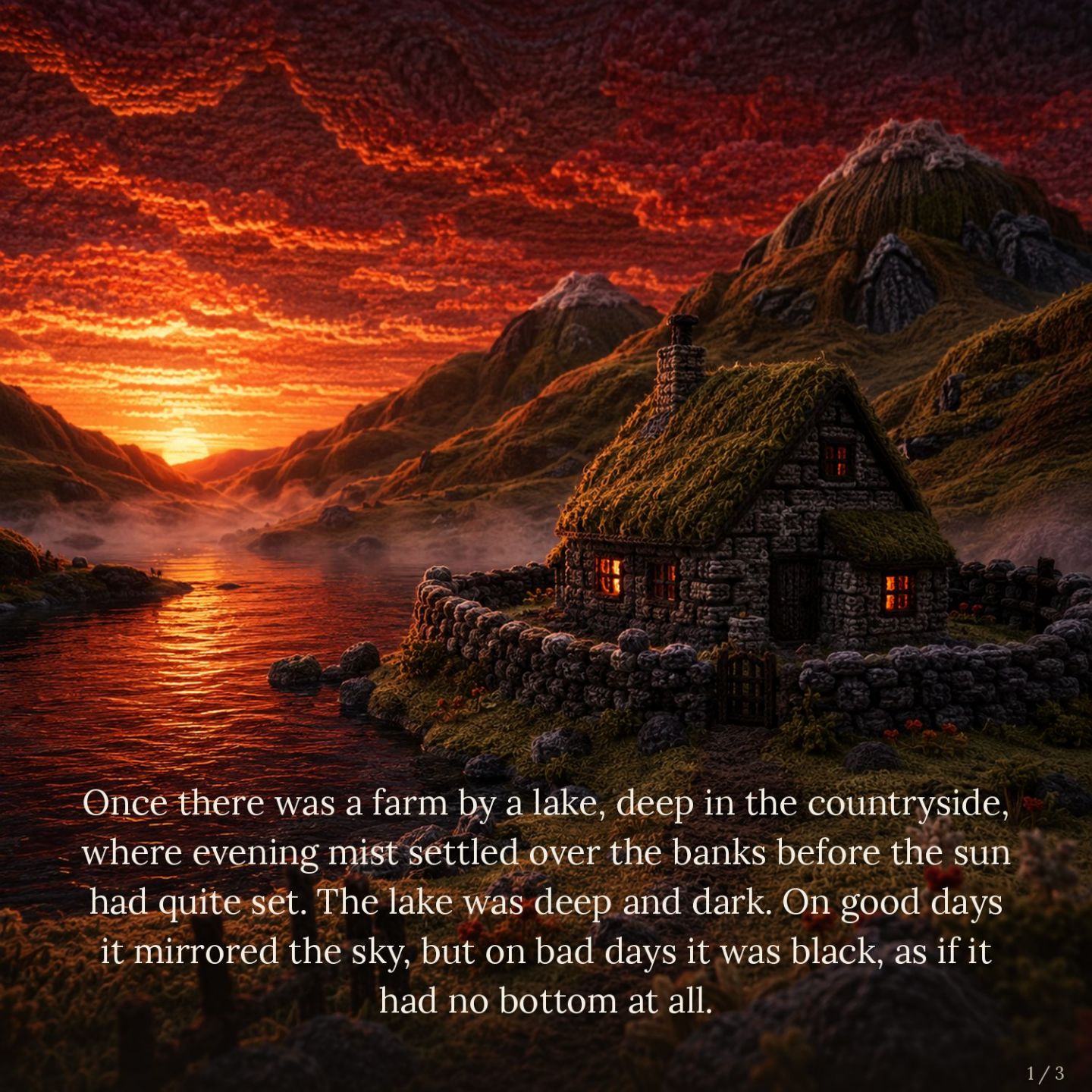




Once there was a farm by a lake, deep in the countryside, where evening mist settled over the banks before the sun had quite set. The lake was deep and dark. On good days it mirrored the sky, but on bad days it was black, as if it had no bottom at all.



Two siblings lived on the farm, a boy and a girl. He was called Ari, she was called Una. They had often been warned about the lake.



“Don't go too near the bank when the mist comes,” their mother said. “And if you see a beautiful grey horse by the water, don't touch it.”