

THE MAN WITHOUT A SHADOW

CHAPTER I

THE AWAKENING

AFTER a glance about me, I turned to the man who was seated at the other end of the bench. He was dozing in the warm June sun, his pipe dangling from his relaxed jaw.

"I beg your pardon," said I. "May I ask you to tell me where I am?"

I am a man apparently about thirty years old, though it may be that I am younger than I look, *but the moment in which I cast that glance around and asked the question of the other occupant of my bench, is my earliest conscious memory.*

Back of that, except for some hazy, dreamlike pictures, is an absolute void. I shall speak of those pictures in detail presently. They are all I have that afford any hope of success in the vast and almost impossible task which lies before me; all that supply any incentive for attempting the task at all.