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The book of night, novel

Karen Ruth Brooks
Southern Cross University

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An extract from *The book of night* by Karen Ruth Brooks.

"When the last of the royal family and the retainers entered the clearing, everyone paused in what they were doing and, as one, they turned and bowed towards Caz. Uncertain what to do, Caz stood and clumsily returned the compliment. Bending at the waist, she bowed. But, as she lifted her eyes, the scene changed.

The translucent shapes transformed into products of Caz's worst nightmares.

Wails and cries rang out. Flesh peeled away from the faces of those before her, revealing whitened bones and throbbing innards. Frozen in horror, Caz watched as the masses clambered towards her, hovering above, crawling below, thrusting forwards. Their once normal bodies began to disintegrate, becoming emaciated and frail. Pulling great chunks of hair out of their heads, noble ladies offered their lank strands to her and then, as she didn't respond, reattached them and moved past, their nails tearing at their faces, exposing their skulls. Screaming started, a long, high-pitched whistle of utter agony, relentless and heart-wrenching. Caz began to cry as still, others floated by with severed arms or legs, pleading with her to help them. Dark grey fluid dripped from the jagged holes where their limbs had once been. Headless ghosts, their arms flailing in front, their hands curled in the last throes of agony, begged her to help them find their heads. Backing into the trunk of a skeletal tree, Caz trembled as the dead continued to torment her, their mouths open, exposing their rotting teeth. Diseases grew before her eyes, great pustules that burst in a stink of black liquid, spraying others, but never her. Chunks of greying flesh fell from their bodies, landing at her feet then disappearing.

Worst of all was the children..."

<http://www.karenbrooks.com/msgBoard/bookOfNight.asp>

Book can be supplied on request