

Vincenzo Novel Chapter One Excerpts

Description – For my detective novel, Vincenzo, I started off with a dream sequence in Chapter One before the switch back to reality with Chapter Two. It's meant to be a kickoff event, as a lot of the novel includes this horrific dream realm and the protagonist confronting his demons by unlocking memories of the past. There were a few pages I really enjoyed writing with how terrifyingly descriptive and illustrative the words felt, and I wanted to share them with you now. Below are the excerpts, enjoy!

Pages 2-3 Excerpt:

Something moves just beyond my peripheral, a black splinter of aquadynamic perfection knives through the waters. When it floats up to the surface, I see a large black shape, reminiscent of a tadpole. Though this thing is more like a sperm cell, or some predatory creature on the cellular level, grown to human size. I can tell because of the flagella attached to the end of the smooth black egg-shape. A slit opens from the point of the egg to its midsection, releasing a torrent of red blood and birthing a humanoid figure. The slit closes, and the creature slithers back off into the waters below.

More bodies catch my attention, either seamlessly floating in the eerie ocean, or being birthed from the eggs. I navigate to one of the bodies that had not come from the black tadpoles, its body face-down. I turn the body over, and jump back at what I see.

The corpse is definitely that of a drowned man, though everything from the neck up—his face, his bone structure, his eyes—all appear like that of a deep-sea fish. It appears sewed-on, flabby, not fitting properly. Not to mention, the corpse is glossy with bubbling scar tissue and bloody tumors, however the scars near the face seem fake. Make-up from a shoddy horror film, not at all real in a sense. The black eyes stare at me, unmoving, waiting for me to do something, anything.

I stand back up, turning my attention towards the distant horizon. The features are too far away to be able to note any significant change in scenery. I'm in a barren valley, illuminated in the bluish glow of these waters. That much is certain. I look northeast, or at least northeast of where I had woken up and where I had navigated to the corpse, and I spiral slowly, making sure to stand in one point. From what little I can see, large fissures form underneath the liquid, on the ocean floor, which spew lava about. Massive fountains of mud jets towards the sky from the waters, showering the distant area with thick sediment. Fields of basalt columns are peppered with hundreds of geysers of superheated liquid exploding into the pitch-black atmosphere.

I look up to the sky, and cover my eyes from a blinding light. Looking around the light, letting my eyes adjust, I see that a dark red hue paints the dome over me. There is no sun, except for a shape in the middle of the sky. The source of the light, a circular shape, glowing a bright, blinding yellow-orange. Its curvature and color remind me of a sun in an eclipse. It's molded like a ring. The golden shape of it oddly reminds me of a halo. A halo that is accompanied by many dark clouds. Yet no cloud ever dared to cover the light emanating from the golden halo, because if one did, the light would cause it to vanish without a trace in the blink of an eye.

From the sky, large, gushing streams of the blue, milky blood—reminiscent of waterfalls—come falling down. Each gigantic stream separated from another a little ways away. In the small intervals of light that I am allowed, the privilege granted to me by the incessant lightning strikes that burden this ocean, I see towering mesas. But these mesas are broken, forming gravity-defying boulders that float upwards to the halo, yet never able to reach the golden light before burning up in a dusty steam.

Pages 5-6 Excerpt:

Butterflies flock around the Wolf's wounds, and they have eyes on their wings. Not an illusion, not eye spots, real eyes staring at me. They carry him along; it's why he was able to get so close at such a sloth pace. But the butterflies don't do it alone, no, for there's a swarm of moths with faces on their wings, and a smoky cloud of locusts or maybe ants that consume the Wolf's flesh. Altogether, they help him fly in this ocean.

Furthermore, his skin is split open from his groin to the underside of his lower jaw, leprous and bleeding profusely. The opening is flooded by a horde of carrion beetles, crawling around the fleshy mass of unimaginable organs. His entire body is consumed by flames, yet he is not harmed by the fire. He seems to merely use the fire as a translucent elemental aura of sorts, one you can peer into.

A broken ribcage, held together with skin that appears similar to that of a spider's web. The flesh strewn about the broken bone structure, tied and stuck to each little shard of solidified marrow. The ribcage oozes steaming hot blood into the waters, and attached to said ribcage comes four arms made of bone. They jut out with elongated, sharp white claws. More of these claws, or at least fingers are sticking out of the beast's inner legs and caressing the thighs and calves.