

Extract from my Fantasy book

by Iain James Robb

Lucien ran through a burning vortex in desperation ignoring the cries of his friend. It was a flux of Satanic majesty. The floodlight of the fire was incredibly grim, but it did not hurt his eyes. Have you ever seen painted glass windows in a cathedral built by the Medici? Lucien ran, and ignored the force of his friend's commands. In truth, it did hurt. In fact, it rainbowed burning cathedrals through the tatters of his brain. His back was a tragedy. He tried to escape the molten skin. Where was Laverta? *Faud, you fucking prick?* He spotted a man walking with half his head missing, staggering dead despite the fact that he was missing part of his brains. He vomited. The contents of the head were splattering gently against the pavement. He would have tried indeed to escape the holocaust, but he was strangely mesmerised by it. A member of the Athrantean reserves set upon him a very big canine. It was a Rottweiler. Lucien flexed. It ripped the man's throat out. *Where is Faud?*

Faud was currently screaming in agony, on account of having a six inch piece of glass enucleating his eye, which you must understand would subject anyone more resolute to very painful tremors. In fact, the sliver of glass which had bifurcated his left eye was subjecting him to total misery. Imagine the yolk of an egg, split, and that gives you an impression of a bifurcated eyeball. *Where is Lucien?*

Lucien Cloudsquall was currently rescuing Laverta. No one else was, so it devolved to him in order to rescue the fiancée of the friend he didn't really care about. She was improbably beautiful, in a heap, and she was majestically wounded, with her exquisite golden hair tangled up in mortar, with her beautiful like limbs screaming "Care for me", with her gigantic blue eyes screaming cliché from a fairytale storybook. "I will save you," " Lucien Cloudsaquall said, whether aloud or not, as he collapsed under his burning back.

