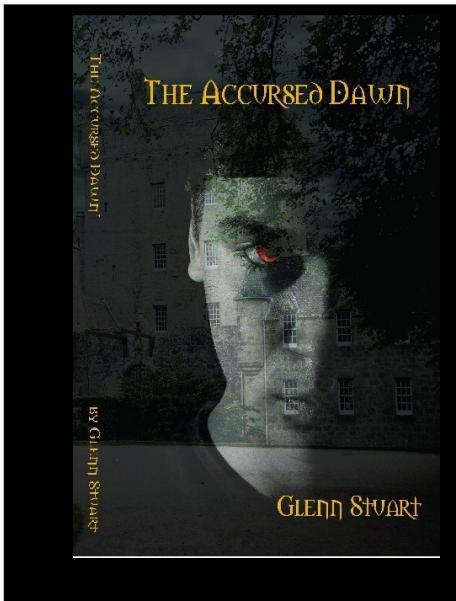


**The Accursed Dawn...an extract from Chapter Ten...**  
**by Glenn Stuart**



The images came to me. It was like watching an old film, black and white, flickering and jumping from scene to scene. The squeaking wasn't a mouse. I could see that now. It was the movement of the small castor-wheels of a trolley, being pushed by a large man, a porter. On the trolley, strapped down, was another man, but very different from the first. Shaven-haired, ashen grey, his eyes bulging in his skull-like face. A man close to death.

There was a room then, its details becoming clearer. Like an operating theatre, only bleaker. The walls were chipped and dirty looking, the lights weak, almost the colour of lemon juice. Colour. I was beginning to see colours, washed out, diluted. The patient, the one on the trolley, had a hideous yellow sheen to his skin, skin stretched thin over protruding bone. A third man, dressed in white, instruments in his hand which glinted evilly, and his face, a mask of glee. Was it glee? I couldn't make out his features, only his mouth, those teeth, grimacing like a maniac. Someone else flittered by then, a woman. A nurse, also dressed in white, long thin hands reaching out, holding the hypodermic needle which she slowly began to push into the patient's scrawny neck.

He screamed.

I sat bolt upright, my face covered in sweat, heart pounding so hard I thought it would burst through my chest. Swinging my legs out from under the covers, I sat forward, my face in my hands, trying to calm myself down.

It came again. The squeak of the castors. Coming closer, growing louder. I slowly drew my hands away from my face and looked around. It was early morning, watery light seeping in between the cracks in my curtains. It was light enough to see.

The trolley was there, at the foot of my bed. Only it was empty, the straps dangling limply from the sides. As I gazed at it, the shadow fell over me and she was there.

The nurse.

“Hello Max,” she said softly.

She was beautiful. Her eyes like liquid blue, strands of blonde hair peeking out from under her cap. Full, red lips which shimmered with lipstick. Lipstick. Why would a nurse wear lipstick? Then I realized, and I dragged myself carefully back into my bed, beginning to whimper as the full horror took hold of me, seizing me by the throat, squeezing. Squeezing hard.

It wasn't lipstick. It was blood. I screamed, like the man on the trolley, a single piercing cry of sheer, total fear.

The door flew open, the electric light flooding the room so brightly I had to bring up my hand to shield myself from the sudden glare.

“Max!”

\*\*\*\*\*

### **Books In Sync Is Featuring: The Accursed Dawn by Glenn Stuart**

Shortly before his fifteenth birthday, Max leaves the only home he has known to move, together with his family, to a lonely and remote island in the middle of the English Channel. His new residence turns out to be an apartment in a converted block of buildings that used to be an old military hospital. What happened there during WWII, the unspeakable horrors and torture that the inmates were subjected to, soon becomes clear to Max as he begins to uncover the truth through a series of grim and grisly incidents. Who was the Commandant at the time who perpetrated the horrors which sealed the doom of so many unfortunates? And how are the secretive and powerful men, who seem to control every aspect of the island's life, connected with what really went on in that hellish place? As Max becomes increasingly embroiled in the mystery of what happened his life, and those of his friends, are endangered. It seems that someone wants the secrets to remain hidden

and will stop at nothing to keep it that way. From the very beginning Glenn Stuart sets a chilling atmosphere, and the intrigue and mystery gains pace from page to page as he increases the tension to dizzying heights. With the addition of ghostly apparitions, weird spine-chilling incidents, and a demon quite beyond normal imagination, this author has once again surpassed himself with this thrilling tale guaranteed to send chills down the spines of adults both young and old. "The Accursed Dawn" is the prequel to "The Well of Constant Despair" but can be enjoyed entirely as a book in its own right. "Cold Hell in Darley Dene" is another very worthwhile read from the pen of this most erudite Master of mystery and horror.

**Book Details:**

Paperback: 300 pages

Publisher: Black Leaf Publishing (April 19, 2010)

Language: English

ISBN-10: 1907407138

ISBN-13: 978-1907407130

**Genre: Mystery/Horror**

**List Price: \$13.95**

**[Amazon Purchase Link](#)**

**[http://www.amazon.com/Accursed-Dawn-Glenn-Stuart/dp/1907407138/ref=sr\\_1\\_1?ie=UTF8&s=books&qid=1275768497&sr=1-1](http://www.amazon.com/Accursed-Dawn-Glenn-Stuart/dp/1907407138/ref=sr_1_1?ie=UTF8&s=books&qid=1275768497&sr=1-1)**

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**Submission Date June 2010**