

DEENA UNDONE

By Debra K. Every

CHAPTER 1

Excerpt

She glances at her left hand with curiosity, wondering at the vibration in her fingertips. With a satisfying sense of release, she pulls off her fingers, one by one, and drops them into the lake, watching the blood turn the water black. As each finger sinks it expands, becoming a formless, irregular mass floating just below the surface. She gazes at them as a mother would her children, her need for a legacy finally satisfied. Naming them seems only right. *Visu. Auditu. Tactu. Gustu. Odoratu.* The embodiment of all that she is. Her five senses made manifest.