

November Update Part 2 – The Mustache Strikes Back

Description

With just over a week to go in November, I thought I would post another update on how both my November projects: NaNoWriMo and Movember are coming along.

Firstly, Movember is going quite well. I have developed a very Walter White-esque style of mustache and goatee. And the interest and donations have been staggering!

I would like to thank every single one of you who have donated to my Movember campaign and helped me raise a total so far of \$275!

But, I think we can do better.

If you would still like to donate, there is still time to do so, if you are able. Doing so is easy, just follow this link: <http://mobro.co/davidmanly>

I will, as promise, at the end of the month post both a before and after picture here so that you can all gaze at the glorious mustache that has resulted. The colour will definitely surprise you (not brown, like my hair)!

As for NaNoWriMo (or National Novel Writing Month) has been going swimmingly! I have written a number of chapters in my novel, The Black, and the plot is progressing along nicely. Recently, I just wrote the most disturbingly dark chapter of it yet, and I was so excited to do so.

As a treat, here in an excerpt from that chapter, with a few names and other details redacted, so as not to ruin the story:

The Return

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I was stuck to that spot, transfixed, staring at the pool of inky blackness that [REDACTED] eyes had become. There was no trace [REDACTED], as if they had been cut out and replaced with blank space. No only was there no sign of life within them, but the darkness was so deep that they seemed to drain the colour from the surrounding areas.

But I could not look away.

The buzzing background noise of the klaxon became louder and louder, but there was something else behind it –! music?

[REDACTED]

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And then, the darkness began to spill forth from [REDACTED] eyes like black paint, rolling down [REDACTED] cheeks, mouth and chin. Covering [REDACTED] arms and torso, sticking to [REDACTED] jacket, all the way down to the floor. Instead of abating, the darkness continued to gush

forth [REDACTED] and the sweetest music I had ever heard came through, but there was a familiar tune to it, like from a time long forgotten.

A lullaby.

Intrigued?

Be sure to stay tuned for more updates as the story continues to develop!

Category

1. "The Black"
2. charity
3. Donations
4. Movember
5. The Return
6. writing

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