

As you read through this sample from Chapter Seven of *The Priest Hunter*, it might help to highlight the descriptions that are NOT visual. What does Wolfe feel? Hear? Smell? Taste?

It might also be helpful to highlight the visual descriptions in a different color. Compare the amount of visual to non-visual description.

SEVEN

It was dark when Wolfe awoke, and he strained to breathe. His eyes couldn't focus on distance at first and the blurred sensation of motion gave him a feeling of nausea. He vomited, crying out as the strain of the stomach spasm sent sharp shocks of pain through his ribs, and hacking at the burn in his throat when he sucked his breath back in.

Smoke. The darkness was smoke.

Thick arms of black fumes reached out from the open door behind him and bent off down the hall or across into the room where he lay on the floor. It was hot and acrid, dark chemical-smoke and deadly gasses. He forced himself to his knees, groaning at the pain along his back and down his sides. Cracked ribs... maybe worse. Wind. Could he really feel the wind? He teetered.

He closed his eyes for a moment and called up the reserves he had been taught to tap into in his military training, in Special Ops. He remembered the forced drownings and being revived. The first time, he had thought that

no fear could be so paralyzing, that no urge could be so intense as the one to breathe when air was denied. By the third time he underwent the terrifying exercise, he was able to perform small tasks while drowning: thread a nut onto a bolt, fire a weapon. By the time he had finished his training he was aware of every second he had left before unconsciousness took him. Fear of unknown limits had been changed into an awareness of his true strength and ability, far beyond what he had thought a human being could endure.

That kind of awareness was what he needed now.

He closed his mouth, squinted, and rose to his feet in a deep crouch. Tears flowed from his eyes, both from the fumes and from the strain of ignored pain in his ribs and face as he moved out of the room and off down the hallway. He blinked them away.

His heart began to pound harder, the physical awareness of the throbbing beat radiated in widening pulses from his chest and head to his shoulders and down over his arms. His face began to tingle and he sensed numbness below his wrists and ankles.

He staggered against the wall once, but kept going. Dark drops of liquid seemed to strike his field of vision from somewhere off in front of him and remain, reducing his clear field of vision with each passing second until there was nothing but a narrow tunnel of fading light straight ahead of him. A stairwell, a flight of stairs, an open door at the head of them. It all waved from side to side. Looked too far away. Receding.

He staggered onward, passed through the door and kicked the stopper away from its base, letting the heavy swing of the metal knock him firmly to the side and against the cold concrete wall. As the sound of the latch registered in his ears as if from some distant room, he allowed his knees to buckle and he slid down the cold blocks, opened his mouth and let the first painful rush of semi-clean air wash into his lungs, like drinking a glass of sweet water tainted with gasoline.

He sat there, allowing his coughing breath to oxygenate his blood and the blood to reclaim control over his body. The feeling of vertigo returned and he could feel a tingling sensation moving up his spine from between his shoulder blades to the base of his skull, like a wide, flat hand reaching up from behind him, sliding up and over the surface of his skull. He knew what it meant. He tried to fight it — he had always tried to fight it — but as the phantom grip tightened, he knew that his efforts were futile. He moved his head to the side, balanced between the two walls and at rest in the cool corner, felt as if he slid backward, through the solid concrete slabs. And there his body slumped.