

Messages in Bottles

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I honestly couldn't tell you how it started: How I wanted to be a writer. Part of me wants to say, "it was always in me." I remember being so young attempting to write heartfelt, and incredibly cringey, poems to my first girlfriend. Or when I tried to make a crappy novel in the highschool library. No matter where I start my story it hardly feels right for me to say that that time in particular is where it started. It was at those times that I felt like writing was the thing I had to do. School didn't make me want to be a writer at all. In fact it's that very reason I am so angry with the school system. In highschool, writing was only ever: Read this book - Now Write about it - now read the next chapter, rinse and repeat. Writing never was something I wanted it to be, it was always what someone else wanted me to write about. It took me quite a while to get out of this mindset.

I feel like I really started viewing writing as "the thing I wanted to do with my life," when I got the chance to co-write a short film for the first time. I was barely out of highschool when I noticed someone on youtube making short films surrounded by a community I liked: SCP. The short film I watched was called *SCP First Contact*. For the bit I decided to join the creators community discord. This was at a time where I was beginning to understand the fundamentals of filmmaking. I would watch the media and instead of just consuming the media like I had been before, I became fascinated with the purpose of scenes and the gears and cogs that made those scenes. Suddenly storytelling became a puzzle that I wanted to know every small part that made the whole. Eventually while in this discord, I managed to get on the owner's good side and said an offhand comment like: "If you need help with $x y z$ I got you." I honestly don't even think I meant it at the time.

Well long story short, he took it seriously. A random kid nearly out of Highschool, and this semi-professional filmmaker was giving me a chance. With him I worked on two short films:

SCP Dollhouse and *SCP Ghost Town*. These short films would grow to pretty insane viewership, at least for my small brain. Still it took me a while after that to realize I should be majoring in creative writing classes rather than wasting away in a Computer Coding major that I didn't even want to use.

All of that brought me here to this class at this time. For my final portfolio I wanted to simply collect what I believe are my best works from the class. My main focus for creating the world I did was to create a properly hopeless world. Not only are there horrors lurking in the shadows, but even at the tops of the highest towers do monsters reign supreme. I wanted to draw a connection between modern day corporations and the ethereal unknown horrors of the deep sea. Both of these drew as inspirations for my poems. Whether represented in the drugs present in the lower classes, to the experiments run by the corporate elite, or even the monsters lurking in your own home, each poem acts as a cursed maw that leads you deeper into the stomach of the world, as even the reader can be feasted upon.

Over the course of creating these works I feel as though I eventually found solid footing in the world, especially when combined with my passion for interactive media. I believe that this set of works encapsulates my passion as a writer, as well as demonstrates my love of the punk and lovecraftian genre. The world of the Dark Sea is not one of happiness nor hope, it is one of despair and desperation. People are but pawns in this world, and to many that role will be their final fate. For the few pawns that wish to challenge their destiny, and attempt to strike against the titans above them, they may just have a shot at making them bleed. A world where the human spirit is tested against the old gods and new powers alike.

Memory Addict

Itching. Itching. Itching Veins.

I have forgotten.

Memories flood out of my nose.

Be someone else.

I am not me.

Someone else.

Friends.

Had friends. Maybe. Or someone else did.

Lost now though.

Gone.

Too Bad. Miss them.

Strange.

I watch the endless sea.

Scattered.

I am scattered.

Scattered Vagrant.

I am.

Blinding lights.

City streets.

How did I get here?

Missing.

Another hit. One more hit.

Who am I? Why did I?

I have forgotten.

I must remember.

What I am not.

THE SNAKE, THE DOVE, AND THE STATUE

There once was a snake
And there once was a statue
The snake slithered around wordless graves
And the statue did nothing.

There once was a dove
And there once was a statue
The dove used to eat worms and bugs
And the statue ate nothing.

One day the snake met the dove
And there once was a statue
The snake thought of killing the dove
And the statue thought nothing.

The dove just stared
And there once was a statue
The dove said "I am not afraid"
And the statue said nothing.

But the snake was still a snake
And there once was a statue
The snake still struck
And the statue felt nothing.

MY SMILE IS FOR YOU

MY HEAD IS IN THE LIVING ROOM.
MY TORSO IS IN THE KITCHEN.
MY ARMS ARE IN THE FIREPLACE.
AND MY LEGS ARE IN THE CELLAR.

I CAN HEAR YOU THINKING.
ABOUT WHAT MAKES THE *NOISE*.
I CAN HEAR YOU QUESTION,
IF I AM JUST THE PIPES.

I LOVE IT WHEN YOU DO THAT.
IT GIVES ME SO MUCH JOY.
IT LETS ME GET RIGHT NEXT TO YOU.
IT LETS ME SMELL YOUR SKIN

DO YOU ENJOY MY HOME?
DO YOU ENJOY THE PAINT YOU COVERED UP?
DO YOU ENJOY MY LAUGHS THAT NOW ONLY *ECHO*?
DO YOU ENJOY IT?

I HOPE YOU DO.
BECAUSE MY SMILE IS FOR YOU.
MY FACE IN THE DARK.
BECAUSE MY TEETH HAVE LOST THEIR PURPOSE.

AND I HOPE YOUR SMILE IS FOR *ME TOO*.

THE WATER THE SUFFOCATES

You know I wasn't always a fisherman. Before this I was an accountant. Worked for some of the head honchos. The kinda guys that wear hats on their hats. It was a good gig, albeit the kinda good costs your soul in return. A soul that the suits have every right to throw out like last week's tabloid. Unfortunately for me all it took was a misplaced decimal point and suddenly the next document I was signing was a letter of resignation. Bastards took everything. Lost my sweet digs and the corporate cards. Thankfully my ex-brother-in-law still has a heart out for me and offered me a job. Basically I go out on one of their new Void Skippers with a couple guys, grab some fish, and come back. Seemed like some easy scratch to get by so I thought why the hell not.

First day on the job I met a schmuck called Grubby Jim, and before you ask: No I didn't ask why they called him that, I just assumed it was gonna be some goofy ass story that I would have to force a chuckle out just for hearing. Anyway, he introduces me to rest of the crew:

There was McKinney, Jims right hand man and damn good poker player. 'Parently he made a promise to get good at it after he lost his wedding ring on a gambit. Half near lost his ear from the yellin' the misses gave him after she found out. Past him there was Fred-Rick, a pair of blonde haired twins named Fred and Rick respectively that were just treated as if they were one person. Last of the crew was Mudd, not much I can say about how he looked given the fact damn near his entire face was caked in stuff I didn't care to know about. After we got done with pleasantries and hand waggin'', Jim got the boat started and we headed out.

Now - I ain't tellin' you I was scared or nothin', I don't wanna look like a chump, I mean, you hardly know me. But there was somethin'... odd... Like the water was deeper than it should be. I ain't no history buff but I do remember hearing something about the world snappin in more than two places. Thought of was some sort of hokey-pokey story they tell kids to make the world seem bigger than it actually is. Point is, despite my better knowin: the place felt off. Like the water was waitin for you to hop right in.

Anyway we get far enough out to where we can only really make out the port of Helios by the lights through the fog. Damn near the whole city was basically a lighthouse. Despite the distant glow, there was an overwhelming silence. Beyond the rocking and creaking of the boat there wasn't much happening. I was told to manage alongside McKinney as he had been on the boat the longest, all the while Mudd and the two musketeers were out figurin' who got what side of the boat. Me and him got tongue

wagging about how I ended up where I ended up, though I mainly told him about my old boss with the one white eye and the stick up his ass.

By the end of our chat we noticed that Fred-Rick wasn't around. Asked Mudd where the scamps ran off to but he just huffed and kept on bein' Mudd. Eventually me and McKinney went 'round lookin' for the kids and eventually found Rick out by the back of the boat. Staring out like he saw a ghost. Fred was nowhere to be seen though. Tried asking him what happened and the kid was shut like a clam. See now McKinney and I thought that he might have fallen in but when we went to look we didn't see anything to assume he went overboard. After a round of lookin', we decided to go and tell Grubby Jim but his damn door was locked. Figures the guy went for a snooze while we were fishin' and was a damn heavy sleeper but the look on McKinney's face told me that something was wrong. Guy tried bustin' it down with his shoulder for a bit which seemed to eventually do the trick. Room was empty though. Like a phantasm in the night he was gone. Not like there were any secret nappin' spots on the boat he could be hiding.

By this point I was damn near livid. I ran back out to try and muster up the engine again but no dice. Poor girl was dead in the water. But guess what I damn well see? Guy Mudd was still damn fishing through this whole thing. I run up to the fucker and grab him by the scruff askin' about if he was part of this whole deal. Guy just laughed in my face, was damn well bout to sucker the bastard before I heard McKinney Scream bloody murder.

Ran back into the captain's quarters and saw the guy on the ground. Seems he pulled back a curtain and found a wooden statue carved into the wall. Now despite our predicament I laugh up a storm, we are in serious bullshit and he's screaming' at statues. Anyway we back out of there looking for any sign of life but Mudd and we're met with zilch. Now at this point I start to worry a little bit. Not cuz I'm scared but because I start thinking about how we're gonna make it back to shore.

At this point the already foggy shoreline air gets a tad more foggy and a lot more eerie. To be honest I wasn't exactly feeling like I was safe just sitting around here, deciding I gotta get the fuck off this piece of shit rust bucket. I make a b line for the lifeboat but the damn thing is missing. Look out on the water a good 30 some odd feet before I see Mudd making his way back to shore laughing like a banshee. I curse the bastard out a bit before my lungs damn near give out. So's I figure, he aint gonna get far if I have anything to say about it and jump on in after the fucker. Unfortunately for me that waddnt exactly a sound plan. Mudd was already too damn far and my swimming ain't what it used to be.

Eventually though I start hearing shit. Sounded like moaning and groaning. I started to swim back to the boat but it felt farther than before. Eventually I get in eye

distance and I see a face sticking out the side of the hull. Looked like Fred but fused to the hull. Damn shit made it look like the poor kid was melting into it. Now at this point I ain't having it, I'm freaking out and before you know it I look down and see... well I don't know. I saw something in the water below me. Looked like a crab or a mantis or... something. Either way it felt like it was looking at me. Anyway I'm telling you about this now because I don't think it's gonna end well. And if I am gonna tell this crap story to anyone it might as well be you. Anyway, fucker - do your worst. Oh and by the way, never be a fucking sailor.

COMMUNICATION LOG

COMMUNICATION LOG - EXPERIMENT 024-1-J

Spire : Aldridge are you alright? Sensors read massive R spikes over by you. Were you hit by a storm?

Aldridge : the stars are beautiful tonight.

Spire : Hardly see how that is relevant. Have you made contact with a rogue cluster yet?

Aldridge : Do you know they sing when you sleep?

Spire : What sings?

Aldridge : The stars. They're beautiful. You should listen more often.

Spire : Aldridge, is everything alright?

Aldridge : More than alright. Everythings beautiful.

Aldridge : The star is beautiful. The sea is beautiful. The void is beautiful.

Aldridge : You know. When you sent me here I thought it was a fools errand. A bullshit ploy. An attempt to save those already lost. Those already dead. Those who already scream.

Aldridge : But being here. Out here in the Wild Yonder. I know now. I know now that being lost isn't so bad. Its grace. It is an Angel. Our Angel. We should embrace her. She can forgive us. She offers us this.

Aldridge : My promise to help people was wrong. Because they did not need our help.

Aldridge : It is us who needed theirs. Their whispers in the dark. Their echoes in the void. Their song in the sea.

Aldridge : Thank you for letting me have this. I hope to see you here soon someday.

SIGNAL TERMINATED

ADDENDUM

Subject considered diseased. Experiment 024-1-J Concluded.

Status: REDACTED

- A. Sharnwood

SCRUB DATA? (Y/N)

> Y

DATA SCRUB AUTHORIZED BY AU'SPIRIAN CONGLOMERATE
HAVE A NICE DAY ~.~

Teeth

Do you remember?

**Back when we were friends.
Back when we used to sing songs of our own.
Our minds hidden
And limbs unbroken.
But now our teeth chitter in harmony.**

Can you still hear us?

**We still call your name,
Our song of the sea
But your breath still lies
And we think you have forgotten.
We were once close to you.**

Have you heard our song?

**When the deep mist sinks
Be sure to listen
With every star eaten
Our song grows louder
Our Whimpering Coax**

**And so, as we ponder,
I ask a question,
Friend of a friend.
When your faux song burns
And your fragile bones snap
Will we still forgive you?**

Two Eyes Could Never Be Enough

Fictions woven by the victorious
Outright lies to the starving bugs
Under the light of the Towers Glory
Runneth amongst terrors and horrors alike
Omitted from history

Foul fates bestowed upon the living
People waiting for salvation to never be
Eternal is the night and Moon
Not a star in the astral stray
Tethered to broken divinity

Ancient secrets now uncovered; Cages Unlocked
Circle halos danced across the sky
Leading Fools to their statues
Eating the forgotten world
Silently echoing

echoing

echoing

GOLDEN SPIDERS, GOLDEN WEBS, FLOATING ON HER CORPSE

Do you like spiders?
Because I do.
I know this isn't a popular opinion
Much less an accepted one
But I can't help but find myself trapped by their allure.

Has anyone ever told you?
That spiders were once golden
Spinning webs of glistening silk
The immaculate webs of innovation.
These spiders were gifts.
No larger than seeds
Cast down from the heavens
Lighting our path forward.

It didn't last long though
Our gift wasted
We craved more
Wanted more

We stripped the gilding from the webs
We tore off the spiders legs
We destroyed our future so perfectly
Leaving behind scraps

Eaten upon by maggots and worms
Unworthy of the gold it came from
They wore the gold as crowns
And wore the spiders limbs

These worms wore the faces of spiders
But now with teeth and venom
They search to trap and feed
Flies are hardly a meal to them

These spiders burrow in the the world that remains
Making their gold-torn webs in the corpse left behind
In her shadow
In her eyes

In her liver
In her spleen
In her heart
In her brain
In her soul

If she could see what she has become she would scream
She would hide her face and cry
In some ways we are lucky
That no mirror would be able to show the disgrace we left her in

Why did we forsake her gifts?
Why did we forsake her gifts?
Why did we forsake her gifts?
Why did we forsake her?