Nautically Nebulous:

(To be read with “Sundial”)

The sub continued its forlorn expedition deeper and deeper into the Atlantic water. Mr. Humbleberry looked at the dead man lying face down on the floor. This stranger had introduced himself as Dr. Butterscotch just two days ago, and now he was dead. But Dr. Butterscotch had been determined to carry out his last wish before spasming out: *Find 30 N, 70 W and kill that daemon!!* But what the hell was happening at 30 N, 70 W? What daemon had he been alluding to?

Nevertheless, Mr. Humbleberry was too curious to turn around now. The GPS was set to the coordinates and his mind was set to adventure. He looked around the inside of the sub. He was sitting in one of two side by side chairs next to the control panel flooded with curious buttons. Behind him was a small open section where one could view the ocean from a small circular window on the side. Unfortunately, that area now contained the body of Dr. Butterscotch which brought back Mr. Humbleberry’s curiosity around the whole situation. Why had this man been so determined to reach this coordinate? Had he found a shipwreck? Was he just straight mad? But looking at the body from this new angle, he saw a little notebook tucked inside his suit coat. Perhaps this could shed some light.

Until the day he died Mr. Humbleberry’s biggest regret was opening the notebook. For, when he pulled back the tough leather binding and revealed the cocooned pages, he stumbled upon the most grotesque drawings he had ever seen. Tetrahedral terrors embellished a gathering of unearthly monoptic creatures highly irregular in their skeletal make-up. Cryptic numbers furnished a hellishly dazzling entanglement of nautically nebulous horrors. But for all the sprinklings of anguish lay a deeply tantalizing image of ichthyic terror that enveloped the background. The smaller images blotted out parts of it, so one was not able to tell the whole being, but rather come to its skeletal conclusion based on several hideous glimpses. Mr. Humbleberry’s hands shook with a resounding dreadfulness that knocked the notebook out of his grasp. To hell with the mission, Dr. Butterscotch was a madman! He got up to change course but fell back down when his eye caught the window.

It was dark, but due to the sub’s lights, he could barely make out the ocean floor. Mr. Humbleberry had lost track of time—he was at 30 N, 70 W. Everything went silent, Mr. Humbleberry barely daring to breathe. Slowly, very slowly, he crawled below the window. Then even slower he slithered up the wall and peeked out into the bottom of the ocean. In the foreground there were a handful of fish swimming around a rock bed. But as he looked closer, he could see that they weren’t normal fish. Some of them had more eyes than others, and others more heads than the rest. Their dementing disabilities weakened his heart and caused him to sink to the floor. The image was so terribly ingrained in his mind as he rocked back and forth, crouched in the steel sub. Those things were so terrible that they belonged in, in…in Dr. Butterscotch’s notebook!

Quickly, Mr. Humbleberry lunged forward and seized the notebook. Sure enough, the terrible fish were well represented in the harrowing pages. But then…what about the background? If the fish were there…Uncontrollably, Mr. Humbleberry felt his legs drive up. No! Something else had control of his body now, pressing him towards the window and opening his eyes to its image in the murky background of the ocean. A shadow floated in the deep; a black sun with dancing flares slithering from its body. As it got closer Mr. Humbleberry could see the flares turn into tentacles and the black sun turn into a visceral churning eyeball.

But he only saw it for a fleeting second, then black. Something had control of his mind now. Suddenly, Mr. Humbleberry was transported to a yard.

It was bright and warm and open and he was digging. For what? And then his shovel hit stone. And he kept digging, and digging, and finally what was revealed to him was a behemoth structure of incongruent inconsistencies. The fish; the eye. Help! He screamed and people flooded around him, steadying his body and dragging him away. No! Bury it! But they dragged him away. He could see them, leading a man over, examining the stone. Bury it! But they couldn’t hear. Bury it! The sun felt so warm, but the ocean so cold. Exhausted, his mind started to slow; a pitiful churn that pulled him back to the darkness of the ocean.