

Black Water Crossing

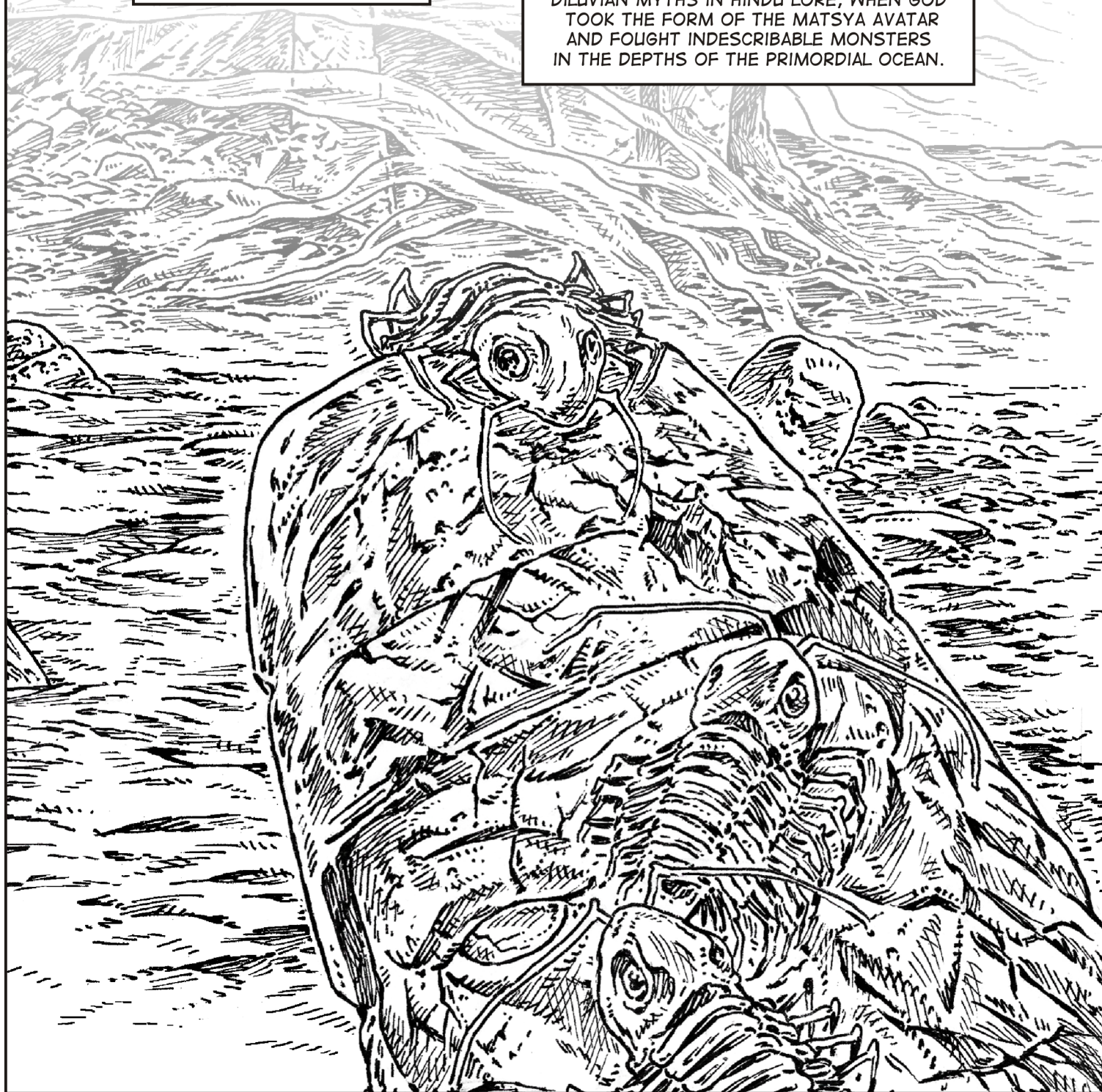
AN EDITED EXCERPT FROM

LOVECRAFT IN INDIA

SCRIPT BY JAI LINDURTI
ART BY HARSHO MOHAN CHATTORAJ

I AWOKE IN DARKNESS, WITH
THE COMFORTING THRUM OF
THE ENGINES HAVING CEASED.

AS I CRAWLED THROUGH THE INTESTINES OF
THE CAPSIZED SHIP, I THOUGHT OF THE GREAT
DILLIVIAN MYTHS IN HINDU LORE, WHEN GOD
TOOK THE FORM OF THE MATSYA AVATAR
AND FOUGHT INDESCRIBABLE MONSTERS
IN THE DEPTHS OF THE PRIMORDIAL OCEAN.






I STEPPED ONTO LAND, OR
RATHER A GLOOMY CONTINENT
OF SINKING, ABOMINABLE MUD...

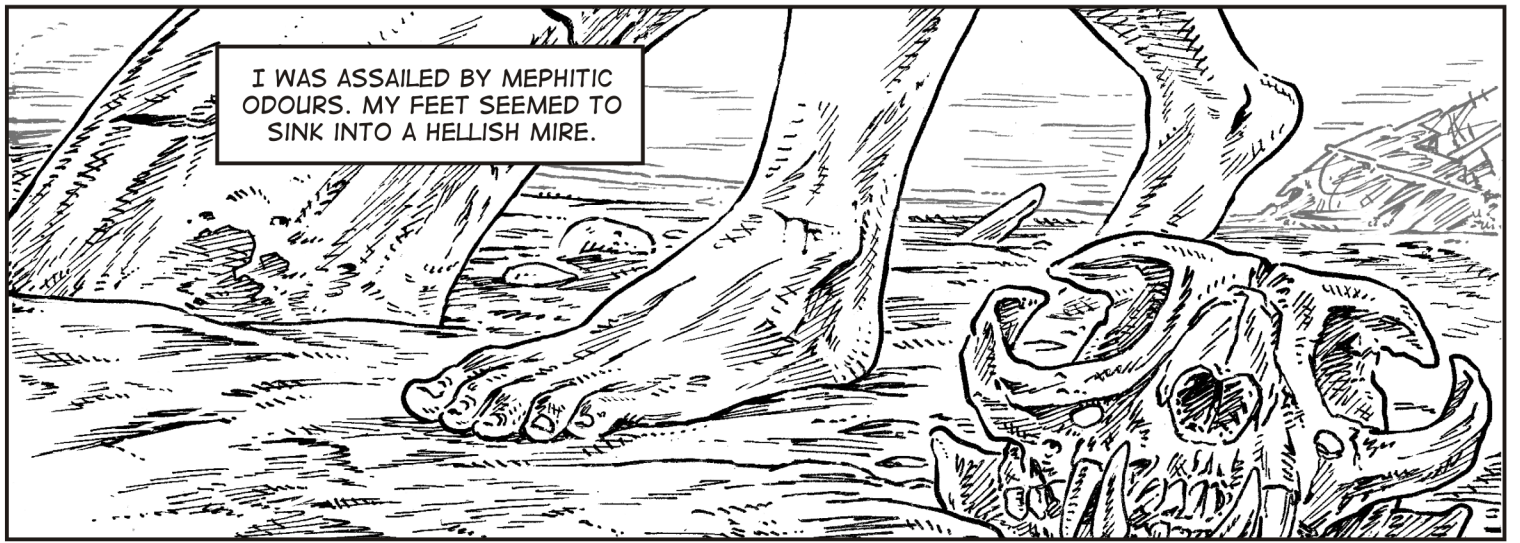
DETESTABLE AS IT WAS, IT PERFORMED THE
OFFICE OF HALF-CONCEALING THINGS OUT
OF NIGHTMARE, THAT LURKED BENEATH.

ALL AROUND ME WERE THE UNCOUNTED
DEBRIS OF THE AGES. WHOLE CIVILIZATIONS,
EMPIRES, ALL SHATTERED TO ATOMS.

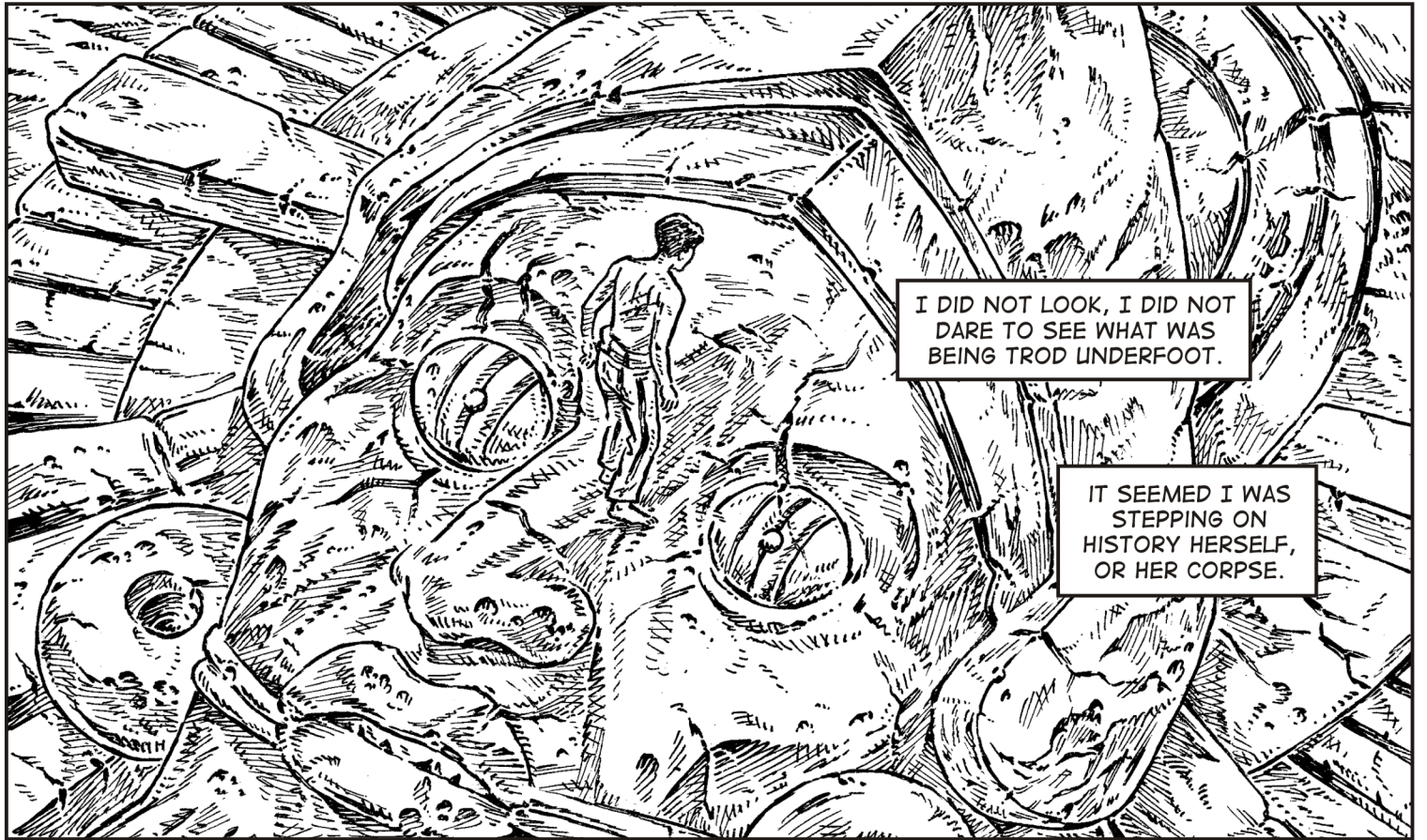


AND I KNEW THAT WE TOO WOULD
FIND OUR PLACE HERE, THAT OUR
LIVES, OUR EFFORTS WERE
NOTHING, BUT A FRAGMENT OF
BONE, IN THAT COLOSSAL WRACK.



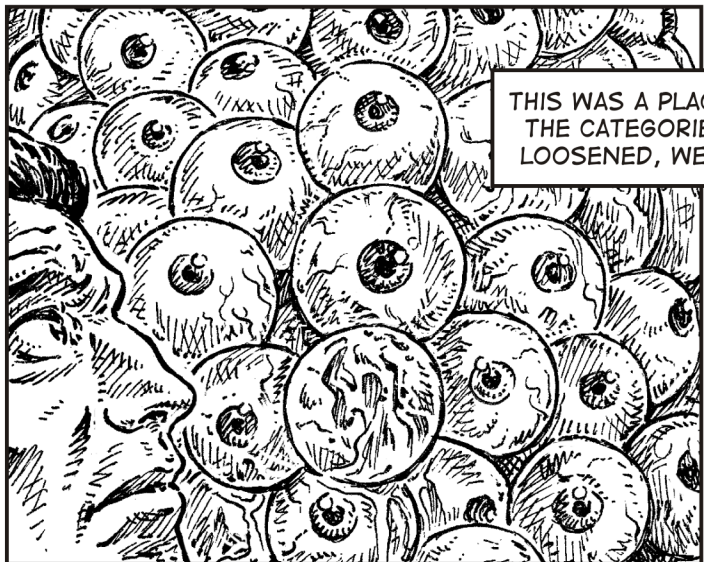


I WAS ASSAILED BY MEPHITIC
ODOURS. MY FEET SEEMED TO
SINK INTO A HELLISH MIRE.



I DID NOT LOOK, I DID NOT
DARE TO SEE WHAT WAS
BEING TROD UNDERFOOT.

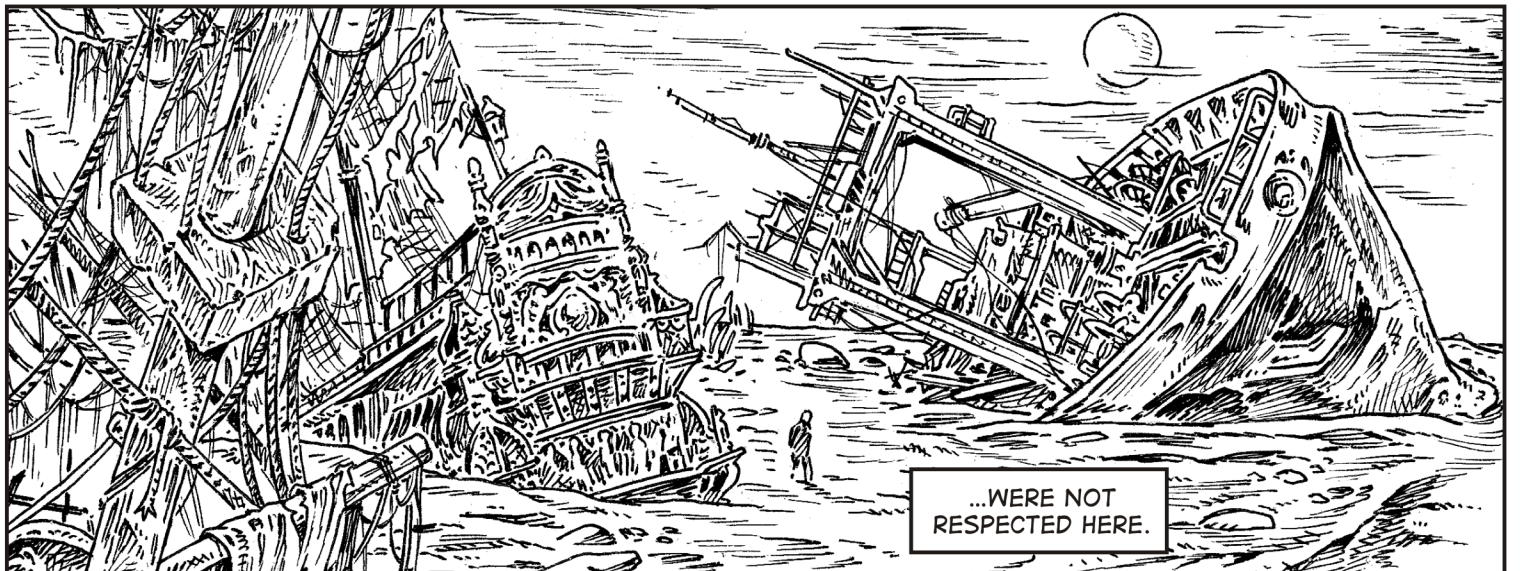
IT SEEMED I WAS
STEPPING ON
HISTORY HERSELF,
OR HER CORPSE.



THIS WAS A PLACE WHERE
THE CATEGORIES WERE
LOOSENED, WEAKENED.



THE BOUNDARIES PLACED BY
NATURE BETWEEN SEA AND
LAND, PAST AND FUTURE,
LIFE AND UN-LIFE...



...WERE NOT
RESPECTED HERE.

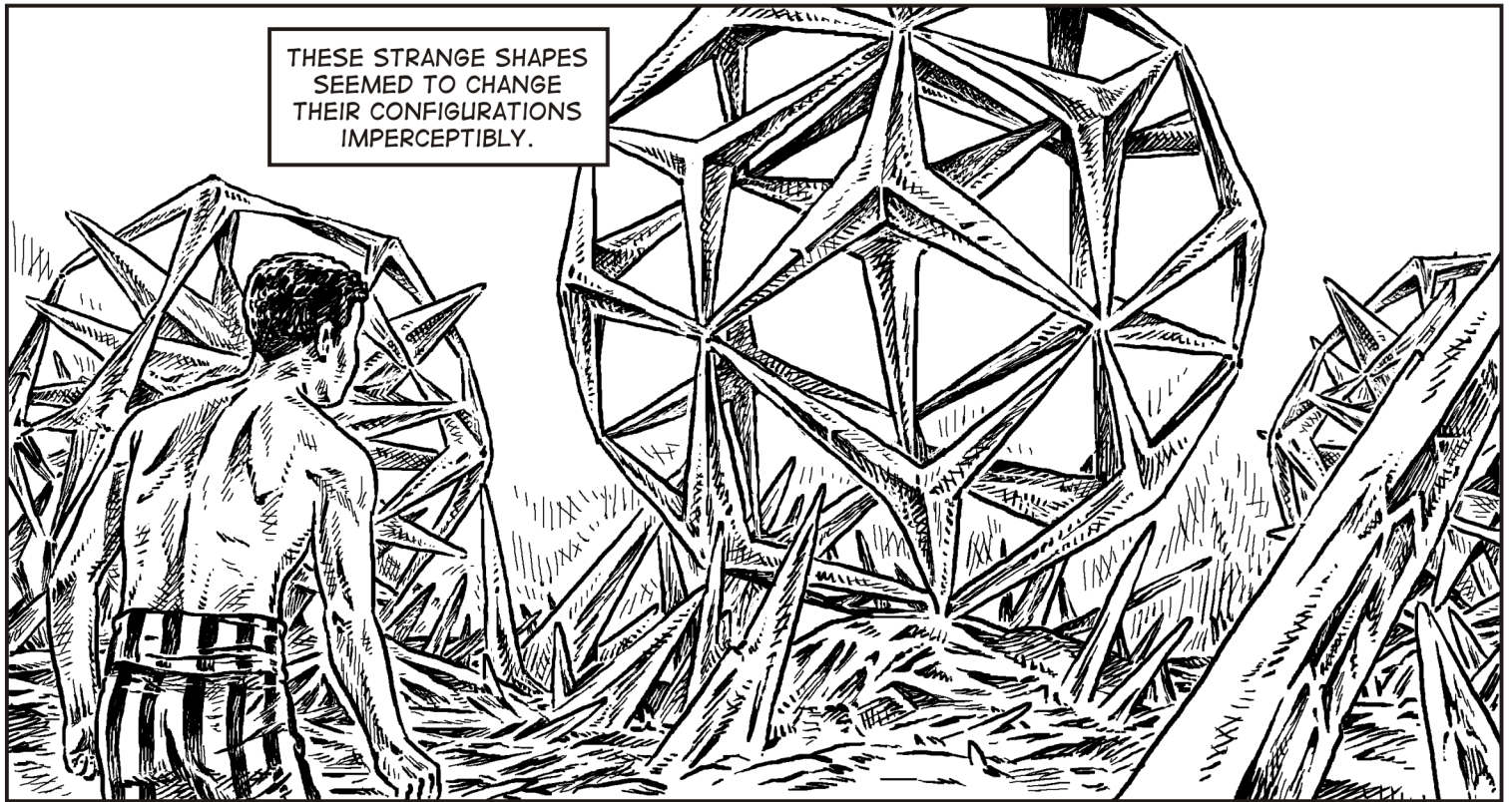


I HEARD A LOW HUMMING...
A WHISPERING INSIDE MY HEAD.



THEY TOLD OF THINGS THAT HAD
BEEN SO CAREFULLY PLACED IN THEIR
CONTAINERS BY SCIENTISTS.

THINGS THAT HAD BROKEN FREE FROM
THEIR PHENOMENOLOGICAL CAGES.



THESE STRANGE SHAPES
SEEMED TO CHANGE
THEIR CONFIGURATIONS
IMPERCEPTIBLY.

STONE BECAME FLESH, DEATH BECAME LIFE, BY THAT TIDELESS INNER SEA.

