

Beneath the waves

Before this accursed maelstrom pulls me under the waves, into the endless abyss below. I shall do my best to relay the events that brought me and my crew to our final resting place. Even now as the rain pours down upon me in torrents soaking my parchment and causing the ink to bleed from the page before me. I press on still as thunder crashes and lightning cracks the heavens above open, basking all the horrors that lay before me in a bright brilliant light which fades almost as soon as it began. I am writing this in some vain hope that someone may find it and take heed this message.

I am Capitan Edward Marsh of the HMS Arkham we set sail from England in year 1562 on request of her majesty Queen Elizabeth to seize gold and other valuables from Spanish ships docked off the coast of west Africa. Barely into the second year into our voyage. We were ambushed by several Spanish warships, while resupplying. I will spare you the details of the intense fight that ensued. For this is not a tale of maritime warfare. Suffice to say we barely escaped with our lives.

For the Spaniards had stopped pursuing us as soon as we entered this damn fog. Perhaps they knew something that we didn't. The ship was now in bad repair and the crew were injured and exhausted, but that battle was nothing compared to what awaited us in the dense gloom that now surrounded us. Immediately I felt a pit of dread open up in my stomach. So thus I ordered for the ship to be turned around, we sailed for hours, but it was no use, the more we sailed, the more I felt that sense of unease creep up on me, leaving the hairs on the back of my neck standing on end. Surely we should've exited by now? I thought to myself. I then opened my compass and to my surprise it no longer pointed north instead the needle now span around wildly and there was nothing in sight to guide us. That's the moment when I knew that all hope was lost. By now the wind had died down and I told the crew to get some rest, we obviously wasn't going anywhere and I could tell by the despondent looks upon their face's they knew it as well. I was just about to go down to my cabin when I was alone on deck I suddenly was plagued by the feeling I was being watched. As I turned around I saw something slink quickly back into the dark depths of the water. As I bent over to get a better look, I could see nothing in the murky water. I shook my head clear and headed to my cabin.

Perhaps it was just my mind playing tricks on me.

By the end of the third day we had run out of food and fights had broken out between the crew members, I awoke one night to the sound of gunfire. I ran towards the crew quarters and burst through the doors frantically. There I saw a sight I will never forget, many of the crew were either dead or in the midst of dying. Their blood painted the sea worn wood of the room a sickening crimson colour. Amidst the fray, I found my first mate clenching his abdomen, trying to keep his guts from spilling out.

"What In Christ's name happened here?" I screamed, unable to contain myself. His dying words still haunt me or they would do if I were not to join him quickly in demise.

"They told me that the world must be cleansed." He said with a twisted smile upon his lips.

"Who? One of the crew?" I asked my confusion clearly written on my face. I reply he just laughed a maniacal laugh.

“No you fool the old one's they have returned, they who lurked in the darkness before there was man, before there was even light in this world and they told me that the time of man is over. They are here to take their rightful place on this earth. Don't you see we are all as good as dead” His words, cutting deeply into my mind bleeding out my sanity and soon his breaths became few and far between, then slowly all motion ceased in his body. Almost as soon as he had gone from this world, I felt a pain like I had never experienced before, as a loud noise pierced my ears and through the noise I could hear words of a language I did not speak yet strangely I could decipher what was being said.

gof'nn kadishtu cgeb
Children understand we are here.

At that moment the ship began to violently thrash about and I fell suddenly to the moldy floor. I got to my feet and ran up on deck. Nothing could've prepared me for the terror I was about to bear witness to. There before me was a large tentacula creature it must be at least 300 feet tall, its skin was green and scaly, with barnacles and seaweed sticking to it. The creature's maw opened and it lets out a soul crushing raw, revealing rows upon rows of sharp teeth.

yar n'gha hai
The time of death is now

Fear gripped my very heart as the creature, summoned an army of monstrosity's. They ignored me as left towards what I assume is human civilization. So here it is the end of my tale of woe and as the waves break apart the ship and I head into the swirling vortex bellow, now you know. That those ancient beings that sleep beneath the waves have awoken and god have mercy on your souls.

Word Count 970 (not including the title or word count)

