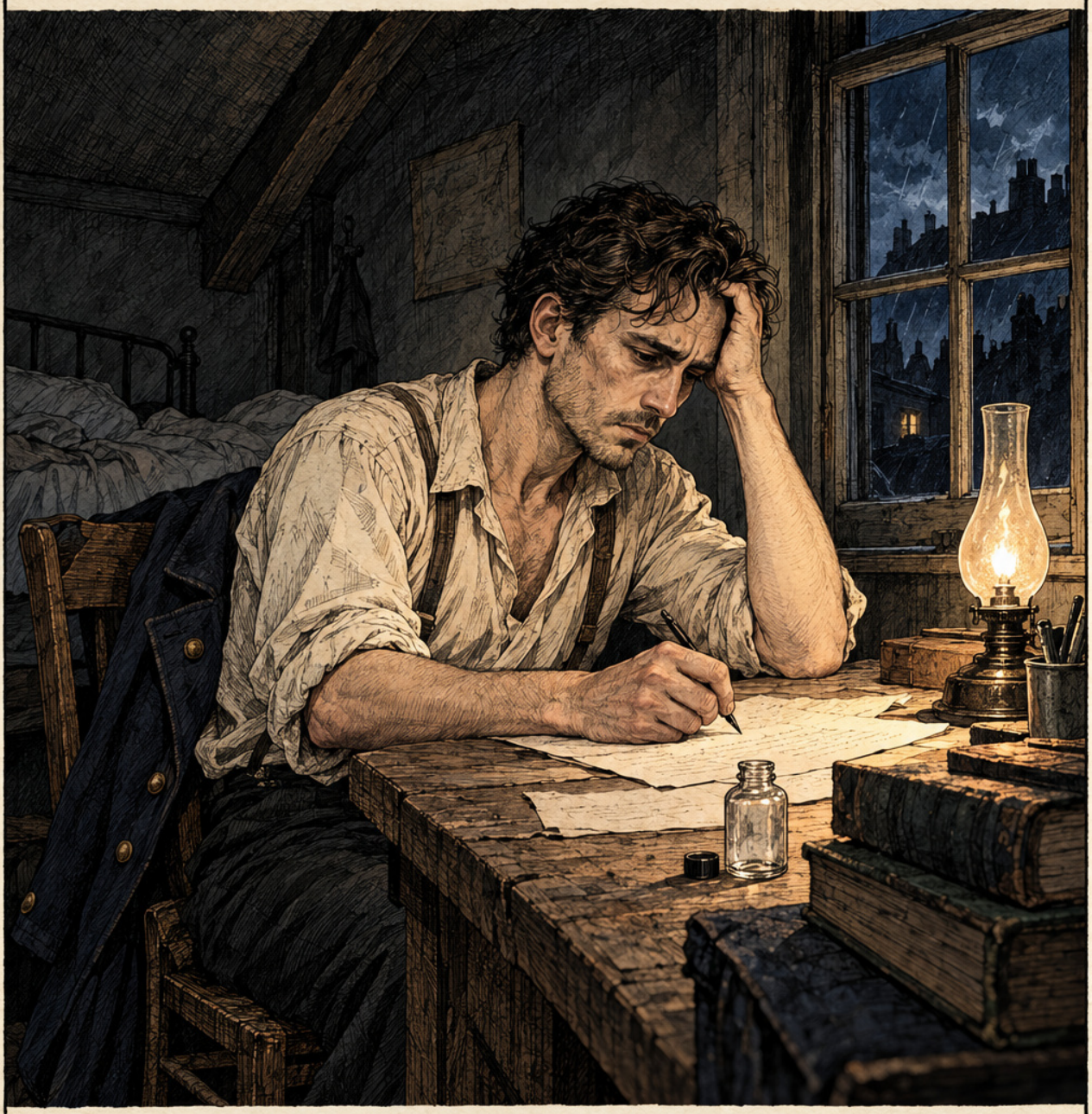
DAGON

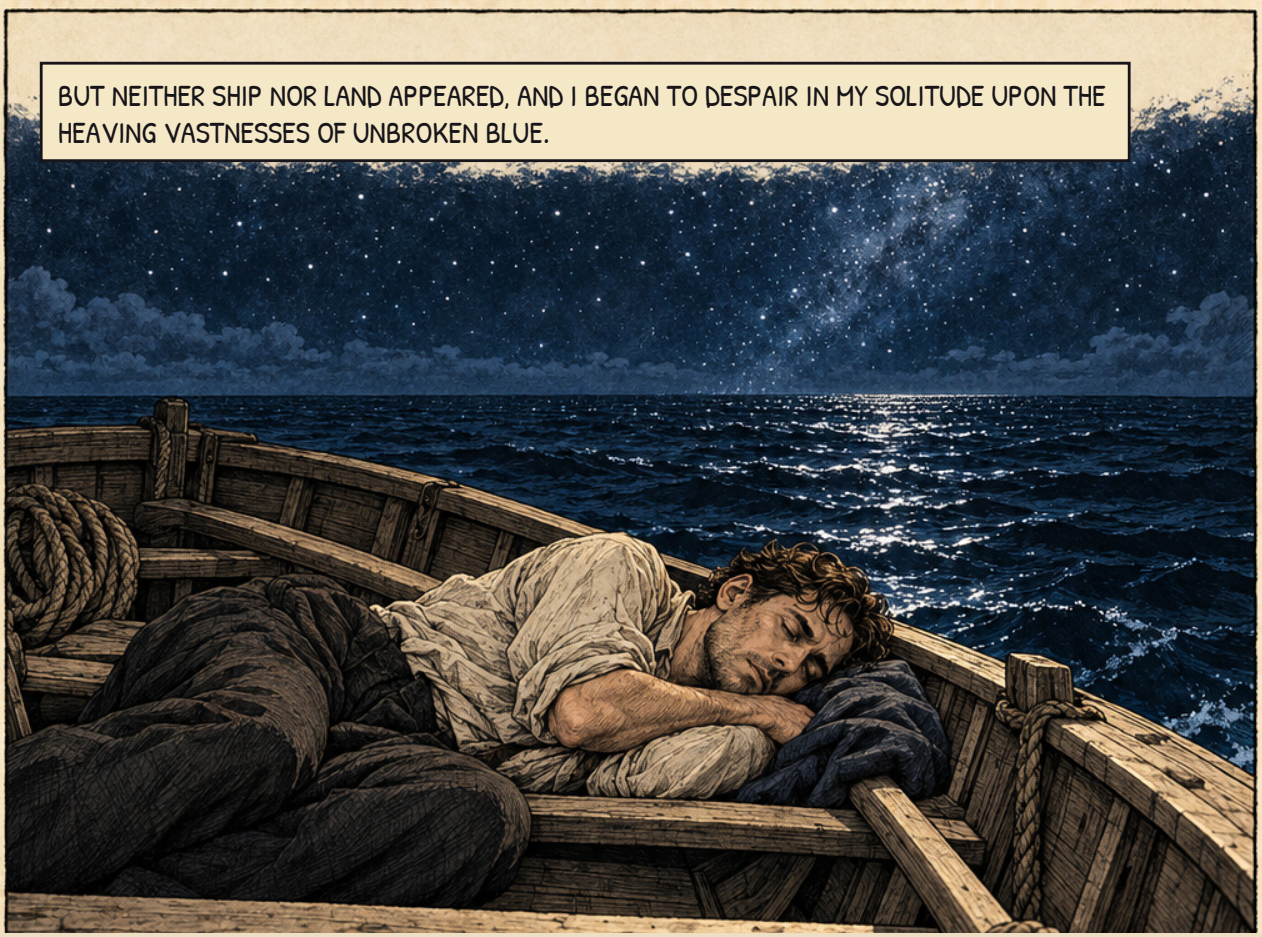
I AM WRITING THIS UNDER AN APPRECIABLE MENTAL STRAIN, SINCE BY TONIGHT I SHALL BE NO MORE.



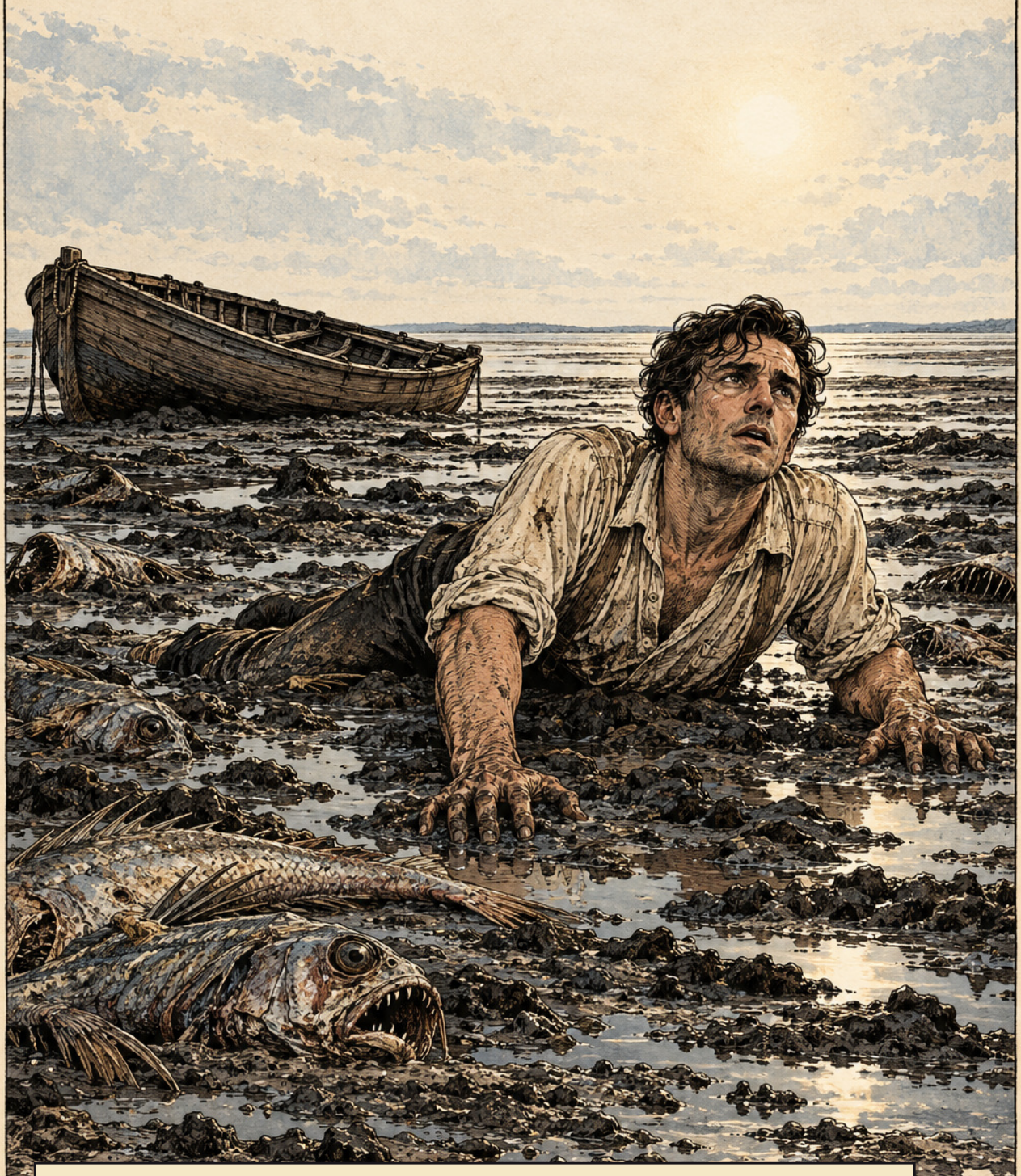
WHEN YOU HAVE READ THESE HASTILY SCRAWLED PAGES YOU MAY GUESS, THOUGH NEVER FULLY REALISE, WHY IT IS THAT I MUST HAVE FORGETFULNESS OR DEATH.


...THE PACKET OF WHICH I WAS SUPERCARGO FELL A VICTIM TO THE GERMAN SEA-RAIDER. THE GREAT WAR WAS THEN AT ITS VERY BEGINNING...
...WE OF HER CREW WERE TREATED WITH ALL THE FAIRNESS AND CONSIDERATION DUE US AS NAVAL PRISONERS.
...FIVE DAYS AFTER WE WERE TAKEN I MANAGED TO ESCAPE ALONE IN A SMALL BOAT WITH WATER AND PROVISIONS...


NEVER A COMPETENT NAVIGATOR, I COULD ONLY GUESS VAGUELY BY THE SUN AND STARS THAT I WAS SOMEWHAT SOUTH OF THE EQUATOR.


BUT NEITHER SHIP NOR LAND APPEARED, AND I BEGAN TO DESPAIR IN MY SOLITUDE UPON THE HEAVING VASTNESSES OF UNBROKEN BLUE.

THE CHANGE HAPPENED WHILST I SLEPT.

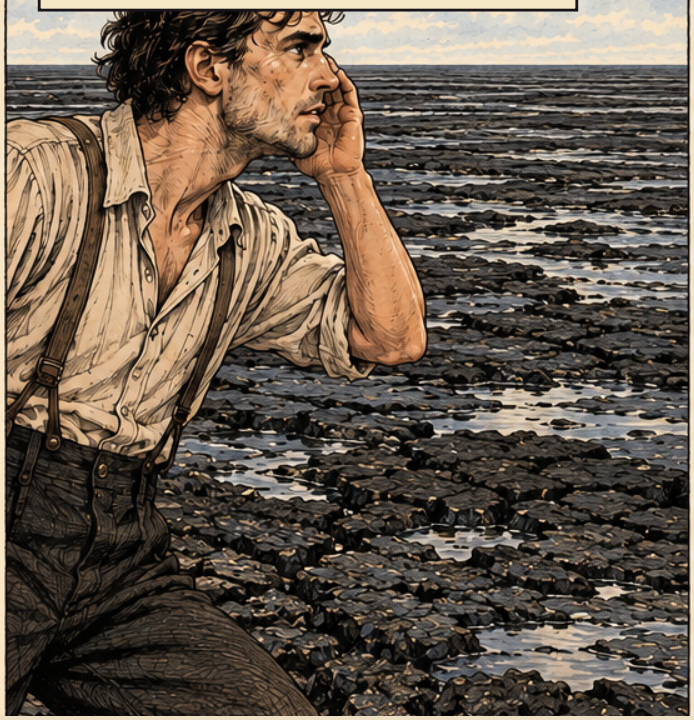


...I AWAKED... TO DISCOVER MYSELF HALF SUCKED INTO A SLIMY EXPANSE OF HELLISH BLACK MIRE...

...A PORTION OF THE OCEAN FLOOR MUST HAVE BEEN THROWN TO THE SURFACE, EXPOSING REGIONS WHICH FOR INNUMERABLE MILLIONS OF YEARS HAD LAIN HIDDEN...



...I COULD NOT DETECT THE FAINTEST NOISE OF THE SURGING OCEAN... NOR WERE THERE ANY SEA-FOWL TO PREY UPON THE DEAD THINGS.



...THE GROUND LOST SOME OF ITS STICKINESS, AND SEEMED LIKELY TO DRY SUFFICIENTLY FOR TRAVELLING PURPOSES...



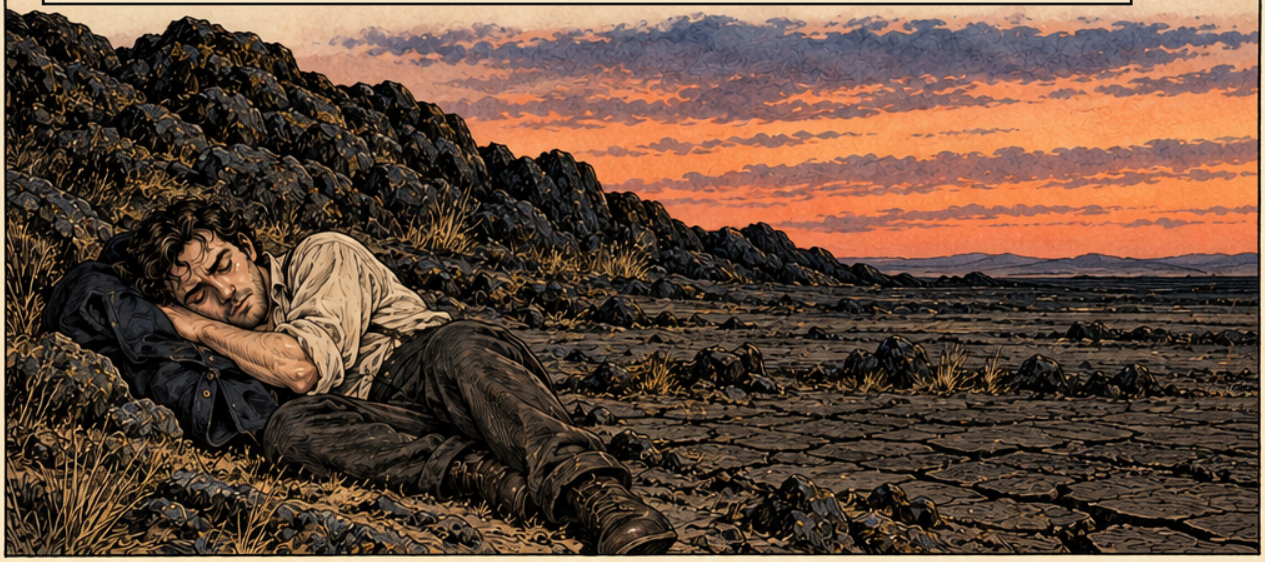
ON THE THIRD MORNING I FOUND THE SOIL DRY ENOUGH TO WALK UPON WITH EASE.



……STILL TRAVELLED TOWARD THE HUMMOCK, THOUGH THAT OBJECT SEEMED SCARCELY NEARER THAN WHEN I HAD FIRST ESPIED IT.



TOO WEARY TO ASCEND, I SLEPT IN THE SHADOW OF THE HILL.



I KNOW NOT WHY MY DREAMS WERE SO WILD THAT NIGHT...



AND IN THE GLOW OF THE MOON I SAW HOW UNWISE I HAD BEEN TO TRAVEL BY DAY.



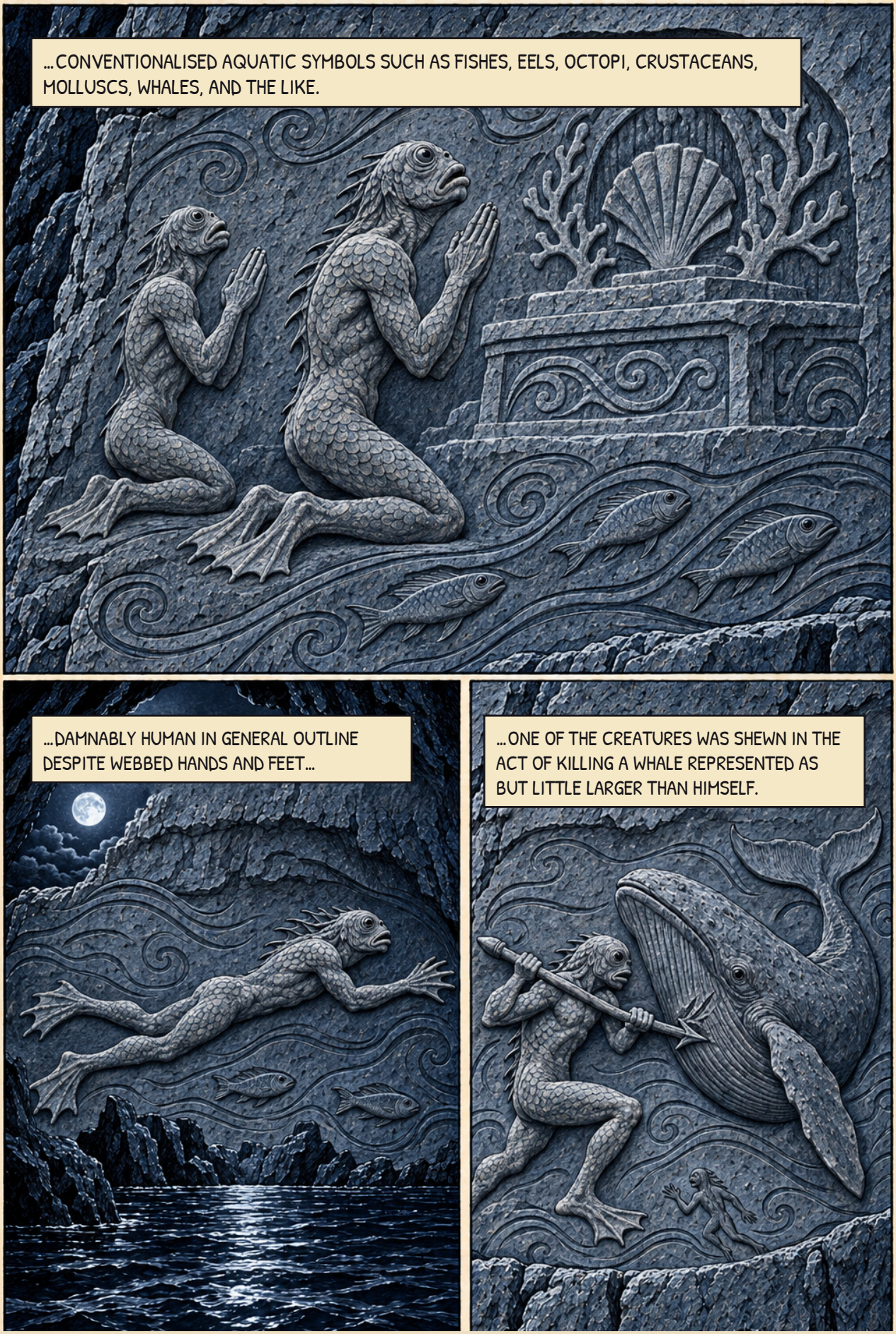
...I GAINED THE SUMMIT OF THE MOUND AND LOOKED DOWN THE OTHER SIDE INTO AN IMMEASURABLE PIT OR CANYON...



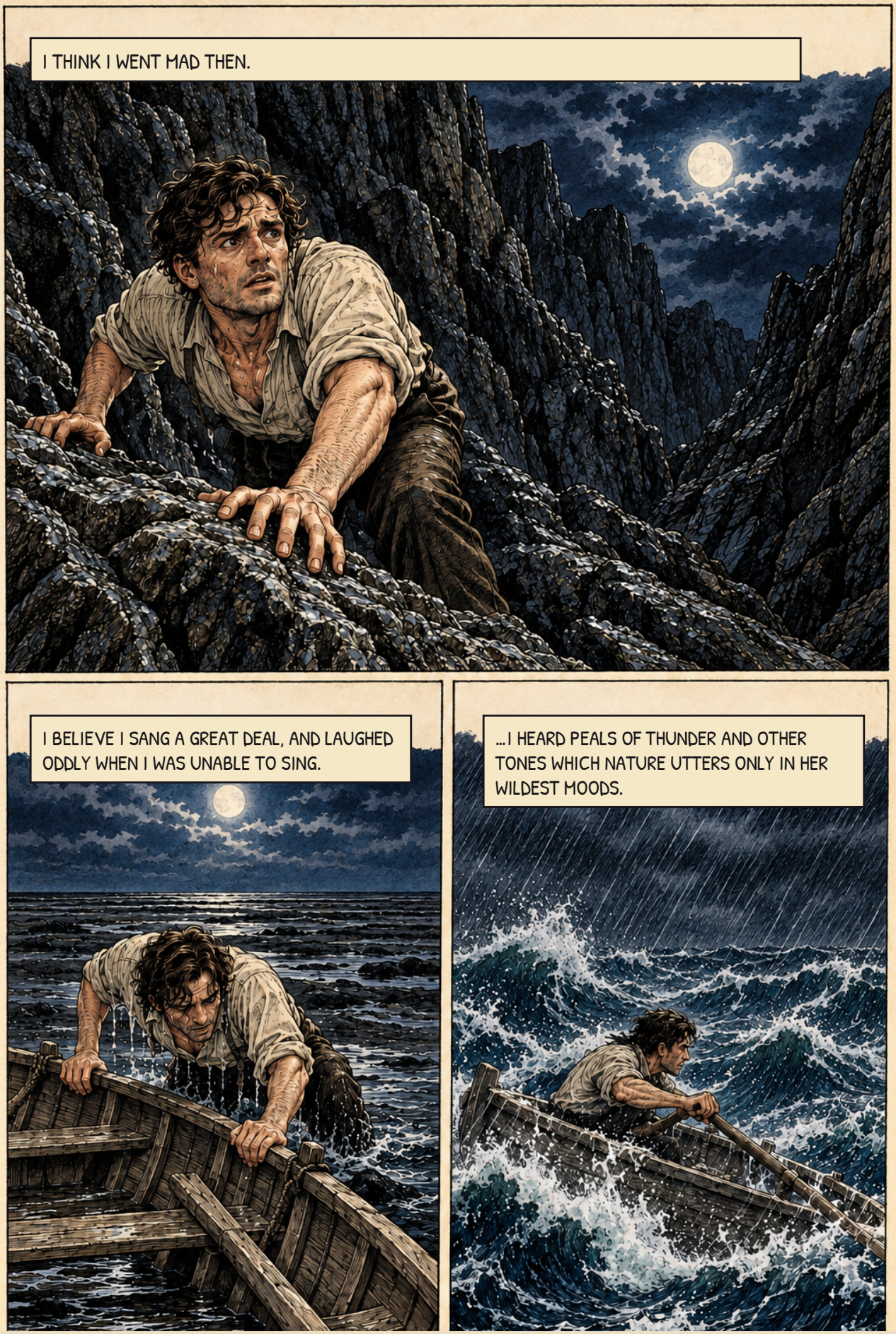
I FELT MYSELF ON THE EDGE OF THE WORLD; PEERING OVER THE RIM INTO A FATHOMLESS CHAOS OF ETERNAL NIGHT.


URGED ON BY AN IMPULSE WHICH I CANNOT DEFINITELY ANALYSE, I SCRAMBLED WITH DIFFICULTY DOWN THE ROCKS...
ALL AT ONCE MY ATTENTION WAS CAPTURED BY A VAST AND SINGULAR OBJECT ON THE OPPOSITE SLOPE...


...THE STRANGE OBJECT WAS A WELL-SHAPED MONOLITH WHOSE MASSIVE BULK HAD KNOWN THE WORKMANSHIP AND PERHAPS THE WORSHIP OF LIVING AND THINKING CREATURES.
ACROSS THE CHASM, THE WAVELETS WASHED THE BASE OF THE CYCLOPEAN MONOLITH...


...CONVENTIONALISED AQUATIC SYMBOLS SUCH AS FISHES, EELS, OCTOPI, CRUSTACEANS, MOLLUSCS, WHALES, AND THE LIKE.
...DAMNABLY HUMAN IN GENERAL OUTLINE DESPITE WEBBED HANDS AND FEET...
...ONE OF THE CREATURES WAS SHEWN IN THE ACT OF KILLING A WHALE REPRESENTED AS BUT LITTLE LARGER THAN HIMSELF.


THEN SUDDENLY I SAW IT.
...IT DARTED... TO THE MONOLITH, ABOUT WHICH IT FLUNG ITS GIGANTIC SCALY ARMS, THE WHILE IT BOWED ITS HIDEOUS HEAD AND GAVE VENT TO CERTAIN MEASURED SOUNDS.


I THINK I WENT MAD THEN.
I BELIEVE I SANG A GREAT DEAL, AND LAUGHED ODDLY WHEN I WAS UNABLE TO SING.
...I HEARD PEALS OF THUNDER AND OTHER TONES WHICH NATURE UTTERS ONLY IN HER WILDEST MOODS.

WHEN I CAME OUT OF THE SHADOWS I WAS IN A SAN FRANCISCO HOSPITAL... OF ANY LAND UPHEAVAL IN THE PACIFIC, MY RESCUERS KNEW NOTHING...



ONCE I SOUGHT OUT A CELEBRATED ETHNOLOGIST, AND AMUSED HIM WITH PECULIAR QUESTIONS REGARDING THE ANCIENT PHILISTINE LEGEND OF DAGON, THE FISH-GOD...




IT IS AT NIGHT, ESPECIALLY WHEN THE MOON IS GIBBOUS AND WANING, THAT I SEE THE THING. I TRIED MORPHINE...
OFTEN I ASK MYSELF IF IT COULD NOT ALL HAVE BEEN A PURE PHANTASM—A MERE FREAK OF FEVER...
I CANNOT THINK OF THE DEEP SEA WITHOUT SHUDDERING AT THE NAMELESS THINGS THAT MAY AT THIS VERY MOMENT BE CRAWLING AND FLOUNDERING ON ITS SLIMY BED...

THE END IS NEAR. I HEAR A NOISE AT THE DOOR, AS OF SOME IMMENSE SLIPPERY BODY LUMBERING AGAINST IT.



IT SHALL NOT FIND ME. GOD, THAT HAND! THE WINDOW! THE WINDOW!

