

EPILOGUE

THE CREW WAS AWAKE

THE SUN NEVER SET THAT TIME
OF YEAR; IT JUST TWISTED
AROUND IN THE SKY LIKE SOME
CELESTIAL MOSQUITO

IT WAS
MIDNIGHT IN
ICELAND

THEIR MINDS WERE
RUNNING UNCHECKED;
THE RECENT LOSS OF A
CREW MEMBER, THEIR
NEAR-DEATH IN THE
ARCTIC, THE CONSTANT,
OPPRESSIVE LIGHT
ELIMINATED ANY HOPE
OF SLEEP

THEY WERE STUCK
ON LAND WHILE
THEIR SUB WAS
REPAIRED. THE
SHIP HAD SRUCK
AN ICEBURG,
FLOODING A
ROOM AND
SWEEPING THEIR
CAPTAIN OUT TO
SEA.

THEY LIMPED BACK TO
SAFETY, DRYDOCKED THE
SUB, AND PROCEDED TO
SULK UNTIL THEY COULD
RETURN TO THE SEA.

THEY WEREN'T MEANT FOR
LAND. IT WAS A CRUEL FLUKE
OF NATURE THAT THEY
SPROUTED LUNGS INSTEAD
OF GILLS, LEGS INSTEAD OF
FINS.

EACH SECOND ON LAND
WAS AN INDIVIDUAL
TORTURE.

BUT NOW THEY WERE
POISED TO RETURN, TO
RE-ENTER THEIR REALM.

THE SOUND OF METAL WRITHING, THE
SNARLING BLASTS OF WATER, THE
MALEVOLENT CREAK OF ICE WAS
WHAT HAUNTED THEM THE MOST