

EDGAR  
ALLAN  
POE'S

# MS. FOUND IN A BOTTLE



WRITTEN BY EDGAR ALLAN POE



ILLUSTRATED BY ALFONSO FONT



... BY GOD... IT'S SOME  
KIND OF A *DIARY*... FLOATIN'  
ABOUT THE SEAS FOR  
**23 YEARS** IF THE *DATE* ON  
THIS MANUSCRIPT IS *TRUE*...

... BY GOD...  
IS THIS A *JOKE*?  
IT CAN'T BE THE  
*TRUTH*... IT  
CAN'T...

"... ALLOW ME TO SAY BEFORE I *BEGIN* MY  
*MS.*, I AM NOT A *MADMAN*, NOR A  
*PRANKSTER*, NOR GIVEN TO *FLIGHTS* OF  
*IMAGINATION*... WHAT *FOLLOWS* IS THE  
*TRUTH*... AS IT *HAPPENED* TO ME;  
I *SWEAR* IT ON MY *MOTHER'S GRAVE*  
-- AND ON *MY OWN*...

... MY *SHIP* WAS *FLOUNDERING* IN THE  
MIDST OF A *GREAT STORM* IN THE  
*SOUTHERN ATLANTIC*; WHEN THE  
WAVES *CRASHED* ABOUT THE *DECK*, AND  
*SWEPT AWAY* MEN AND *MASTS*  
ALIKE WE *KNEW* WE WERE *LOST*-- WE  
*KNEW* WE WERE *DEAD MEN*..."



"... WE WERE *DELUGED* BY WATER AND NEAR *DROWNED*... ONLY TWO MEN TO MY KNOWLEDGE, WERE YET *ALIVE*, NOT *SWEPT OVERBOARD* OR *DROWNED* -- THE OLD *SWEDE* AND *MYSELF* -- THAT WE WERE *ALIVE* WAS A *MIRACLE*..."



"... THE *SWEDE* AND I WERE *ROPED* TO THE *BROKEN BASE* OF THE *MAIN MAST*-- THIS, AND THIS *ALONE* I THINK *SAVED* US FROM BEING *DRAWN* TO THE *BOTTOM* OF THE *ATLANTIC*..."



"... SUDDENLY THE *WRECK* OF THE *SHIP* WAS *LIFTED* AND *BORN* ACROSS A *MASSIVE* *WAVE* AT *TREMENDOUS* *SPEED*-- THO THE *STORM* ITSELF SEEMED TO *ABATE*, I WAS *CONVINCED* *DEATH* WAS AT *HAND* AND THAT I'D BE *DASHED* TO *BITS*..."



"... ON THE *THIRD* *DAY* OF THE *STORM* THE OLD *SWEDE* *DIED*-- BUT I DID NOT *MOURN* FOR HIM, I *MOURNED* *MYSELF*-- HE WAS *FORTUNATE* ENOUGH TO BE *DEAD*-- I WAS *STILL* *ALIVE*... *STILL* *LIVING* A *HELL*..."





"...SUDDENLY THERE **APPEARED** BEFORE ME THE MOST **UTTERLY INCREDULOUS SIGHT** OF MY LIFE... A **SHIP**... WHOSE **SIZE** WAS **TWENTY TIMES** THAT ANY I HAD EVER KNOWN, WHOSE **AGE** WAS **CENTURIES OLDER** THAN ANY I HAD EVER KNOWN..."



"...IT STRUCK MY WRECKED SHIP **FULL** ON THE **BOW**, AND EVERYTHING ABOARD **DECK** FLEW INTO THE **AIR**--**FORWARD**, INCLUDING **MYSELF**..."



"...I LANDED IN THE **SAIL** **RIGGING**, **BRUISED** BUT OTHERWISE **UNHURT**..."

"... MY DESCENT TO THE DECK WAS SIMPLE, THO IT STRUCK ME STRANGE THAT NONE OF THE CREWMEMBERS WOULD IN ANY WAY AID ME..."

"... IN FACT, UPON APPROACHING THEM, THEY ABSOLUTELY IGNORED ME... REFUSED TO EVEN ACKNOWLEDGE MY PRESENCE..."



"... THEIR PHYSICAL APPEARANCE WAS BEYOND MY UNDERSTANDING..."

"... FOR THEY WERE AGED..."

"... THEY WERE ANCIENT..."



"... THEIR FACES WERE THE FACES OF CENTURIES-OLD-MEN..."



"... THEIR EYES WERE NOT THE EYES OF LIVING MEN -- BUT, OF DEAD THINGS..."



"...GETTING *NO RESPONSE* FROM THE *MEN*... I *OBSERVED* THE *SHIP ITSELF*-- IT WAS *MASSIVE*... NO, *NOT MASSIVE*, IT WAS *GARGANTUAN*..."



"...NEVER HAVE I *CONCEIVED* OF SO *DIS-PROPORTIONATED* A *VESSEL* -- IT WAS *MADE* TO BE *CREWED* BY *GIANTS*..."

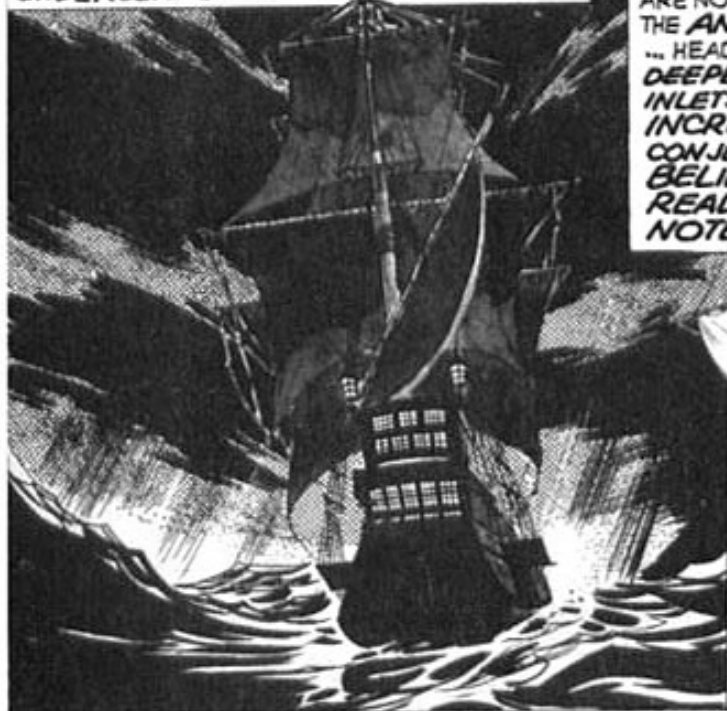


"...I THEN WENT TO THE *CAPTAIN'S CABIN* TO SEE IF *HE* MIGHT *SPEAK* TO ME -- BUT AS I *SUSPECTED* HE *IGNORED* ME, AND TALKED IN SOME *FOREIGN, MIS-UNDERSTANDABLE* LANGUAGE TO HIS *FIRST MATE*..."



"...SEVERAL *DAYS* HAVE *ELAPSED* SINCE MY *FIRST 'LANDING'* ON THE *SHIP*, AND I HAVE HAD *TIME* TO *WRITE* THESE *NOTES*, AND TO *OBSERVE* HOW THE *VESSEL* SEEMS TO *SKIM* THE *TOP* OF THE *WATER*, AS IF IN THE *TOW* OF SOME *FANTASTIC UNDERCURRENT*..."

"...I DO NOT *PRETEND* TO *UNDERSTAND* ANY OF THIS-- AND WRITE ONLY THE *FACTS* IN THE *MANUSCRIPT*, *NOT* MY *SUPPOSITIONS* OR *THEORIES* ON THE *WHY'S* OR *WHEREFORE'S* OF WHAT IS *HAPPENING*... WE ARE NOW *SOMEWHERE* IN THE *ANTARCTIC OCEAN* -- HEADED *DEEPER* AND *DEEPER* INTO *ICE BOUND INLETS* AT A *SPEED TOO INCREDIBLE* TO BE *CONJECTURED*, OR *BELIEVED*, BY THE *READER* OF THESE *NOTES*..."



"... IN A FEW MINUTES I KNOW I SHALL HAVE TO HURL THE MS. IN A BOTTLE AWAY FROM THIS INCREDIBLE SHIP -- I KNOW THAT I AM TO DIE -- AND PERHAPS, TERRIBLY SOON, FOR WE ARE NOW AT DEATH'S DOOR..."



"... LET ME EXPLAIN, WITHOUT COMMENT, OUR POSITION... WE ARE REVOLVING BY ICE AND YET THO IT STRIKES THE SHIP OCCASIONALLY NO HARM IS DONE TO US... THE SHIP CANNOT BE REAL -- WOOD IS NOT THAT SOLID -- UNLESS THE VESSEL IS MADE OF IRON IT CANNOT BE POSSIBLE TO WITHSTAND THE PRESENT PRESSURES THAT ARE NOW UPON IT -- YET -- IT IS WITHSTANDING IT..."



"... THE READER WILL WANT AN EXPLANATION I KNOW... IT WILL NOT BE ENOUGH FOR HIM TO READ THESE NOTES ALONE... HE WILL WISH MY OPINION..."

... WERY WELL...

... AS ANALYTICALLY AS POSSIBLE, HERE IS MY OPINION...

... THE CREW ARE 'DEAD-BUT-NOT-DEAD':

... THE SHIP IS OF SUCH A SIZE BECAUSE IN THE GEN I KNOW NOT WHY! I THINK THIS IS TRUE BECAUSI WOOD EVER KNOWN -- IT MUST HAVE BOWELS OF THE SOUTH POLE... WHERE PERHAPS, FOR EVERMORE, WILL BE SUCKED.

... THIS WHOLE SHIP IS DEAD -- WHY OR HOW IT EXISTS I DO NOT KNOW -- AND I CERTAINLY DO NOT CARE...

... LITTLE TIME IS LEFT ME TO CARE -- THE CIRCLES OF OUR REVOLUTIONS GROW SMALLER...

WE ARE PLUNGING MADLY WITHIN THE GRASP OF THE WHIRLPOOL -- AND AMID A ROARING, AND BELLOWING, AND THUNDERING OF TEMPEST, THE SHIP IS QUIVERING, OH GOD! AND - GOING DOWN..."

URIES OF ITS EXISTENCE ITS WOOD HAS EXPANDED (THOUGH THE PORES OF THE WOOD ARE ENORMOUS -- LIKE NO EXPANDED... THE SHIP IS NOW BEING SUCKED INTO THE PERHAPS, ONCE BEFORE, IT WAS SUCKED, AND

