

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 *DROGGED* TO THE *BOTTOM* OF THE *ATLANTIC*..."

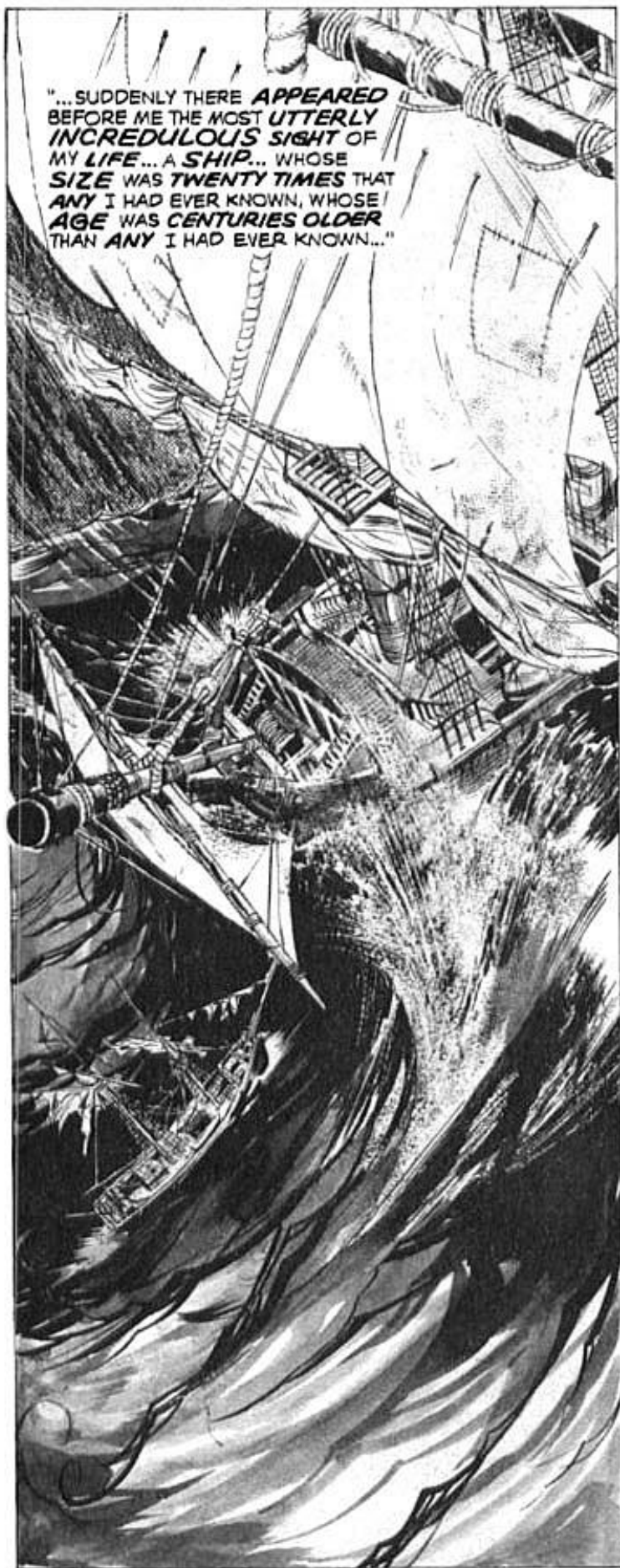


"... SUDDENLY THE *WRECK* OF THE *SHIP* WAS *LIFTED* AND *BORN* ACROSS A *MASSIVE WAVE* AT *TREMENDOUS* SPEED-- THO THE *STORM ITSELF* SEEMED TO *ABATE*, I WAS *CONVINCED* *DEATH* WAS AT *HAND* AND THAT I'D BE *DASHED* TO *BITS*..."



"... 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 THE TOP OF THE WATER, 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..."

...VERY 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 CEN I KNOW NOT WHY! I THINK THIS IS TRUE BECAUSE 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 OCEAN AND OF TEMPEST, THE SHIP IS QUIVERING, OH GOD! AND - GOING DOWN..."

... CURIES 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

