

Devine's dream diary

April 14th We have just left Edinburgh to follow up on Passelov's calculations, the Russian thinks that the most likely trajectory of the comet all those years ago would mean that it would have passed over the outer Hebrides and in particular Shetland. I am troubled to be leaving however I wanted to explore the meaning of my recurring dream a bit further and have asked Clarkson to contact his friend at The University of Glasgow regarding the potential meanings of my dreams. But, I must look ahead for if Passelov is right my dreams will pale in significance once we possess another fragment of the comet.

April 15th I had my recurring dream last night, I am standing at the edge of the plateau again overlooking the sunken city below, my eyes take time to adjust to the gloom and the pale phosphorescent glow from the coral that clings to the crumbling white walls down here. Faint rays of sunshine from the surface are barely visible at this depth occasionally penetrating the endless dark green of the deep. The plateau is huge and must have been pentagonal once, it stretches off in both directions behind me until it hits the enormous crack that surely split the plateau in two perhaps spelling its doom and plunging it into the waves. What could have caused such destruction. The chasm it has created is immense, I cannot see the bottom, who knows what long forgotten secrets dwell down there in the cold black. Suddenly my attention is caught by movement further down the ramp that leads off the plateau, at first I can't see anything against the vast expanse of the alien metropolis that stretches into the distance, the city is never ending and unfathomably old. There it is again, this time my eye focuses in on the movement, a nightmare become real, an enormous, formless black shape moved amongst the white towers and domes below, not an animal, more collection of connected oily globules slithering and flowing beneath me. I watch horrified as a multitude of eyes fleetingly form on the things faintly glowing skin, they open and close scouring the depths. A haunting noise emanates from the creature almost ridiculing my insignificance, Tekeli-li, Tekeli-li. I instinctively turn to flee from the monster but manage to stop myself, I feel like I'm here for a reason, there is a fragment here, it draws me deeper into the abyss...

April 16th My recurring dreams of the deep have curiously become less frequent as I have moved north away from Edinburgh. I hope that this is a good omen...

April 17th I fell asleep easily in my cabin last night to the gentle rock of the ferry as we left Thurso. The dreams came quickly but this time very different. I am standing out in the open while a great storm rages all around me, the night is impossibly dark and I have a sense of a great chasm beneath. A flash of light sparks as a huge blast of electricity cracks through the sky illuminating my surrounds. I am on a barren cliff top completely exposed to the elements, the cold rain bites at my naked body and the wind buffets me as I struggled to maintain my balance on the precipice. Then I see it, the ancient, isolated tower standing sentinel on the rocky island as it has done for a thousand years, a raging sea stands between it and I but I know I have to get there, the fragment is calling.... I am beginning to think Passelov's hunch was right. Of all the proposed trajectories of the comet he had insisted the one over Shetland was most likely to prove fruitful. Here I am on the ferry to that very island while my dreams become ever more vivid. I must telegram Passelov once I reach Lerwick to tell him of the good news, I am filled with hope.

April 18th morning I awoke this morning in Lerwick having dreamed of it again. I am stood inside the tower this time, it's ancient, ruined walls rise up above me on all sides, I can sense the sheer age and importance of this site, the fragment is pulsing, drawing me down to it. It must be under this tower, we shall set off in search of it today, I feel further correspondence with Passelov is needed. Despite this encouraging vision something sits uncomfortably with me today, my hunger grows and I feel terrible for it. Brodie and Christie grow more irritable as well, it has been days since we last fed properly, must find food tonight, we will need strength to

search for the tower in this barren and inhospitable place, I wonder if we can befriend a drunk or find ourselves a lone shepherd tomorrow night? A good meal and I will feel much better about the challenges ahead. April 18th evening We fed and feel much better for it, we think we have located the tower but the locals have warned us from venturing to near to it, they say it is haunted and that it is a dangerous place. I shall not be deterred however, the prize is too great, we will press on.

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