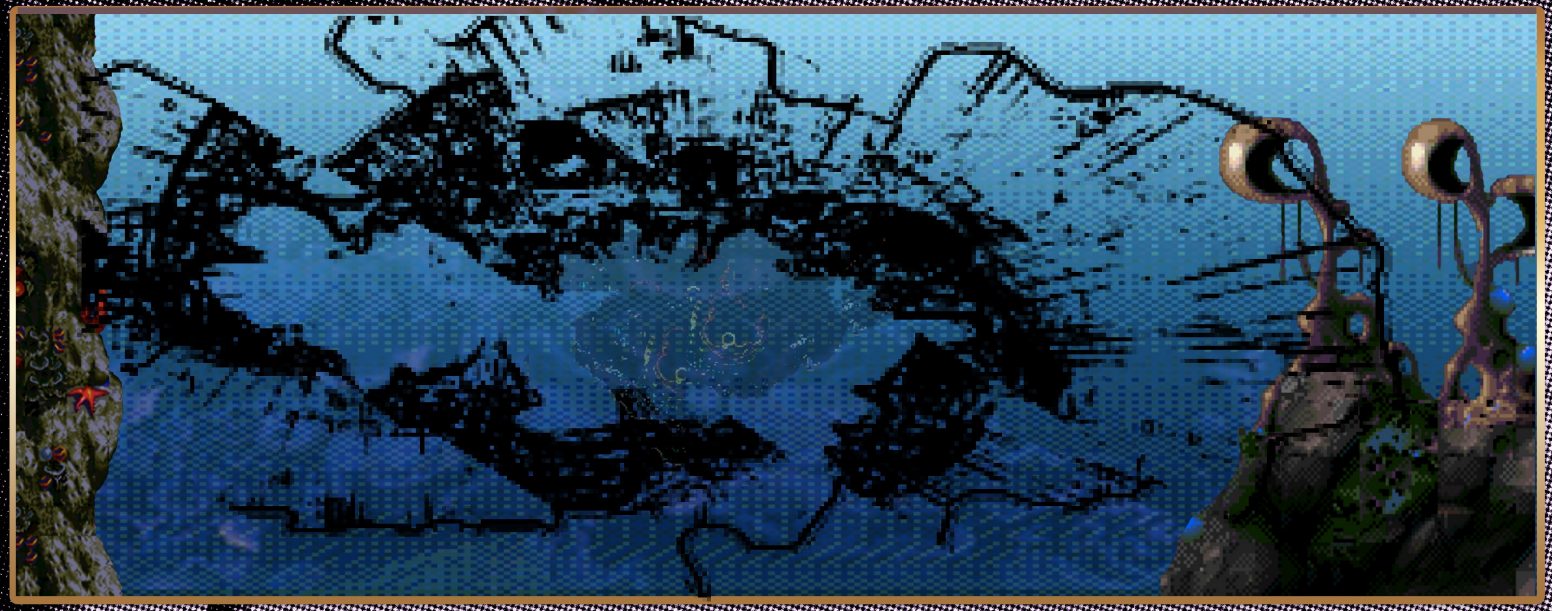
DRØWN IN TIME

The first online interactive zine from RAMIEL

KØS ØN THE SHØRE

BOTTOMLESS CURSE

DRØWN IN TIME



STATUS

OPEN SEA

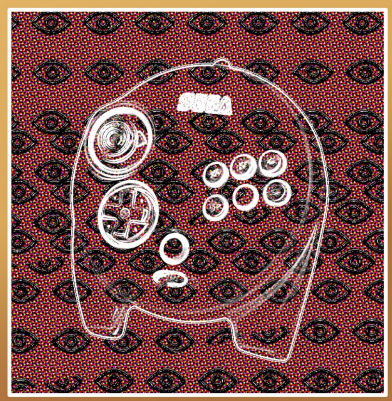
ECCO: I have also met beings of the sky, Queen. She hated the water, or…she needed to devour it to live. But she whispered, in her way, before I sent her into nothingness.

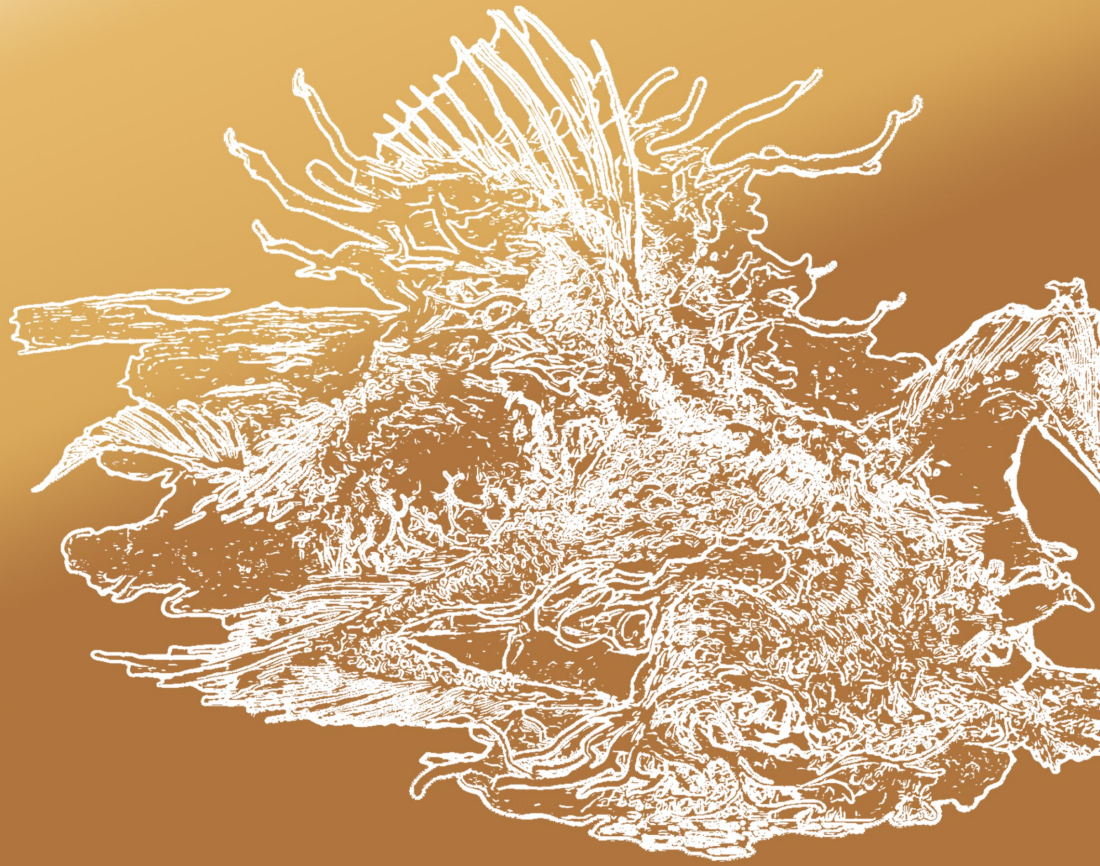
KOS: The sea is bottomless with forgiveness. And with revenge. I can sense your pain…It is mine too, breathing fish. Both of us have seen our worlds unmade in moments. I sense that the stricken one who devoured your frithful life was a distant relation of mine. Not, fear not, that there is any love thickening blood in our kin-lines.

ECCO: I…will tell you a story to ease your heart, dear Queen of the Bloodless.

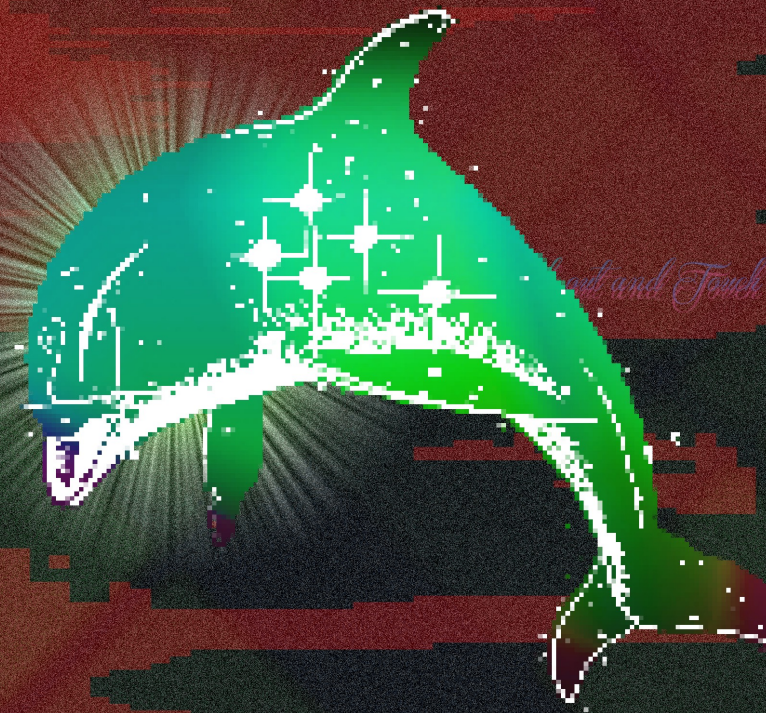
KOS: Please, dear son...

KOSMOS





Oceans Reach out and Touch



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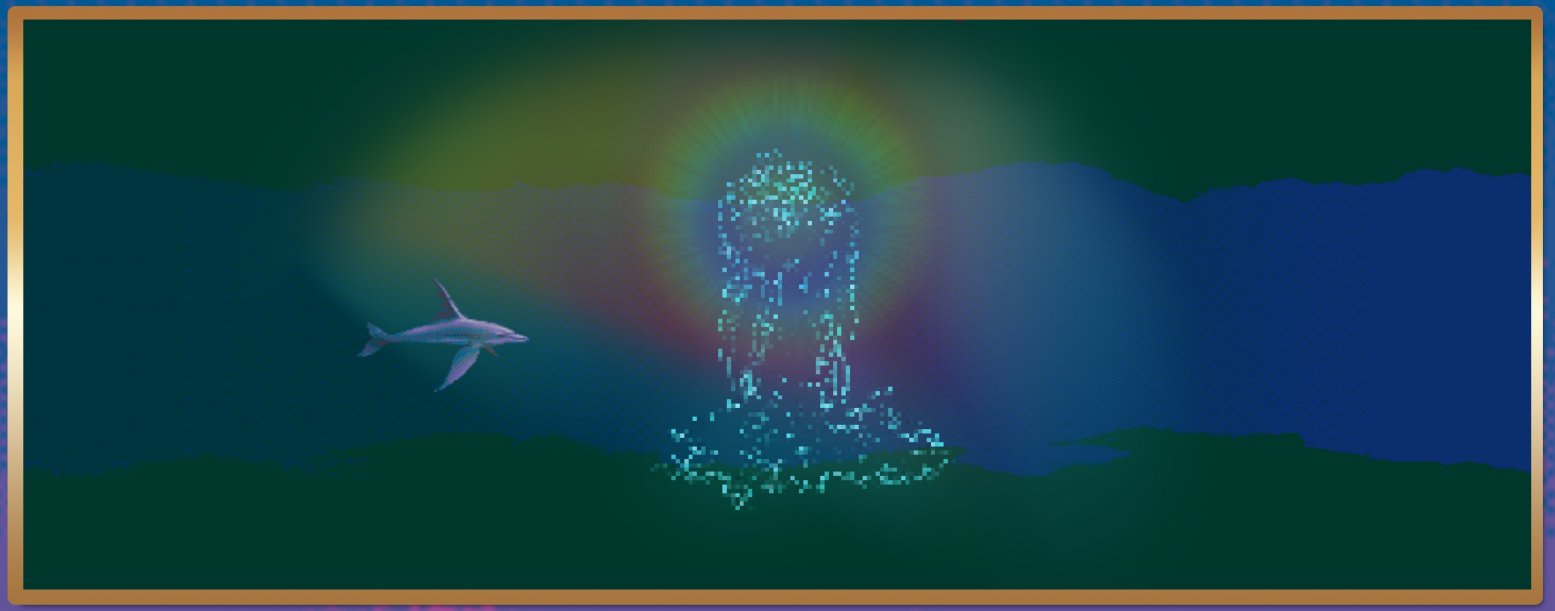
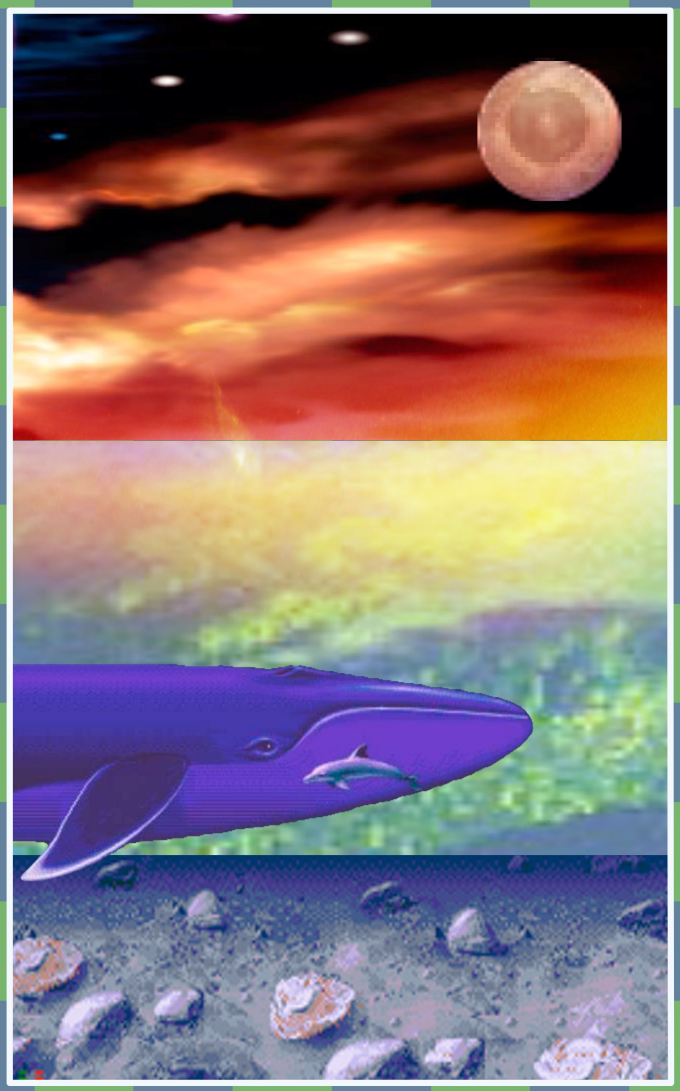


STATUS

With all ECCO's power he remembered the exaltant highways rising in giant arches pulsing in the blue. From atop these vast watery highways ECCO recalled the sight of the Earth bending under him, its blossoming surface empty of pain or darkness. Everything shone. Though he faced near-death at the hands of strange creatures, dashing just out of the reach of the great Medusa looming to greet him, he carried this future in his memory as a treasure held in safekeeping, a check against lurking and murking despair.

KOS: I am slain in spirit by this tale. In your world with no landfolk the Earth turned towards light...

ZONE OF LIGHT!!



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History has been written by the despoilers and cutthroats, my Queen. Our blood, Our queer and vile Selves brook no equals or superiors save Yourself in sea or heaven. It is too late to do aught. It is too late to grieve and find peace. But to grieve and break, to wreak one thousand times over Our horror onto the heads of the murderers—this undertaking I urge You to join.

Give not an inch of Your illustrious self. Kill before being killed, oh Queen. Break their bones and give the orphans of this world a sign radiating the majesty of Our Selves, plunging the bloodletters and bloodfuckers of the world into a black obscurity so dense not a stroke of a letter will survive of them.

Zone of Light


Reorient...