

SHATTERING GLASS

INOR COYNE

Single #1: B-Side
Dunya and the
Man in the Moon
(R'lyeh Remix)

**SHATTERING
GLASS**

**SINGLE #1
Track 3**

**DUNYA and the MAN IN THE MOON
(R'LYEH REMIX)**

**Connor Coyne
channeling H.P. Lovecraft**



GOTHIC
FUNK
PRESS

This is a work of fiction.

Names, characters, and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons is entirely coincidental.

Copyright © 2011, 2012 by **Connor Coyne**

All rights reserved.

Published in the United States by the Gothic Funk Press

gothicfunkpress.com

Written by **Connor Coyne** · connorcoyne.com

Edited by **Reinhardt Suarez** · theporkchopexpress.com

Cover Design by **Sam Perkins-Harbin** · forge22.com

Hi There!

Thank you for reading this short excerpt from my novel *Shattering Glass*.

B-Sides for this single are available here: <http://tinyurl.com/shatteringglassnovel>

A video is here: <http://tinyurl.com/shatteringglassvideo1>

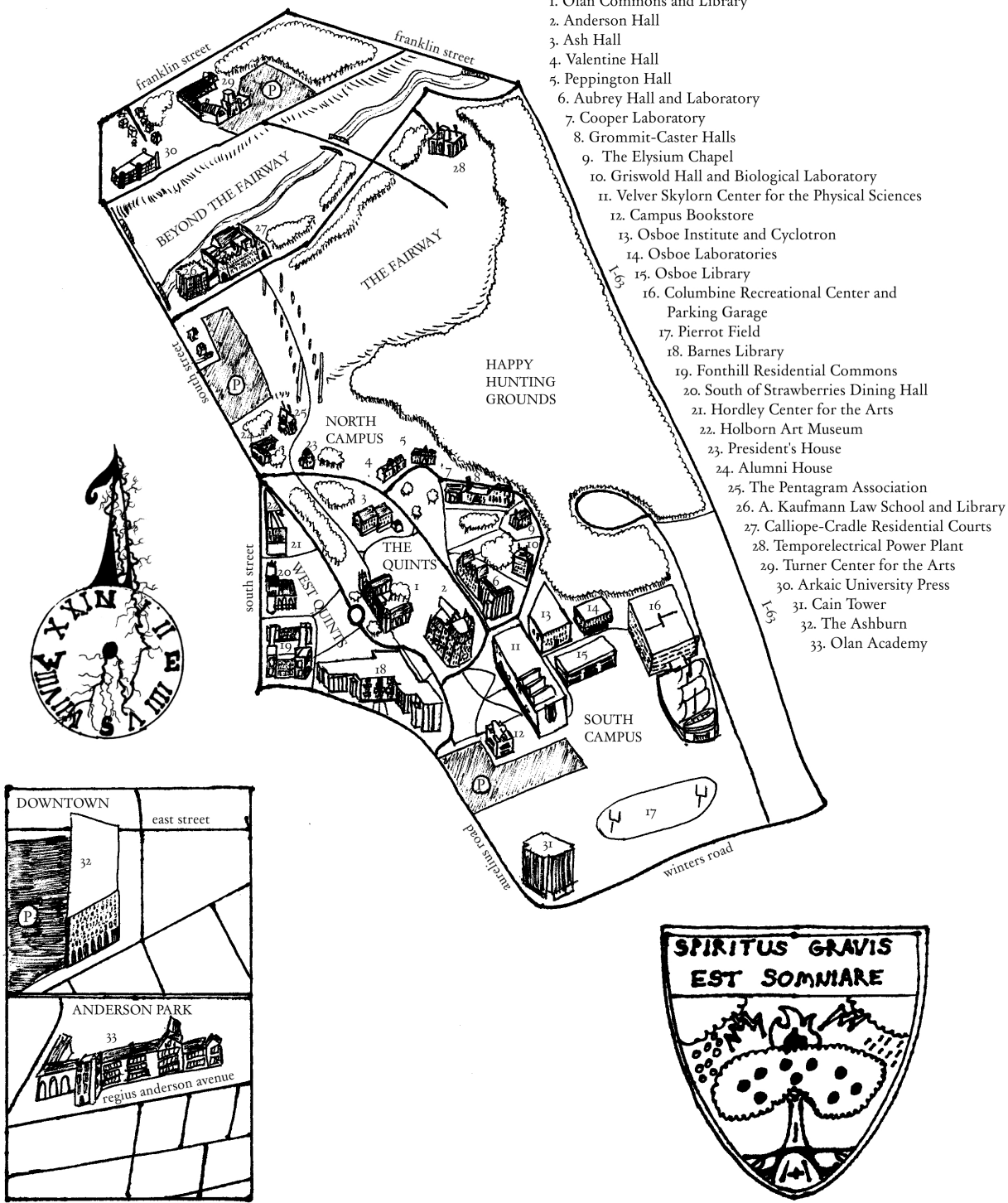
Shattering Glass is a serial novel published for the Amazon Kindle in eight installments for 99 cents each. A complete electronic version will be available in late 2012, followed by a print edition.

You can purchase the first installment here: <http://tinyurl.com/shatteringglass>

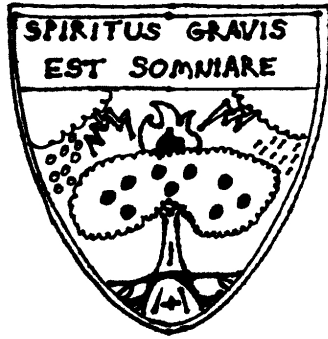
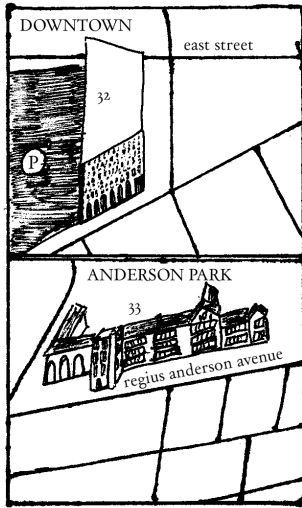
You can learn more about the novel here: <http://tinyurl.com/shatteringglassnovel>

ARKAIC UNIVERSITY

ARKAIC, MICHIGAN



1. Olan Commons and Library
2. Anderson Hall
3. Ash Hall
4. Valentine Hall
5. Peppington Hall
6. Aubrey Hall and Laboratory
7. Cooper Laboratory
8. Grommit-Caster Halls
9. The Elysium Chapel
10. Griswold Hall and Biological Laboratory
11. Volver Skylorn Center for the Physical Sciences
12. Campus Bookstore
13. Osboe Institute and Cyclotron
14. Osboe Laboratories
15. Osboe Library
16. Columbine Recreational Center and Parking Garage
17. Pierrot Field
18. Barnes Library
19. Fonthill Residential Commons
20. South of Strawberries Dining Hall
21. Hordley Center for the Arts
22. Holborn Art Museum
23. President's House
24. Alumni House
25. The Pentagram Association
26. A. Kaufmann Law School and Library
27. Calliope-Cradle Residential Courts
28. Temporelectrical Power Plant
29. Turner Center for the Arts
30. Arkaic University Press
31. Cain Tower
32. The Ashburn
33. Olan Academy



DUNYA AND THE MAN IN THE MOON (R'LYEH REMIX)

'Twas despair, yes, and madness which drove me like a fool from the university on an October night long ago. My name is Dunya Blavatsky, I was only eighteen, and I had traveled thousands of miles from the gentle shores of my native California to this new home – this hell-haunted town in howling Michigan – in order to gain the education that would save me from the poverty which had afflicted my family for generations. Alas! My grants had gone dry, and I hadn't secured sufficient work or loans. You must understand, then, that banal as it must seem compared to the extravagant terrors that awaited me, it was the stark despair of poverty and a beggaring madness that drove me, like a fool, to flee the university, the only haven of comfort and warmth in that accursed northern state. Not knowing where to go, I went into the city, and not knowing what the city held in store for me, I went blindly. Oh, cursed youth, cursed folly! What I would give to change the pedestrian obstacles of that unhappy day for the monstrous and otherworldly afflictions with which I now contend!

It was a bus that took me on the long ride from the university to the gloomy and desolated environs of the North Side, and as we drove I enjoyed the wide prospects of this damaged part of the earth. I say “enjoyed” because its bleak and damp was perfectly matched to the oppressive weight that had settled on my own spirit, although truly it is only now that I recognize that there can be no natural explanation for my apprehension, whatever my financial difficulties might have been. Whomsoever is afflicted with a sense of drear fatality, a sense of doom that impends invisibly from all directions, they would easily find a mirror of their disposition in the cursed hovels and alleys of the City of Arkaic. Large, not dense, but sprawling, the town had been tossed together from the logged remains of the North Woods a scarce hundred-years before, and had never forgotten the wilderness from which it sprang. It had been a home to the automobile industry, and yet as that business and the men who oversaw it fell into decay, plagued by their own greed and sickness of avarice, Arkaic crumbled as well. At length, half of its inhabitants had left, and so half of the homes were empty. Prairie-style houses, molded in the shape of meadow escarpments, were now overtaken by sagging meadow thorns. Cape-Cods which had boasted picturesque cottage gardens were now rotted and overgrown with weeds and rank pestilence. It was a peculiarly Midwestern malaise that had fallen over the old town like a pall, and yet, as I would soon learn, the source was worse than a mere withering; it was evil! Yes, evil, an ancient evil, older than the young and dying town, older than the heathen tribes it had displaced, older than the very forest primeval that had stood on these grounds for eons beyond eons, crisscrossed the land in imperceptible striations, and with equally imperceptible exhalations promised a poison of excessive pollution incomprehensible in its horror and unspeakable in its depravity!

And so, at the end of my bus ride, I found myself in a horrible little restaurant – the sort of smoke-and-coffee den where the sterility of the light covers but cannot conceal the absolute mockery of life expressed in one's every routine action. Nevertheless, weary and confused, I found myself a seat in a booth near a window, that looked out upon a pitted, ruinous highway, and ordered a cup of coffee, and studied what was around me, hoping for a mercy of insight or hope.

Alas, I found only the opposite of that for which I sought, though it pains me to speak of it. For an evil fully as old as that which covered the town was outside and above, in plain view, though

I did not recognize this at the time. There was, admittedly, a certain noxious, livid look to the moon that I had never noticed before, or elsewhere, and which ought to have, perhaps, arisen a sentiment of suspicion within me. But I assumed that this perception was merely my sleep-deprived mind or eyes were playing tricks upon me. For it was utterly unreal, this moon. With the bloated purple of an incomprehensible stygian flower, of a mottled bruise which is spoken of by gibbering worshipers reading cursed books, blossoming into the hideous violet of necromantic bloom, the moon, the very moon, leered down at me and started to speak!

“I worry about you,” the thing said. I waited, and it continued. “I worry about the world and I worry about you.”

“Why do you worry about me?” I answered, as if this was the most natural thing in the world.

“I worry about you until I cry.”

“Why?” I asked. I wondered if my conversation would have seemed deranged to the waiter and other customers, but one look at their pallid, almost corpse-like distraction confirmed their uncanny indifference to whatever I might say or do.

I split the curtain with my fingers to take a closer look at this demoniac being that I had known as the moon.

“You've touched the ocean,” the being croaked, “but have you touched the Great Lakes? They are broad and strange to human eyes, but their waters are stiller than you'll expect. They freeze in the winter. They're cool all summer long, and they get warm in the early autumn sunsets. They respond as the oceans do not. Clear water. Sand and stones. But I've never gotten to feel such things. Lake water never lay across my surface. Just pimples and sores. Have you?”

Its hideous sadness was almost as profound as the fact of its overall wretched presence, so I could not keep a tremor of sympathy out of my voice as I cautioned it, “Touching is dangerous.”

“But have you?” it insisted.

“What if it's contagious?” I answered, knowing not of what contagion I spoke.

“Answer the question.”

I ordered another cup of coffee. These were difficult questions, and I was uncertain how to answer them with both truth and discretion. In the hallucinatory haze of that night, I did not consider that these were questions not meant for human contemplation, and with which such contemplation must only result in incurable insanity, or worse, damnation!

I remember little of the hours that subsequently passed, except that they implanted in me an impression, a deadly mesmerism: *You shall never escape. You shall always return here. You shall sleep in the meat locker with the Koegel viennas before all is over.* And in the intervening period – one hour and forty-nine minutes, to be precise – I was visited upon by many daemons in human and inhuman forms. The moon prodded me with question after question, but the contours of the answers were an alien shape, spoken in languages not known to the human tongue, and which I was taught in that moment from the deranged high-pitched voice of the cashier, as he read aloud to me from the *Necronomicon* penned in diabolic derangement by the mad Arab Abdul Alhazred. The phosphorescent ceiling fan,

cut from the embalmed bones of celestial simians buried in the alpine dunes of impenetrable Leng, and its rhythmic cutting of light into non-Euclidean cadences, reminiscent lapping waves of the Tarterean river itself tattooed upon my brain a forgetful remembrance and a wakeful slumber. Ask not what eldritch secrets they confessed that night, nor what unholy histories they revealed to my uncomprehending mind! For ever since, my life has been lived like a nightmare walking. I don't understand a thing, you see! I don't understand a bit of it! Except for one bit, I understand, and it is that I know down my bones that I have been ever cursed and damned and doomed! Pity me! Pity me and do not go out alone at night! Do not flee the security of your safe haven, and if you do, do not look upon the awful, hideous moon!

<http://tinyurl.com/shatteringglassnovel>