

INNERSPACE

A NEW BRUNSWICK FANTASY
BY COLIN HARRISON



AFTER A WEARY JOURNEY I ARRIVED WITH MY WIFE IN ST MARTINS...



...AND TOOK MY FIRST SIGHT OF
THE MAGICAL DOORS OF THE
SAINT MARTINS INN.



MY DUTIES IN THE HOUSE WERE
MANY...



...BEGINNING WITH THE
RECEPTION OF OUR GUESTS...



...CARRYING THE HEAVY TRUNKS
UP TO THEIR ROOMS...



...MAKING FIRES AND HEATING
WATER...



...SERVING FOOD FROM THE
KITCHEN...



...AND WINE AND SPIRITS FROM THE CELLAR.



MORNING TO NIGHT I WAS HARD
AT WORK...



...WHILE MY GOOD WIFE
LABOURED AT CLEANING THE
HOUSE AND THE ROOMS...

...AND TAKING CARE OF THE FINE
CHINA AND FURNITURE.





WE HAD BECOME PRISONERS OF
THE ENCHANTED HOUSE...



...AND ALL THROUGH THE DAY A
SIREN VOICE CALLED TO ME TO
COME OUTSIDE.



THE VOICE HAUNTED MY DAYS
AND NIGHTS, ALWAYS DRAWING
MY MIND TO THE WORLD BEYOND.



LIKE A DRUG IT BLURRED MY
MIND. I WANDERED THE HOUSE
IN SEARCH OF PEACE.



FOR TO APPROACH THOSE DOORS
WAS TO TEMPT THE ABYSS.



UNTIL ONE NIGHT I FOLLOWED THE VOICE ACROSS THE MEADOW...



...TO A REVELRY OF NYMPHS & SATYRS HELD CAPTIVE BY THE HOUSE.



IN THE MORNING LIGHT, STILL DRUNK FROM THE BACCHANAL...



MY COMPANIONS OF THE NIGHT
RETURNED TO THEIR STATIONS.
AND I...



I TOO WAS CAST INTO
ENCHANTED FORM, AN ETERNAL
CAPTIVE OF THE HOUSE.



I TOO WAS CAST INTO
ENCHANTED FORM, AN ETERNAL
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I TOO WAS CAST INTO
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FIN

