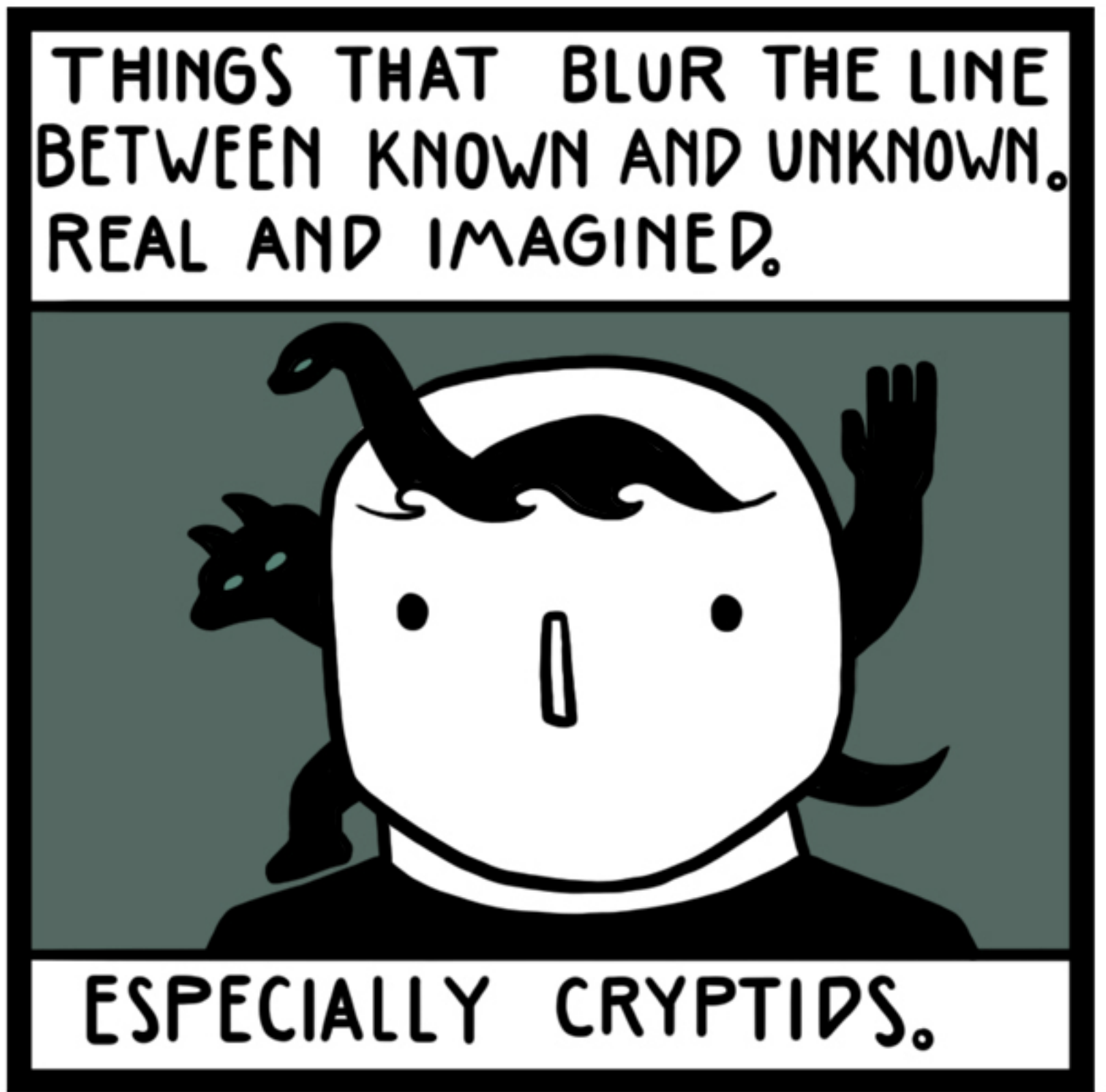




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TO ME, IT HAD TO BE ONE OF THE HIGHEST FORMS OF ART POSSIBLE TO "LAUNCH" ONE OF THESE THINGS.

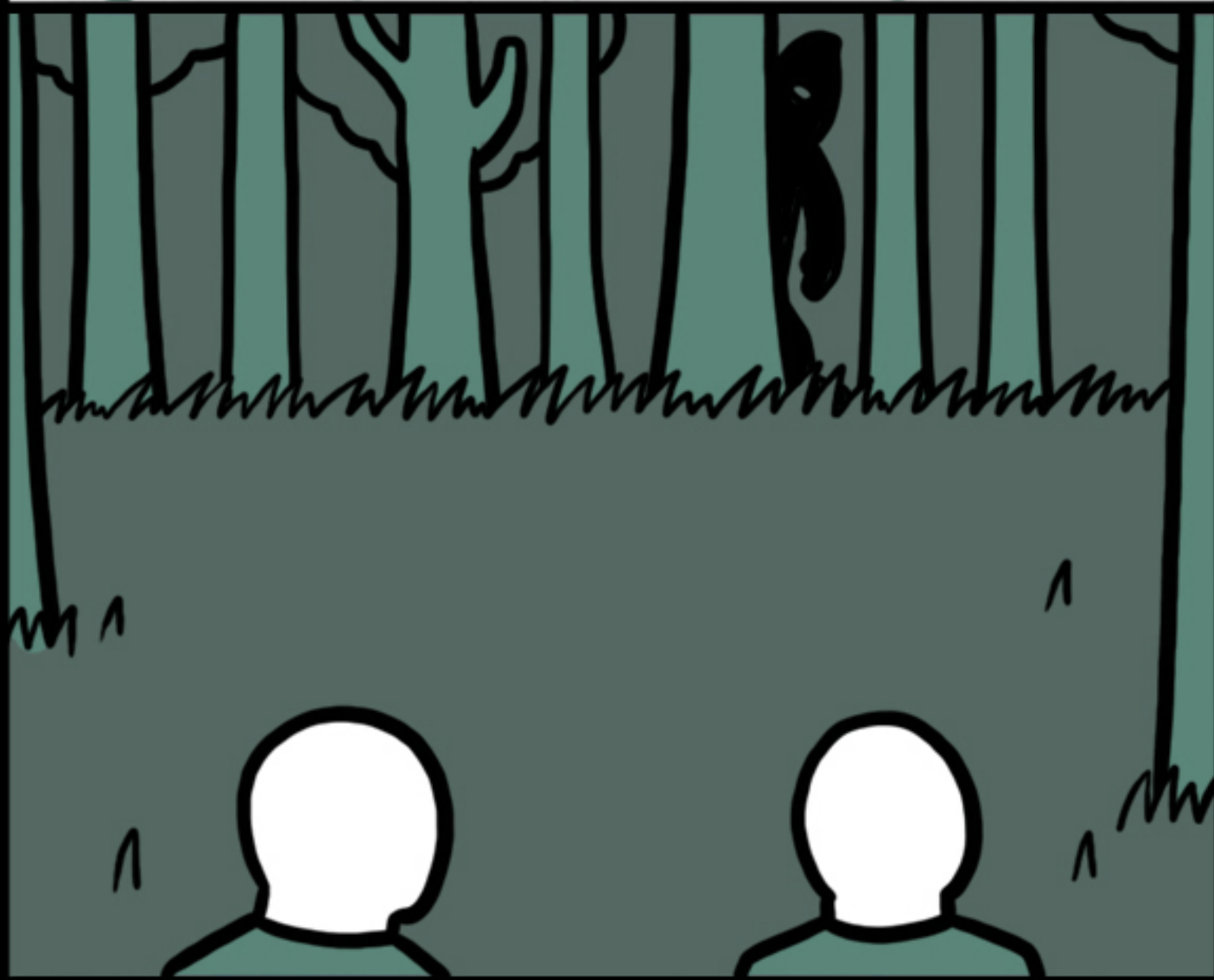


YOU TELL SOME STORY, AND THEN IT'S OUT THERE, FLOATING ON THE EDGE OF REALITY.



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OTHER PEOPLE SEE IT.



ALMOST LIKE MAGIC.

I KNEW SOME PEOPLE THAT HAD SEEN SOME OF THESE CREATURES.



I WANTED TO THRUST MY HAND INTO THAT WORLD.

SO I DID. I CREATED FISHMAN.

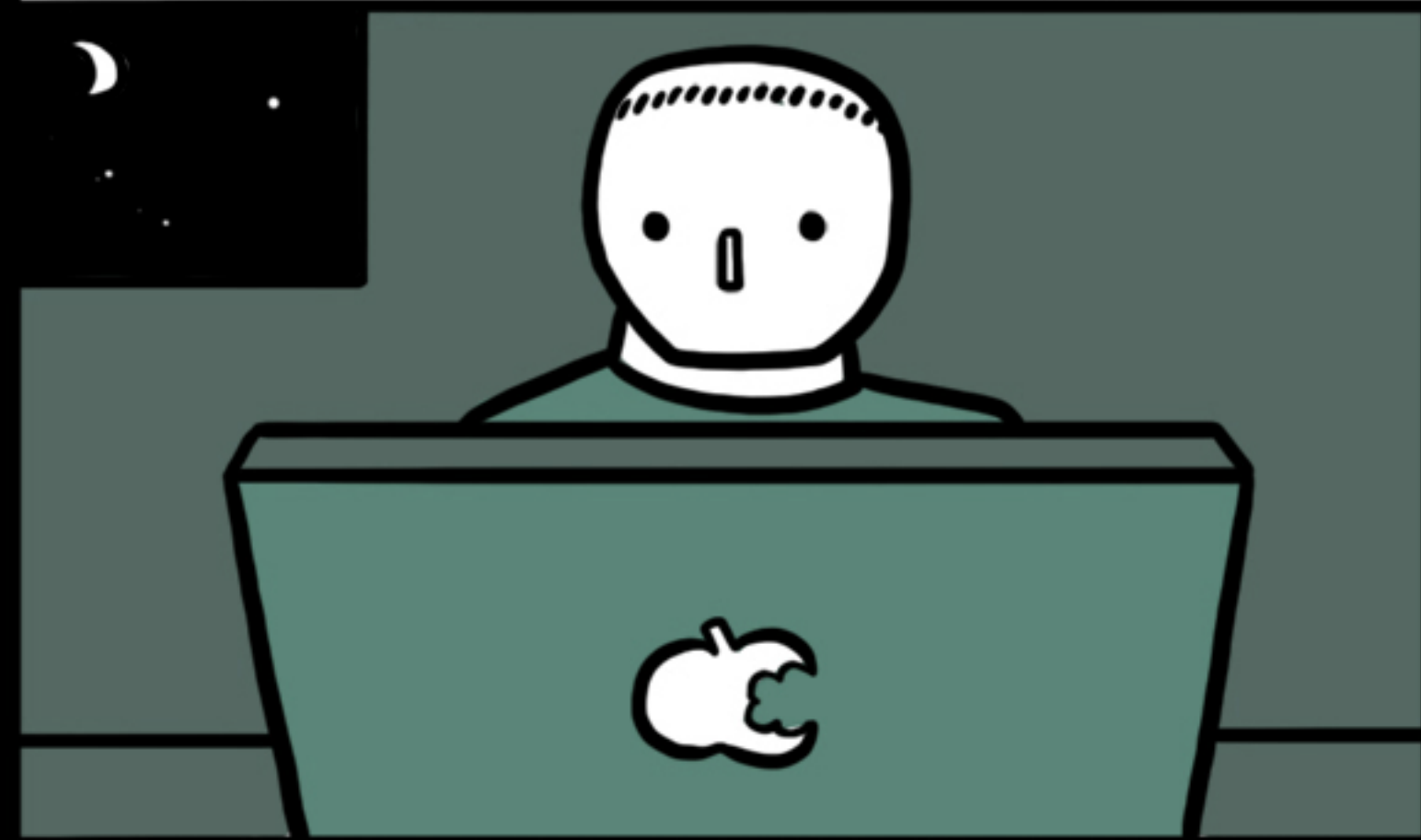


I'M FROM CAPE COD. LOTS OF LOCALS. LOTS OF TOURISTS, OPEN WATER, FOREST,



I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE PERFECT.

I STARTED SLOW. MADE SOME FAKE SOCIAL MEDIA ACCOUNTS. LET THEM BUILD UP SOME BACKLOG, SOME HISTORY.



LET THEM LOOK REAL.

MADE THE FIRST POST ABOUT IT. WAITED A FEW MONTHS, THEN MADE ANOTHER POST FROM ANOTHER ACCOUNT.



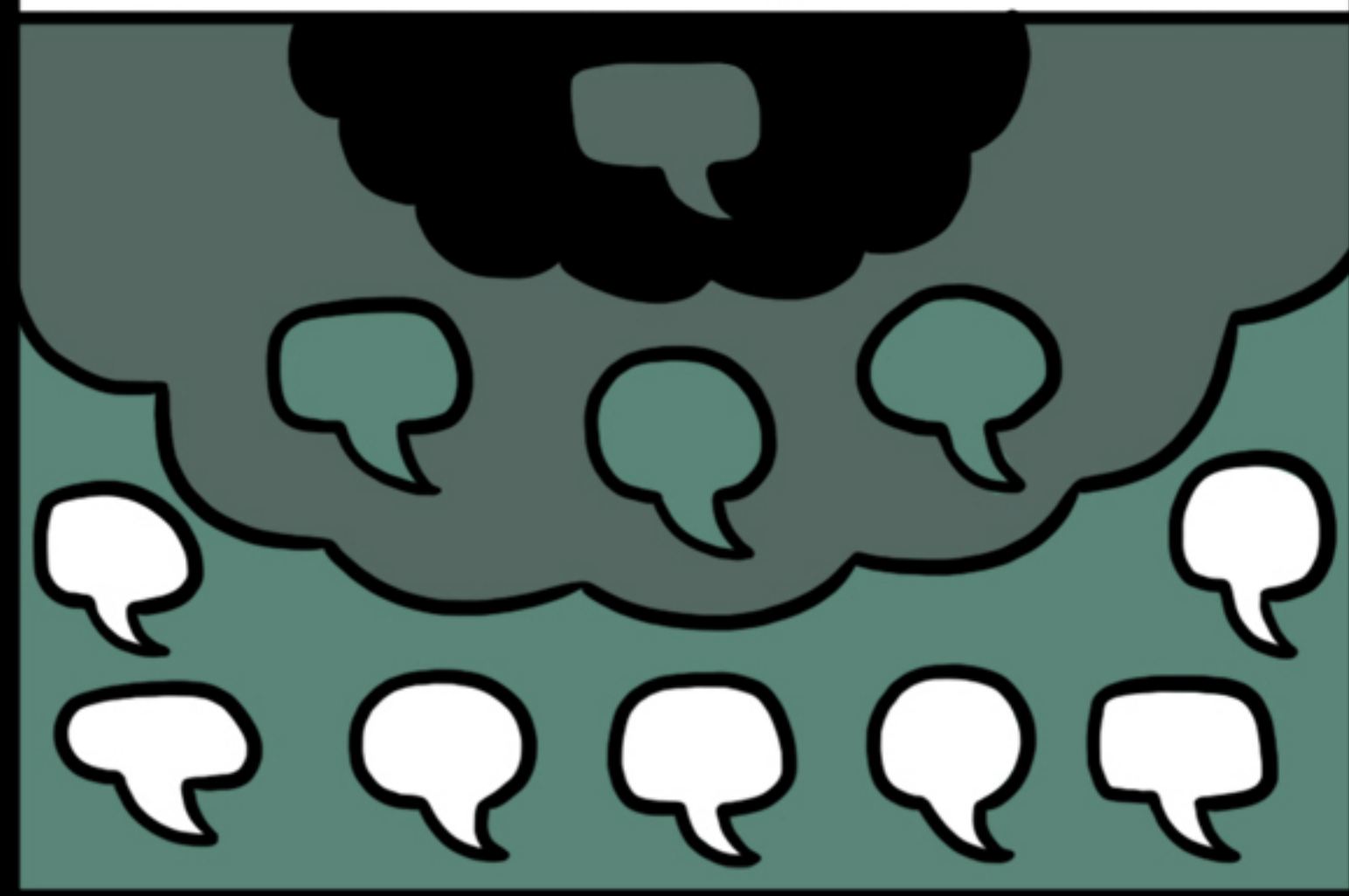
MOONDOG @MOONDOG99

SAW THE WEIRDEST THING
OUT ON THE WATER TODAY
LIKE A FISH... MAN?

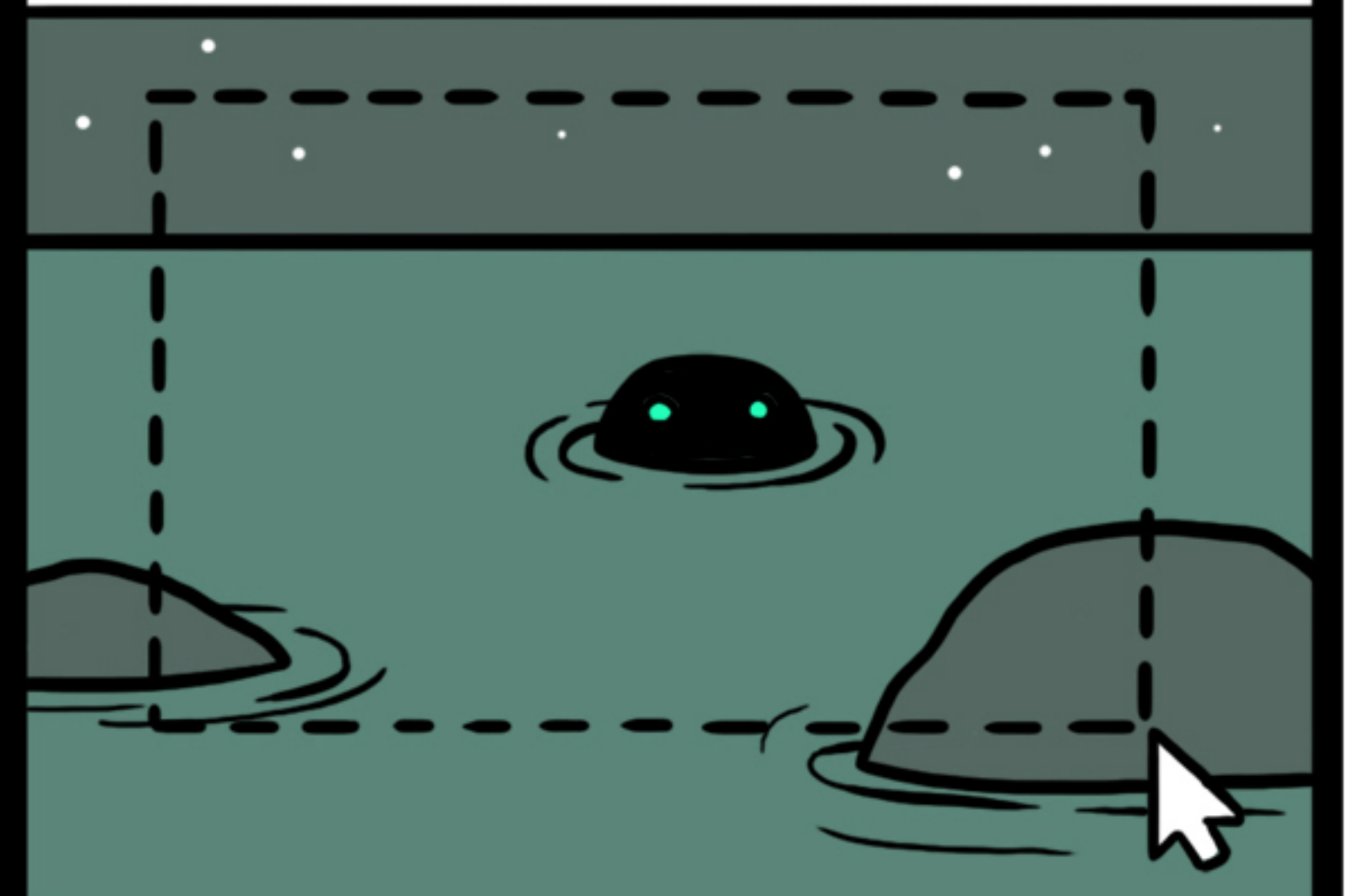


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I WANTED A SLOW BUILD UP. IF SOMEONE LOOKED BACK THROUGH THE INTERNET FOR IT, IT COULDN'T JUST SUDDENLY APPEAR ONE DAY.

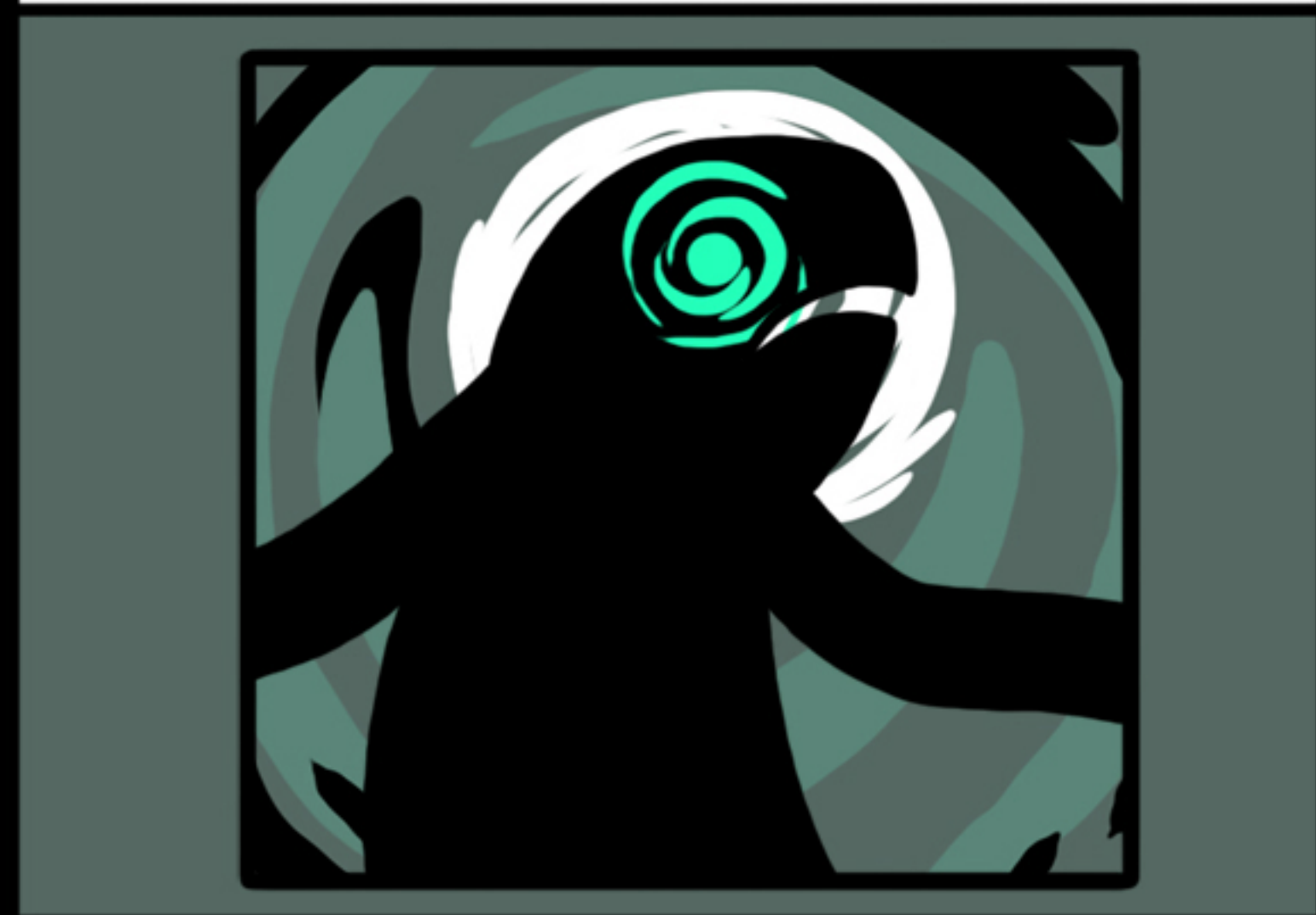


EVENTUALLY I MOCKED UP A FEW IMAGES IN PHOTOSHOP.



I GAVE IT THESE BRIGHT GREEN EYES.

I PAID A PAINTER TO MAKE A PAINTING OF IT. IT TURNED OUT A LOT CREEPIER THAN I EXPECTED.



I HAD IT IN MY LIVING ROOM FOR A FEW DAYS, BUT IT WAS TOO CREEPY.



HAD TO TAKE IT DOWN AND PUT IT IN THE GARAGE.

I PUT THE PAINTING ONLINE. MORE STORIES. EVEN MADE SOME MEMES THAT GOT SOME TRACTION.



JUST WANTED TO GET PEOPLE TALKING.

IT WAS WORKING. PEOPLE WERE TALKING.



I EVEN MADE AN ETSY STORE TO SELL SHIRTS AND STICKERS ABOUT FISHMAN.

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I KEPT SLOWLY PUTTING OUT MORE AND MORE INFORMATION ABOUT IT. SOON, I WASN'T THE ONLY ONE.



OTHER PEOPLE WERE POSTING ABOUT IT NOW.



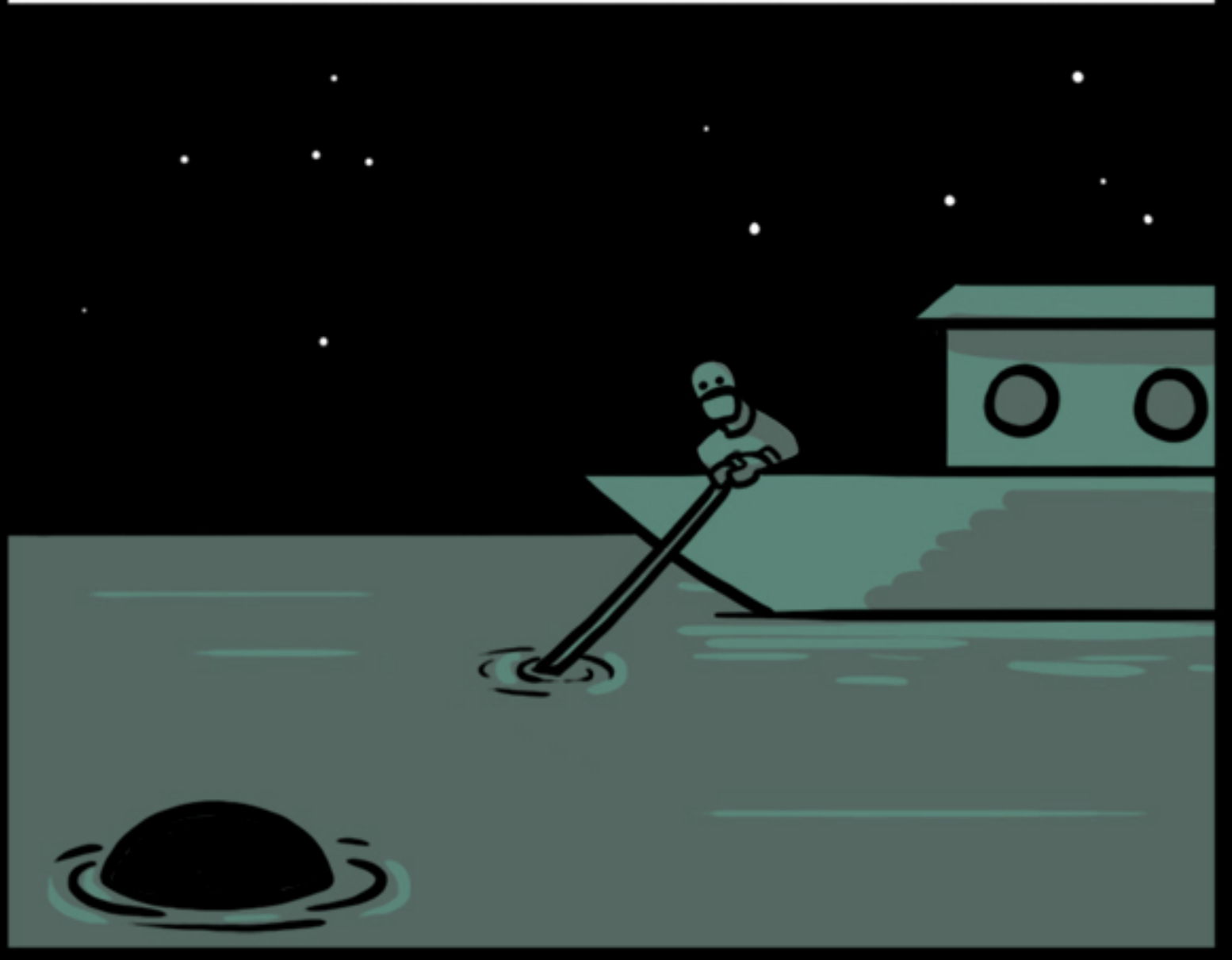
IT EVEN GOT ON THE NEWS.

SOON THERE WERE STORIES NOT FROM ME.



WEIRD STORIES.

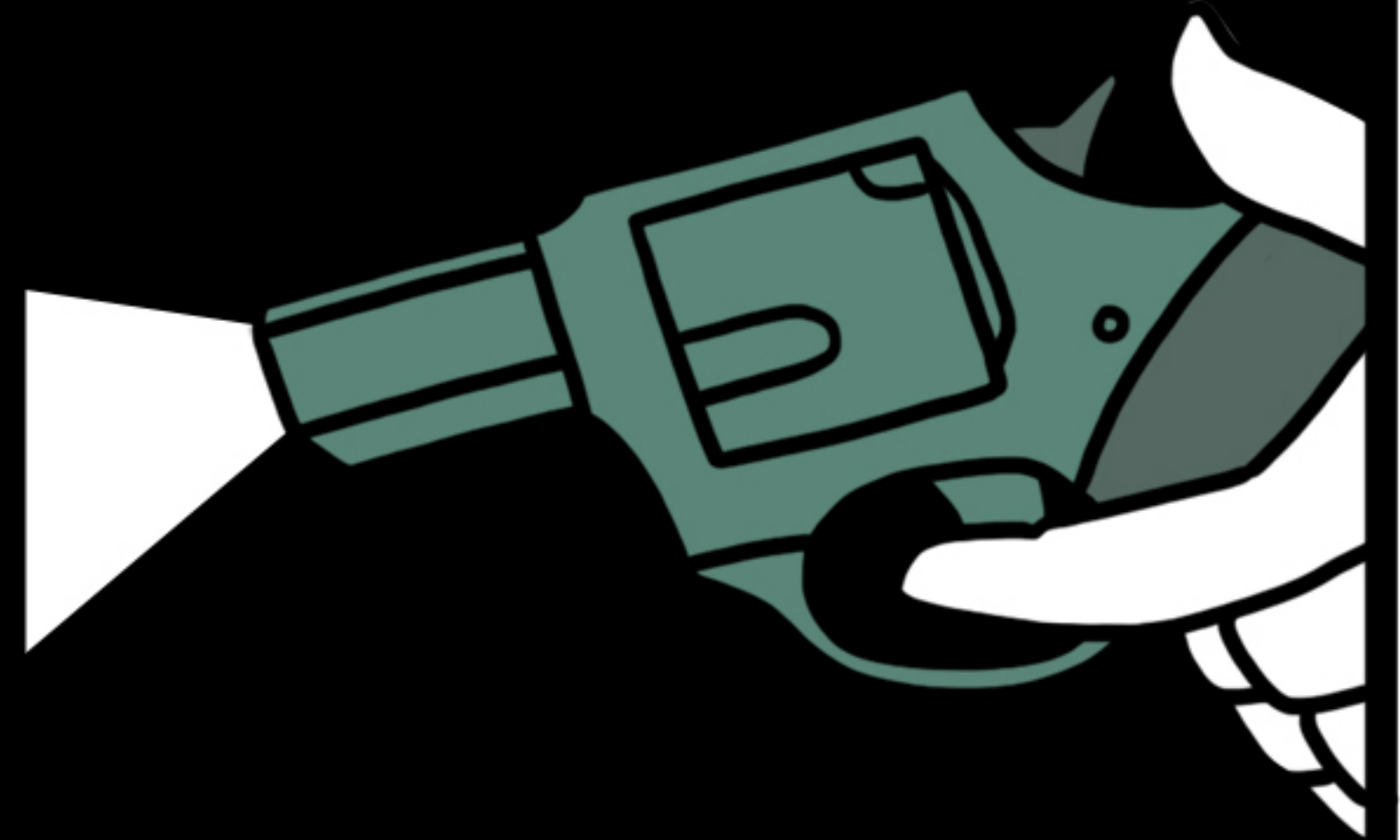
ONE GUY SAID HE SAW IT WHILE UNLOADING LOBSTER TRAPS.



A GIRL SAID SHE SAW IT WITH SOME FRIENDS WHILE SWIMMING.

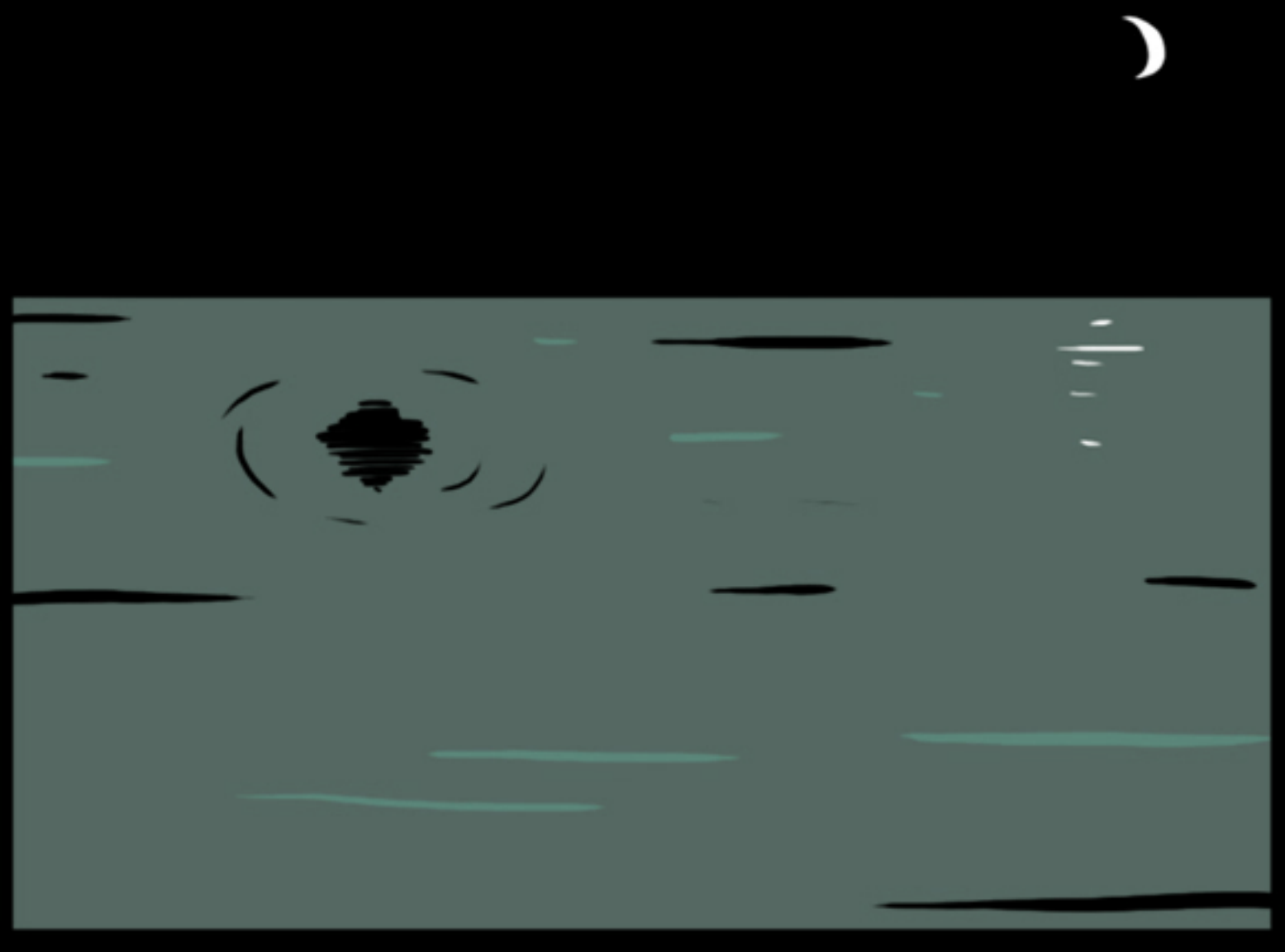


AN OLD MAN EVEN SAID HE SHOT IT WHEN IT CAME UP TO HIS BOAT.

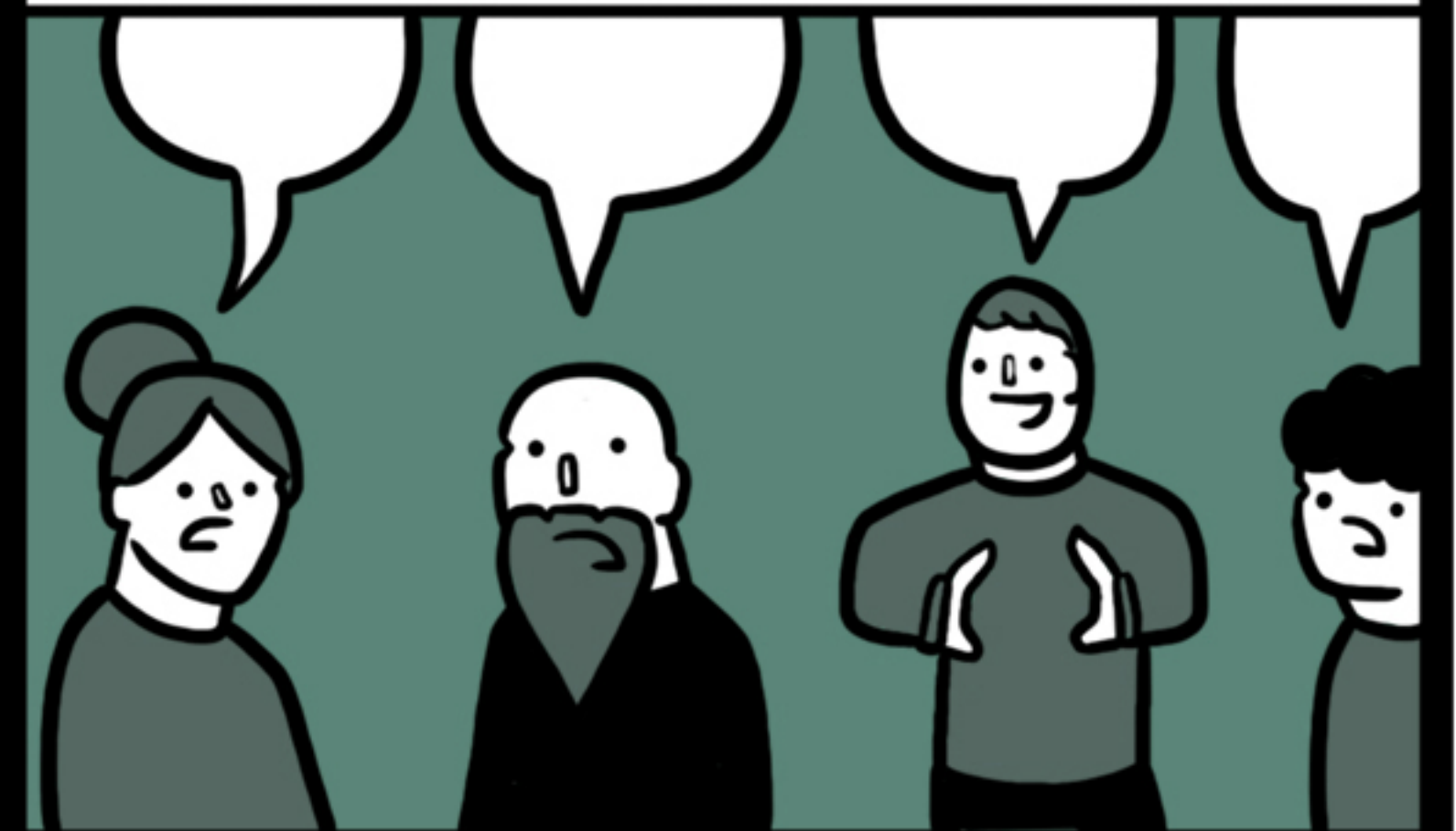


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SAID THE BULLET DIDN'T DO ANYTHING, AND THAT IT JUST SWAM OFF.



THE SIGHTINGS GOT MORE AND MORE FREQUENT.

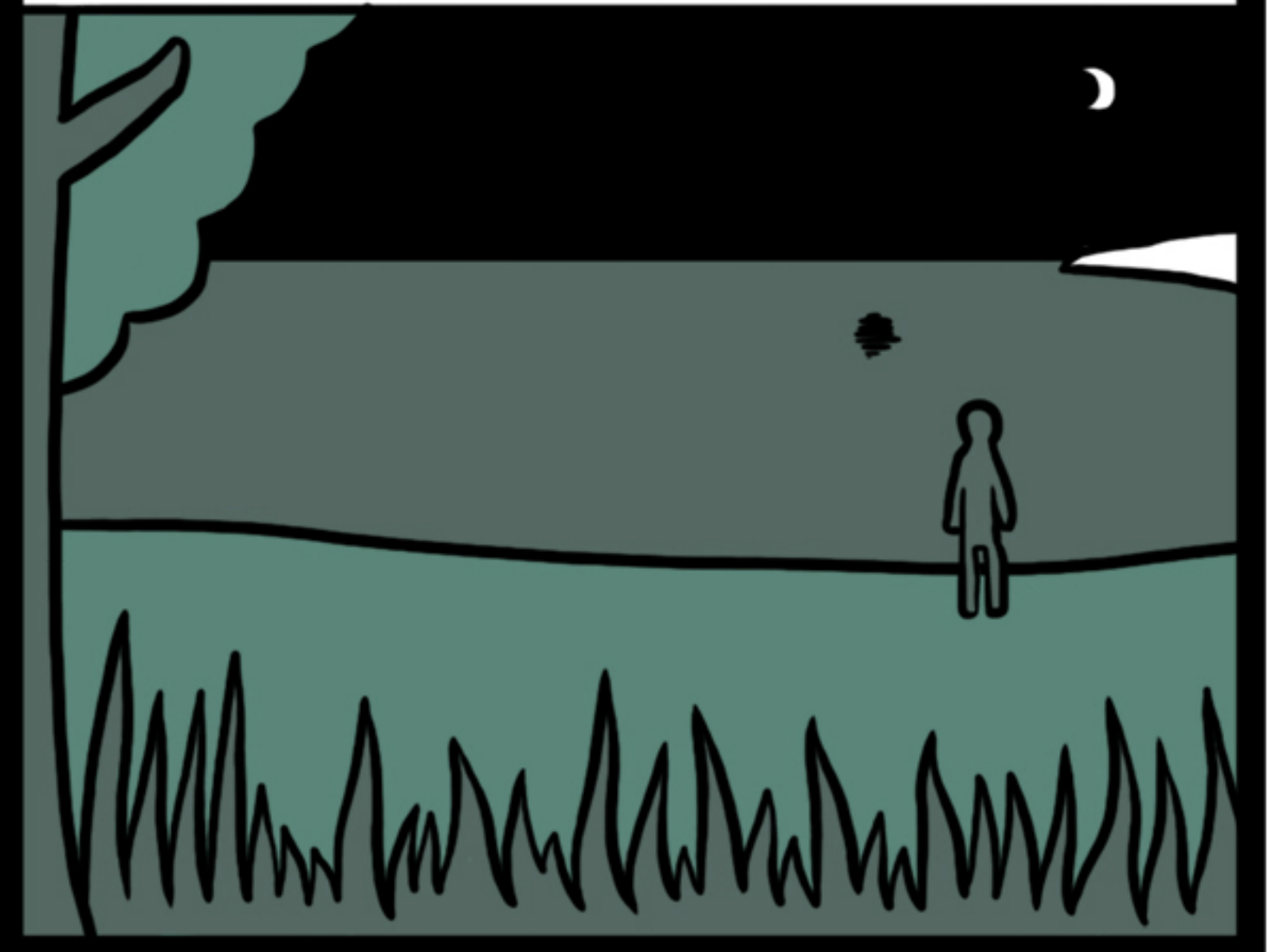


I FELT VERY ACCOMPLISHED, LIKE A GREAT PAINTER FINISHING A MASTERPIECE.

I RODE THIS HIGH FOR A WHILE.



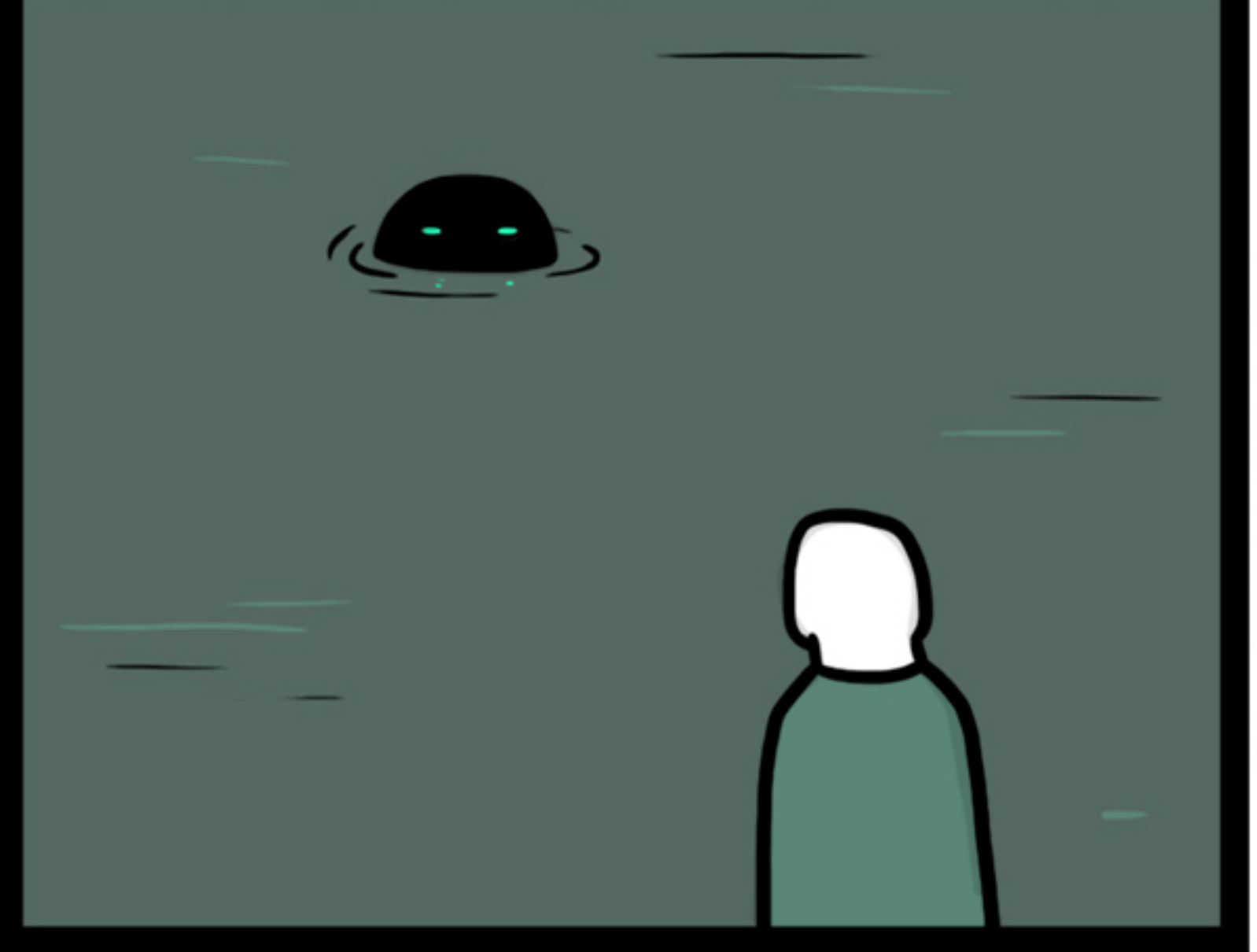
THEN THERE WAS THE THING THAT HAPPENED IN PROVINCETOWN.



A WOMAN SAID HER KIDS WERE PLAYING ON THE SHORE, AND THEY SAW THE FISHMAN.

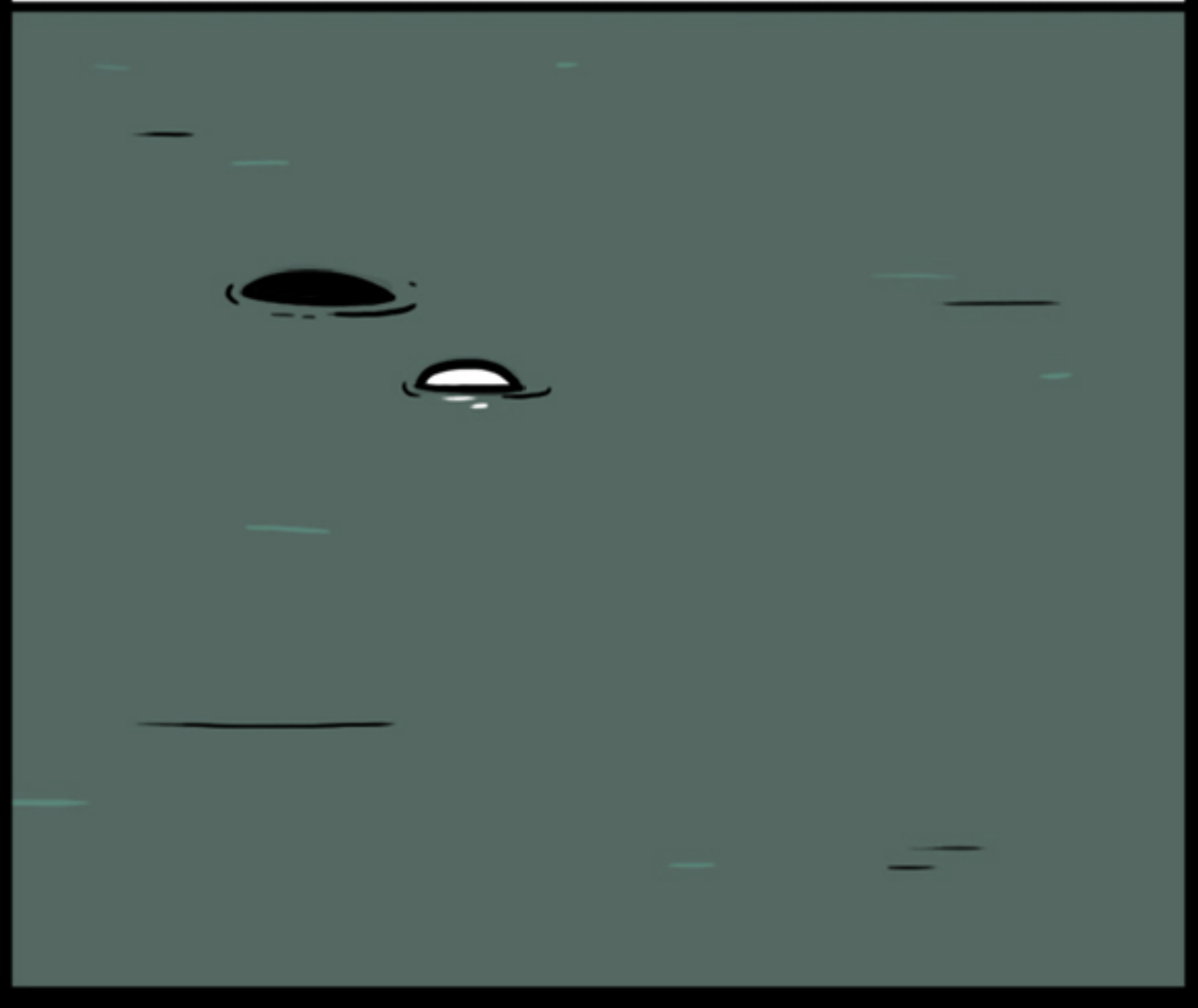


SHE SAID HER SON JUST WALKED INTO THE BAY RIGHT UP TO IT.

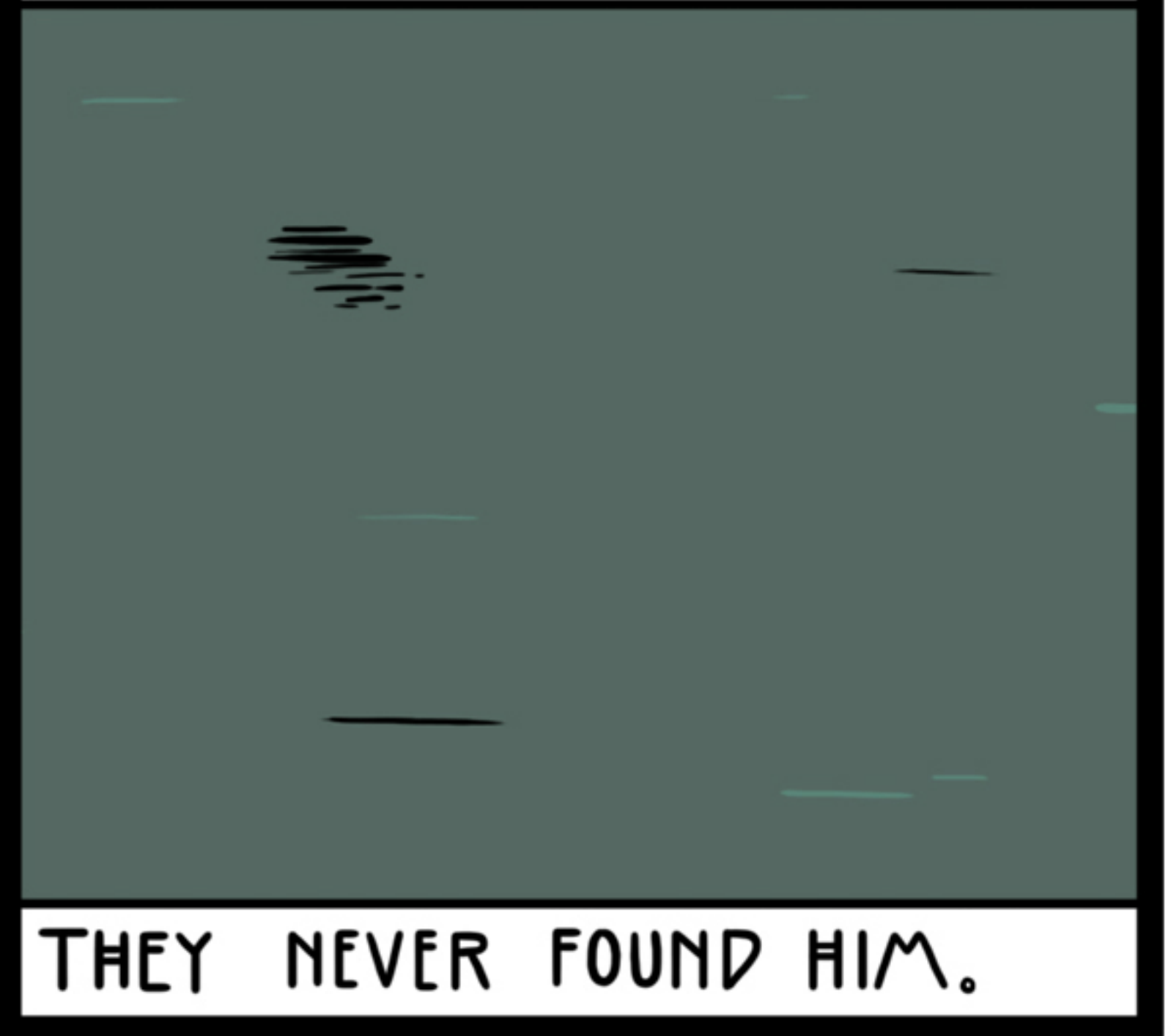


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AND THEN THEY BOTH DISAPPEARED INTO THE WATER.

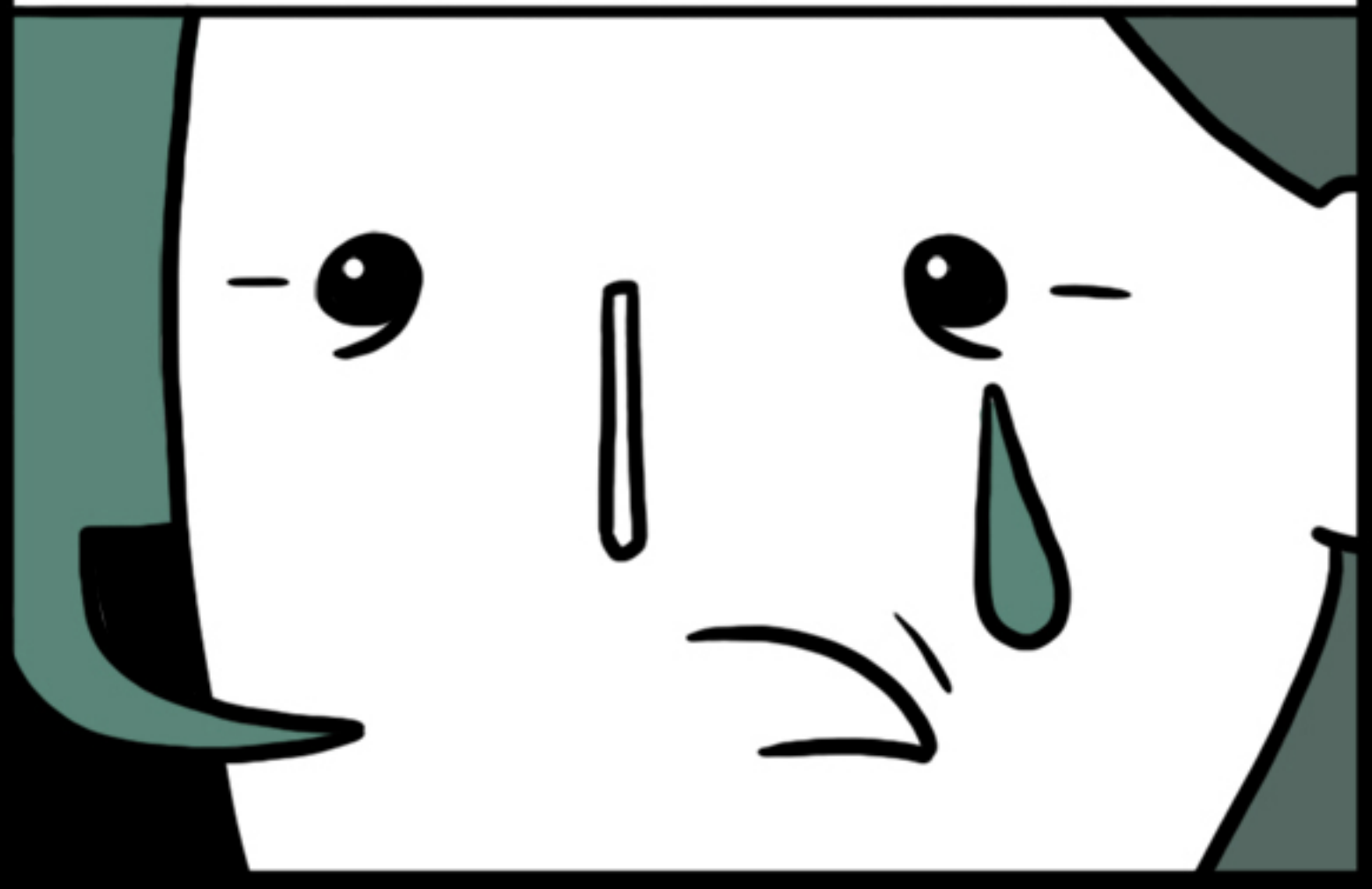


HE NEVER CAME BACK UP.

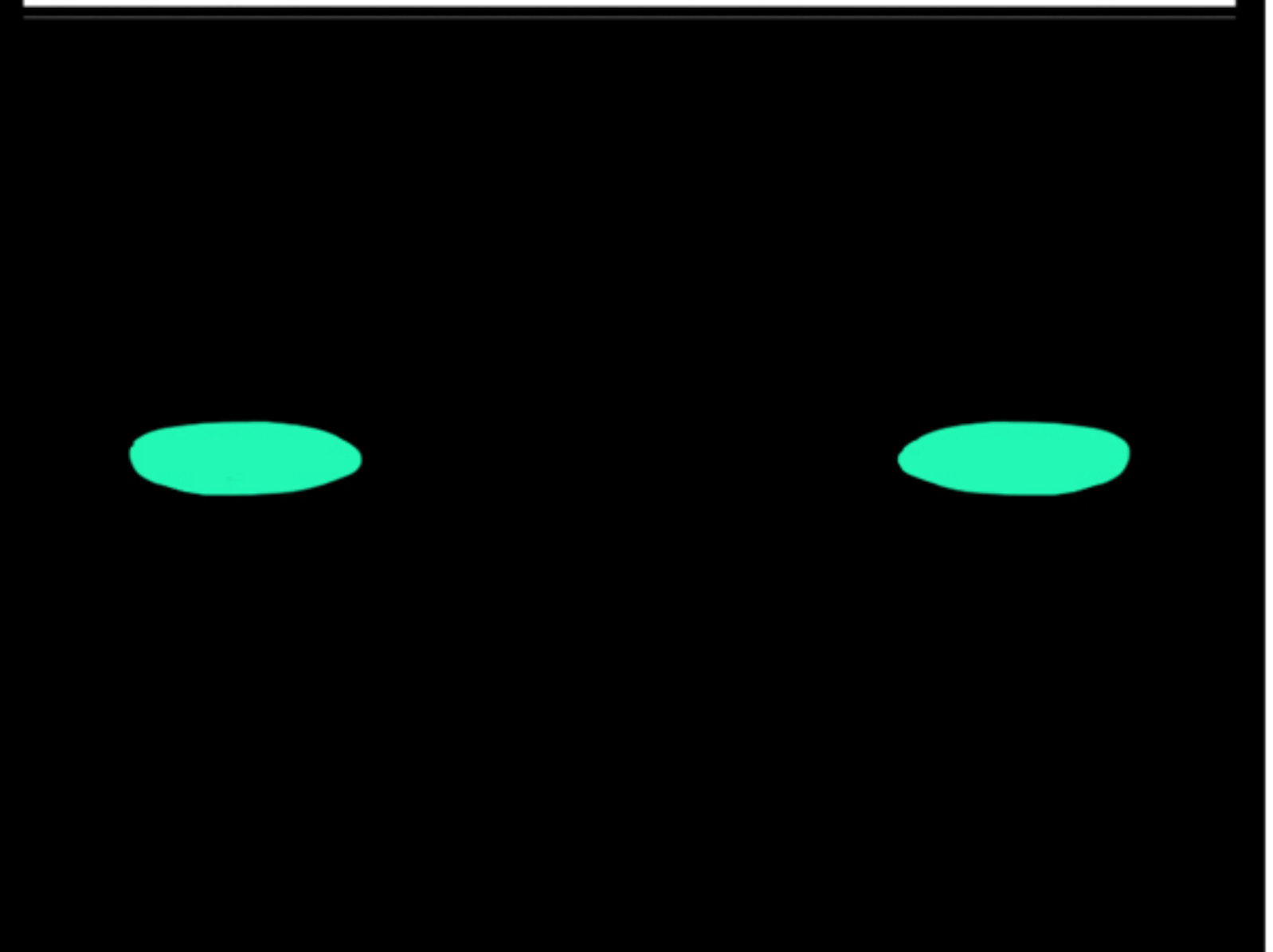


THEY NEVER FOUND HIM.

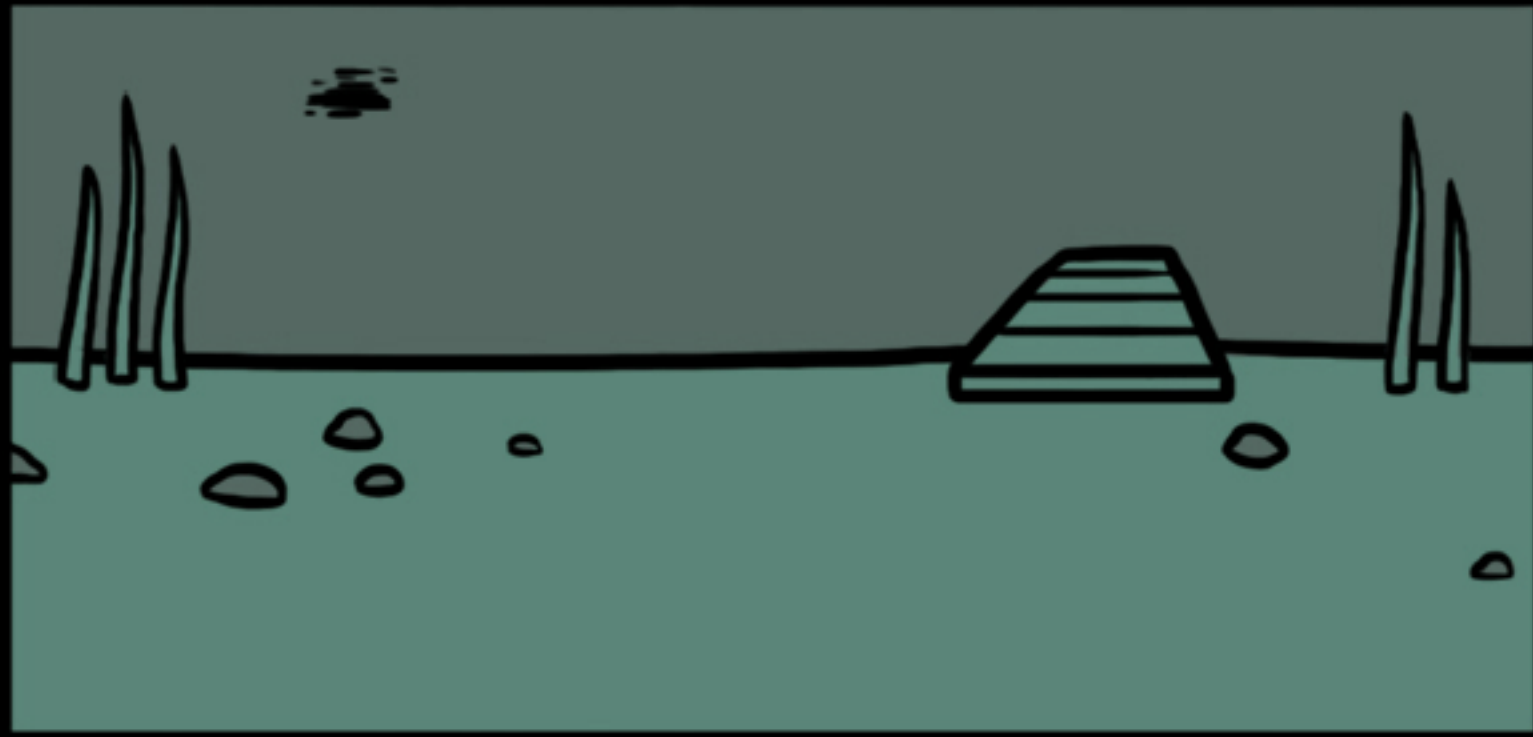
I THINK EVERYONE THOUGHT THE MOM JUST DROWNED HIM OR SOMETHING, BUT SHE SWORE IT WAS THE FISHMAN.



SAID HE HAD THESE BRIGHT GREEN EYES THAT JUST LURED HIM IN.



THEN IT HAPPENED AGAIN
A FEW WEEKS LATER.



SOME GIRL DISAPPEARED.

THEN AGAIN.



THIS TIME IT WAS SOME
GUY FISHING.

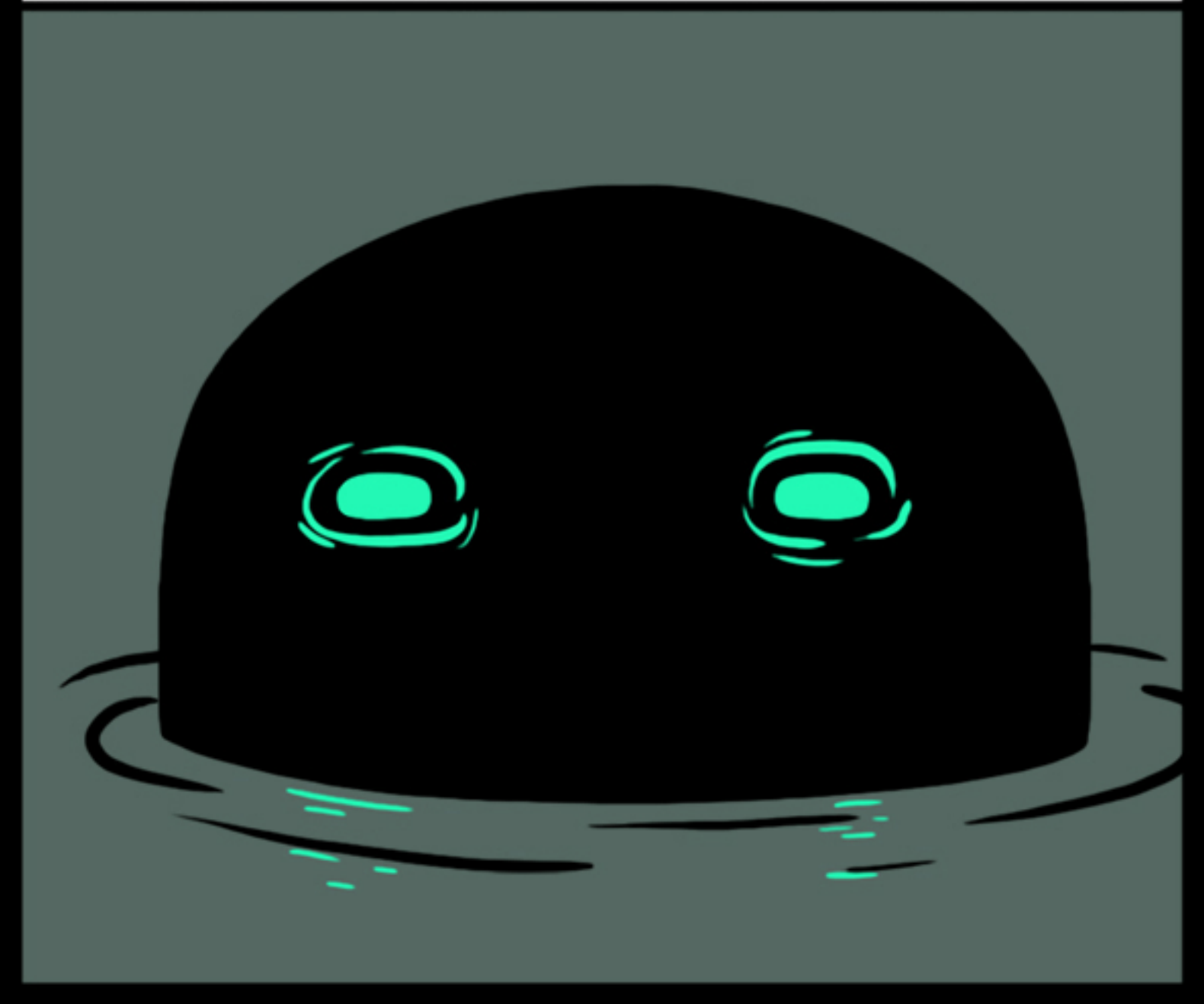
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HIS WIFE WAS WATCHING
HIM FROM THEIR CAR.



SAID HE JUST DROPPED HIS
GEAR AND WALKED STRAIGHT
INTO THE BAY.

THEY ALL MENTIONED
THE GREEN EYES.



THIS ALL WAS WAY TOO
MUCH FOR ME. I WAS ON
EDGE ALL THE TIME.



I STOPPED EATING.

EVENTUALLY I JUST MOVED
SOMEWHERE FAR AWAY FROM
WATER. CHANGED MY NAME EVEN.



I'LL NEVER GO BACK.

I DON'T THINK ABOUT IT MUCH ANYMORE.



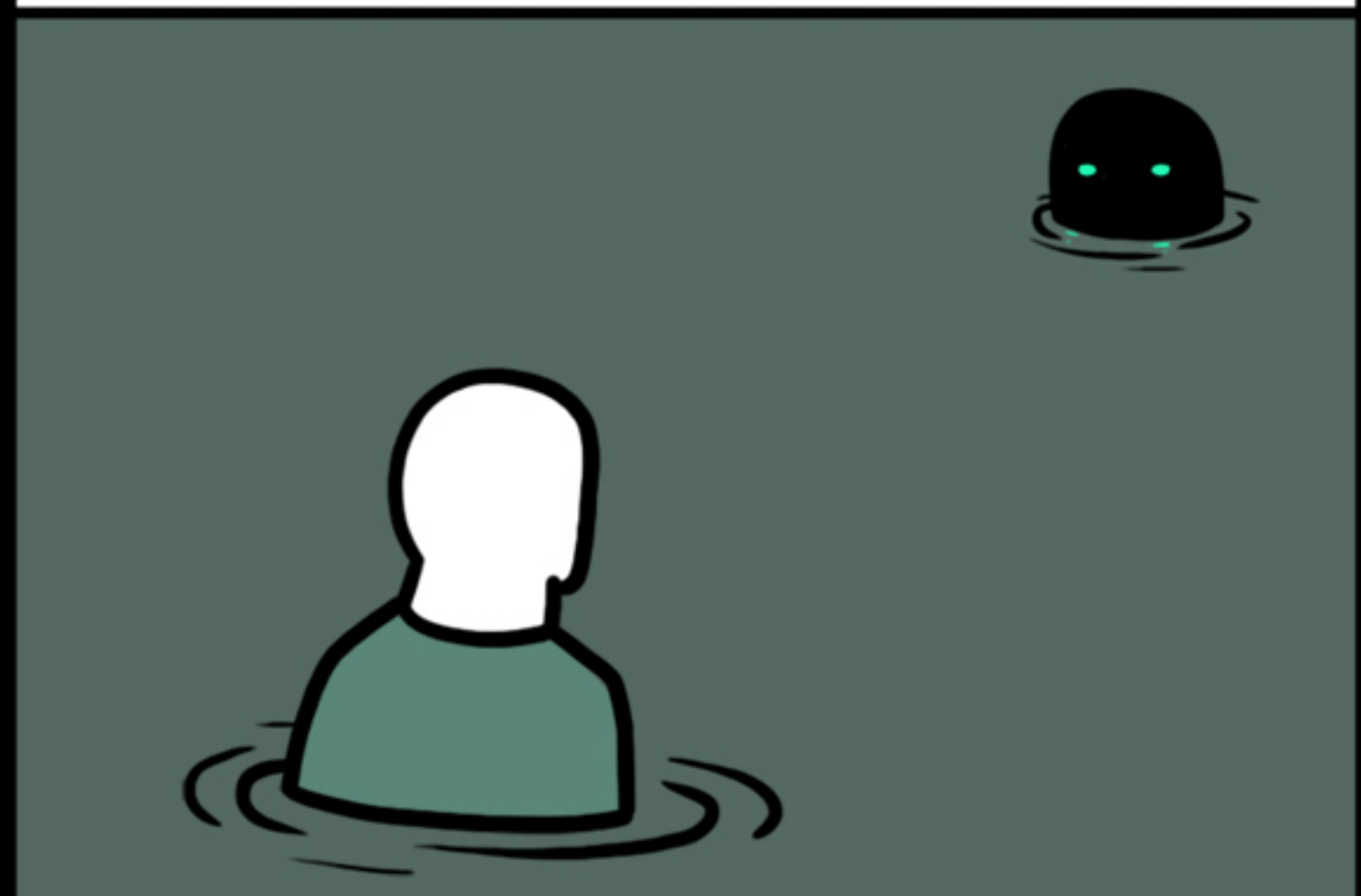
NO ONE KNOWS THAT I'M FROM THERE.

I DO HAVE THIS DREAM SOMETIMES THOUGH.



WHERE I SEE THE FISHMAN.

I SEE ITS BRIGHT GREEN GLOWING EYES. I'M HYPNOTIZED.



I WALK RIGHT INTO THE BAY.

MY MIND IS TOTALLY BLANK. I WALK TOWARDS IT UNTIL THE WATER IS UP TO MY FACE.



THEN SOMETHING PULLS ME UNDER.

AND THEN I WAKE UP.

