

Krelløy

A Lovecraftian Horror Novel of Arctic
Isolation and Cosmic Annihilation

Michal Polgár

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For my Linnet,
who saw the fog first.

Quiet Ends

Book I

Krelløy

BRIDGE LOG

M/V Coastal Supplier Vardehorn

Captain E. Larsson

October 13, 2025

0442 hours - Position: 72°40'N, 18°48'E

Atmospheric anomaly noted above Krelløy station. Stationary cloud formation over Trallhornet, rotating counterclockwise.

Visibility good.

Barometer falling rapidly - 982mb to 971mb in twelve minutes.

No storm systems reported in region.

Crew experiencing minor discomfort. Administering standard remedies.



0455 hours

Sea conditions: Anomalous. Surface tension elevated - wake dissipating within 3-5 meters of hull.

Speed decreased to 7.2 knots without corresponding engine adjustment. Chief Engineer confirms all systems nominal.

Medical: Seven crew members reporting epistaxis. Cause unknown. Bleeding minor but persistent.

Note: Recommend hydration and pressure monitoring.



0508 hours

Equipment irregularities as follows:

- GPS: Position variance $\pm 5\text{km}$
- Depth sounder: Returns inconsistent (200m/20m/2000m/NULL)
- Magnetic compass: 15° easterly deviation and increasing
- Radio: Intermittent interference, source unclear

Large object observed subsurface, portside. Chief Engineer reports hearing "engine strain" despite no mechanical irregularities. No recording captured the sound. Visual contact only - no radar signature. Parallel course maintained for 30 seconds. Classification pending.

Cloud formation now displaying internal illumination. Not static discharge - patterned glow across spiral arms. Duration: 3-4 seconds. Interval: Irregular. Characteristics do not match known meteorological phenomena.



0543 hours - Krelløy Harbor

Harbor approach completed without incident.

Water temperature: 11.2°C

Tidal movement: None observed

Current: None detected

Supply transfer to commence immediately.

Departure scheduled upon completion.

Note:

Recommend investigation of Route 7-Alpha.

[E. Larsson, Master - Employee #7739]

CHAPTER I

The Last Supply

October mornings on Krelløy possessed a quality of light that existed somewhere between day and dream. The sun's slow retreat toward winter solstice painted our kitchen in shades of pearl and amber. Through our window, Trallhornet's distinctive peak pierced the gathering mist, its crooked summit strange in the half-light.

Linnet measured cardamom and ginger with practiced precision, each movement carrying the weight of her Sabaot ancestry. Her dark hands performed the ritual with quiet grace, each gesture bridging her homeland and this remote Norwegian outpost we now called home. Steam spiraled from the chai, catching the light and transforming our kitchen into something sacred.

Watching her purposeful movements, I felt a deep gratitude beneath my breastbone.

Before Krelløy claimed me, I had been stuck in a routine under office lights. My grandfather's words echoed in me: "*A man belongs where his soul can breathe, Stefan.*"

Finding Krelløy felt like coming home. It was as if the wild had been waiting for me, with the sea whispering in a language my blood understood. And here, at last, with the woman I adored, I could breathe.

"Stefan," she called, her accent adding a musical lilt to my name, a sound that still moved me after three years of marriage. "Come see how the fog's settling in."

I left the weather reports and joined her at the window. Today's mist was different, forming pools rather than layers, moving slowly against the breeze. The approaching polar night often brought ice fog and temperature inversions, but this seemed unusually dense, obscuring Trallhornet's base while leaving its peak distinct.

"Probably just the season changing," I said, though the air's quality made my words seem hollow.

"No." Linnet shook her head slowly, her braids catching the reluctant light.

"We had fog like this in Kongit once. My grandmother wouldn't let any of us outside for two days." A small shiver ran through her. "*Mashetani ya milima.*"

"Mountain spirits?" My Norwegian was better than my Swahili, but I'd picked up enough.

"Yes." Her eyes didn't leave the window. "Not the good kind, either."

The kettle clicked off, startling us both.

Linnet laughed, easing the tension, though her laughter seemed to linger a bit too long in our small kitchen. "Look at us, jumping at kettles. You're making me as superstitious as the old women in my village."

As I got ready for work, her humming wove between Benga rhythms and Norwegian folk songs, a melody that perfectly captured our unlikely union.

We had created something unique here, in this place where Africa met the Arctic. Our home, though simple by mainland standards, had become a sanctuary filled with the echoes of our merged lives.

The calendar reminded me that we were approaching the time when darkness would claim dominion over our island.

Soon, the polar night would turn our world into a place with its own sense of time, a thought that made me shiver.

Linnet poured the chai into our favorite mugs and sank into her chair by my mother's orchid.

A slow grin tugged at her lips, the kind that always meant she was about to summon some old, half-forgotten mischief.

"You know," she said, "I still dream about your mother's face sometimes." She mimed a startled blink, clutching imaginary pearls. "Cardamom? In tea? Like I'd just handed her a cup of molten lead."

I snorted into my drink. "She drinks it now like it's holy water. Grandpa too. Last time we visited, she made me bring back three boxes of your blend."

"Traitors," Linnet said fondly. "All of them."

What I cherished most about our life together were the small triumphs of cultural exchange and how we bridged the gap between our worlds. Linnet adapted to the harsh northern climate with ease, while I learned to see our environment through her eyes, noticing the subtle rhythms her upbringing had taught her.

Outside our window, the fog thickened, adding to the isolation of our remote island.

Krelløy, with its population of barely fifty souls, felt like it existed on the edge of civilization, where time seemed to slow compared to the mainland's rush.

Linnet frowned at the empty harbor. "No sign of the supply ship." She tapped her mug against her teeth, a habit when she was concerned.

"Ingrid says they're already out of flour at the shop. And the medical supplies I ordered..."

"It'll come," I assured her. "Probably just delayed by weather on the mainland."

"Probably," she agreed, but didn't sound convinced. She glanced at her watch. "I should get ready. Mrs. Pedersen's bringing her grandson by at ten."

"Going to try your grandmother's remedy?"

A smile touched her lips. "The one with honey and the herb that tastes terrible? Yes."

Transitioning from a trained nurse in Nairobi to an unofficial healer on a remote Norwegian island wasn't easy, but Linnet had found ways to adapt her skills to serve our small community. Her blend of modern medicine and traditional practices earned her respect among the islanders, who had initially viewed our marriage with quiet skepticism.

The light filtering through our windows had taken on that distinct, elusive hue unique to Arctic autumn, when the sun hovered in hesitation, neither fully rising nor setting. It cast long shadows across our kitchen floor, turning familiar objects into something almost mythical.

The photos on our wall, recording our journey from our first online meeting to island life, caught the light in ways that made those moments feel both immediate and distant.

"You're going to be late," Linnet noted, her tone soft, not wanting to disrupt the morning's spell.

She moved gracefully across the kitchen, her fingers deftly adjusting my collar. This tender touch had become a ritual between us, unspoken yet deeply meaningful. Her fingers lingered at my neck, and I breathed in the comforting scent of coconut oil from her hair, a cherished reminder of Kenya against the harsh Arctic winds.

The fog outside had begun to take on substance now, pressing against our windows with an almost tangible weight. Amidst its shifting forms, Trallhornet's peak remained oddly clear, as if the mountain existed in a slightly different layer of reality than the surrounding mist.

The effect was subtle but unsettling, like a photograph that's slightly out of focus only at the edges.

As I turned toward the door, I had odd sensation that something within the fog was watching, not with eyes, but with focus.

The mist swirled around the wooden masks Linnet had hung by the door, carved artifacts from Kenya's Maasai Mara, moving in slow, unnatural spirals as if studying them.

I blinked, and the movement stopped. But the feeling remained, like I'd walked into the middle of a conversation I wasn't meant to hear.



The path from our home to Fiskekroken was a familiar one through Krelløy's sparse landscape. I'd traveled it countless times, from the endless light of the midnight sun to the deep darkness of polar night.

This morning, though, the island felt caught between states. The line between sea and sky blurred through the thickening fog.

The air carried a unique northern autumn heaviness, as if winter's touch was already upon it.

Our house, the last on the village's eastern edge, was originally built for seasonal workers in more prosperous times. Its blue paint and sturdy frame spoke of Norwegian practicality, but Linnet had gradually softened it with her own signatures.

Details like thick sisal rugs woven in earthy reds and golds that warmed the floors like sun-baked soil, a mortar and pestle carved from soapstone always at the kitchen counter, or the low hum of Swahili lullabies sometimes rising from the back room where she worked.

Through the morning mist, Krelløy unfurled its history in layers: the oldest structures dating from the original fishing settlement, their timber frames weathered to a silvery patina by ages of Arctic storms; newer additions from the boom years of the fishing industry, when the processing plant had drawn workers from across Norway; and the more recent prefabricated units added more recently.

The Iversens' shop occupied what had once been a storage room, a quiet sign of the village adapting to new needs. Through high windows, I watched Torvald arranging his morning display with characteristic care.

The bell above the door gave a soft tinkle when I stepped inside, its tone seeming somehow muted by the dense atmosphere.

"*God morgen, Stefan,*" Ingrid called from behind the counter, her voice filled with the warmth that had made her one of the first to truly welcome Linnet to the community. "The supply ship's due today. Shall I set aside anything for you?"

The shop's interior held the comforting scent of coffee and fresh bread, underscored by cleaning supplies and preserved goods.

Neat shelves spoke to Torvald's effort to mirror mainland standards, though the growing gaps in stock hinted at the increasing irregularity of supply shipments.

"*Takk, Ingrid.* But Linnet's got everything planned for the week," I said, noting how the weak light barely reached the shop's deeper corners.

"But if you get dried chilies in, could you save some? She's been missing the heat of home lately."

Ingrid's smile reflected a deep understanding from her years of marriage to Torvald, who had brought her from Oslo long ago. "The north takes some getting used to, doesn't it? Especially as winter approaches. But your Linnet, she brings warmth to all of us."

She glanced at the white window. "Strange weather we're having. Torvald says he's never seen fog like this, and he's been here since before the plant expanded."

Leaving the shop's warmth, I noticed the path to the harbor now revealed itself only in pieces. The streetlights along the main road created artificial halos in the murky air.

Karl Mortensen's house loomed ahead, dark and neglected. The old harbormaster had lived alone since his wife's passing three winters ago. As I passed, I noticed his curtains twitch, more a habit than neighborly curiosity. Karl had been among the last to accept Linnet's presence in our community, though even he had eventually sought her help for his arthritis.

The harbor announced its presence through sound before sight: the gentle lapping of waves, the creaking of boats, the distant cries of seabirds muffled by the fog. These familiar sounds carried differently today, the fog itself altering their normal propagation, transforming known sounds into something slightly foreign.

Each sound appeared to arrive fractionally later than expected, creating a subtle dissonance in the usual waterfront rhythm.

Here, the village's original character remained most evident. Ancient wooden piers extended into the gray waters like fingers reaching for something just beyond grasp.

The processing plant's more modern concrete dock stood apart, its utilitarian design a stark contrast to the organic weathering of traditional structures.

Storage buildings in various states of repair lined the waterfront, their salt-stained walls bearing decades of maritime exposure.

A small group of workers had already gathered near the plant's entrance, their breath visible in the cold air as they chatted quietly. Among them were Lars and Erik from the maintenance crew, their coveralls stained with persistent marks of mechanical fluids.

They nodded in greeting as I approached, their usual morning banter subdued by something more than just the weather.

"Supply ship's running late," Lars said. His words landed like a gutted fish. "Captain radioed in, says they're having trouble with their instruments."

The processing plant's main building loomed behind us, its steel frame blurred by the morning's damp air.

White plumes of steam billowed from the vents, drifting in slow, uneven waves through the humid coastal breeze.

The rhythmic hiss of escaping pressure mixed with the distant cry of gulls, wrapping the industrial structure in an almost peaceful stillness.



I found Siegfried not in his usual place at the workbench, but outside the maintenance shed, his attention fixed on something in the narrow strip of earth between the building and the encroaching fog.

His white hair caught the ashen morning light, giving him the appearance of some eccentric sage from northern folklore. At sixty-three, he moved with the deliberate grace of someone who watched the world at a different pace.

"Ah, Stefan," he called, not looking up from his examination. "Come see what the earth has brought us this morning." His German accent, thickened by excitement, carried the same enthusiasm I'd come to know during our countless expeditions into Krelløy's wild places.

Kneeling beside him, I saw what had captured his attention: a cluster of pale mushrooms pushing through the frost-hardened soil.

"Unusual for this time of year," I noted, recognizing the species from our previous foraging adventures.

Siegfried had been teaching me mycology since my early days at Fiskekroken, our shared interest in fungi becoming the foundation of an unlikely friendship.

"More than unusual," he replied, pulling his worn field notebook from his coverall pocket. The pages were dense with sketches and observations, not just of mushrooms but of all manner of natural phenomena that had caught his attention over the years.

"These shouldn't be here at all. Not in this soil, not in this season." His weathered hands moved over the earth with the sensitivity of a doctor examining a patient. "Something is changing."

His words took me back to our first real conversation, when he'd found me eating lunch alone behind the processing plant.

He'd been collecting specimens then too, and something about my interest in his work had sparked a mentorship that went beyond our professional relationship.

Our walks through Krelløy's small forest had become weekly rituals, weather permitting, with Siegfried meticulously documenting what he called 'botanical anomalies' while sharing stories of his younger days.

His time in Berlin's counterculture, his experiments with consciousness expansion, his eventual exodus to the far north seeking patterns in nature that mainstream science ignored.

Those early expeditions had revealed a side of Krelløy I might never have discovered on my own.

Siegfried's knowledge extended beyond simple biology or geology; he read the landscape like ancient scholars read auguries, finding meaning in context most would overlook.

His time in the German academic world had ended decades ago under circumstances he never fully explained, but his scientific training remained evident in the precision of his observations, even as his conclusions ventured into territories most researchers would avoid.

"Just don't sample too many of these specimens," I joked with a smile.

We laughed, but the truth was, I had learned to pay attention when Siegfried spoke with that particular intensity, even if his meanings weren't immediately clear.

Our long talks during mushroom hunting trips had taught me that his apparent digressions often led to unconventional but insightful wisdom.

The fog settled slowly, leisurely, like it had all the time in the world. We knelt among the mushrooms, their caps glistening with more than just moisture, something that clung, syrupy, to our fingertips when we brushed them. The air smelled of wet earth and a sharper, nameless tang.

Trallhornet's peak cut through the haze untouched, sharp as steel against silk. Everywhere else, the world dissolved. Trees faded first to ghosts, then to nothing, but the mountain refused to blur, as if the fog had no claim on it.

"The mushrooms always know first," Siegfried said, using a small protractor to measure their angle of growth. "They exist between worlds, not quite plant, not quite animal, connected through networks we're only beginning to understand."

The harbor horn's muffled blast pulled our attention from the unusual fungi, its tone distorted by the weather.

Siegfried carefully closed his notebook, though his eyes stayed on the mushroom cluster with persistent curiosity.

"We should get moving," he said, standing and brushing mushroom spores from his sleeves. "The day's work won't wait, even if nature's warnings demand attention."

As we walked toward the harbor, I noticed the mushrooms we'd been examining had subtly shifted. Their caps now angled toward some unseen point, defying normal heliotropic behavior. From the harbor's edge came seabird cries with voices that seemed somehow unnatural. Their notes held too long or broken too abruptly. I swallowed hard against the sudden dryness in my throat.

Some patterns in nature, as Siegfried had often reminded me, weren't meant to be understood, only recognized. And as we prepared to begin another day at Fiskekroken, I couldn't shake the feeling that we had recognized something that morning, even if understanding remained beyond our grasp.



The supply vessel emerged from the fog with hesitancy, as if its approach required negotiation with unseen forces. Even at a distance, its advance suggested reluctance beyond navigational caution. Captain Erik Larsson stood at the helm, his face bearing an expression I had never before witnessed in our years of deliveries. From his tight jaw and distant gaze, I could tell he was struggling to keep his professional composure against something that visibly disturbed him.

The ship's crew moved quickly as they secured the moorings, their urgency suggesting desperate desire to complete their tasks and depart. Each glance toward the harbor mouth lingered too long, laden with unvoiced concern. They spoke little to the dock workers, and when they did, it was with the strained politeness, avoiding the questions hanging in the air.

"Last run," he announced the moment the gangway secured. His voice carried none of its usual booming confidence.

Karl stepped forward, frowning. "What do you mean, 'last run'? We're scheduled through December."

"Company's suspended all northern routes." Larsson wouldn't meet Karl's eyes. "Effective immediately."

"Weather concerns," one of the crew added too quickly.

Karl crossed his arms. "Weather? We've had worse storms than this every season for thirty years."

Larsson's eyes darted toward the open sea. "Orders from the mainland. Nothing I can do."

The unloading proceeded with silent haste, each crate and container lifted with the reverence of something irreplaceable. There would be no more shipments after this one. Behind the captain's professional facade, something about his posture hinted at knowledge that transformed routine maritime delivery into something almost ritualistic.

"When do they expect the routes to reopen?" Ole Larsen asked. His voice carried none of the casual tone of everyday speech; each word was deliberate, measured. A nervous tic flickered in his left eye, something that surfaced only in moments of deep unease.

The captain's response, when it came, visibly confined itself to scheduling concerns alone.

"The company will reassess when conditions..." he paused, searching for appropriate words, "...normalize. But I wouldn't expect anything before spring."

When the captain presented his logbook for signing, I glimpsed notes scribbled in the margins. Though I wasn't familiar with maritime record-keeping, even I could tell these weren't normal entries. Words like 'anomalous readings' and 'navigational discrepancies' stood out at me, replacing what should have been routine observations. Several pages appeared to have been removed entirely, though no explanation was offered for these conspicuous gaps in documentation.

As Karl examined the entries, his jaw clenched, and his expression hardened. The harbormaster, typically reserved and formal, unexpectedly seized Larsson's arm with a firm grip. These two had shared a two-decade bond grounded in mutual respect for the perils of the sea. However, there was a newfound intensity in Karl's eyes, an unfamiliar protective drive.

"That's enough, Erik," he uttered, his voice quiet yet resonating through the sudden hush on the dock.

"These are my people. They have a right to know what we're up against." His hold grew stronger.

In that instant, the captain's weathered expression seemed to age another ten years. His eyes scanned our assembled faces. Neighbors and friends from numerous past deliveries, and something within him visibly shattered.

"We've lost contact with two other vessels," Larsson finally admitted, his voice barely above a whisper.

"What? How did that happen?" someone asked, disbelief evident in their tone.

Larsson hesitated, his old hands moving over the ship's rail. "The *Nordlys* vanished yesterday. Clear skies. Calm seas."

"*Sjøhest* on Saturday," he added quietly. "Just gone. The radio cut mid-sentence. They're calling it mechanical failure or radio malfunction," Larsson murmured, though he didn't sound convinced.

In that moment when certainty began to fade like morning frost under unbearable revelation, a hush settled over the dock workers, but it was no ordinary silence.

It carried weight, a presence of its own.

Faces turned toward one another, exchanging glances heavy with unspoken reckonings too immense to name, too urgent to dismiss.

Ole Larsen, with forty years at these docks and almost oracular status among the fishermen, stood unusually still as he watched the crew's preparations. His weathered hands, normally steady with decades of maritime experience, shook slightly as they gripped the dock's railing.

"They know," he muttered, barely audible. "Look at 'em. The way they move. Like something's after 'em. And they ain't gonna say what."

The crew worked like men erasing their presence. Each rope coiled a little too tightly, each hatch sealed with unnecessary force. Their movements spoke of routines pushed to breaking point, all sharp angles and averted eyes. The few words exchanged sat stiff in the air, freighted with all they refused to say aloud. This wasn't work. This was the careful, deliberate act of cutting ties.

Maria Nilsson, the invisible spine of Krelløy's administrative life, broke the gathering silence with her characteristic practicality. Her voice bore an edge of worry. "We need to inventory everything. Now."

Her clipboard seemed inadequate against growing implications, yet she clutched it tightly. "Every crate, every barrel. We don't know when..." She stopped, unwilling or unable to finish.

Captain Larsson's gaze moved across the harbor like a man tracing a scar, lingering just long enough to remember what healing should look like.

Our eyes met, and in that flicker I saw it: the hollow space where words should have been. Not silence, but the recognition that no possible combination of words could make certain things real in the daylight world.



The ship's horn groaned through the fog, a sound that didn't echo so much as dissolve, swallowed by something thicker than sea air. It left behind a silence that rang louder than the blast itself.

The sound didn't just mark departure, it carried the heavy finality that turns a routine signal into an omen.

"This isn't right..." Karl Mortensen's voice faltered. The unsettling situation seemed to seep into his very bones.

The ship's departure was oddly theatrical. Every maneuver exact yet weirdly off, like watching a clockwork mechanism slowly desynchronize from time itself.

Through the thickening mist, its shape blurred not with distance but with something more deliberate, as though the world was gently erasing each moment of its departure even as it occurred.

Dock workers stood in small groups. Some watched the ship disappear at the harbor mouth, while others turned back to the village, already contemplating the impact of isolation.

Their exchanges, when they spoke at all, revolved around practical matters: inventories of dwindling stores, debates over ration portions, all uttered with the fervor of men trying to ward off the unspeakable.

Each practical concern became a bulwark, a fragile barrier against the yawning silence of what went unaddressed.

As the supply ship's form finally vanished into the atmospheric murk, its departure marked by a distinct silence, I saw in my colleagues' faces the first real understanding of our situation. Not just the physical isolation, but something far more profound: a complete severing from the known world.

I felt it too, a slow-blooming realization that turned my stomach to water: we were alone now, truly alone, on an island where fog gathered with purpose and mountains refused to blur.

And somewhere in the back of my mind, a voice whispered that perhaps we had always been alone here, but only now were we beginning to see it.