The poisons that flew to kill a city...

The source of the poisons...

UNION CARBIDE / DOW SITE: SOURCES OF POISON

1. Drums of waste
2. Warehouses with sacks
3. Soapstone shed
4. Flare tower
5. Sevin control room
6. Sevin plant
7. Tank farm
8. Carbaryl 'rockpile'
9. Ruined MIC unit
10. Vent gas scrubber
11. Fatal tank E-610
12. Tank with oily film
13. Waste pits
14. Derelict laboratory
15. Storeroom with sacks
16. Carbon monoxide unit
17. DDT godown
18. Buried waste areas
19. Tanks with oily fluids

Mercury drops lie where they fell almost a quarter of a century ago beneath the Sevin plant.

A rusted tank dump its load of highly toxic carbaryl 'rocks' onto the bare soil, if set alight they would cause another catastrophe like 'that night'.

The vent gas scrubber is still charred from the hot gases of 'that night'. From its mouth the poisons flew to kill a city.

The MIC control room. It had old fashioned valves, unlike its computerised US counterpart. The pressure gauge for tank E-610 was stuck on overload.

Highly toxic tar oozing from the 'rocks' & running down into the earth and the subsoil water.

Once a bicycle shed, now full of rusting drums of perilous Sevin, open to wind & rain.

The laboratory was abandoned full of chemicals. Some animals have found their way in. This gecko, born in a pottery sink, appears not to be in very good health.

A rotted tank dumps its load of highly toxic carbaryl 'rocks' onto the bare soil, if set alight they would cause another catastrophe like 'that night'.

Where the company buried toxic waste, nothing will grow, these are the dead zones.

The lab looks as if it has been sacked by vandals, bottles of poison lie on their sides, their contents drained.

Locomotive sized tank E-610 which leaked the poison gas 23 years ago, lies hidden in bushes.

This huge warehouse is so tainted that to be inside for more than a couple of minutes causes dizziness and chest pains. Yet someone has been in, and covered the walls with obscene graffiti.

Tarry liquids fester under a strong winter sun. Come the monsoon, they'll overflow.

In this plant casual day-labourers, without safety clothing, used bare hands to handle naptha and mercury.

The ruined MIC unit, home to the invading jungle, and ghosts.

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The under-designed flare tower was of no use whatever on the horrific night of terror.