

I am moving forward, the silence of the deep blue calming my senses. The current against my skin is warm and its harmonious pattern is gentle and soothing. I venture further and further, past the barnacle-encrusted rocks and tall seagrass that bends in perfect synchronization. Silver fish dart in and out of the radiant coral, their scales mesmerizing as they are caught by the shimmering light, which is the only thing above me. Creatures burrow into tight crevices, as I pass through deep gullies. Schools of small fish avoid my path. Small bubbles emerge from them like tiny jellyfish racing to the surface. The deeper I dive, the more I realise how beautiful this wonderland is.

The sand tickles my skin while I skim the surface of its wave carved ripples. The waters cloud as it stirs. I see a shadow soaring along the ocean floor, like a hawk searching for prey. It creates a veil of darkness above me blocking the ambient glow of the sun. The feeling of fish whirl past me and colliding with my fins alerts my senses. My eyes dart around the perimeter. All I see is small creatures begin to disperse from the dark shape, creating ring-shaped ripples along the molten bronze surface, their presence creating an eerie chill that seeps into the waters surrounding me. A pungent scent poisons my nose. It is foreign, like the whispers flowing in the current. Swimming up the black shaft, I begin to hear the echoing of waves against the body of the great beast, beating like war drums. Briefly coming to the surface, I catch glimpses as it moves to the rhythm of the waves, the smell of rotting flesh impregnating its surroundings.

While attempting to push my anxious thoughts back to where they came from, I begin to retreat to the calmer waters. On my decent back to the depths I'm jolted back, incapable of moving, as I'm entwined in the creatures deathly grasp. I thrash in the water in an effort to break free, only entangling myself to a greater extent. My heart is beating out of my chest, as I can feel myself being drawn closer to the monster. Its rusted hide gashing mine. I gasp for breath while they haul me above the blood-soaked floor, suspended along a processing line of lifeless bodies. They began to hack off pieces of me, slicing deep into my flesh and staining the tides a deep scarlet. I remain there, hanging paralyzed, In an almost ceremonious pattern, they do it over and over again.

They begin to toss us out. One by one, our helpless bodies sink like stones back to blue abyss we came from. The light bleeding through the surface gradually dims the further we sink. I now know that we are not the real monsters; the barbarians that lurk above us are. These humans are far deadlier than our jaws.