

Lost to the Depths

Almost silently he slipped below the waves. The warm water caressed his body as he swam deeper and deeper into the unknown, sliding through shoals of fish glistening in the weakening shafts of sunlight. The dark depths called to him and the weighted belt helped him descend even deeper into the unknown. Now he had to switch on his torch to light his way and in its dancing beam he enjoyed the iridescent colours reflected back from the fish that swam by his face. The only sound came from the air bubbles escaping from his breathing apparatus as he continued to swim downwards to the shipwreck resting on the ocean floor. For hundreds of years it had provided a home for all forms of sea life. As he cast his torch along its length an octopus exited through an open porthole, barnacles grazed his skin as he dived through an open hatch in the deck and out by another large hole in the ship's side. Scattered in the sand were objects that had once served man but now had no useful purpose. A crab scuttled by as he searched for treasure. Engrossed it took some time for him to realise that a dark shadow was following him as he traversed the hulk but thankfully it was no threat, just a whale passing slowly overhead. Time had no meaning here and if it wasn't for his alarm he would have stayed there forever and another skeleton would have joined the long dead crew.

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