

## **The Wonders of the Water**

The water lapped against her feet eagerly, begging her to enter the cool, salty water, to escape from her problems, her personal problems, her world-wide problems, all the struggles that held that weight down on her shoulders. All she would give to lift that weight up, up and away, letting the wind carry it somewhere isolated where it wouldn't pressure her anymore.

Letting the dusty, scratchy feeling of the gritty sand leave her, she leapt into the water, the harsh and soft ocean waiting, waiting to convey her to that transfixing place - the place where such worries don't exist but merely fade away to nothing as they do not belong or live in such place.

She listened to the crash of deep blue water, hearing the strength and frustration it carried, paying attention to its story. One may think that a human is a human and can think rightfully but, in its own way, the roar of the ocean is telling its own story like one may do with their mouth and talk, however you must listen and concentrate to hear; this is in somewhat form controversial and many may not agree, but she was convinced that she and the water were alike with their worries. So she dived into the deep blue depths, watching the fish dart between bright, colourful, coral, searching for the source of the ocean's very own tale.

Her eyes flitted around, gazing at the wondrous view, however noticing with perplexion that things were not as perfect as they seemed - the coral was turning grey and decaying sadly; things were polluting it, she detected forlornly. That was not all - she could see fish, underwater mammals and other creatures struggling, trapped in some unseen source; perhaps some transparent plastic? She was not sure as she hadn't had the advantage of a proper education apart from the mystical learnings of the water.

Her lungs flared with exhaustion, reminding her that she, unlike fish, could not breathe underwater and would have to surface for air from time to time. As her head slowly rose above the water, the loud echoes of a splash entered her ears, alerting her to the fact that she was not alone. However her fear that rippled through her upper body, not reaching her legs yet, evaporated as she realised her visitor was merely an abandoned pup.

She investigated the pup, at first unsure of what it was; was it the pup of a sea lion, the mother ready to attack any moment? Was it the pup of a lion, its fear of water ready to spike up at any time?

It was neither, and that was for the better as it was only a little dog, its wet black fur quivering in panic and pure terror. Her hand reached out slowly wondering how she had come across such a cute animal, feeling sorry for its previous suffering entering the water.

She scooped him up gently and waded back to shore, cradling him like a baby. When she plopped him down on the warm sand, heating up as the sun slowly rose in the sky, the puppy clambered clumsily away, running home.

Meanwhile, she turned back to the water, thinking about whether she had already found it - was the ocean's anger and frustration channeled at the people who were the cause of that rubbish. She dug even deeper into her mind, struggling to remember if she had littered any plastic - she desperately hoped not as the ocean was her best friend. However the real intriguing question was why? Why would someone even want to damage such a beautiful environment?

People never seemed to care. They'd start stupid wars over areas of land for power but did they realise they were wrecking their country? Did they realise that their decisions were going to impact the future generations?

Probably did - just didn't care. But she cared.

Big fat tears rolled down her soft, tender cheeks, mixed with outrage and sadness. She was just one person - a weak person at that. She would run away to the ocean because the water was the only thing that listened and respected her and now it was getting taken away from her, being polluted and poisoned by people who don't realise how important it is. Her anger boiled through her fragile body, encouraging her to protect the wondrous world below the surface. WHY? Why did they have to slowly poison her best friend, without caring?