

Into the Blue

By Emmeline Anderson, Class 9

The floor was swaying from side to side underneath her feet, sending peaceful ripples gliding in all directions across the calm sea. Below, a reflection of the boat could be seen clearly, rippling through the small movement of the water.

Underneath that, she imagined, was a never-ending kingdom of water, deep and mysterious, dark, cold, unknown, a maze of caves and currents, as deep as it was wide. The thought made her shiver slightly, and she focused instead on the approaching clouds far above. Although the air around her smelt of salt and seawater, the soft breeze tickling her skin, these clouds looked heavy and dense and foreboding. Heavy enough, perhaps, to eventually create a storm. She turned in a circle, but all she could see, for miles and miles, was the dense water, turquoise to the eye, shining in the sun, tiny crystals seeming to appear on its surface like shards of ice. She saw mirror images of the fluffy clouds reflected upon the water, shiny and inviting. Reaching down, she trailed her fingertips through the water, the smooth liquid disturbed by her touch, and felt the coolness of the water against her skin. She felt as if she were in a spiral of blue, blue above in the sky and blue below in the ocean. The boat she stood on felt miniscule compared to the expanse of ocean it rested on, like a grain of sand in a beach of blue, blue water.