The Sea

certifiableGrimalkin

The dark ocean waves moved gently to and fro on the sandy shore, leaving slight markings of where each last wave reached. They also obscured and slowly faded the footsteps, that a figure left behind, walking just at the edge of where the water reached

She found it was cool, but not cold, anytime a tip of a wave washed against her bare feet. The sand was cooling down as well, but still held some of the heat that beamed at it the day previous. He summer dress moved gently with the slow breeze. The empty beach sounded, with the low howl of that slow wind, and the quiet splashing of the waves.

She took a couple more deliberate steps, and then stopped, thoughtfully. Out of the bag she was holding by her side, she took out a piece of raw meat, and threw it into the water Then she started going further. After about twenty paces, she stopped again, and repeated the ritual. And further she went. As she was moving, behind her, the meat slowly started disappearing into the dark, inscrutable depths.

A hulking mass of seaweed and surprised and confused fish emerged from the water. Step by step, it trudged through the waves, shedding more of the greenery and livestock, revealing a form of no features, just oily slickness. As it reached the edge of the waves, it's wet footsteps sounded loudly, compared to the rest of the night sounds.

And just as the first one emerged, soon new hulks of waterweeds showed themselves, only to slide of the oily skin of the misshapen humanoids. Soon, a dozen was following her, slowly, but without any break.

She looked back, trembling slightly. But, it was exactly what she planned. Exactly what she was waiting for. The crowd in front of her was growing, and growing closer. She threw a piece of meat towards them, no longer into the water, and started moving away from the beach. They were following her, onto the grassy dunes, onto the plains, towards the town.

The town was asleep. There was no soul out on the streets, other than the occasional drunkard, passed out, from the festival the day before. They slept on, as the mass of beasts shambled quietly, messily, through the streets. The ones who awoke, didn't believe their eyes, and blamed it on alcohol, trying to return hastily into the much more peaceful slumber.

The mass converged onto one particular house.

"Here it is," she said, to the creatures from the deep. She wasn't entirely sure if they understood anything she said. Or even, how they would be able to understand.

"Destroy him," she said, pointing towards the house

There was a sort of commotion in the mass. Then, ever so slowly, the creatures went forward, one piling up against another as they reached the door. It broke down, with a crash, as

the third creature started pushing against the heap. And so, they started flowing into the home of the one she hated enough to do this. Filling every corner, breaking some potted plants and some plates, on their erratic search of their target.

A cat screamed, and steps sounded, as the inhabitants of the house slowly woke up, to find something not being right with their place. The flood of creatures was rushing towards the first floor. And crushed them against the walls of the corridor, before they could make any greater sound.

There was one last door, at the end of the corridor, that was left unopened. The wave of creatures crashed into it, removing it from its hinges. They found him. Curled up, scared, paralysed in fear even, on his bed. They stepped closer and closer, until one, two, three pairs of slick arms grabbed a surprisingly strong hold of him, and twisted him, until he tore in two.

The girl was already back on the beach, moving towards her hut, her home. She did not witness, as the sun rose above the horizon, that the creatures' sickly pale flesh melted and fell apart into puddles of water, spread around the site of the tragedy. She just smiled a tearful smile, happy that it was over.