In a crystalline cavern deep beneath the ocean, there lived a mischievous young mermaid with iridescent scales and bioluminescent hair. She delighted in fabricating tales. One day, seeking amusement, she cried out to the ancient coral guardians who patrolled the reefs, “Tidal beast! Tidal beast! The abyssal leviathan approaches!” The guardians, who spent their days mending the fractured seafloor, heard her wail and swarmed to her side. But when they arrived, the mermaid giggled, her voice echoing through the water: “No leviathan here! Just a jest! You’re so gullible!” The guardians, their bioluminescent spines dimming with irritation, retreated to their tasks. After a time, the mermaid shrieked again, “Tidal beast! Tidal beast! The abyssal leviathan approaches!” The guardians, driven by duty, rushed back—only to be mocked once more. “You lie!” they hissed, their tentacles coiling with anger. “We will not heed your cries again.” They vanished into the gloom, leaving the mermaid cackling alone.

Later, a true abyssal leviathan emerged from the trench. The mermaid, paralyzed by terror, pleaded to the guardians below: “Tidal beast! Tidal beast! The abyssal leviathan approaches! Help! Help!” She wailed until her voice frayed. But none came. The leviathan’s shadow swallowed the cavern, and the mermaid, once so cunning, was consumed by the crushing dark.