



I d i o 23

**short stories
poetry
reviews
photography**

**VOLUME 22
November 2012**

From the Depths

Ashleigh Meikle

Standing under the boughs of the protective ancient century old trees, Clare waited for the fishing boat to return from its journey, watching as the watching the shafts of sunlight bouncing off the lake, shifting as the sun moved until the centre of the lake glowed. The shafts of sunlight shifted as the sun moved, and lit up the middle of the lake.

Bubbles started to disturb it, and Clare stepped back as fragments of a boat bobbed around the bubbling core of the lake, sporting something Clare didn't dare identify. She gulped, her blue, blue eyes going wide in fear, and her white skin as pale as the white marble of a nearby gravestone. As the bubbling became more and more violent, Clare's red hair became tousled as a violent wind sped up around her with a loud howl. White foam started to form on the water, the kind of white foam that one saw in the wake of a ship that churned the water up.

"Hello?" Clare called. No answer. The hairs on the back of her neck started to stand up, prickling her skin, being blown like stalks of papyrus on the Nile with the savage wind. A head started to poke through the foam; it looked like a snake's head. It was green, gold and purple, and Clare could just see the red eyes starting to come out as well. In a single burst of energy, the rest of the head and the top of the neck popped out into a shaft of sunlight, sending foam flying. The snake-like monster had a grin on its face. But to Clare, this looked like a smirk.

Screaming, she turned and ran from the forest, not waiting for the fishing boat that was coming in soon. The monster watched Clare retreat and its face fell. A big monster tear slipped down its scaly cheek.

"But I only wanted to play," it sniffled.