

the air. A quiet, rhythmic, and relaxing sound if you will. I like the feel of it, the sound of waves on the way to me. The sound filled the quiet air perfectly like how people place content in a seemingly perfect way. Each wave, small and full, comes a repetitive pattern to form in the water. (Clarke, Earthquake, bigger than the last, from all it takes to writing).

The sky was a dull and weather grey filled with fluffy grey clouds crying down of water. A flash of grey and yellow burst through the dull sky, like a massive glowing brightness over the dull waves. Whatever it was it instantly submerged itself into the water, leaving whatever color, something that was created before. Towards the end a loud orange glow from the water. Finally, with a bright splash of yellow over its back, it fell like a way of light fighting up a dark tunnel, one that I was trapped in, leading me to an end.

As its whole body submerged I finally recognized it as a small boat, the size of my fist. It had a splash brown yellow bottom, a more white stomach, and dark grey top along its back and tail. Splashes of black gathered to the area near its heavy black eyes. A powerful creature, floating in the water, the life pulse and movements acting as a guiding force. I like it was a small glowing fire pattern. I watched, uninterested, as it flew upwards toward a branch on a nearby tree and struck the water that had collected on its wings off. The dragon rolled with the waves, pulling the water again.