Flotsam

The gleaming sun relentlessly shone above as the warmth of the boys reassuring hands gently held me over the serene, azure sea. For a split - second, the exhilarating rush of fear inside me slowly dissapeared as the sound of the crashing waves calmed my inner anxieties. Then, without any sort of indication, I was tossed into the cool, turbulant air. The ocean beneath burst up with brutality to greet me. I shut my lens tightly as I was rapidly brought back down crashing into the waves. SPLASH! Frosty, needle - like water swallowed me whole.

What felt like days slid by as the robust, persistent current antagonisingly dragged me through the vivid, lively underwater world. Bizzare marine life joyfully dipted through the sunless depths, as their phosphorescent bodies lit up the sea like celestial galaxys. Just as I began to become used to the tranquillity, a monumental figure glided across my lens. My film was perplexed of what it was, when suddenly.... my metal casing felt a slithery, slimy tentacle tightly grip around me. The creature vigorously hauled me away as my leather strap held on firmly. As I was violently pulled, beneath me was a whole other land. Gaudy, dazzzaling fish elegantly danced past as picturesque coral patches looked like they could go on for miles. My lens stared in fascination while the squid slowly reduced it's grip. Never before have I witnessed such an enchanting veiw. Yet the beauty was breifly - lived. An enormous wave rose above, sending debris and sand everywhere obscuring my veiw. As my surroundings cleared again, I helplessly sank into the shadows below unaware of what will happen next. The unremitting cascade continued for as long as my film could remember, thrashing about in the water until, unexpectedly, I arrived at sedate waters and took a sigh of alleviation.

The placidity was abruptly haulted. Deep below the horizon, an immense creature lurked beneath my casing. It escalated leisurely at first, then before I knew it an enormous whale floated beside me, examining my every mechanisim. Then with a flick of it's tail, it sluggishly turned and bobbled away back into the murky waters. As I lay there defenceless, I lost track of time, days turned into weeks, weeks turned into months but somehow I pushed through.

After an eternety of lingering around in the endless ocean, my lens made out a vauge silhouette on the horizon. Hours went by as the shape grew larger, until familarisation rushed through my my body. I knew what I was seeing now. Land. Hope and desire sugred through my casin making me feel warm inside. Finally, after decades of floating in the icy, lonely sea, my journey just might be nearing it's conclusion. A wave helpfully propelled me closer to shore. The suns burning rays hit me with a sense of home. Then tragedy struck. A prying seagull catapulted down from the clouds and clung onto my strap. Galvanity filled my film as I quickly ascended into the sky. I had come too far for this to be the end. Higher and higher the bird carried me, the palm trees that were once clear as day became more and more tiny by the second. When suddenly, a strong gust of wind shook the bird and made it let me go with ease. I plummeted back towards the ocean splashing into the water.

The current carried me through the sea and stopped at waters below freezing temperatures. My mechanisims began to malgunction due to the raw, arctic ocean around me. Before even a minuite passed by, monsterous icebergs inclined up from the depths below, blocking my path ahead like over-protective soilders defending their fortress, their jagged spikes pointing directly at me.

Together on an iceberg more distant than the others was a little family of penguins, two big penguins and one baby. Zooming in even further, I captured the bigger penguins diving into the water to find food! Eventually, the waves dragged me away from the ice and gradually began to warm. Once again, the waves pulled me along to the sand. This time, nothing blocked my path. Humaine waters assisted me through the shallows before subsiding me onto the golden sand.

Schorching sunlight soaked into my fatigued, exhausted casing whist barnicles, shells and debris clung onto me like badges awarding my resilience. Worn out by my interminable pilgramidge across the sea, I lay silently ontop of the sand while my film replayed every moment I had witnessed in the sea. When a pair of soft hands carried me off the sand. My lens twinkled with excitment and my shutter flickered with hope. After all those years of endless seas. Have I finally found someone to unveil all of my memories locked away inside of me?