

Mermaid Magic

The waves licked the sand in the cool twilight breeze. Clara could feel the chilly water weaving between her toes. A flare exploded illuminating the inky sky. It was rather peculiar as there were no ships visible on the horizon. Clara thought she would investigate on the morrow, what she did not know was that she would be remembered as a heroine for ever more...

"Mum!" Clara called, "I'm going to the beach!" Clara stepped out into the scorching air of Florida and felt the silky sand on her feet. Clara's house was situated on the beach. The water was pale blue and translucent before the shiny red speed-boat cut the waves. The wind was howling in Clara's ears and the spot where the flare had been was rapidly becoming closer. Clara dived into the nippy blue water and felt a chill down her spine, all she could see now for miles around was water! The abandoned boat was left bobbing at the surface while its owner plunged into the icy depths following a mysterious light...

The murky water swirled around the glowing jewel but when Clara reached out to touch it the gem emitted a series of blood red flames and Clara felt her legs welding together, how could this be? The flames dimmed revealing a glassy tail that glowed softly in the dark water and was as soft as the petals of a lily but as firm as a ripe apple. The tail unleashed its power when Clara flicked it just a tiny bit, a torrent of water swirled around her propelling her forward as fast as a jumbo jet!

That night Clara slept on a bed of succulent seaweed and dreamt of all her friends laughing at her and calling her names. The next day Clara swam through the dappled water for a place to find serenity. One day she encountered a school of rainbow fishes but another day she was chased by sharks thirsty for blood!

An island appeared on the misty horizon so Clara had no choice but to swim towards it. All of Clara's hopes sunk when she discovered the island was civilized, 'Oh well, I'll give it a try.' Clara thought. Clara's newly shaped body wriggled out of the cool blue water but when she

collapsed on the golden sand her tail dissolved away! Clara shakily rose to her feet and wandered over to the little fishing village.

“Are ye new ‘ere? Ye see we all know everybody ‘ere.”

“Ahh, you scared me!” exclaimed Clara to the friendly old fisherman. “Come this way,” he directed. Clara followed her newly found acquaintance into her new life with haste. When Clara crossed the threshold of the fisherman’s cottage she was greeted by a cosy fire and the smell of fresh bread. “Ye can stay ‘ere t’night, I ‘ave a spare room, oh, and my name’s John!” declared John. Clara was led up into a sunny bright room and immediately gazed out of the window into her new town with cottages all painted different colours. As long as she kept her secret safe and stayed away from water her new life may be perfect!

By Lucy Green