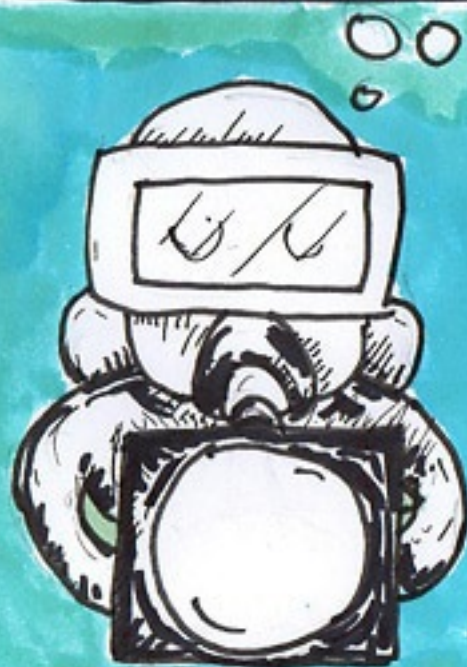


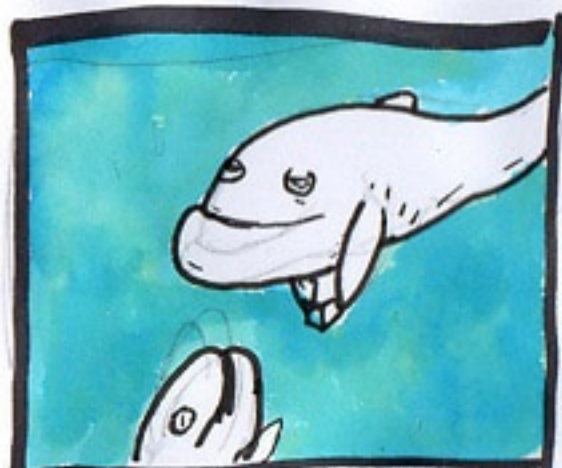
The surface squid have been around as long as I can remember.



At first they came with spikes that stung us.

Then they came with huge eyes to spy on us.





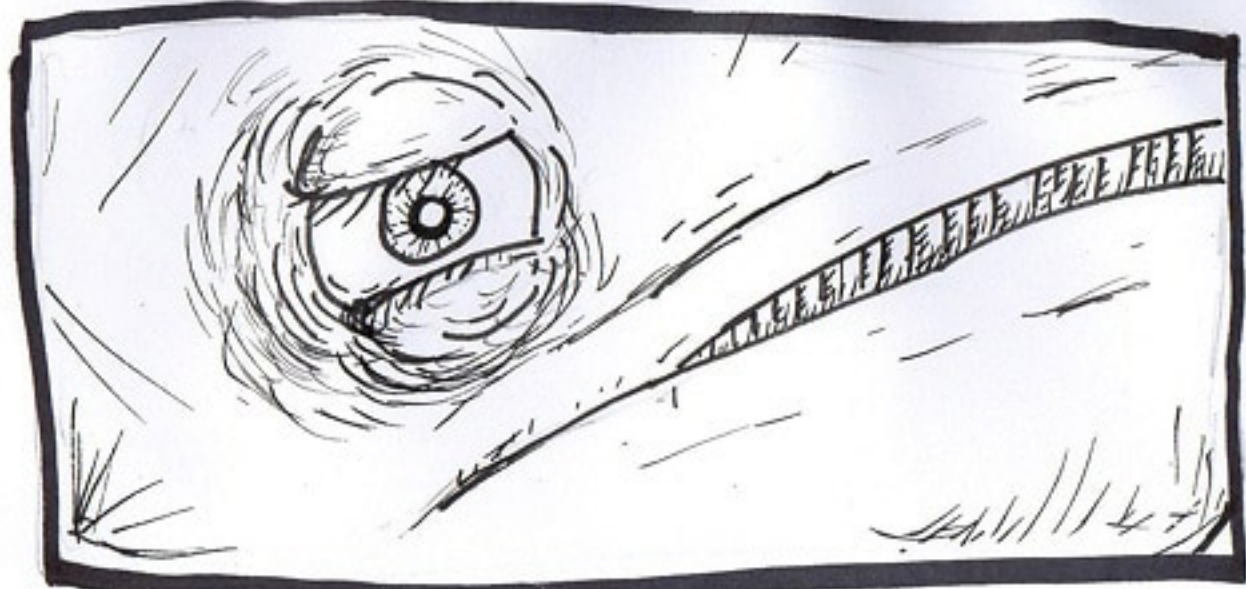
My mother used to tell me stories about them



"They travel on floating rocks with flailing limbs" she used to tell me.



That was them all right.

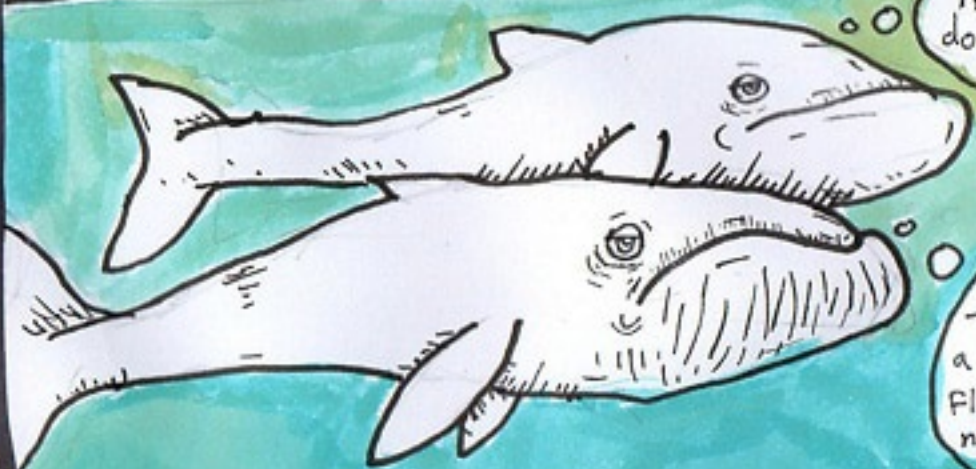


Right, I should get back to my pod now.



There's just the four of us left now.

There's Gary, my husband, and his brother, Terry...



How are you doing Gary?

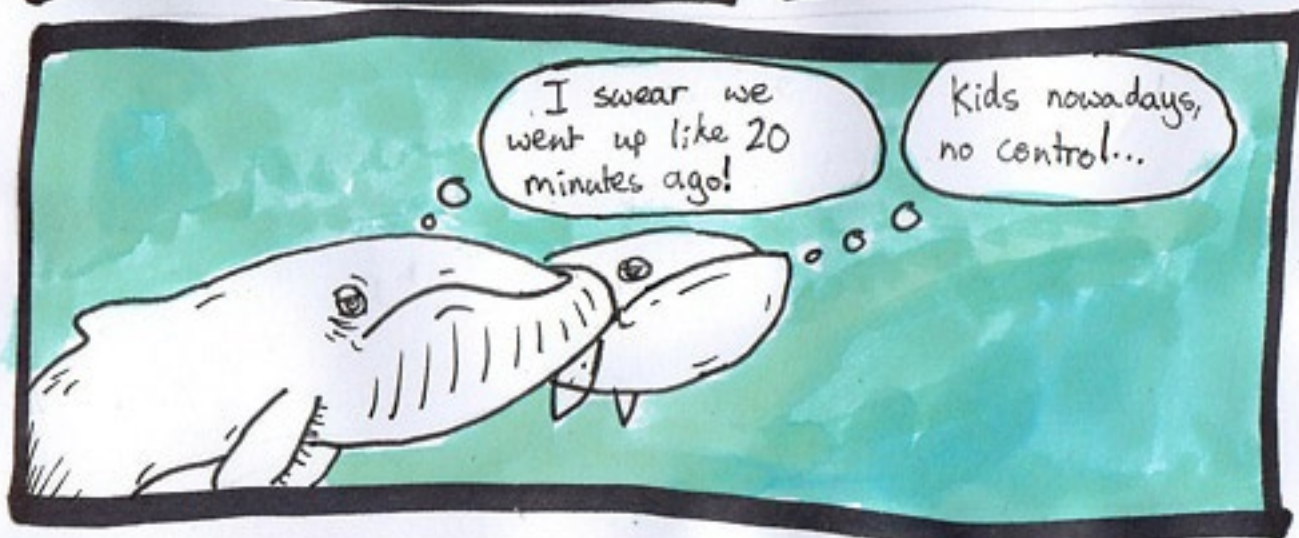
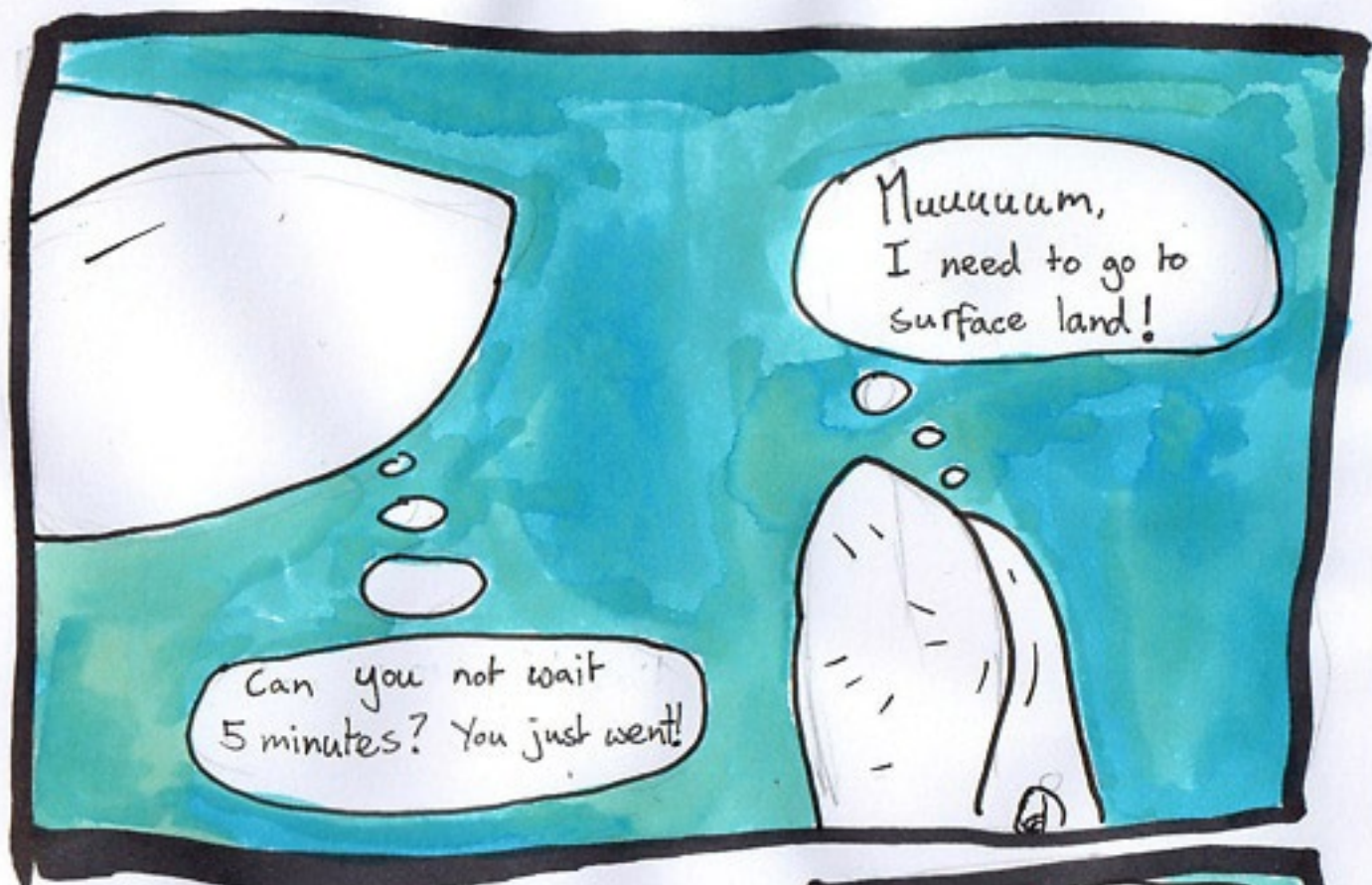
Not bad Thanks Terry. I've got a bit of a gammy Flipper, but there's not much I can do about that...

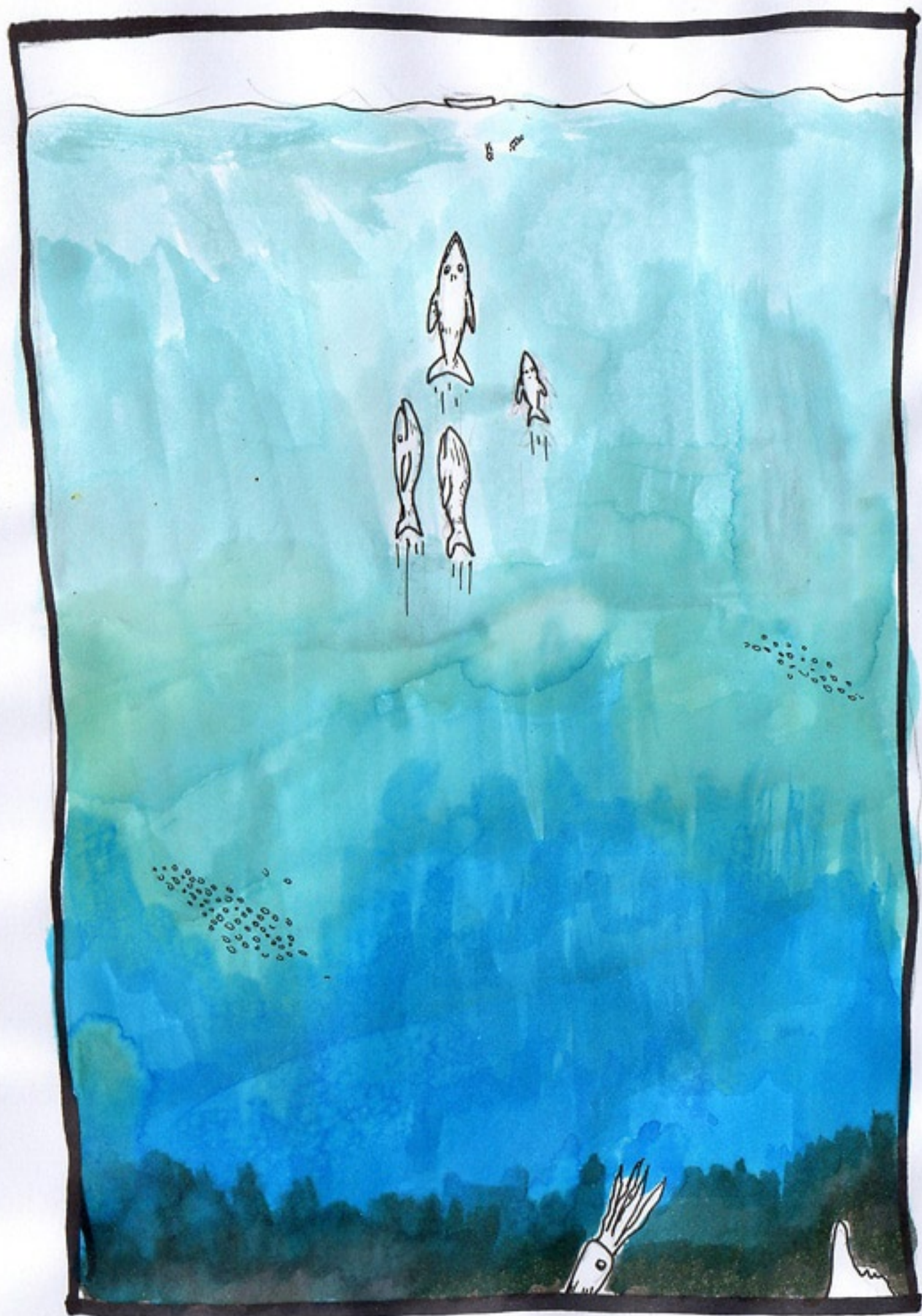
Hello there you!

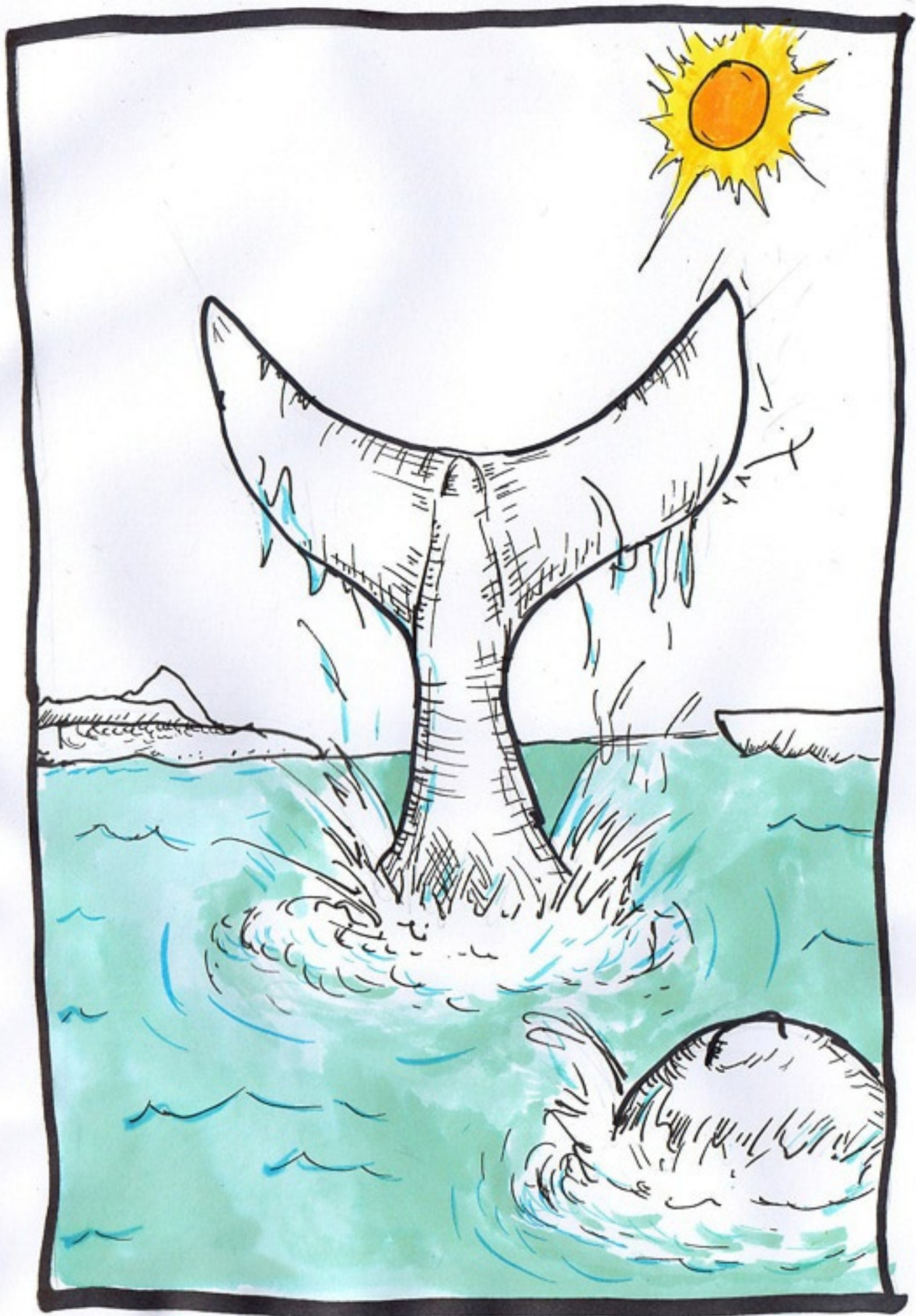
There are some surface squid up near the top!

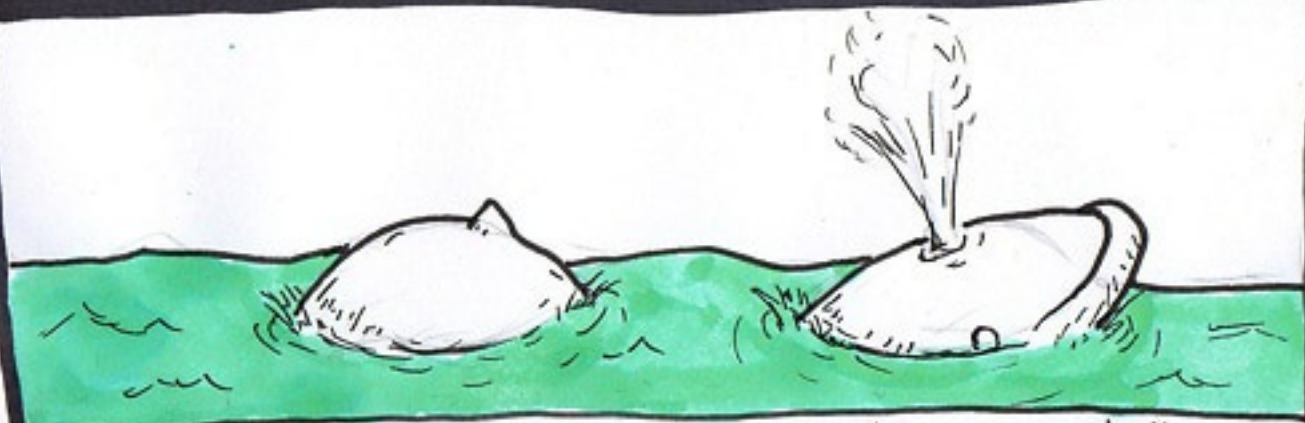
Can we go see them, pleasee?

Then there's my youngest daughter Suzie.









The surface light was still strong as we made our annual pilgrimage to the whale boneyard.



I was getting very old now, it was possible that this would be my last journey.

And that this time, I would stay in that ancient place

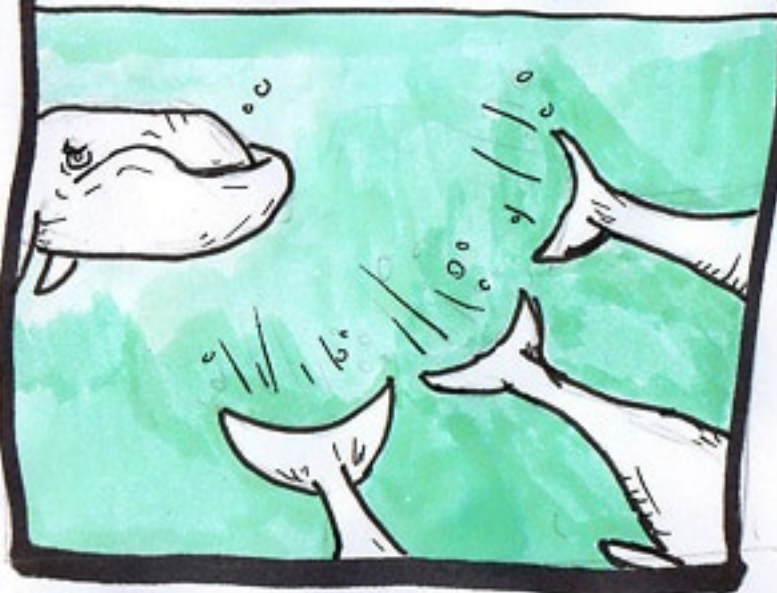


I was struggling to keep up anyway, the rest of my pod were still young.

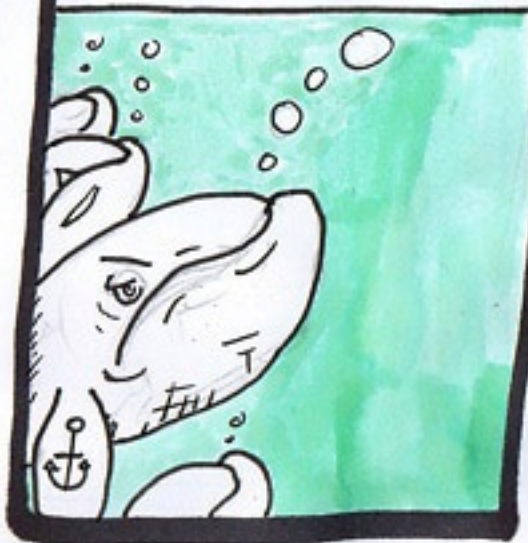


Even Suzie sometimes got ahead of me.

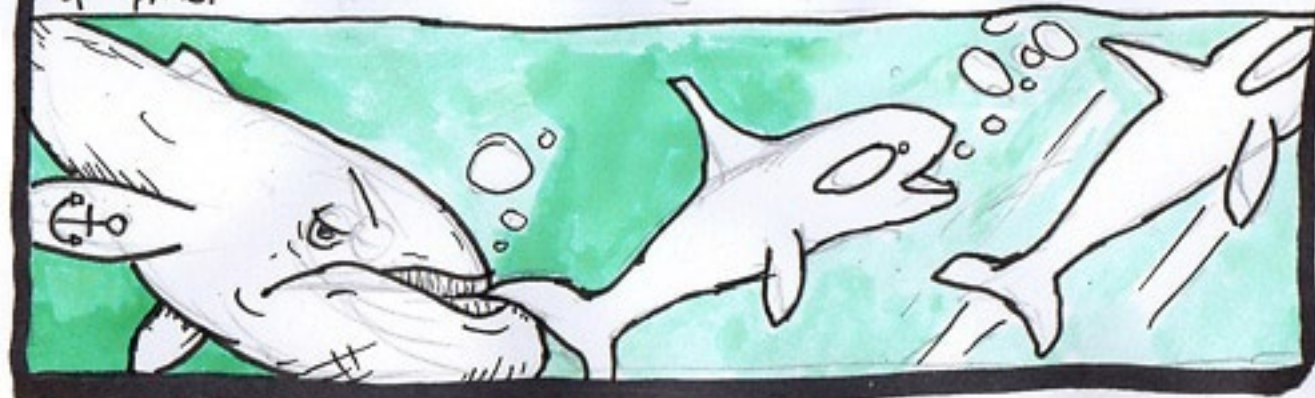
She's the last one of my children left. The rest have all since swum off to join their own pods.



Jemma, my eldest, formed her own pod. I think they're some sort of gang nowadays.



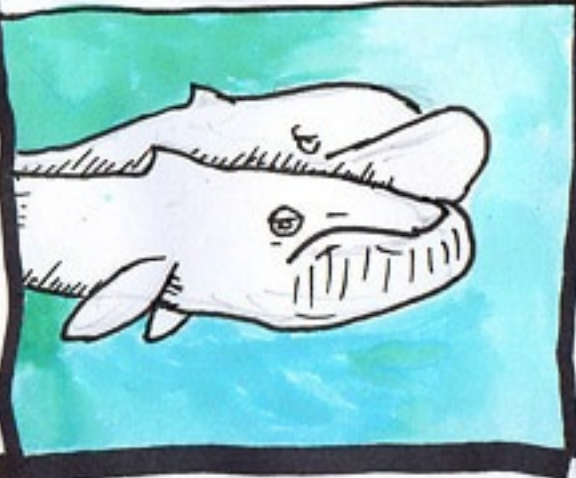
Can't say I approve really, but I do hear they even give the spotted killers a run for their money. Which actually gives me a strange sense of pride.



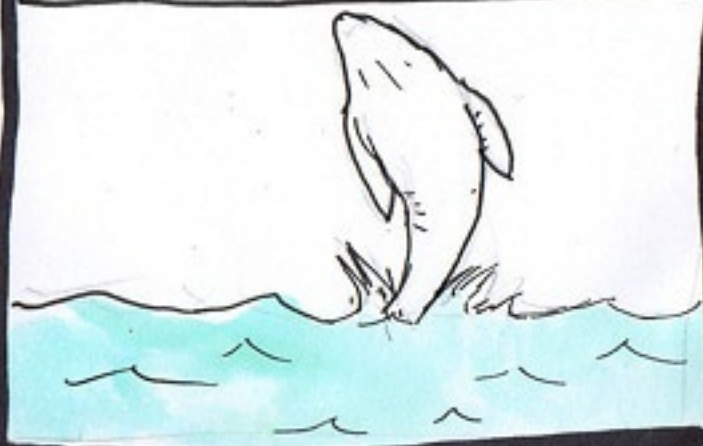
In my pod it's just me, Gary, Terry and little Suzie left. I worry about how they will get on once I'm gone. Gary is lovely and he was there for me after my first husband, Trevor, died, but he is a bit useless...



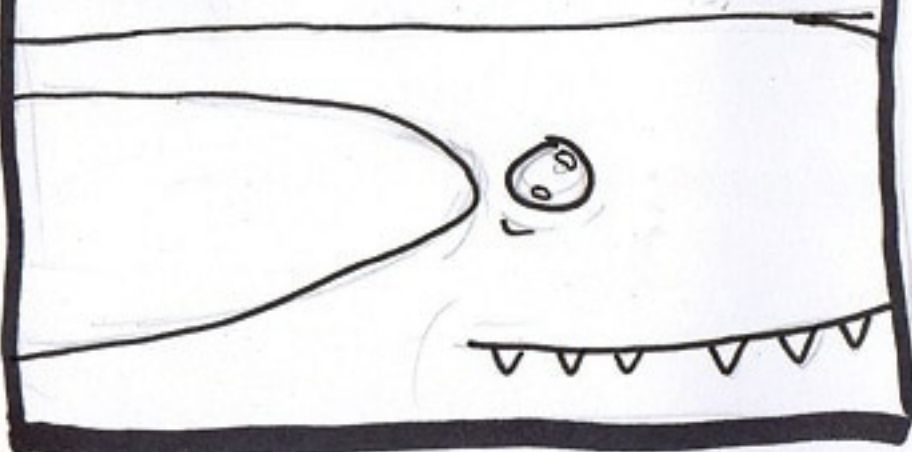
And Terry sticks with Gary 'cause he thinks he's the competent one!



It's Suzie I really worry about, she's still so young.



In my shallow stay I have visions of her being picked off by the spotted killers.



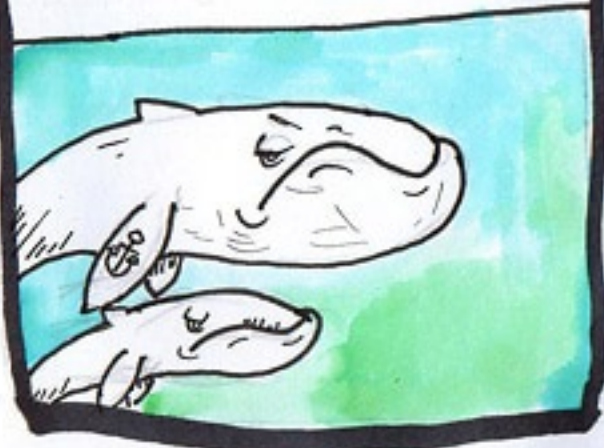
Or torn apart by the Many Teeth



Or even speared by the surface squid, like my mother used to tell me about.



Maybe her sister Jemma will find her and look after her, or Gary and Terry will get their shit together.



It wasn't a good idea, calving this late in life, but Gary was very keen. He didn't have any children to his name.



Still, there's no use worrying about that now. We've got this journey to finish first.



To honour our ancestors

As we ourselves will be honoured

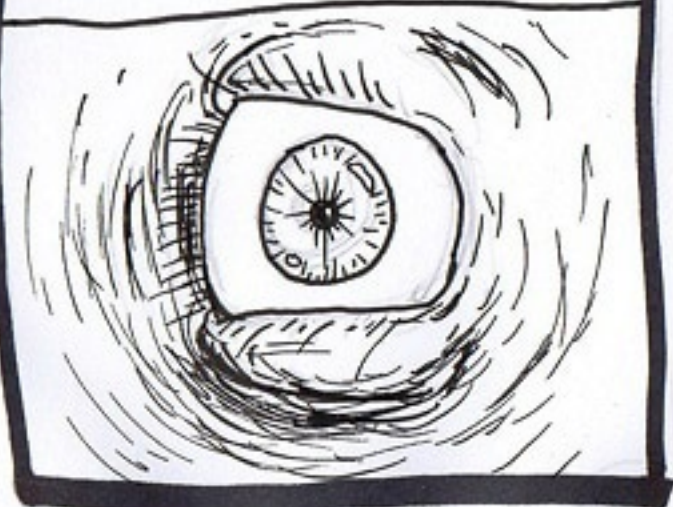


We leave the waters inhabited by the surface squid and their huge noisy rocks.

As the last of these surface rocks
moved out of earshot



I realised too late, it was masking
a low rumble.



Dive
Deep
NOW!

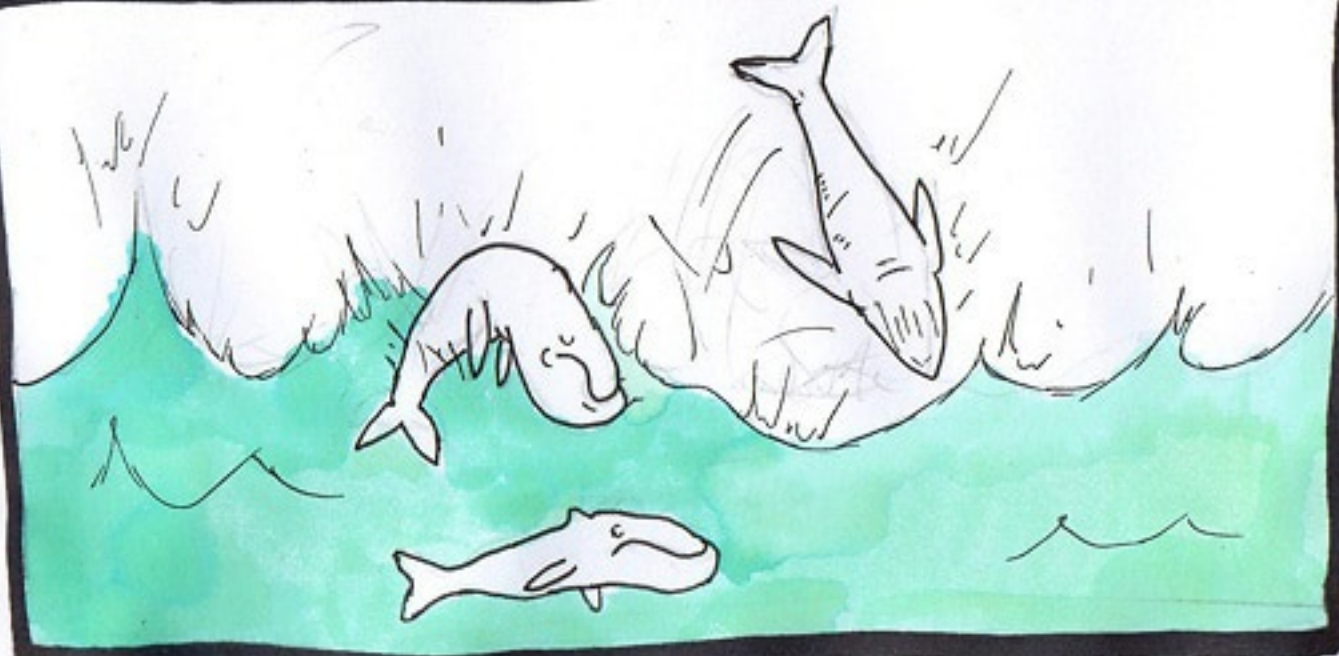


We dived as fast as
we could, but to no
avail.

The storm was upon us.



The current threw us up and about like we were strands of kelp caught in the tide.

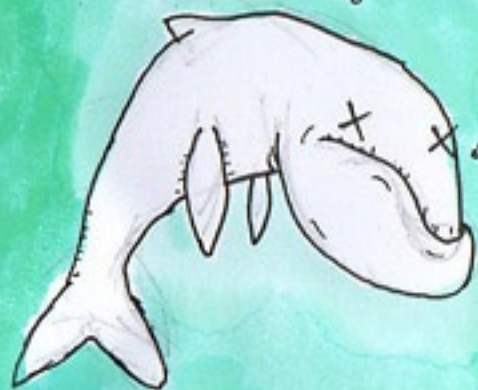


We were buffeted and battered by wind and water





Gary was lit up by a massive burst of surface light.



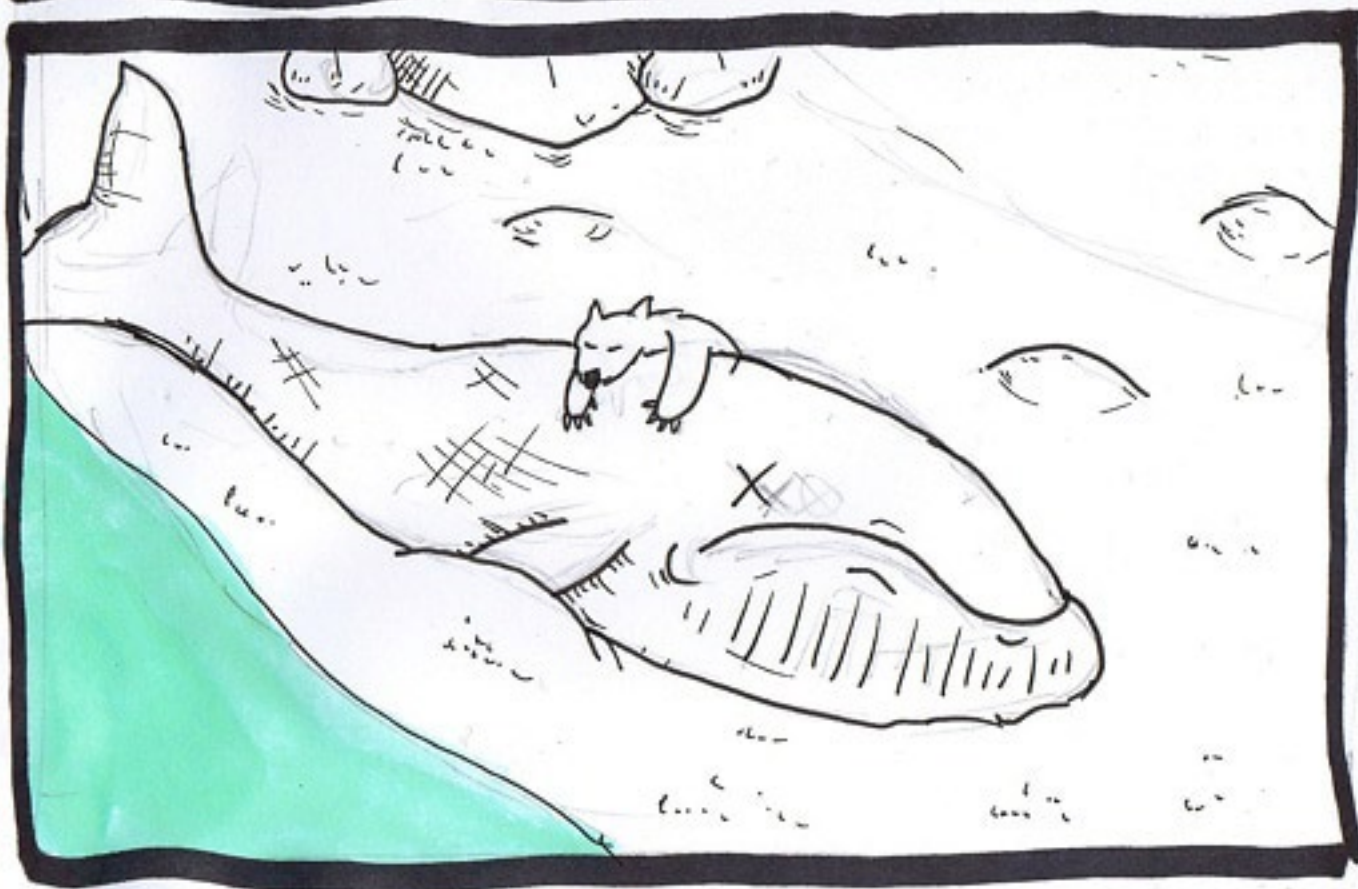
I was slammed into a rock wall

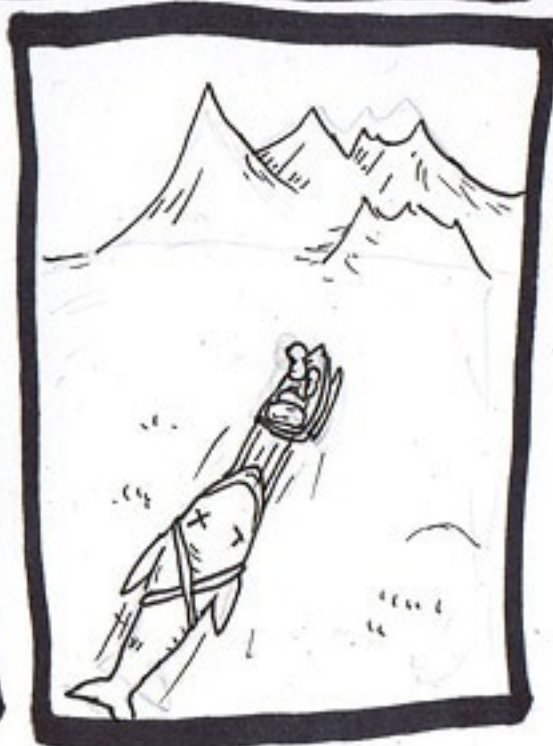
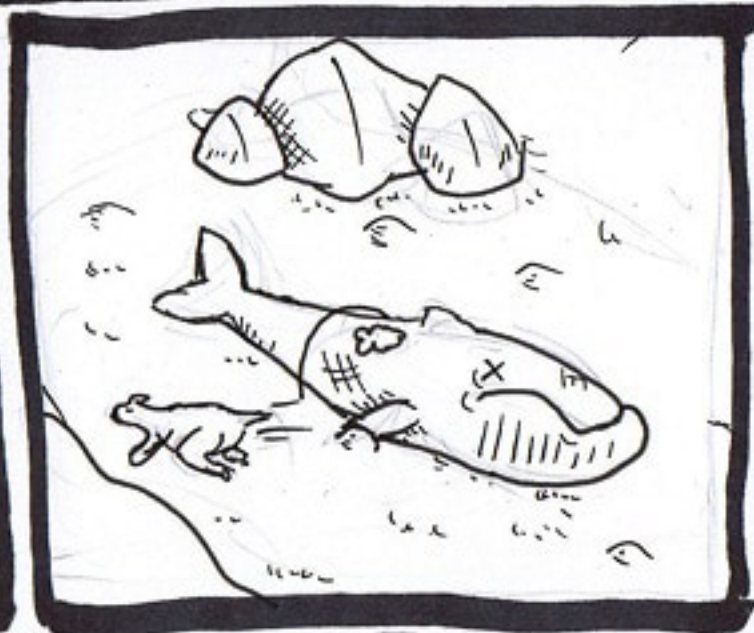


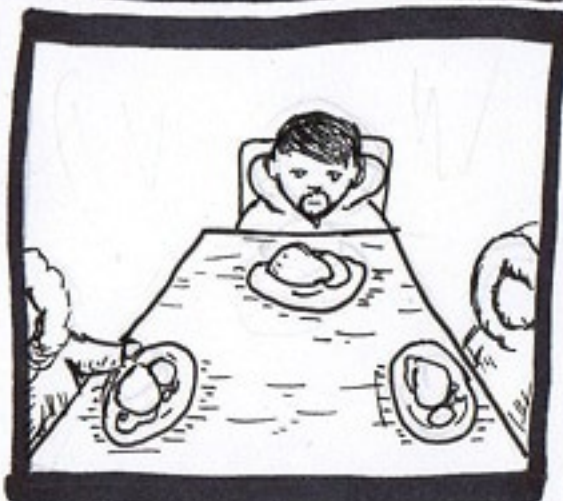
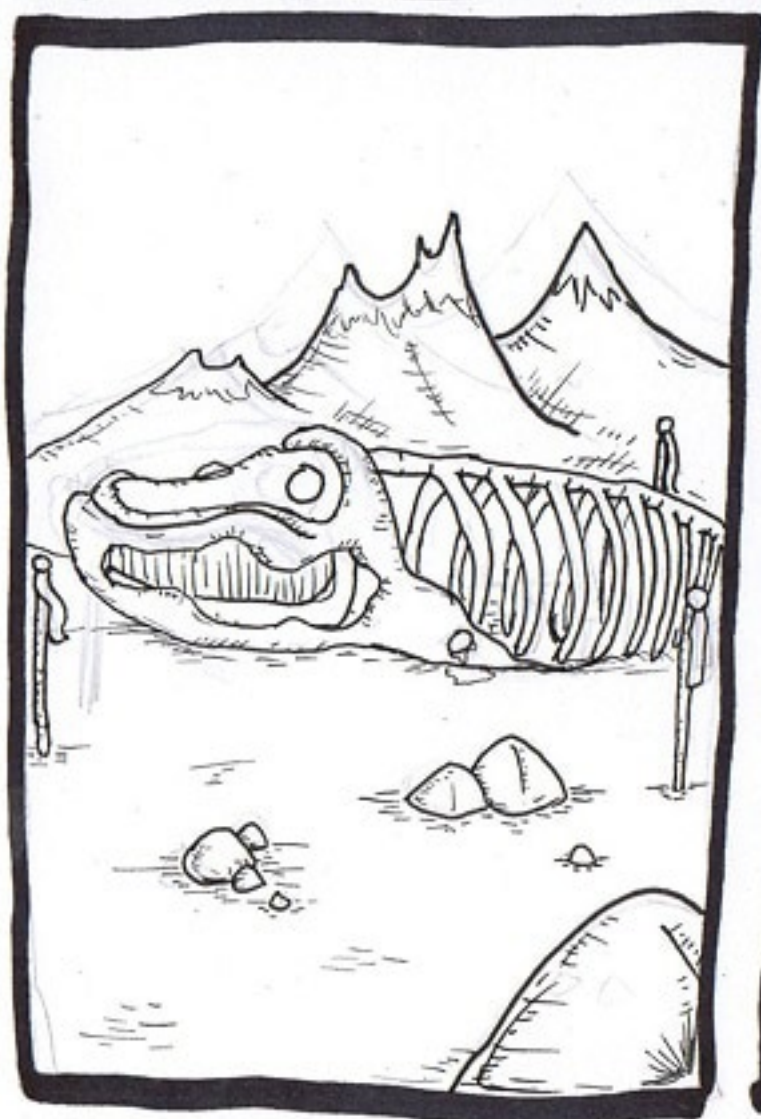
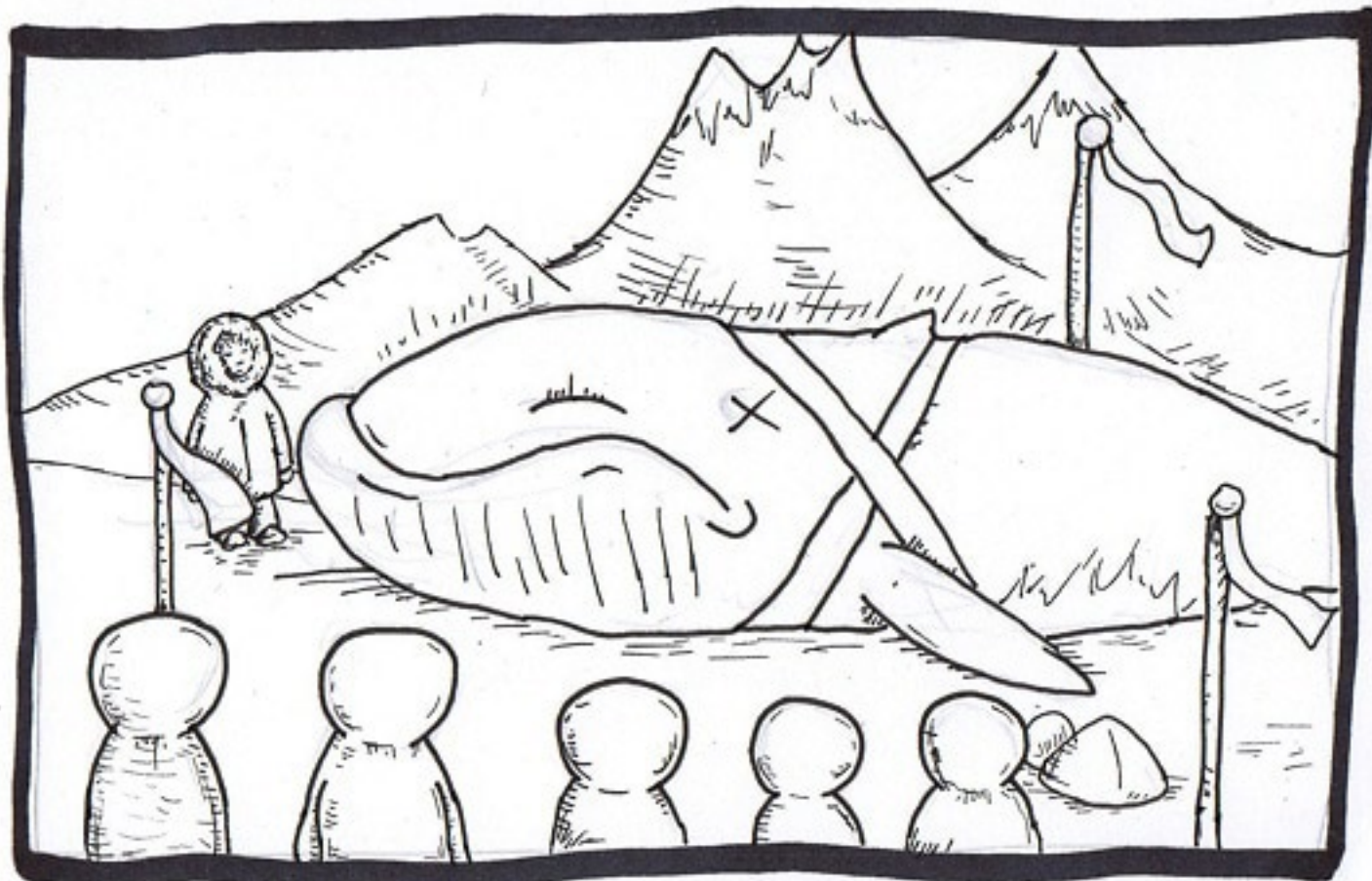
After that everything went black

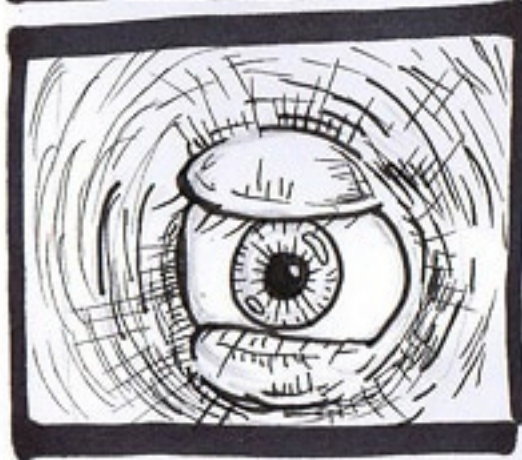
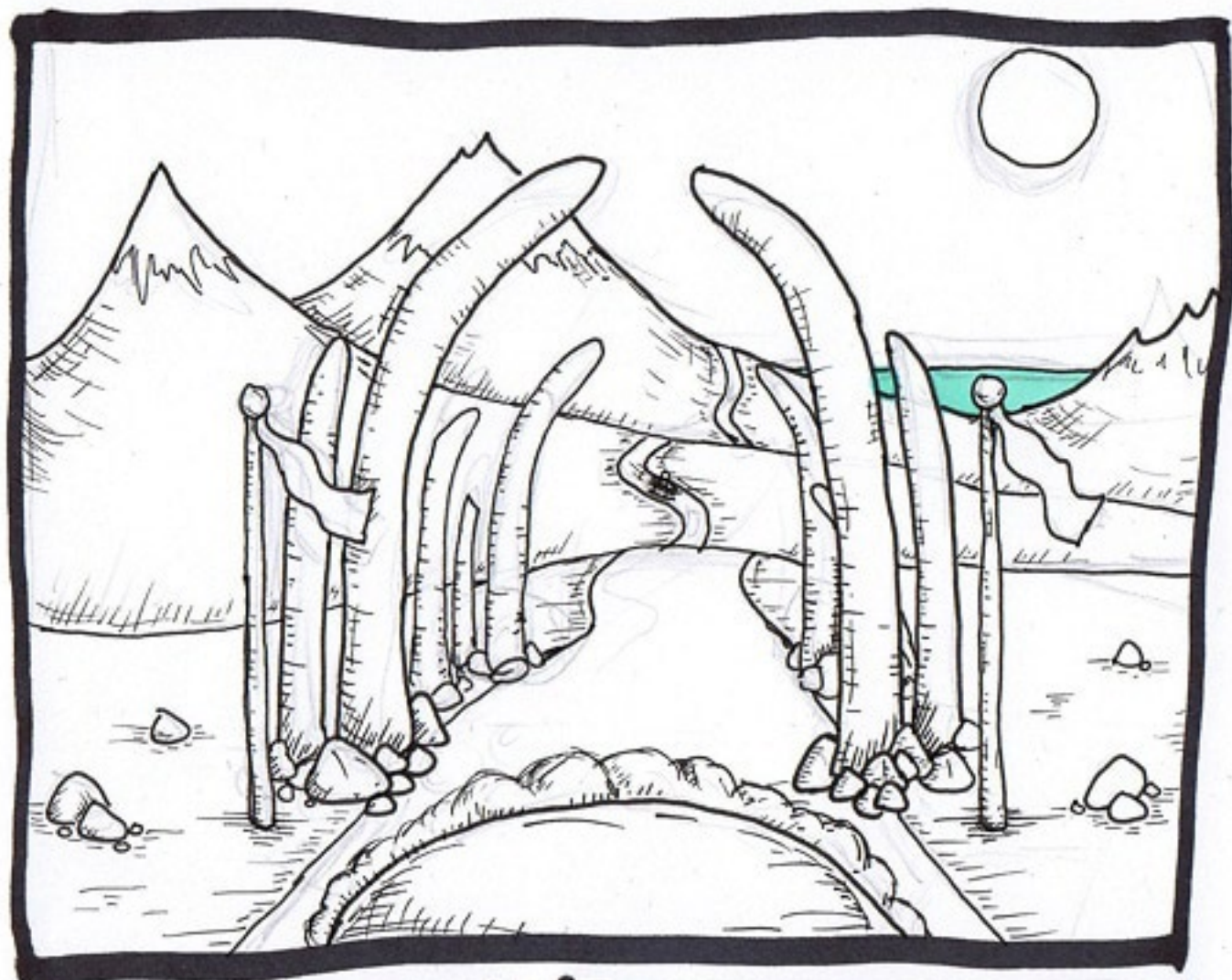


At the time I didn't know what had happened to Gary...

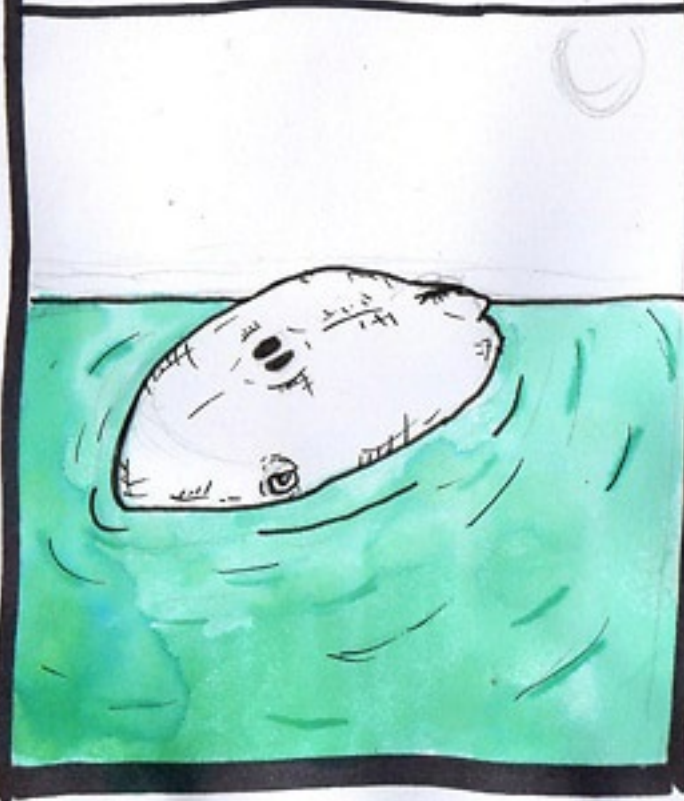




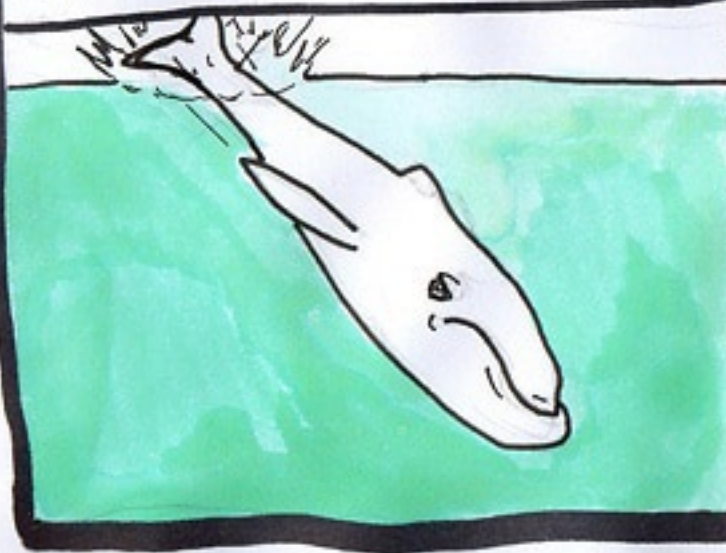




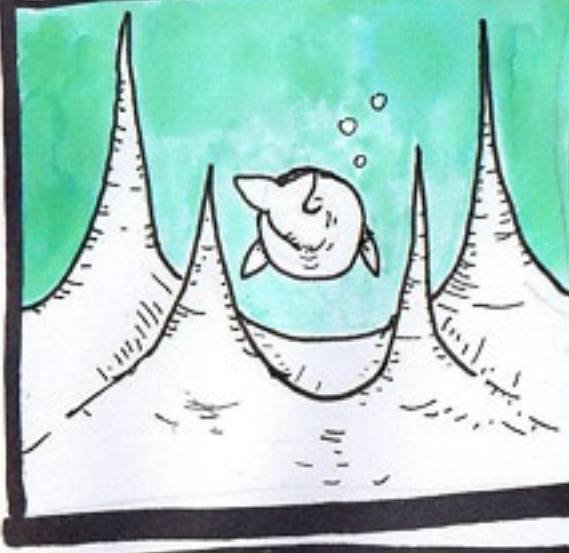
I had the strangest dream.



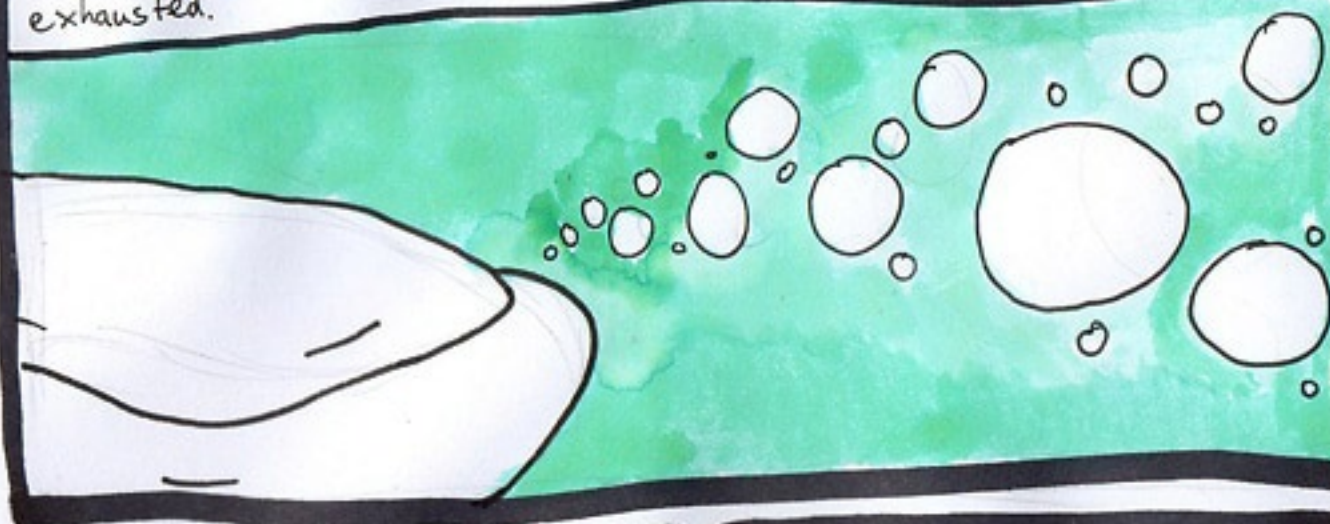
I found myself battered and bruised but still alive



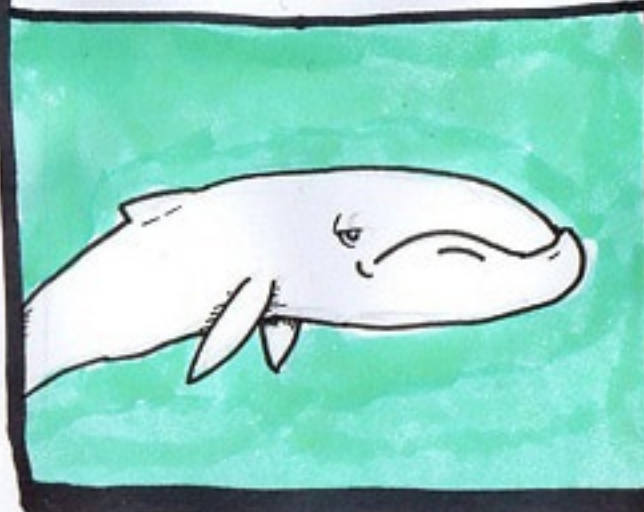
I recognised my surroundings, I was by the sea spires.



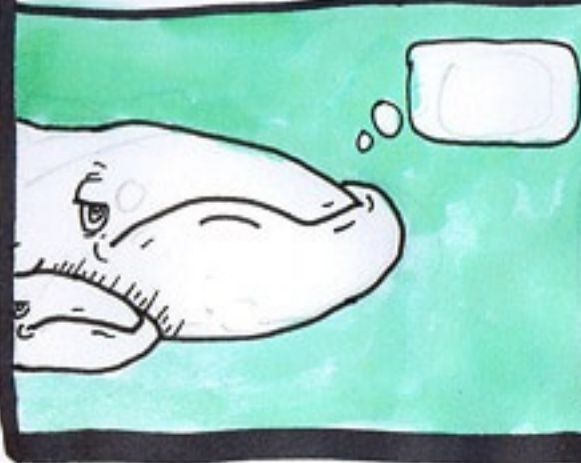
I tried calling out to the rest of my pod, but I realised I was too exhausted.



The Boneyard was close now.



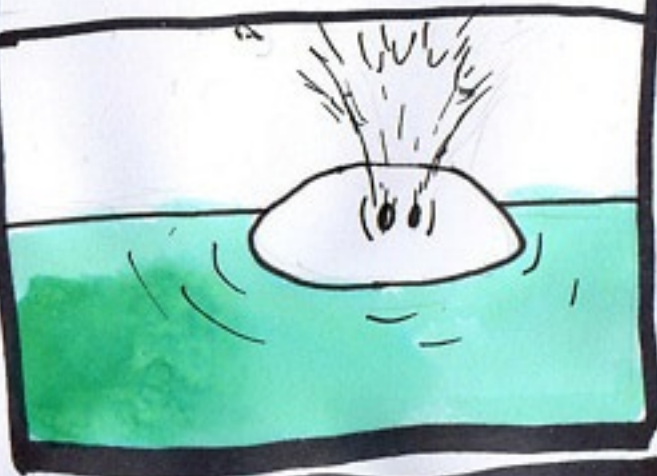
I thought back to the stories my mother used to tell me about the boneyard.



she told me, that in the old times, our kind was legged and walked upon the land.



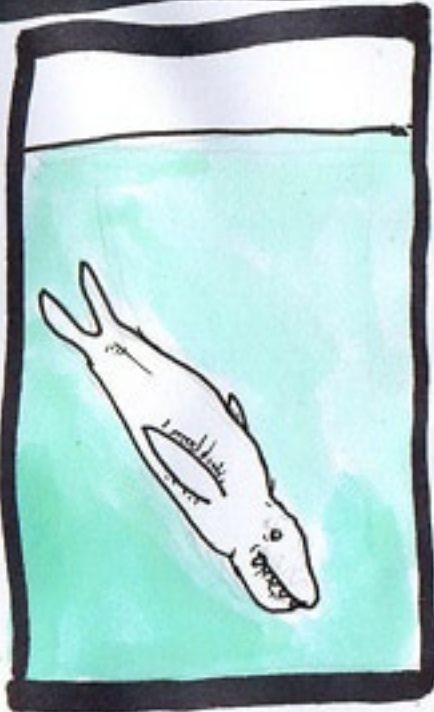
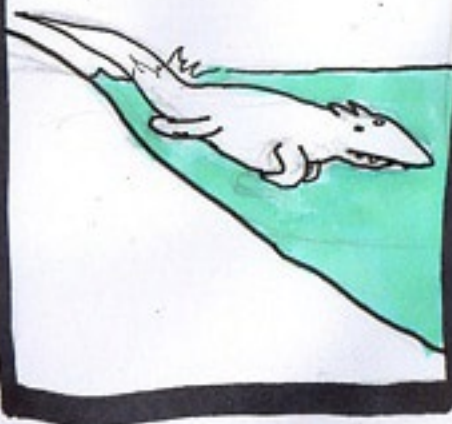
This is why we need surface lime. We must return to the surface to take a part of it with us into the water.



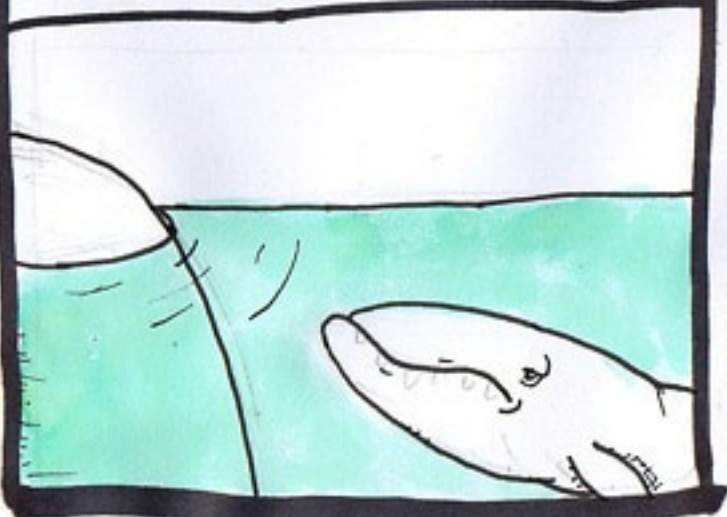
After a time living on the land, we began to feel the inevitable pull of the water



of the sea



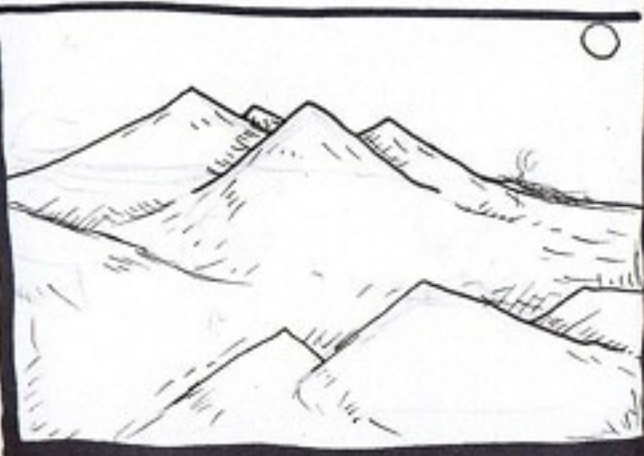
Until one day we could no longer return to the land.



and we realised what we had lost.



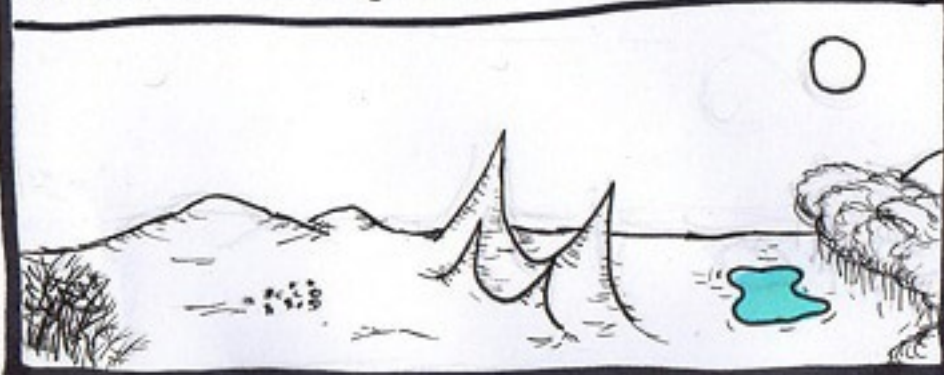
In the legged times, things were very different. Now our lives are surrounded by water, but it was not always so.



It used to get dry on land, sometimes there would be no water around for miles. Even back then we needed water to survive.



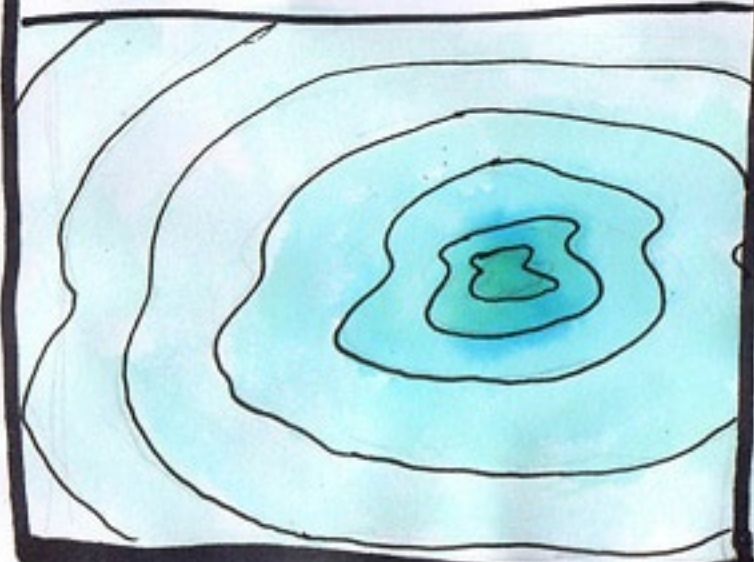
We worshipped the water, we craved the water, we needed the water. We would walk for miles each year from wherever our hunting grounds were to the source of the water.



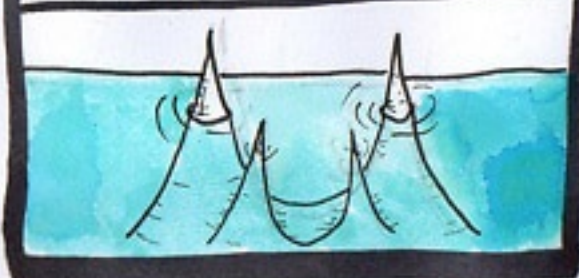
There, the young would be replenished and the old would die contented.



Each year the water spread further out from the source, but we would still journey to it.



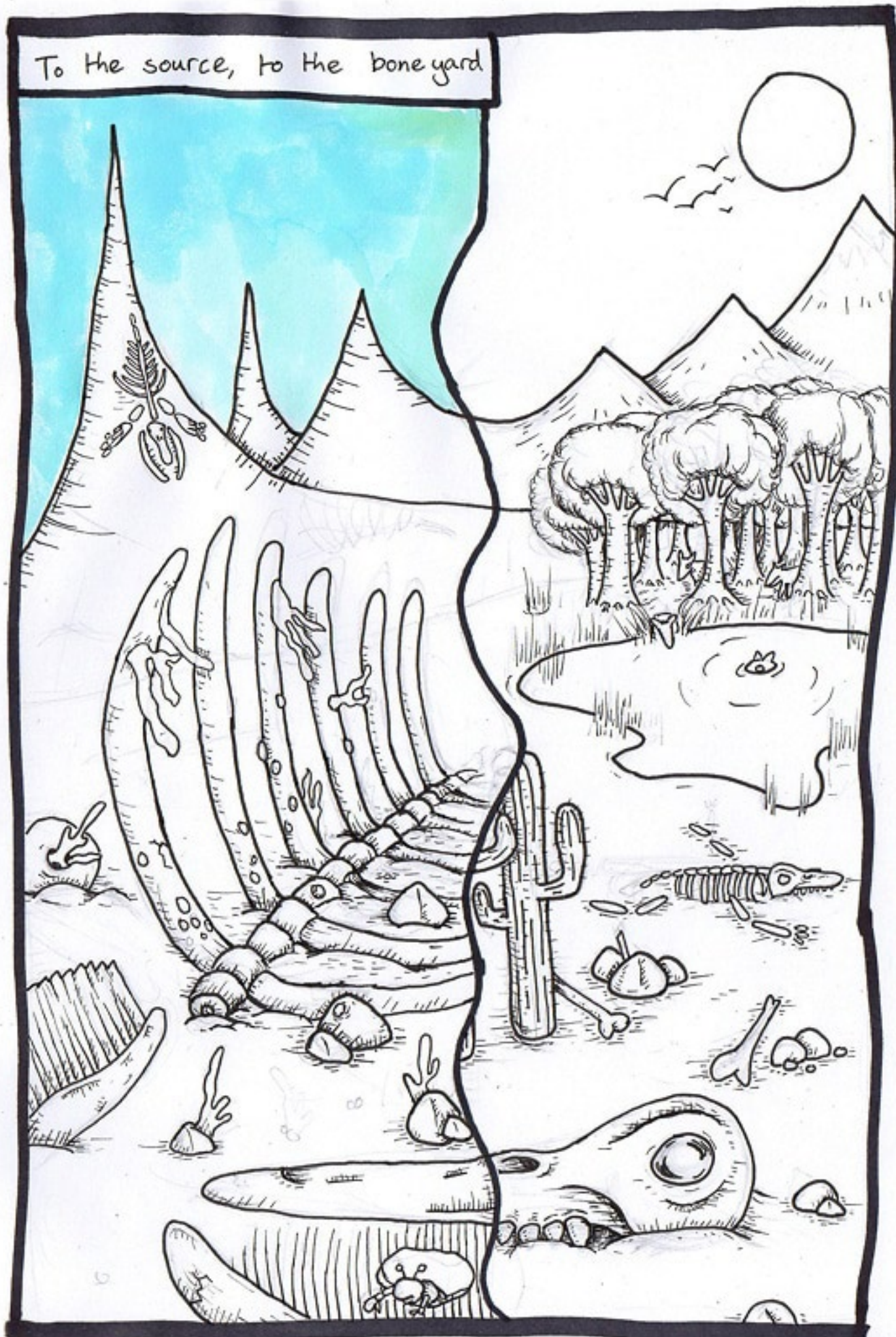
Soon the water spread so far that we never left its cool embrace.



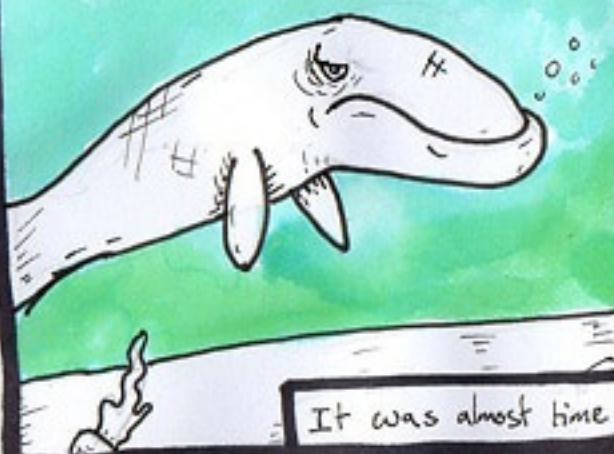
We then made our journey with fins instead of feet.



To the source, to the boneyard



I was exhausted



My thoughts started to fade



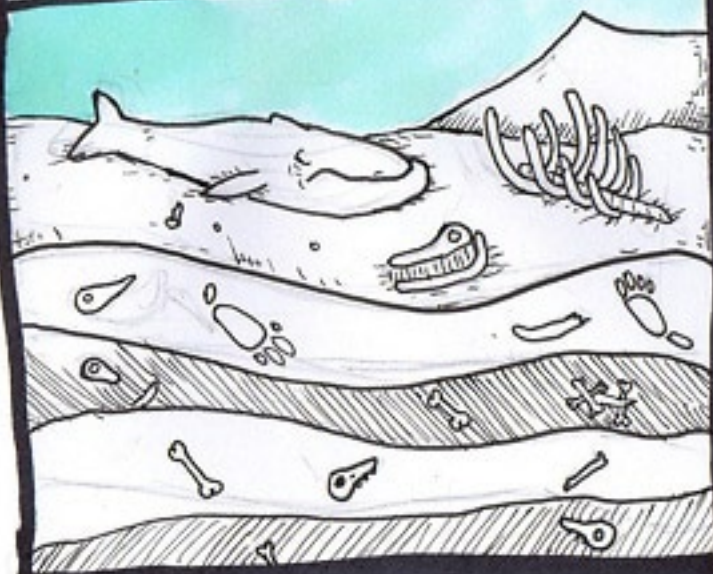
I could feel my body floating down to rest amongst those mossy timbers



becoming one with the past

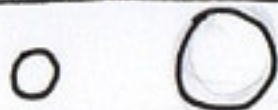


Layers of us had come to rest on this bone midden of ever changing, writhing bodies.



I felt my mind merge with those that had come before.

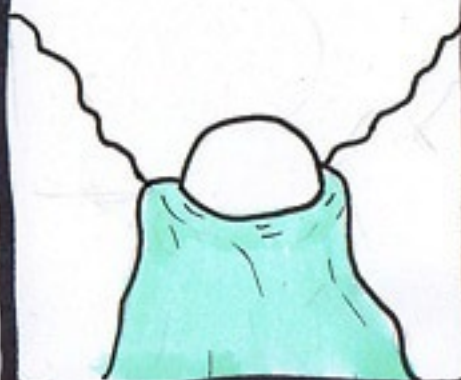
Alien, yet somehow familiar



In that instant I felt free from the bonds of time.



On a hidden island in the roaring river of hours.



From this island I could see into the time stream itself.



There, I saw how Gary lived on in the bodies and imagination of the surface squid.



Suzie, managed to find Jemma and they both found their way to the boneyard when their time came.



They both became a part of this place outside of time



Many of the following generations also came. Some pods would forget, but always one remembered.



Thus we endured.
Eternal.