

The waves are raging, rushing, roaring, leaping over the boundary like entrapped zoo animals barrelling out of an open cage. They crash over the metal bar, soaking up the sense of freedom, making the solid iron rod seem fragile and lifeless against the mighty, swirling torrent of water. Flowing over the railings and splashing menacingly, one can almost hear the snake-like hisses emanating from the spiralling sea. The waves are giggling manically, finally having been released, and seeking revenge on the humans who have entrapped them mercilessly there for too many years.

They engulf an irritable steam train, petrifying the passengers and aggravating the exasperated driver. Nevertheless, not an ounce of remorse can be heard in the manic hissing of the waves. If they had eyes, they would be widened with glee; if they had mouths they would be bellowing out with cries of freedom. But they are simply waves. There is one thing on their mind: escape.

Like an owl in the depths of winter, the train hoots irritably before setting off steadily, steaming through the submerged, slippery tracks, knowing too well how passengers react if they are even the slightest bit late. It ploughs on determinedly, leaving the whispering waves to wash over the land and wreak more havoc.

Meanwhile, row upon row of tired-looking houses line the sea front, too chilled by the heartless winter winds to feel the crack of the waves falling upon their crumbling bodies, like a whip, smashing the windows and penetrating the disintegrating walls. Blow after blow after blow. Although once vibrant and flashing with an array of colours, even the most striking of the buildings seem dull fragile and monotonous in such grotesque weather.

The granite sky is void of colour, void of life, void of any emotion. Even the seagulls, once dominating the skies, have deserted, alarmed by the confused turmoil of the perilous sea. For once their beady eyes are fixed, not on the fish and chips of enthusiastic tourists, but instead, on an escape. Any escape from the destruction which will inevitably be witnessed. Just a matter of time.....

CRASH! BANG!

Hungry for power, flourishing in the knowledge of the destruction they can unleash, the waves wage through what was once a meticulously arranged car park, now a scrapyard of curling pieces of rusted metal and disintegrating rubber. A graveyard for vehicles. Each wave reaches out, like a distorted, snake-like limb, dragging the remains of the cars back into the depth of the swirling ocean, marking their grave with a splash of icy water.

Slowly but surely, the water flows back to its enclosure like honey, now thick and heavy with the emotional burden of the destruction it has caused. Despite the guilt eating away at the inside of the waves, they are satisfied with their work. They swirl once more, settling back into the vast body of water where they belong.

An eerie silence settles over the desolate, broken town. Silence.

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