

# Promise of the Sea

By Brian Trusiewicz

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**How could he  
understand when he  
was surrounded by  
Seekers and  
Darkness and nets?**  
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Streaks of gold broke across the sky of early morning, producing the image of glittering coins dancing on the surface of the ocean. A cool sea breeze wisped softly over the dark, rolling waves. The dolphin broke the ocean surface, releasing a cheerful chirp as he gazed at the beautiful display of dawning light. Long ago he had listened in awe to the Great Ones telling tales of the Great Sea, which awaited all creatures of the sea. Now, however, only a few of the Great Ones remained alive, and even the ones left were not safe. As the sun emerged from behind the dark blue clouds, the dolphin felt in communion with life, its mysteries, its joys, its . . .

Sadness. The dolphin knew how the Great Ones felt, utterly alone in the vast expanse of waters, and being hunted by the Seekers. The days of the sea were numbered.

With that thought, the dolphin felt a sense of despair rise within him. Despair and confusion. Why did it have to be like this? Countless times he had badgered the Great Ones, asking them about the Great Sea. "After the creatures of the ocean have passed away," they had told him, "they will ascend into the Great Sea, whose waters flow without end, existing high above the billowy clouds and past the reaches of the sky. It is there where love and peace rise harmoniously with the ocean currents, where hate is without existence, and death is forgotten."

"And what of the Men?" the dolphin had asked, swimming alongside the Great One. "Will they share it with us?" The Great One had not answered, but the dolphin could sense his emotions as surely as he felt the rolling waters.

The water had been alive with his seething anger, and the dolphin had not asked any more questions. Now, as he floated in the water, head raised high so as to see the sun rise, he thought about the Men. How many times as a young dolphin had he played with them in the water, actually coming in contact with that strange race? Contact used to be a common thing, and he still met peaceful Men, but now Savage Men were more common.

Above, a cascade of elegant rays poured through an opening in the clouds and showered the dark blue waters. It was this that the dolphin had waited to see, the moment in which the Great Sea touched the ocean in a union of dazzling light. A powerful happiness filled the dolphin as he imagined those who had died, rising from the sea into that place of serenity beyond the edges of the blue sky. Feeling much better, the dolphin plunged into the water, following a wavering blue light that snaked its

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