

BRAD DAVIES

Deep Sea Tragedy

The day started as any other along the shores of the Waverley cliffs and beaches with people taking their leisurely early morning stroll. The air crisp and the sky clear. You wouldn't even know there had been a thunderstorm the night before and all that remained as evidence were the occasional puddles in low lying spots. Some people jogged, others walked, either by themselves, some in groups chatting and some in silence just enjoying the moment. Nellie Dunn a local girl of part Samoan heritage began her walk along the clifftop. She was engaged, soon to be married. As she walked along the cliff tops her attention was drawn towards a Daisy plant right along the edge of the cliff, wavering in the breeze. She loved daisy's and decided to pick the flowers. The sea below was thundering as it crashed into the rocky outcrop below. Seagulls could be heard squawking and seen hovering above as if suspended in mid-air. As she reached over to pick the daisy she felt the softness of the soil underfoot, still moist from the night before. She reached over and picked the delicate flower. Then standing up as if at attention she took in the aroma of the plant sniffing and breathing in deeply. Then tragedy struck, the ground gave way and Nellie fell backwards down the cliff face, striking the rocks below and bouncing off like a rag doll. Her body hit the water and reverberated like a shotgun over the sounds of the crashing waves, disappearing into the wild murky darkness of the ocean.

Horrified locals who saw this stood aghast.

A woman cried and a man yelled, "Get the authorities".

A crowd began to mill as a young lad ran to get the Police

Max Darcy, a deep sea diver, was about to board the boat he worked from called "The Deep Blue" when the skipper Jack was approached by the local Police Sergeant.

"Hey Jack we've just had a young lassie fall off the cliff about half an hour ago into the ocean at Waverly rocks. Can you help us get the body?"

“Aye,” said the skipper, “but we will have to move fast for the tide will wash her into the Waverley wrecks. Once the tide changes in a few hours you won’t find her all. It will take her body out to sea. I’ll get Mad Max to don the suit. We should find her.”

The boat headed out towards the Rocks at full speed, crashing and leering from side to side. Max began suiting up as the smell of the diesel engine permeated his nostrils. The Police Sergeant who had come on board clutched to the railing in the centre of the boat as if to steady himself against the elements. The area near the wrecks was surprisingly calm as they dropped anchor. On the cliff tops above a large crowd of Samoan people began to assemble. Weeping and wailing above the sound of the ocean. Drums began beating as if a ceremony was in place. What was this thought Max as he placed the headpiece on and checked he had his deep sea diving knife Is this a funeral ceremony or are they trying to appease the Gods and hope for a miracle.

As Max Darcy entered the water his thoughts turned to his love Esmerelda. The love of his life, the lady with whom he will one day marry. Enough of that he thought. I have a job to do. As he lowered down into the depths an eerie silence fell—as it always does when you enter the ocean. Nothing but the sound of your own breath. As he touched the ocean floor he tugged on the support rope to let them know he had reached bottom. This isn’t very deep he thought, at least I’ve got reasonable visibility. About 15 metres away he could see the outline of the wrecks. As he approached it the outline became clearer, rust and barnacles, the occasionally fish darting in and out. Years and years of laying in the salty silence had taken its toll. The Skipper told he to start at the front of the wrecks he thought to himself as that should be where the current takes the body given the tides. He began peering into the holes of the wreck, some were quite black as if it was an abyss waiting to swallow up anybody who came within its grasp.

As he approached the captains bridge of the wreck he saw a limp figure moving in the flow of the current, dressed in a white dress and hooked onto a rusted piece of railing. I’ve found her he said to himself and walked over hurriedly to the body like a spaceman on the moon. His heart racing as he had never seen a dead body before. What will it be like he thought. The body’s face was covered by her long flowing hair

as if wanting to hide her identity. A broken bone protruded from her lower left arm. Maybe she tried to break her fall with that he thought to himself. He then gently brushed her hair aside.

“Oh no.... NO!” he yelled out aloud.

It was his beloved Esmeralda affectionately known as Nellie. Her eyes motionless, cold and eerie as he in synchronisation with her lifeless body.

Nobody knows what happened that day. The authorities recovered the body of Max next to the body of Nellie still suspended onto a rusty piece of railing. Legend has it that Max was so overcome with grief that he cut the support rope and air hose to be with his Nellie.

‘So therefore ladies and gentleman this is why we have this display at the Waxworks museum.’

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