

*Until I saw the sea I did not know that wind could wrinkle water so. I never knew that sun could splinter a whole sea of blue. nor did I know before, a sea breathes in and out.*

Hux huffs and as he cuts off the water, resigning himself to further investigation. Armitage lives for discovery and adding to his expanse of knowledge. Outside, the sky is a slate grey, but not heavy enough to indicate rain. Hux cups his hands over his eyes, gazing out over the water. He walks along the beach. Hux frowns as he approaches the dock and stays far away from it. Maybe time simply eroded the impressiveness away. Hux suddenly catches sight of something that draws his attention away. The color is opaque and thick as it blossoms out from one spot, spreading over a spot on the surface. He backs away, half wondering if the surreal scene is another nightmare. The red quickly begins to dilute into nothing, but Hux is still shaken. Whatever it is missed him by only inches. He turns and claps a hand to his mouth at the sight. A half, an almost perfect half, of a large fish stares blankly up at him. If any manner of half of a massive fucking fish fell from the heavens to land next to Armitage fucking Hux, it would be the head. The mouth is gaping and the glassy eye stares at him in a permanent state of shock, the entrails sprawled along the ground behind it. Hux scrambles away from the horrifying thing, looking around wildly. Someone must have thrown it at him. Hux looks toward the sky. Surely a bird dropped its lunch? The sky is empty, and this specimen is far too large for a bird to haul. Hux hurriedly kicks sand over the disgusting sight and runs back to the path leading up the hillside, not caring about the dangers of taking it so fast. Luckily, he thinks as he makes it to the back patio, no one was around to witness how foolish he probably looked clambering up the hill in fear. Hux swears under his breath, a shiver passing through his body as his mind casually holds onto the mental image of the bloody fish head. Hux opens it and begins to bring the grocery bags inside. Beru's declined my business offer. I suppose your suffering was all for naught. They hardly have enough to pay their employees living wage. Brendol clears his throat. He never thought his father would ever consider retiring. Brendol Hux was a workaholic, always. Work came before everything in his life. His wife, his son, all of it. I want to retire. They have a sense of business, not politics. Never mind, Peavy is older than me. Straight black and as bitter as him. He stops organizing the spice rack and turns his gaze to Brendol. I have a life, father! The feeling of rising, hazardous waters begins to consume him even more than his nightmare. They both know what follows if he continues speaking out of turn, though the thought of Brendol beating Hux now is almost comical; Hux is nearly a half a foot taller than his father these days. Regardless, Hux falls silent. An opportunity like no other; an opportunity to make something of yourself! Where they treat me well, and I can engage my students and myself. Go back to that school of yours. A little Nancy boy professor has no business running my company. Hux falls onto his bed and stares up at the ceiling. Back to a life so different than the one he has here. CEO of a large Corporation. He scoffs at the idea. In what universe would he even be remotely cut out for such a position? One, perhaps, where his father had groomed him successfully, he supposes. Hux turns on his side and sighs, thinking back to how it was before. His mind drifts to when this house was occupied by a normal family. A strong willed man who built a company from the ground up. An even stronger willed mother, who managed a floral shop in the local town as well as her stubborn husband. His room is dark now, and a light rain patters against his bedroom window. It slowly occurs to him that he dozed off. The house is quiet, and he wonders if Brendol has gone to bed already. He goes to the window and stares out. He always admired the view of the cove from here, able to effectively watch the tide without smelling it or feeling the stickiness of the wind. The argument from earlier looms over him, thicker and darker than the churning waves outside. But Hux suddenly forgets all about it. Unmistakably, a red glow darts through the waves. He watches it move, its pattern erratic unlike the last time he saw it. He keeps on ear out, but the house is dark and completely silent. Hux grabs a flashlight from a drawer in the kitchen and slips out the back door, passing the gardens and keeping his eye on the red light, afraid to lose it again in the murky depths. He notes its strange behavior as he watches. Yesterday, it was leisurely moving through the waters of the cove. Hux watches with bated breath as it turns towards shore. He moves back a few paces, but it changes direction again, going further out. Suddenly, the light disappears

again, flickering out to nothing like his flashlight. Hux waits and watches. It all seems rather anti-climactic. Perhaps it dove to feed? More time passes, and Hux can feel a sort of desperation wash over him at the prospect of it not coming back. This, he realizes, is all he has here. Honestly, since the accident. He fumbles around for his flashlight and tries to regain his footing in the wet sand as the creature beaches itself, its violent thrashing turning into aimless flopping as it exhausts itself. Without the moonlight, Hux can barely see it, only making out a silhouette as its screeches grow raspy and labored. He keeps his distance, finally managing to pull out his flashlight. He swallows heavily as he turns it on and casts the light onto the creature. At first, all Hux can see is a massive fish tail, swaying and twitching. The horrible thing, he realizes, is tangled in a thick net, which has frayed the delicate red fins and is tight enough to cut into the inky black scales. The creature begins crawling onto the shore, grabbing fistfuls of sand with webbed hands to pull itself towards him. He backs away more, his heart racing. Surely this was another nightmare. Another casual reminder from his subconscious that he fears the dark sea and the terrifying things that lurk in it. That he has no control here. The monster lets out another gargled screech and the thrashing tail illuminated red down the sides flickers like a dying light. It writhes and reaches out to Hux with a clawed hand. Hux moves quickly up onto the path, even further out of reach. The red glow fades again. Hux clings to the flashlight with trembling hands and draws his coat tightly around him as the rain grows steadier, unsure of what to do. Nothing could have prepared him for this. He fully expected to see some sort of unnamable terror from the depths emerge, but this thing It has a name.

### Chapter 2 : Tom's TEFLSPEECH FESTIVAL: Until I Saw the Sea - Lilian Moore - Tom's TEFL

*Until I Saw The Sea - Lilian Moore Posted on January 10, by The Henry Brothers Hailing from the land-locked Midlands of England, and now living on our respective coasts in Turkey, we're continually amazed by the overpowering beauty and contrary moods of the sea.*

### Chapter 3 : UNTIL I SAW THE SEA Lyrics - SLEEPING AT LAST | calendrierdelascience.com

*laurasalas said. Thanks, Jill and Linda! Linda, I only have a bit of her work and adore it. I am adding her other works to my birthday list. Each time I read the bit I have, I, too, am in awe!*

### Chapter 4 : Until I Saw the Sea: A Collection of Seashore Poems | MARE

*Speech Festival Poem: Until I Saw the Sea - Lilian Moore. This video is a pronunciation guide for the Hong Kong Speech Festival poems - it is to demonstrate articulation only, performers should decide on how to deliver the poem!*

### Chapter 5 : UNTIL I SAW THE SEA: A Collection of Seashore Poems by Alison -- Ed. Shaw | Kirkus Review

*Lyrics to "Until I Saw The Sea" song by Sleeping At Last: You knew my tears though I couldn't cry I rest my fears in your hands Day breathes And falls across.*

### Chapter 6 : Books by Alison Shaw: Until I Saw the Sea

*Original lyrics of Until I Saw The Sea song by Sleeping At Last. Explain your version of song meaning, find more of Sleeping At Last lyrics. Watch official video, print or download text in PDF.*

### Chapter 7 : until i saw the sea , Poetry | Write4Fun

*Until I Saw the Sea Lyrics: You knew my tears though I couldn't cry / I rest my fears in your hands / Day breathes / And falls across the ocean / You know my fears / The stars in the sky seem to.*

**Chapter 8 : Meribeth's Musings: UNTIL I SAW THE SEA (Monday Poem)**

*by Lilian Moore Until I saw the sea I did not know that wind could wrinkle water so. I never knew that sun could splinter a whole sea of blue. Nor did I know before.*

**Chapter 9 : Until I Saw the Sea**

*Until I saw the sea I did not know that wind could wrinkle water so. I never knew that sun could splinter a whole sea of blue. Nor did I know before a sea breathes in.*