A seemingly still lake was underfoot, the water perfectly mirroring the cloudless sky above. Another person, with shadowed eyes, stood in front of me. Her skin was sparkling, as if scales were reflecting every colour of the rainbow. Yet her skin shone pale, almost white.

Those were the only features I could get a glimpse of.

A tail, merging into the water underfoot, disturbed the dream like tide. My feet lifted from underneath me, as strangled calls echoed throughout the air. Screaming of death, sorrow and pain. Almost as if the person was insane. I fell into the surging rapids, unable to save myself.

I could feel all breath taken from my lungs, as my head searched for a sane answer to this equation. My mouth filled up with liquid, slowly taking everything. Failing desperately, I stretched my hand to search for something in the depths that could stop this surging darkness from swallowing me whole. Still, I could hear the cries, overlapping like a choir in the water. My head whipped around, unsure of which direction it was coming from- which direction that I could rescue the voice from.

My body continued to sink, just like an anchor, slipping away to the bottom of the deep blue sea.

Just as if I felt like I was to suffocate, with all hope long gone, I felt a nagging pressure thrust my chest up. A rush of wind and water whistled past my face, as I screwed up my expression to keep my eyes being filled up with liquid. Oxygen filled my lungs, as my sore gaze met the bright morning sky.

A tail was curled around my body, and teeth secured on my chest. Still, the voice called for salvation to it's pain. Once realising that I was above surface, it slithered away, the shrill chime of a bell sounding from her throat. Her eyes were blue, as round as human eyes. Her skin was pale, not shining like it used to. Hair as drab as a wet rodent, not having life. It was crazed, snapping like a crocodile. Crying, crying for someone.

My chest was full, my mind was clear. I stood up and stared at this figure, the water starting to lap ravenously around my feet again. But I moved towards the person, prancing across the liquid. It slowly started to evaporate as I moved and soon, my feet rested on soft soil. Only one puddle remained, right on her legs.

Embracing her tenderly, I squeezed her tight as her last tear rolled down her cheek. Keeping her safe in the embrace. I didn't let her go until she calmed her shaking, as still as an owl. Her depressed face looked at me for answers to this tale. A friend, looking for an ally to help her out of her shell of melancholy. Opening my mouth, I whispered into her ear.

“You will be okay, you are not alone.”