

# The shark everyone knew

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The day I met him, I was still young. He was the shark everyone knew. Sure and strong were his moves. Cold and dead were his eyes, that flickered with hidden glee at the fear perceived. Eyes that held death and worse in every glance. Nobody dared to cross his waters. Everyone knew, his waters were the murky kind of still waters.

Deep waters he preferred, quiet with lots of undercurrents. He enjoyed the vibrations, screams brought to his senses, in the depth where he lay hidden. He was the shark everyone knew.

I met him right out of the woods, where water meets the trees. Not a good place for a shark. Not a good place for a child. His eye stared at me as I walked. In his waters he lay safe and sound as he observed each step I made. He was the shark everyone knew.

Nets were hung out to dry blocking his path. Sirens sang their song as he circled his waters. He was the shark everyone knew. The biggest fish around, until the net finally caught him. A sunny day it was, the day I met him.

I observed him, in his waters he felt safe to approach. I simply stood and held his eye. As he came close I didn't move. He was the shark everyone knew. Sure and strong were his moves. Big and sharp were his teeth. Cold and dead were his eyes, that flickered with hidden glee at the fear to come. I stood in his waters.

He stared at me that day for a long while. I stared back at him. Cold and dead were his eyes, that held nothing in their depth. I asked and he replied. He was the shark everyone knew. I watched his moves sure and strong. I smiled, then I saw it in his eyes, the very thing he longed to see.

The day I met him was the day that he was caught. A fish in his own waters he was a stranger to the land. The shark he was for everyone, they captured him with glee. They frolicked at the danger caught. They dragged him out for all to see. He was the shark everyone knew, everyone but me.