

Tide strong

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Back before the days of the golden Empire, before the burning of sacred Troy, before the flood to end the original human race, however brief it was there was peace. When trees stood taller than temples, and the earth was healthy and strong; when young maidens spent their days scampering through the forest, and the nereids lounged in the still seas. Earth was calm and tranquil, for these were the days when Zeus was still loyal to his wife; the forests and seas were devoid of Hera's wrath and jealousy, and the nymphs were free to do as they pleased.

Life for the nereids was good, each of the nymphs her specific job, which made the sea a fair and kind place to live. Dynamene, the nereid of the sea's power was doing her job, tending to the sea monsters that scared the people senseless. The still seas had been quiet since the titanomachy, and besides the occasional sea creature, the sea was silent and still. Thus Dynamene allowed her only daughter Dhalia to spend her day on shore.

The young maiden spent her day ashore happily, living her life without a care in the world. She capered in the sand, and she danced with the seafoam. Dhalia had lived her life loving the sea, as her mother was the daughter of Nereus, and her aunt was Poseidon's bride; and she was a girl who loved her ocean home. And the sea loved her, Dhalia was beloved by her uncle, the king of the sea; she was cherished by the nereids, adored by her ocean companions. The maiden concluded her day on the shore by watching the sunset over the horizon.

Meanwhile on high and holy Olympus, Zeus delighted in watching the girl sit in the sand as Helios rode his chariot over the edge of the world. The royal Olympian marriage had endured, and Zeus was unwavering in his love for his wife; however watching Dhalia skip freely on the beach, the king of the gods felt as if he was waking from a long slumber. It wasn't that Zeus didn't love his wife, however he had forgotten how much he loved the young maidens of Greece, Dhalia included. Then in that moment he decided to seduce the young maiden, despite his godly vows. Thus Zeus took the shape of a mighty eagle and descended down to the beach.

The sunset tinted the waters and sky a wondrous spectrum of yellows, oranges, pinks, and reds, as

the King of the gods landed on the sandy shore. The young girl stood up from her spot in the sea, leaving her in a dress that was soaking wet from the bottom down. Dhalia watched Zeus transform from the mighty eagle to a sublime man. Zeus slowly and carefully approached his young maiden, who was visibly scared; and yet Zeus could sense intrigue in her eyes. He carefully extended his hand towards her, willing her to grab it. She complied, at least at first she did. Dhalia grabbed Zeus's™ hand and held on, squeezing it slightly.

Until the king of the gods pulled her close to him, and grabbed her by the waist. Dhalia yelled in terror, screaming for help. The nereids in the sea heard her pleas, and Dynamene along with 30 of her sisters sprung from the sea. Dhalia wrestled with Zeus, as she prayed to whoever was listening. Aktaia the nereid of the sea shore waded through the waters to Zeus and Dhalia. She helped wrestle Dhalia from Zeus's™ grasp, both women rushed back into the sea, wishing to feel the comfort that the ocean provided. Zeus stood stunned and rushed after his young maiden who was now safe in the sea.

However the once calm and still sea was now being pushed quickly and harshly, at the invading god, as he tried to wade into the sea. Zeus tried to come into the water, but the nereids pushed the sea towards the shore, stopping the invasion. After what seemed like hours Zeus gave up, and he took the form of the great eagle and soared back to sacred Olympus. Yet the sea nymphs never stopped pushing the water towards the shore; they were too afraid of mighty Zeus, and they feared what he would try to do sweet and innocent Dhalia.

Thus the tides were born, in attempt to keep out Zeus. The nereid Dynamene, mother of Dhalia, became known as the tides. For since that day the power of the oceans was in the way the water moved, and Dynamene was the nereid leading the charge against Zeus. After that fateful day the king of the gods went back to his old ways, seducing the many maidens of Greece. However Dhalia was not one of his many brides. For the nereids and the tides saw to that.