

DEPTHS OF THE OCEAN **ORDINARY SUPERPOWERS**

Inspired by the music album 'Depths of the Ocean'

Written by Marc Winstanley

Illustrated by Andrew Warman



DEPTHS OF THE OCEAN

In shock, I shakily get to my feet. Surrounded by destruction and confusion, I stare at the deceased dragon with wide eyes.

“W...Wh...What do you know about my dad and wh...” I shout.

At that moment, a wave of electrical current flows through the dragon’s body and a hatch in the side of it opens to reveal Steve tied up.

“Steve!” I shout, fighting away the tears.

I run as fast as I can towards Steve and the hatch. I hold onto Steve’s gaze to seek out any evil or ill thoughts he may be hiding, but reading his warm, brown eyes, I see nothing but hope, familiarity and a desire to do good.

There’s no doubt I have to untie this man and find out about Dad.



Getting close to the hatch, I throw my arms open ready to give Steve a hug but looking into the gaping hole of the dragon, I notice metal mechanics.

Breaking eye contact and slowing my run down to a standstill, I look up into the belly of the beast to see giant cogs, switches and wires, just like the ones in Robot.

How can this be? It seemed so alive. Is everything an illusion?

I just don’t know what’s fake or real anymore.

“Crazy, right?” Steve asks, breaking the silence but not expecting a reply. “Completely remote control too. Here, let’s get me untied and sort this giant mess out.”

“Yeah, course,” I reply, snapping out of my bewilderment. “Who would even create such a monstrosity anyway and, erm, are you ok?”

“Good as can be, in the belly of a dragon. Thanks Jay,” he replies almost chirpily. “And your dad made it.”

“WHAT?” I shout.

“Yeah. Of course, it wasn’t built for this,” Steve replies. “Cracking job, mind.”

“Wow,” I say shaking my head as I finish untying Steve. “There’s so much I need to know.”

“There sure is Jay,” Steve replies in his usual bright and optimistic voice. “But first we need to set off for Kolo’s hideout.”

“Quick, let’s jump into that empty taxi,” Steve says with a flash of energy. “We’ll need mum too. Here Faith, take my hand.”

Although kind and friendly, Steve has a big, strong frame which makes picking Mum up a doddle.

“You’re both just as wonderful as David told me,” Steve says, sweeping Mum up into his arms. “I’ll put you into the back seat Faith, there you can rest your legs and sleep through the journey.”

Steve carefully places Mum in the back seat as I make a dash for the front seat. The front seat of a car is like a throne to the kingdom. Not only does it give you the best view of the action but also tells the world that you’re in charge.

“It’s a serious drive to Acapulco, Jay,” Steve says, turning the ignition key. “You should probably get some rest.”

“No way,” I reply. “And miss a road trip across South America? Not a chance.”

“Ok buddy but bear in mind, tomorrow’s gonna be a long day and you’re going to need all your energy and wits about you,” Steve says. “Is your mum asleep yet Jay? Jay? Jay, I said is your...”

I drift off into a much needed deep sleep.

The lights, noise, attractions, heat and bumps of the road leave my sleep undisturbed.

I wake up to the sounds of the jungle and I’m no longer in the car but lying, on my own, looking up at a pyramid.

The ancient building towers high with steps that look to be climbing to the sky.



I get to my feet still half asleep and start the long run up the steps.

I take in the awesome views of the jungle tops as I try to catch my breath.

I turn around and make my way into the building that time has forgotten.

Inside the temple, I wander into a small room containing mysterious statues. The statues look like tortured people guarding the tombs of their physical bodies, buried and concealed for an eternity of limestone loneliness. I get to the end of the small room covered in darkness and I bump into a savage-looking, stone dog with sharp teeth. It gives me a fright as I increase my pace towards the outside world again.

I grip the sides of the exit. I can't believe what my eyes are seeing.

The trees of the jungle are swaying, no....bouncing as if they are made from jelly. In fact the whole world has completely changed.

What once was dull, is now a feast of round, vibrant colour.

I stand on the edge of the temple looking out to the world; the steps have now disappeared to be replaced by a giant rainbow. I take a step back to build up a small run before leaping onto the rainbow heading down from this upper world onto the ground far below. The ride is rapid and my jump is cushioned with a soft spongy seating that whooshes me down, splashing into a delicious cocoa sea. I climb into a giant donut as it takes me through the jungle rapids onto a kali beach. I lie down, with my hands behind my head, and look up into the universe. The hot sunshine is dripping down like thick honey and the clouds are candy floss. I switch off from all the troubles of the world and feel marshmallows fall from the sky like small joyous drops of deliciousness. Digging into the kali beach, I fall into the open top roof of a buried jelly mould car and zoom through the sweet sand onto the aniseed roads. Up ahead, a sugary plane whizzes past leaving a rain of smarties in its path. I stop the car and climb up to stand on the car seat. I spin round and round on the spot with my hands in the air as I'm covered in confectionery. It's raining sweets.



How can this be?

All of a sudden, doubts replace my carefree thoughts. Is this real?

The vivid colours that surround me all give way to a grey gravel.

A giant crack in the floor appears and tears the earth in two.

I'm falling and falling and falling until...

Bam.

I'm back in the front seat of the car next to Steve.

"Morning," chirps that familiar Australian accent. "We made it."

"Yes, morning Jay. We'd have woken you earlier but it sounded like you were having the dream of your life," Mum's voice says breaking into a laugh.

"I may have made a video of you trying to drive an imaginary car," jokes Steve.

I laugh a little as I take in the views from the car windows.

"What an amazing place," I say. "Where are we?"

"No kidding, what a beaut," Steve replies. "La Quebrada."

The gorgeous light rock gives way to a turquoise bay. The cove opens up to the mighty Pacific Ocean. You can see divers jumping into the watery wonderland from every possible ledge.

"Well Faith, I hope that leg of yours is better," Steve says. "The next hour's gonna be a toughie."

"I'm sure I'll be fine," Mum asserts, as we all get out of the car and slam the doors shut. "Let's go."

"Ok so we're heading to that museum just up the hill there," Steve instructs as he ushers us onto the steps leading up to it.

"Funny time for a museum visit," I quip as we get closer to the entrance.

Steve waits at the entrance and gestures for us to walk in, fires us a cheeky wink and jokes, "Just wait and see."

Inside, the place has a wooden path that winds its way through models of old-time boats. We make our way quietly through the models and information points, occasionally ducking our heads to dodge the low rocky ceilings.

The museum brings us outside to an isolated balcony in the harbour.

On reaching the balcony, Steve reaches his hand out and gestures in front of us saying, "Well, are you ready?"

“You can’t be serious?” Mum asks.

Beyond Steve’s out-stretched hand, we see a sign that reads ‘NO ENTRY’, a chained up gate and a sign that reads ‘GENUINE 18TH CENTURY HISTORY - MUSEUM PROPERTY. KEEP OFF.’

What we are standing in front of is absolutely incredible.

This ship is majestic.



DEPTHS OF THE OCEAN

The wooden beams hold battle scars and erosion from the years gone by, the dark mahogany tells a tale of victory and the glorious ship sits proudly in the harbour like a lion. I can imagine somebody grand setting sail in this, searching for the undiscovered.

Before my mind can start to wonder about the many scrapes that this historical boat has taken, a sound pulls me back into the now.

“Right guys,” Steve pierces the sound of waves and creaking wood with a sharp whisper. “Get ready to run when I say go.”

We all look around at the quiet museum and wait for the patrolling staff to wander into the next room, out of sight.

“Wait.....and.....nearly.....” Steve whispers “.....GO!”

Steve runs along the short balcony, past the ‘NO ENTRY’ sign and jumps over the chained gate.

“C’mon, there’s no time,” Steve whispers to us anxiously.

I look quickly to Mum, her face red with panic. Mum likes to stick to the rules and here we are potentially breaking the law. I feel the blood rush to my face also, then turn to Steve to see his eyes wide with anxiety.

“Oh dear,” Mum says, full of fear. “I guess this is it.”

“QUICK!” Steve shouts at the top of his lungs. “Now!”

We hear footsteps gaining pace behind us. We’ve been found out. Mum and I scramble over the chained gate in a shaky panic.

Who is chasing us and what does Steve want from the boat?

The three of us start the sprint of our lives. We reach the ramp leading to the ship and hear the chains on the gate rattle.

“STOP!” shouts a museum worker, climbing over the gate. “The ship’s not for visitors.”

“It’s ok, we’re just going to take it for a little ride,” Steve shouts back. “Now quick, you guys detach the ramp while I cut the safety rope.”

We try to pull the ramp up but it won’t budge. Steve has cut two of the three safety ropes that fasten the ship to the balcony of the museum. The museum worker is close and so is our prison sentence if he catches us.

“Look, there’s a catch holding the ramp to the walkway,” I belt out to Mum. “Let’s turn it.”

We get to our knees to turn the catch. The man is just feet away. The switch won’t move and the sweat is dripping off our faces as we put our entire weight into it.

“Hold ooooooon!” Steve shouts, stopping the whole harbour in its tracks.

The final rope is cut and the man from the museum grabs my shirt. The whole ship shakes and the ramp we are standing on snaps at the catch, splitting the wooden board in half. The man's grip loosens as we are sent flying onto the ship and the museum man falls backwards on to the wooden walkway of the balcony. The ship drops 20 feet and lands with a giant splash into the water.

"Woo," I scream with excitement. "Let's explore the big deep blue."



Our hair is blowing in the wind as the ship sails into the big wide world. The smell is sour and salty, the air is cold and choppy. The noisy waves are interrupted only by the sound of the slapping sails and occasional wild bird call. The ship is floating quite unevenly, bobbing from side to side. Steve is using the wheel to steer the rudder as we sail towards a quiet patch to gather our thoughts and hatch a plan.

The harbour is becoming a little speck in the distance as we enter a wonderful world full of freedom and emptiness.

Mum's feeling sick so she's lying down in the living quarters, which are called 'berths' apparently.

I'm having a walk around, taking in the beautiful features of this old ship. There are two tall masts, one at the front and one in the middle. The front mast holds two large sails and the middle mast has three smaller sails. The sails are a withered white, all of which are blustering in the wind. All the ship's main features are connected with rigging, which are collections of ropes that help manipulate the big mechanisms of the ship. Steve is at the helm, steering the wheel on the highest point of the ship at the back...This is called a 'poop deck'! Ha, hilarious.

DEPTHS OF THE OCEAN

I've found my place here at the very front of the ship on the bow. My senses tell me that I've never felt so alive and the endless waters put my troubles into perspective. It's wonderful.

The winds die down, so do the waves. We sail into an oasis of calm and I feel big vibrations on the floor as Steve stands next to me.

I turn to look at him and let out a giant laugh. His pilot uniform has been replaced with a pirates costume, complete with polystyrene sword.

"Hey," Steve jokes. "I thought I was rocking this thing!"

We both crease over laughing. It feels good to let it out and Steve has a great way of making me feel at ease, even in the worst of situations.

"How do you keep it together, when everything's falling apart, Steve?" I ask.

"Life is a party and should be treated as such," Steve says with a warm smile.

"Hey, what's that in the distance?" I ask Steve.

"Dunno mate," Steve says. "Check the telescope."

I put my eye to the telescope on the side.

"It can't be," I say, while Steve moves in to take a look.

"But I see it too," Steve answers before pausing and lowering his voice. "Skull and cross bones!"



“Pirates!” I shout. “What do we do, are they nice in real life? I read this book where they...”

“Jay, calm down,” Steve interrupts. “Let’s just hope that they’ll sail right past us.”

But the skull and cross bones is getting closer and closer. The other ship is a dark predator creeping the waves. The wood is much darker than ours, they must paint it so it isn’t spotted. An almost blackened ship gives the feeling that we’re about to be sucked into a black hole. Their conquests’ misfortune filling the void in their heartless souls. There’s no colour. I’m frightened for my life.

The ship is so close now that we can make out four spine-chilling figures. Three men are wearing matching outfits of big black pants, blood red material tied around their waists as belts, white shirts, black boots and hats. Mean as the three pirates look, none is more so than the fourth who is stood boldly raising her sword up to the sky. This must be their leader.

The captain of the ship looks so angry that her face has been contorted into a sinister snarl and been left to set. Her hair is raven black, curling with a purple twist being held out of her face with a red bandana. Her white shirt is covered by an aged, dark jacket that flows down to dark pants that have a hint of red velvet and her feet stand firmly on the ground in thinner boots than the rest, as if worn for speed rather than durability. Her belt isn’t material like the others but rather a smart leather belt that’s tidy and neatly buckled.

Their boat slams into ours which sends a shock wave through the floor. We hold on to the side for our dear lives.

The four-strong pirate crew jump into action, they all assume positions and before you know it, have attached their boat to ours. This is a slick operation, she’s running a tight ship indeed. They begin walking across with rope and swords, led by the fearsome woman. They waste no time as Steve and I stand paralysed and clueless about what action to take.

We are surrounded and armed with only a polystyrene sword. The four pirates quickly tie our hands together and the head pirate burns questions into Steve’s fixed gaze with her dark, deep blue eyes.

“What,” she asks, “do you think you are doing in Dark Heart’s waters?”



“See, lady,” begins Steve. “We were just..”

“What?” snaps the woman sternly. “You were just nothing. After my treasure, no doubt and my name is...” She takes a moment to look up to the sky and puts her hand on her chest to announce, “Captain Dark Heart.”

Dark Heart takes a dramatic step with one leg towards Steve. Their noses are a centimetre apart.

Through gritted teeth and scrunched up face, she asks, “One last chance, land lubber. Why are you here?”

“We were on our way to save my dad. You see, there was this big dragon but it was actually a robot, anyway Steve was in the hatch,” I start in a high pitched, speedy ramble. “Then we drove to this boat museum and we stole, well, borrowed this ship and now we’re on our way to...erm... Steve, where are we going to? Are we here? Is Dad a pirate now?”

“SILENCE!” shouts Dark Heart, almost stopping the waves with her power. “I’ve heard enough. It’s time for our guests to..”

Finishing her sentence the three crew shout in unison, “WALK THE PLANK! Hahaaar.”

We are marched onto the pirate ship, hands tied. The crew laugh heartily and seem to be more than happy at the prospect of watching our demise.



Walking across the deck, I look left to see the door open to what must be the captain's quarters. Inside is a large wooden chest brimming with gold and jewels. Next to the chest are scrolls on the floor; I figure they must be maps to even more buried treasure.

In front of us is a long wooden plank hanging off the edge of this dark ship. It looks like the road to certain doom.

One of the crew throws fish into the sea and watches as sharks start to gather underneath the deadly walkway ahead.

"Ok," Dark Heart says, becoming more sinister. "The child first. We wouldn't want the sharks to fill up their bellies on the big guy."

The crew once again start a dull, thundering barrel of laughter as one of them pushes me on to the plank.

I start to cry as I walk further and further, running out of wood to walk upon. The plank gets less stable as I reach the edge. My heart beats as though pumping blood for the last time. Coming to terms with being shark dinner, I prepare for the end.

My eyes close and I hear a big splash.

Not only do I hear one splash but I hear two.

As I turn around to see what's happening, the man's sword shimmers with the sun's reflection and it hits the deck with a dull thud. The man has stopped pushing me towards the edge to investigate the strange splashing noises.

"Mum!" I shout, as I notice her familiar figure from the other side of the ship.

The man in front of me lowers his shoulders to pick up his sword but I kick it away from him. The sword darts across the floor and Steve stops it with a stamp of his foot. He picks it up as quick as a shot.

"Alright," Steve says to Dark Heart. "Faith has thrown two of your men overboard and I have this sword. Let's just call it..."

Before Steve has time to finish his sentence, a humongous purple tentacle whooshes out of the water. The gigantic arm sends out huge waves as it tosses the boat fiercely from side to side. Everything goes dark and windy as this ungodly sight covers the sun, whipping the air around into a whirlwind.

The tentacle is raised into the sky like a slimy, purple crane. It has several ominous suckers that are just like the craters on the dark side of the moon. We are all thrown around the ship from these waves and the winds force us down the deck.

My would-be executioner escapes the ship onto a lifeboat and that's when the unthinkable happens in the flash of an eye.

The monstrous purple arm comes crashing down onto the ship, snapping it instantly in half. We all charge over to our boat which is slowly drifting away from the pirate ship. We jump as the gap between the two vessels gets bigger.

The colossal purple tentacle raises upright again, displaying the damage done to the pirate ship. Their ship is sinking and all of the contents are being poured into the water.

“No! My treasure,” cries Dark Heart.

“Here, jump and grab my hand,” Mum calls to the pirate.

“What are you doing?” I shout at Mum.

“We don’t know what she’ll do, Faith,” Steve shouts. “Five minutes ago, she had us waaaaaaal..”

That’s when the ocean ceiling gives way. The owner of the purple tentacle breaks through the waves and shatters the water like glass. The whole world shakes.

It has emerged from the depths of the ocean.



The deep blue is now a deep purple.

A huge, violet head with the size and curvature of a small planet, rises out of the water. On the front of its head is a terrifyingly big, bumblebee-yellow coloured eye. If the eyes are the windows to the soul then the searching pupil of this apocalyptic cyclops leads to the black abyss.



Its entire body is on top of the water now and its eight arms stretch the length of the ocean.

“Dark Heart, quick grab on. You can make it,” Mum shouts.

The pirate ship has sunk completely apart from a tiny rail that the pirate is balancing on. She grits her teeth and leaps for her life.

At that moment, our boat is wrapped up completely by a single purple arm. The suckers of the tentacles start to shake the boat as they vibrate. Dark Heart lands very unsteadily on the edge of our ship. Mum grabs her hand as her feet touch the deck but her body is falling backwards. The suckers open and close to form a forcefield like a bubble around the ship. Mum pulls Dark Heart fully onto the ship, just in time too. A second longer and the force field would surely have made a two piece jigsaw puzzle out of the pirate.

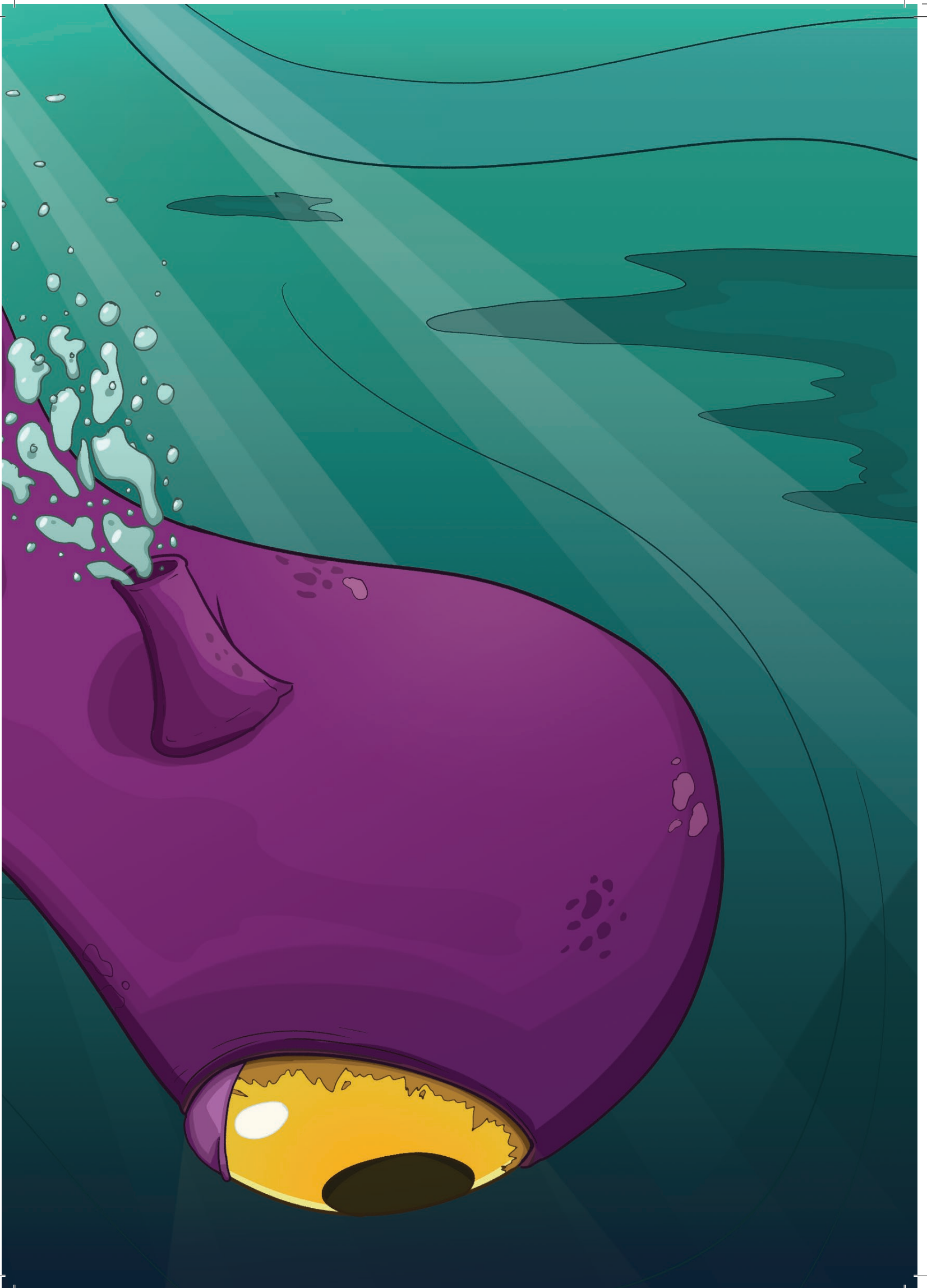
There’s no time for celebration, the octopus has us trapped inside this bubble.

We’re lifted up into the air like a child would lift a marble. There’s no end to the strength of this titan.

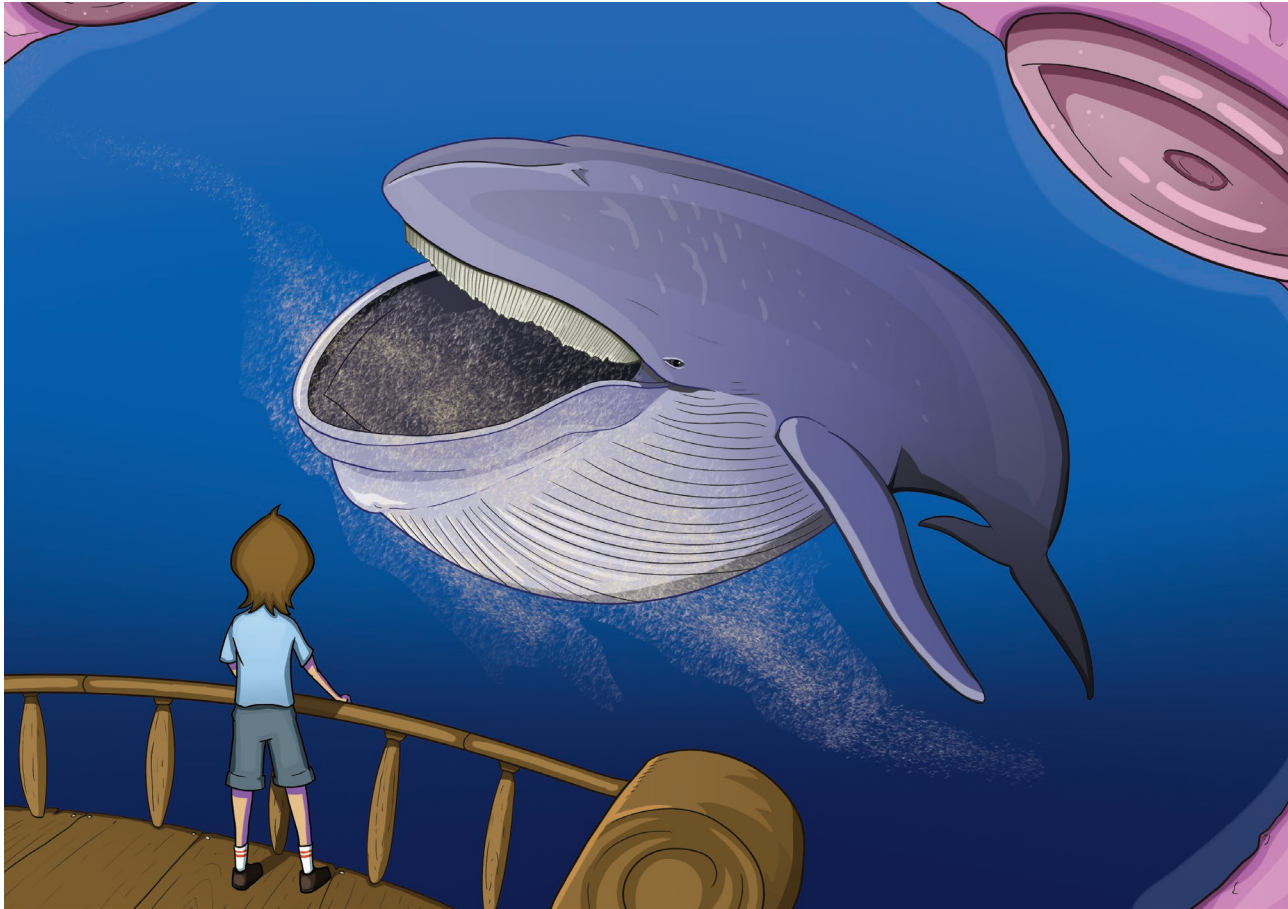
As quickly as we are lifted up, we are slammed down again, deep in to the water.

The only way is down.





We're pulled down into the ocean by the octopus. A bubble, that acts like a force field, surrounds the ship. The bubble acts as both a barrier against predators and an oxygen tank. The octopus stops for a moment. We are able to breathe perfectly well in here and the surrounding fish appear to bounce off the bubble's protective shell. We watch small fish being hoovered up by a whale for a split second before the octopus straightens out its eight arms, letting us go.



Our bubble starts to descend. Before we get the chance to break into a frenzied panic, eight enormous octopus plungers attach themselves to the bubble. We are being held by the eight arms of the octopus. The octopus straightens itself out and faces forward.

Everything goes deadly quiet except for the bobbing of water then...woosh.

The octopus shoots water from the back of its head, propelling itself backwards at warp speed. This is jet propulsion. What a ride.

When all the fish and surroundings start to whizz to a speedy blur, the octopus lowers its body and begins to descend.

The blue waters turn grey and, as the octopus keeps on taking us deeper underwater, we're surrounded now by total darkness.

"Mum," I shout. "Are we going to be alright...and where are you?"

"Just here love, don't worry," Mum reassures me and takes my hand.

“Guys, we’re gonna be ok,” Steve’s voice calmly announces from nearby. “This octopus is taking us exactly to where we need to be.”

“How can you be so sure?” I ask.

“Because the person that made this octopus,” says Steve, “is the same person that made the dragon too and...”

“What?” I snap. “Dad built this octopus?”

“David?” cries Mum. “Is he ok and...and why would he do this?”

“He’s ok,” begins Steve. “Of course, he knew you’d shake those obstacles off. He said that anything is possible when somebody believes in you. He must really believe, as he’s never lost his hope.”

“Enough of the blubbering ya meddling scallywag,” snarls Dark Heart. “Where’s this ship heading and what do you want with my gold?”

“Look, Dark Heart. Mate,” says Steve. “You need to chill out! Let me you give you the short story here...and give it a rest with this gold thing for Pete’s sake!”

Steve pauses to take a breath and to make sure there are no further interruptions before he starts. “Ok. So...David, who is Jay’s Dad and Faith’s partner, is a bit of a genius, mad-inventor guy. Without a lot of money and driven only by his desire to make a difference, he built a time machine. It was built to undo some of the terrible things in the world, but soon David wanted to find out more and more about the ancient unknown. One day he was caught out by Kolo, an evil man, who stole his time machine and imprisoned him at the centre of the Earth. That’s when the trouble began...”

“Centre of the Earth?” Mum cries.

“It’s ok Faith, I’ve been there myself,” Steve replies. “We need to visit the mouth of the seahorse-shaped island that lies on the equator. This octopus that your dad built is going to take us straight there.”

“Wow, so this is a robot and my dad made it?” I ask. “Cooooool!”

Dark Heart takes a candle out of one pocket and lights it with a match. The candle lights up her face from underneath, illuminating her slightly softening but still angry and twisted facial expression. Seeing outlines after being in complete darkness for a while, is a welcome sight.

“This is a crazy story for sure,” says Dark Heart. “If I was to believe any of this...What do we do now?”

“You’re skipping a few chapters there, guys,” I say, desperate to fill in the gaps.

“We can hear about it later, Jay.” Mum says, with a feistiness I had never seen in her before. “Today we write a new chapter. What do we do now?”

“We need to stop Kolo in his evil tracks,” Steve replies. “With the help of David.”

Dark Heart puffs out her chest bravely and announces, “Onwards, to the centre of the Earth!”



We slow down to a relaxing pace and start to ascend from the darkness into the blue once again.

Colours jump around before our very eyes. Bright, vivid, aquatic life dances around us.

The clear, blue, sparkling waters are packed tightly with fish. Not even the patrolling hammer head sharks can make a dint into their population.

Penguins, seals, whales, stingrays, giant turtles, jellyfish and an endless list of stunning sea creatures dazzle us as they go about their business.

Seven of the eight arms that once gripped our bubble let go. Held by a single tentacle sucker now, we get pushed closer and closer to the ocean’s ceiling.

The bubble’s solid exterior starts to soften and melt away.

We’re given one last push by the purple tentacle before it releases us. The bubble dissolves into nothing just in time to break the surface.

With a mighty splash, our ship is thrown out of the water on to the shore.

“Woah,” we all say in unison, looking on in amazement.

DEPTHS OF THE OCEAN

Before clambering from the ship, we take in the views of this long-forgotten island.

It looks as though the earth is moving but on closer inspection, there are iguanas as far as the eye can see. Thousands of them.

This is like no other place I've ever seen, it's like being on another planet. The perfect blue ocean is a glistening backdrop to these unspoiled yet over-flowing lands. The island is home to huge varieties of awe-inspiring wildlife that stretch out into the horizon.

"This is the most beautiful place on Earth," I offer to the group. "Where are we?"

"Aye," spits Dark Heart. "What is this place?"

"We've made it to Isabela Island, West Ecuador," begins Steve. "The home of the greatest scientific discovery and world of wonder."

Steve pauses to take in the majesty of this place before Mum finishes off his sentence.

"The Galapagos."



Having left the boat behind, we walk along the shore. It seems like every inch of the floor and sky are occupied with life.

“Look at the crabs,” I say. “There must be millions of them. Such a cool colour too.”

“Yeah, Sally Lightfoot crabs,” Steve says. “I’d have called them rainbow claws.”

Their whole bodies are a brilliant sunburst of yellow and red.

“Sally Lightfoot?” I ask.

“Yeah, named after a Caribbean dancer apparently,” Steve answers. “Just look at how quickly and playfully they move along. Amazing things actually, they flatten their bodies as soon as predators get near. They must be ok with us as the humans that visit here never give them reason to be afraid. Not even Dark Heart here.”

“That’s Captain Dark Heart, ya hear,” insists Dark Heart, but the rest of us are already laughing.

“Ok, Captain,” a bemused Steve replies. “We need to make inland now in-between these two rocks. Come on, let’s go.”

We step off the sandy, crab-filled path we’ve been walking on so far and scramble up the rock onto the ledge. The charcoal-coloured basalt shines in the sun. Getting to our feet is difficult here on the wet rock as every speck of floor has been accounted for already. The iguanas are sitting here in their thousands and seemingly not in the mood for moving today.

Dark Heart unties her sword holder from around her waist and uses it like a brush, sweeping the lazy lizards out of the way.

“I used to have crew for this,” says Dark Heart, almost chirpily. “Just think of the fun I’ve been missing.”

She gathers pace, sweeping the iguanas out of the way in a manner not dissimilar to that of a professional hockey player.

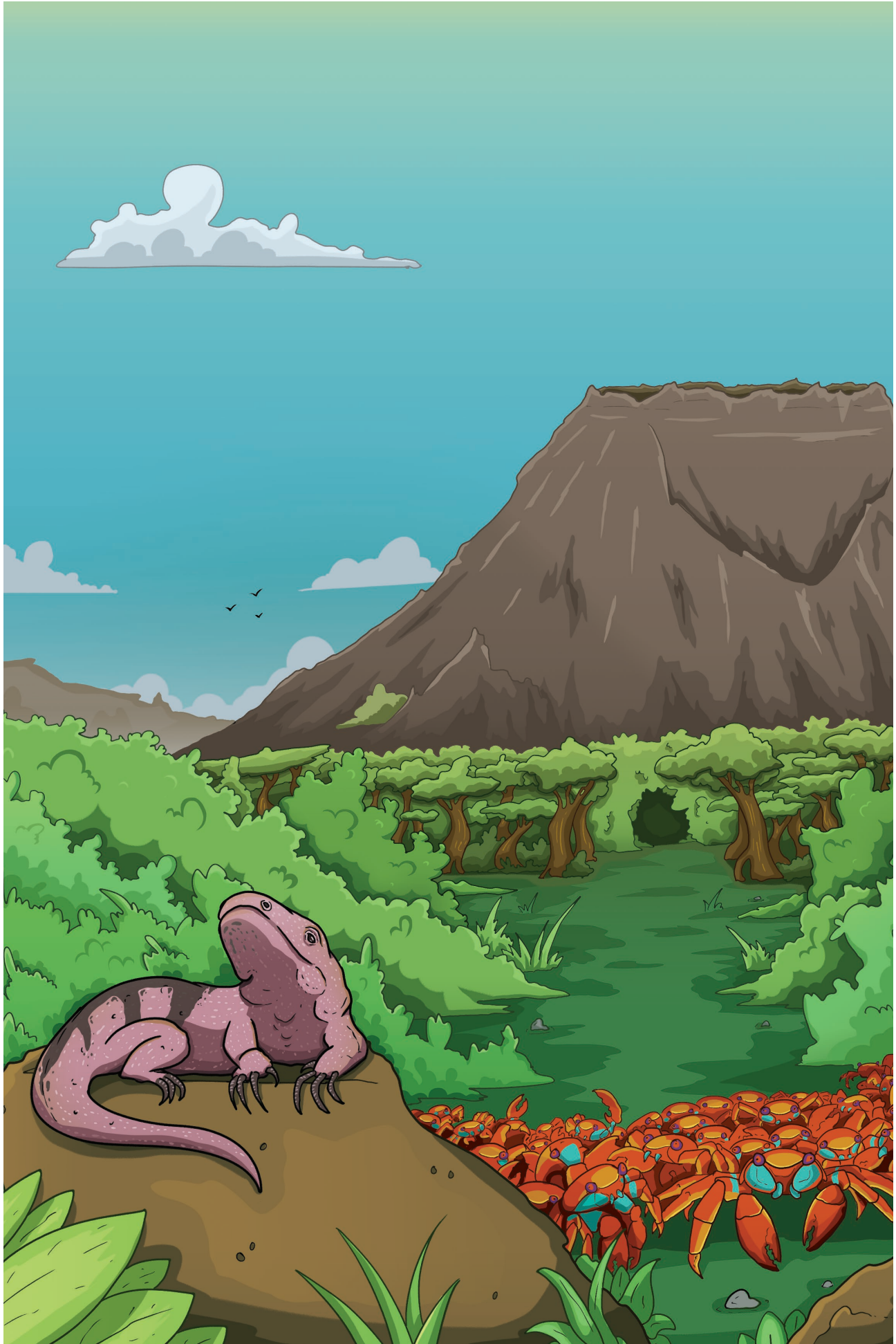
We briskly follow Dark Heart’s empty path until we make it to the other side of the wildlife.

All four of us turn around to take in the splendour and enormity of the mass gathering.

It’s amazing that these wonderful animals have been allowed to flourish here on this tropical island. Maybe ‘allowed’ is the wrong word as each animal would have had to adapt to their surroundings simply to exist. Fighting off predators and finding food in these lush but competitive lands must be no mean feat.

Still looking to the shore over thousands of four-legged inhabitants, Mum breaks the silence. “Well, where to now?” she asks.

Steve puts his hands on Mum’s shoulders and spins her around to face a colossal crater in the eclipsing distance. It stands at over seventeen hundred metres tall, towering over us all like a pre-historic, Jurassic threat.



"You're kidding?" I ask. "What's Kolo's obsession with volcanoes?"

"A volcano is the weak point in the Earth's crust," Steve explains. "Not only are there paths already made from the hot molten lava but also the Earth's at its most unstable as the plates move. The tiny bit of planet that we can actually see isn't enough for him. He wants to know the secrets of the universe and to control everything in it."

"Sounds like a right nutter, this guy," says Mum.

"Yeah, just a bit!" I reply. "Let's go."

We set off in the direction of the crater and it's not long before we're all standing in its shadow.

"Volcan Wolf, right?" asks Dark Heart.

"Indeed," replies Steve. "Wolf Volcano is the biggest in the Galapagos and is a shield volcano which gives it this distinctive look. Kinda like an upside down soup bowl."

"Ok," I interrupt. "So, how do we get in?"

"Get in?" he asks in surprise. "Mate, you must be bonkers. We need to look for four still Magnificent Frigatebirds."

"Four what?" I ask.

"Ooh, I know this one," chirps mum excitedly. "We need to look for birds that have black feathers and a..."

"Here we are," calls Steve excitedly, pushing a branch aside. "The four bird statues. That's one each. Everybody stand next to one and watch this."

We each stand at a statue watching Steve's every move, wondering what we could possibly find here.

He gets to his knees and twists the statue around three hundred and sixty degrees. The floor shakes with a metallic clang and the bird statue puffs a red balloon out of its neck. The earth doesn't feel as solid as it did a minute ago.

"Your turn," Steve gestures to us. "Give it a spin."

The three of us look at each other with uncertainty but what choice do we have?

Mum and Dark Heart spin their statues and we hear two more metallic clangs, revealing the red balloons and shaking the ground even more so.

"Just mine to go then?" I say before biting my lip and silently counting to three in my head. I give the final statue a twist. The floor shakes and feels lighter than ever. The ominous, metallic clang happens once more and the last red balloon inflates on the neck of the bird.



The floor in between the four statues collapses before us and falls into the darkness. The metal floor that was once held up by the four statues bounces and clatters noisily against the metal staircase reaching deep underground.

Steve offers his hand to Dark Heart and says with a cheeky wink and a smile, “After you.”

“Sure,” says the pirate. “Just follow me, coward.”

“Hey,” says Steve. “I’m usually much later to the party than most but at least I show up.”

One by one we follow Dark Heart down the steps. Each step we take sends echoes flying down the reflective stone tunnel.

As we reach the bottom of the short metal staircase, our gazes turn to where the underground path is leading but due to the lack of sunlight, we can only see a little way ahead.

Dark Heart puts the candle to good use again and lights up the lava tunnel.

We walk cautiously along the path, noticing that the walls are adorned with what look like ancient markings. There are pictures of boats, dinosaurs, temples and even hieroglyphics on the wall. We stop for a moment to run our fingers along the markings. Beyond our candlelight, we hear a rustle by our feet. Dark Heart holds the candle to the floor to see a snake slithering its way up to us, that’s when I feel something creep on to my hand that’s resting on the wall.

I let out an echoey scream and a heavy flapping bird from ahead darts past us nearly knocking us out with its big wings and dense body.

“What about this snake?” worries Mum. “What shall we do?”

“Stay calm, Faith,” reassures Steve. “If Dark Heart keeps the light on the snake, we can just walk around it and let it get on its way.”

“Ok, let’s just keep moving,” says Dark Heart. “Oh and Steve...Mate.”

“Yeah?” says Steve.

“It’s CAPTAIN Dark Heart to you!” says the pirate.

With the word ‘captain’ still bouncing off the walls around us, we make our way through the tunnel. We try not to think of what we can’t see beyond the candlelight as we hear scuttling and scurrying in the dark.

We make it to the end of the underground pathway and reach a bronze door. The door looks heavy in structure and has four diamonds engraved into it, with a fifth, bigger diamond in the middle. The markings are just like the markings on the world map I was holding only yesterday.



DEPTHS OF THE OCEAN

Yesterday. Wow what a crazy few days I've had. I've felt every possible emotion a person can feel. I'm exhausted, I'm confused but most of all...I miss my dad.

Mum notices a tear building in my eyes and wraps me up in her arms.

"Jay, whenever you're ready," says Steve. "Just press that button, mate."

Steve offers a warm smile and points to a small golden crown next to the door. On top of the crown is a ruby red diamond.

Giving Mum one last squeeze and wiping my eyes, I step over to the small crown.

Holding my breath, I edge my hand slowly to the jewel in the crown and give it a press.

The ground starts to shake and the bronze door opens.

"Did somebody order a lift?" asks Steve. "To the centre of the Earth?"

Centre of the Earth? Even by the last few days' events it seems absurd!

Gazing into the lift, I see my reflection which brings me face to face with my own internal questions.

Why is this happening to me? What's down the lift? What do we do when we get there? Is Dad going to be on the other side?

Taking the two or three steps into the lift, I join the others.

The bad lighting, from a single hanging bulb, reflects off each of the three mirrored walls of the lift.

"Well, here goes," says Steve, pressing a down arrow on the back of the bronze door.

It slams shut with an almighty crash and, as the lift starts to shake, the light bulb blinks on and off.

The shaking gets so bad that we put our hands against the mirror's glass for stability.

Everything stops. We can hear and feel nothing except for each other's heavy breathing and pounding heart beats.

The light bulb explodes, showering us with shards of glass. In darkness, the lift gets thrown down into the Earth's uncharted corridors.

Shouting, we feel powerless as our destiny is decided upon by this plummeting tin can.

This feeling reminds me of a reoccurring dream I often have in which I start to walk across a bridge from the Earth to the Moon but halfway across the rickety, old bridge I get sucked up into the atmosphere of space and spin around helplessly.

“Help,” I shout, as the lift continues downwards and it gets hotter and hotter.

Each second falling feels like hours, like I’m being pulled away from everything I’ve ever known. Snatched from the outside world, reality seems like a long forgotten memory as we get entrapped further down into the Earth’s barren layers.

I feel a small, gentle hand grab my arm. I grab the thin arm next to me.

In a square, with the four of us leaning against our walls, we hold on to each other for strength. The lift shakes like never before and jolts to attention.

Bam. We hit rock bottom and land in a pile on the floor.

A metal clinking noise comes from in front of us. Two small holes open from a section of the bronze door and beams of light shine through them.

The light bounces off the mirrored wall opposite, reflecting onto us. It dazzles us as we search for the source. We get to our feet and look into the holes in the door. The light has grown a little darker now, and where there was once beams of light, there are now two wide eyes piercing the darkness.



"Hello," Mum offers to the other side of the door.

Nothing. Just the emotionless, unblinking eyes at the peep holes of this door.

We wait for what seems like minutes before Dark Heart breaks the silence.

"Hey you," she says angrily. "Yeah, you. What's going on here?"

Nothing. There is no answer, no movement and not even a blink to stop the eyes from drying out.

The look continues to penetrate the room without a hint of emotion, while telling us that the owner must be mad, crazed and unhinged.

The eyes stay fixed as if the owner is surely dead inside.

The door opens with a bang and we all jump out of our skin at the sound.

Just in front of us, as still as a statue, is the man I'd met only two days ago. The same dark, tweed suit. Greasy, black hair. Pencil moustache and those piercing dark eyes that had held our gaze for what seemed like hours in the lift.

It's him. It's Kolo.

"How in the..." starts Kolo, breaking his statue stare. "You were...Ah, Steve. Of course. Did you have a nice trip? Martha was supposed to be looking after you."

"Martha?" laughs Steve. "She sat me in the old dragon of yours and..."

"You'll have to thank your daddy for that little workout, kid," Kolo spits mockingly at me.

"Alright I've heard enough," says Dark Heart, leaping to action and pulling out her sword. "FIGHT!"

"Very well," says Kolo matter of factly as he pulls a remote control out of his pocket.

He presses a big red button and steps to the side of the door, exposing the brightly lit, stone room we've just arrived at. The room is monumentally huge. Not only wide and deep but also massively tall. It is set out like the most incredible museum you've ever seen. It temporarily stops us in our tracks as we see all kinds of wonder before our eyes. Not only piles of jewellery, treasure and gold but also historical pieces from times long ago.

There are ruins similar to that of Pompeii, terracotta armies, Egyptian mummies and ancient artefacts all contained in this underground hideout. At one end of the room, I almost can't believe it but, I see a real life dinosaur chained up by the ankles, struggling to break free.

"It can't be," says Dark Heart, in absolute awe, casting her eyes at a large empty boat. "It...it...it looks like Noah's ark!"

"Well spotted, pirate," says Kolo. "You mustn't be quite as stupid as you look."

Dark Heart raises her sword to Kolo in anger and says, "It's CAPTAIN Dark Heart to you, maggot."

"Ooh, quite a temper there, haven't we Black Spark. Now, I'd suggest you put that little sword thing down and start apologising to me if I were you. Oh, unless you know how to stop this lot, of course," says Kolo smugly, gesturing an open hand to the right.

"It's Robot," I say with joy.

Only he's not on his own, there's a hundred of them and they're not walking like Robot did. These robots are walking rigidly like an army into battle.

That's when I notice their eyes, not alight with a kind, blue laser but with a menacing, red colour.

They must be evil robots. How do we put up a fight against a hundred evil robots?

"What do we do now?" I say, taking in deep breaths. "There must be a hundred of them."

"A hundred?" questions Kolo, before breaking into a vicious laugh. "Oh kid, take a look around."

Scanning the room, I notice not only the evil robots but also...it can't be...my stomach churns with dread. There are two dragons at one side of the room and two octopuses at the other, identical to the devastating big ones that we'd seen earlier.

The dinosaur's shackles are now free from the ground, glowing red. Everywhere I look I see more and more approaching opponents and historical figures all adorned with matching, glowing red tags.

The masses of zombie-like, red-tagged armies slowly get closer and closer, trapping us in like herded sheep ready for the slaughter. Everybody and everything must be programmed or brainwashed.

My eyes frantically search every nook and cranny in this vast room for some sort of lifeline or escape.

For such a big room, it starts to feel very claustrophobic.



Outnumbered is putting it lightly.

One dragon or one octopus could be the end of us. Here they are together, in multiples, with a hundred robots, a dinosaur and an ancient army.

We are surrounded and engulfed.

Steve shoots me a worried smile and says, "Don't let them get you down and more importantly, don't let yourself down. You just be you."

Steve is positive till the end. Even in what must be our final hour, you can't help but admire that in someone. It's in the face of dire desperation that people show their true colours. I think Steve was trying to remind us that not everyone can be a pirate or warrior but we all have that unique thing to offer that no-one else can. Where my physical strength is lacking, maybe my problem solving can scrape us out of this mess.

"Charge," Dark Heart shouts above the noise of metal clanging and heavy, earth-shattering footsteps.

She swipes her sword against a line of robots, making noise, lots of noise, but leaving them perfectly intact.

That's when the whole room explodes into battle. It's chaos. No-one is on anybody's side. It's every person for themselves.

Robots are throwing each other around. The ancient people are climbing the dinosaur. The octopuses are fighting the dragons.

I run around the room dodging nuts and bolts and thrown weapons. It's hard to stand up as heavy machinery is being slammed to the ground and historical pieces are smashed up to bits. Rubble from rocks is flying through the air, metal warriors are shattered like glass. Steve battles through the crowds using hand to hand combat while Dark Heart uses her speed and swordsmanship. There's swiping of the blade and people charging into each other. A battle to end all battles. The dinosaur roars an almighty roar at me as I come face to face with it. I feel the force of its powerful lung capacity and smell its dull breath. A hand grabs mine and pulls me out of the way of the charging diplodocus. I fall to the ground and the dinosaur reaches its long neck far up into the air. It slams its neck down into the floor right next to me, sending shock waves across the room.

I get pulled up from the floor and, ducking under a catapulted shard of metal, I hear a voice that makes my whole body become a quivering wreck.

"Jay," says Dad, as he takes me into his arms.

This single hug eases every ounce of pain, while at the same time, bringing an overwhelming sadness about the fact that I'd not seen him for such a long time. I squeeze him harder and the surrounding pandemonium blurs into a hot, swirling grey and orange. The whole world is put on hold for a moment, like nothing else exists. How can the love of one person take away your pain, make you see the world with new eyes and feel indestructible, like anything is possible?

“Here’s the plan,” Dad says. “I’ll distract Kolo, while you get the remote from his jacket pocket. Quick let’s go.”

We make our way through the apocalyptic battlefield. Ducking, jumping, pushing, shoving and sliding along through the madness.

“Now, hide, Jay,” Dad says. “Don’t let him see us together.”

“Ok,” I say, finding another path through the battle. “I love you.”

Dad stops in his tracks because hearing these words must have hit him like a missile. I always find it hard to tell people how I really feel. Especially Dad for some reason. His child-like excitement for life makes me the person I am today. I adore my family.

“Love you too,” Dad says, pausing to throw me one of his warm, melting smiles.

We burst back into action. We must get that remote and put an end to all of this.

I sneak back inside the lift, next to where Kolo is standing, praying he doesn’t see me, and crouch in the corner.

“Hi sir,” I hear Dad say, nervously. “I’ve done it, I’ve finally done it. The time machine has been rebuilt.”

“Excellent. Quick take me to it. Immediately,” replies Kolo, looking around for traps or spies.

“Follow me,” Dad says as he leads Kolo through the dense war zone.



I follow closely so we don't lose them but I get held back by a red-eyed robot. The robot holds me up by my shirt and it prepares to slam me into a pulp on the ground. With an almighty bash on its head from Steve, the robot loosens its grip, freeing me, before it falls in a pile of junk onto the floor.

Mum pops up behind Steve and with a smug smile says, "I got it," and holds out the three buttoned remote to us. "Let's go get 'em!"

Steve grabs our hands and dives into the crowd, barging his way through. Mum and I are jerked around the messy sea of destruction.

"Where's Dark Heart?" I shout.

"Dunno. Can't find her," Steve answers. "She won't be far behind."

We carry on making our way to the edge of the carnage until we find Dad and Kolo.

Dad lays down an identical metal circle to the one I'd seen previously.

I catch his eye. It sparkles as if the shine is transmitting his plan to my brain.

Dad shouts, "Yellow button," at me.

Kolo looks confused and starts to check his jacket for the remote, without success.

"Yellow button," I shout to Mum. But the raging battle behind us masks my words, leaving her none the wiser.

"Yellow button, now," he shouts again, this time wrestling with Kolo.

I run over to Mum and urgently snatch the remote from her hands.

I turn back to see Dad restraining Kolo over the time machine, holding his hands behind his back.

"NOW!" Dad shouts urgently to me.

I look down to the remote. Kolo is breaking free from Dad's hold. I press the yellow button. The time machine starts to spin and Kolo gets pulled around and around with the spinning metal tiles.

There's a cascade of illuminating colours then Whoosh!

He vanishes into thin air then a lightning bolt darts across our heads. The lightning smashes straight into the cave's walls, sending chunks of rock flying all around.

"Here," Dad shouts, holding out his hand. "Pass it over, before somebody gets seriously hurt." I hand over the remote to Dad.



An enormous, hideous, terrifying dragon stands right above us ready to crush the group in one thoughtless swoop.

Dad presses the button.

Nothing.

The dragon starts to drop its leg, to crush us flat.

I drop to the floor, roll up in a ball and close my eyes as tight as I can.

I can't believe that after all this time, having superpowers for one day, flying around the Earth, stopping the evil Kolo, throwing the cursed diamond, saving that poor boy from the barbaric Romans, defeating a dragon, stealing a boat, escaping pirates and travelling the ocean in a bubble being pushed along by a giant octopus, that it all ends here and now at the final hurdle. That's when I hear a rusty, screeching metal sound and everything stops.

I feel nothing. Silence.

Had I joined the heavens and passed into the other side or could this be a miracle?

"Mum, Dad, Steve, Dark Heart?" I call.

"Hey, we're just here," Mum says, in a relieved and soothing voice. "It's ok, we're just here."

"Your dad's shut down all of the machines," says Steve. "And switched the red bands to sleeping mode."

Dad pulls me out from underneath the dragon's foot which is an inch away from my curled up body.

"Just in time too, Jay," says Dad. "Woo, close call."

Dad starts to laugh as he pulls me up to my feet. "All in the plan, obviously," he jokes.

"Where's Dark Heart?" I ask.

"Ooh, we've not seen her for ages," says Steve. "And that's CAPTAIN Dark Heart to you, scallywag."

Steve tries to lighten the mood but we all feel a sense of dread at not hearing her sharp, sword-edged quips.

"Dark Heart," we shout, looking through the heap of metal mess, but we get nothing back.

The silence is substantial. We look through what feels like every nut and bolt in the place.

"The ark," says Mum. "Let's check the ark, maybe she's in there."

We race over to the biblical boat to find her. Unfortunately, when we get to it, we do find Captain Dark Heart. She's lying motionless with her arms spread like an angel, her eyes wide open and lifeless.

We gather around her to pay our respects. Steve closes her eyelids before placing a golden coin on to each one.

"Rest in peace, brave lady," says Steve. "We couldn't have done it without you. Sleep tight."



Heading towards the lift to freedom, we walk through the rubble, metal shavings and sleeping armies.

“What about Kolo?” I wonder.

“Don’t worry about him,” replies Dad. “I sent him on a one-way ticket to the Stone Age.”

“So what do we do now, then?” I ask.

“Head home for a brew and biscuits,” Mum replies, half jokingly.

“Home?” asks Steve. “We could be a new crime-fighting super team. Going around the world kicking evil backsides and saving the day. We could be called ‘Steve and the Turner dogs’ or ‘The magnificent 4’ or ‘The cool.....’”

I laugh and interrupt, “Steve, mate. I’d love to but I’m just a kid and my superpowers have all gone.”

“Just a kid?” Steve stops. “Jay, you were amazing. You didn’t need superpowers when you were facing the Romans, or giving a dragon the slip or..”

My Mum and Dad look at each other shaking their heads, trying not to laugh.

“You know what,” I say. “You’re right. That was all me.”

“Woah,” says Mum, not finding that funny at all. “Let’s not get carried away here, Jay.”

“It’s ok, I don’t want to be a superhero,” I reply. “I’ve just worked out what my superpower is.”

“Your superpower?” asks Dad. “But I thought that had gone.”

“My superpower is a never ending sense of wonder, to see excitement in the mundane and make every single day an adventure, big or small,” I say.

“One day I’m going to travel the world and show people that they too have ordinary superpowers.”



DEPTHS OF THE OCEAN

Original Lyrics by Marc Winstanley

SAIL YOUR THOUGHTS AWAY
RIDE THE WAVE TODAY
SWIM THE DEEPEST BLUE
ANSWERS LIE WITH YOU

YOU GOTTA LIBERATE
AIN'T GOT NO TIME FOR HATE
WHEN THE SHARKS COME CALLING
AND FAITH IS FALLING AWAY

TIDES WILL FLOW AND OUR HEARTS WILL GROW IN THE
DEPTHS OF THE OCEAN, DEPTHS OF THE OCEAN
LOOK BENEATH TO THE CORAL REEF IN THE
DEPTHS OF THE OCEAN, DEPTHS OF THE OCEAN
THERE'S SO MUCH LIFE DOWN HERE TO BE DISCOVERED
TO SHINE A LIGHT AND SHOW THE PATH UNCOVERED
FEEL AT EASE ON THE SEVEN SEAS IN THE
DEPTHS OF THE OCEAN, DEPTHS OF THE OCEAN

STARFISH HOLIDAY
SEE THE DOLPHINS PLAY
WHALES AND CATFISH TOO
FIND A DIFFERENT VIEW

YOU GOTTA LIBERATE
AIN'T GOT NO TIME FOR HATE
WHEN THE SHARKS COME CALLING
AND FAITH IS FALLING AWAY

TIDES WILL FLOW AND OUR HEARTS WILL GROW IN THE
DEPTHS OF THE OCEAN, DEPTHS OF THE OCEAN
LOOK BENEATH TO THE CORAL REEF IN THE
DEPTHS OF THE OCEAN, DEPTHS OF THE OCEAN
THERE'S SO MUCH LIFE DOWN HERE TO BE DISCOVERED
TO SHINE A LIGHT AND SHOW THE PATH UNCOVERED
FEEL AT EASE ON THE SEVEN SEAS IN THE
DEPTHS OF THE OCEAN, DEPTHS OF THE OCEAN

MAKE A DIFFERENCE, WE DON'T NEED POLLUTION
COME TOGETHER, START A REVOLUTION
TAKE MY HAND, IT'S TIME FOR A SOLUTION
THINGS CAN CHANGE IF WE ALL MAKE CONTRIBUTIONS

TIDES WILL FLOW AND OUR HEARTS WILL GROW IN THE
DEPTHS OF THE OCEAN, DEPTHS OF THE OCEAN
LOOK BENEATH TO THE CORAL REEF IN THE
DEPTHS OF THE OCEAN, DEPTHS OF THE OCEAN
TIDES WILL FLOW AND OUR HEARTS WILL GROW IN THE
DEPTHS OF THE OCEAN, DEPTHS OF THE OCEAN
LOOK BENEATH TO THE CORAL REEF IN THE
DEPTHS OF THE OCEAN, DEPTHS OF THE OCEAN
THERE'S SO MUCH LIFE DOWN HERE TO BE DISCOVERED
TO SHINE A LIGHT AND SHOW THE PATH UNCOVERED
FEEL AT EASE ON THE SEVEN SEAS IN THE
DEPTHS OF THE OCEAN

DEPTHS OF THE OCEAN, DEPTHS OF THE OCEAN
DEPTHS OF THE OCEAN



To continue the journey, check out -
<http://www.ordinarysuperpowers.co.uk>

Interact with us at -

www.facebook.com/ordinarysuperpowers

www.instagram.com/ordinarysuperpowers

www.twitter.com/OSuperpowers

The music album that inspired the story

'DEPTHS OF THE OCEAN' can be streamed/downloaded
on all the usual sites inc. Spotify, iTunes and Google Play etc.

All songs, including lyrics, can be found on the

'BIG DOG music production' YOUTUBE channel

Featuring three song versions - Class, solo and instrumental