



The Mystery

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"I believe saintly as always, there are countless mysterious and bizarre existences living synchronously with us, what ordinary people can never dare to imagine. "

The afternoon of Crete was bright and fresh. Irene Dais leaned beside the bar counter, slightly irritating sounds from the television slowly crashed to her eardrum. Stirring her Espresso, through the thick heat from her daily necessities, Irene gazed at the presenter's overexcited expressions in the TV program and sighed. A cruel combat against her reports of 'LCA' (Lost city of Atlantis) all night long totally wrang down Irene's last bit of vigor, she only slept for about two hours in the morning, thus that blue iris under her disheveled blond hair was miserably penetrated with bloodshot of exhaustion.

"Open your eyes, dear fellows, look at the blue starry sky of infinity and the cobalt sea of unknown. How could we assume that human is the only civilization presently existing in this wide universe? Ah, undoubtedly something beyond our cognition must be out there...."

"Conceited fools," Irene muttered to herself, switching off the television. Being the director of a secret agency obsessed with scientific studies on supernatural phenomena, Irene despised these illogical grotesque fantasies. She shrugged contemptuously, rubbed her temple, and put on a pair of nearsighted spectacles while settling down in front of her office deck. Just when Irene was about to turn on her laptop and begin another repeating workday of fatigue, a sudden incoming call interrupted her hard-won calmness. It was Nova, her secretary.

"Good morning Miss, our undersea field investigators provided several latest modifications for our study, I have sent them to you already if you wish checking."

"Most grateful. Well done," Irene downloaded the attached files and opened the first folder. There were several reference imagines of their current studying object, a few vague stacks of wreckage laying deady on the dark seabed, covered with filthy greenish moss and nameless plants. Irene gawked at the photographs, felt her soul being stifled by that deep blue, wandering away with those debris.

Hearing no replies, Nova frowned and asked: "Mrs. Dais? Can you hear me?" Was she reporting for five minutes to those empty, buzzing electric currents?

"What?" Irene's attention was drawn back. She realized astonishedly how cold sweats were seeping out from her forehead, replied: "Sorry, my mind was kind of straying, what did you say?"

Nova repeated: "These images were taken below the west coast of Falassarna, the ruins' conditions were quite different from previous collections which perhaps would be inspiring for you.....Miss are you fine? Your voice was shivering."

"Just a bit tired, don't worry. Thanks for your information."

Irene hanged up the call and shut her laptop, squeezing her eyes painfully. Her left hand on the mouse was indeed trembling, she cannot figure out what precisely made her heart started to palpitate freakishly. Being manipulated by baseless anxiety is plainly not Irene's type, she knew that her only duty is to render these pictures some scientific solutions as always.

Even so, something unscientific of this mysterious Atlantis City was eroding her like chronic poison. Irene's rationality refused to regulate her turmoiled mind anymore. Switching on Google map, Irene perceived out of nowhere that she must head to Falassarna, the falling whale of Atlantis was beckoning her. Irene grabbed her white overcoat and car key while she strode out her office and hastened directly to the beach, even before realizing how insanely her actions were taken.

Deep inside Irene knew, as someone coexisting with the most concealed side of this vast world, exploring those mysteries and magnificence, defining nameless madness and unknown terror, she can no longer live in a peaceful and regular world in the eyes of ordinary people. This is a cost for her privilege.

Ignorance is kind of a protection, yet Irene would rather be in danger.

Night arrived at the Falassarna before Irene did. Moonlight scattered through the clouds, outlining them with a layer of silver and concealed itself from the crowds. Irene inhaled the salty sea air rapaciously, she liked the gentle wind breeze caressing the tress of her coat, the wet gravels wrapping her bare feet and the tiding of waves like they were struggling aimlessly.

Everything stood still, hushed like a graveyard.

Abruptly, a golden ladder surrounded by layers of blue fog rose from the silent sea, gleaming with an enormous circular void at its obscured end, engulfing all surrounding oxygen. The horizon started to ascend and vanished slowly into an endless azure sky; Irene moved involuntarily towards that indescribable halo; it was creepily mysterious, irresistibly gorgeous, and profoundly enchanted her. The freezing ocean submerged her feet, her waist, then pressed to her chest. Embracing the dark blue emptiness, she wrapped herself in this cold, wet blanket and shut her eyelids.

Irene landed on something solid as she numbly looked out again. She is standing at the bottom of the broad sea, felt no sense of suffocation, losing her heartbeats and breathes, but everything absurd was no more shocking for Irene.

Until she raised her head and witnessed that miracle alive:

She reached Atlantis.

Irene has been studying Evans, Ellison, and Plato's theory of Atlantis throughout her entire career, yet none of them served to grant this marvelous fantasy a concrete existence. The ancient legend of Atlantis; Poseidon's dormant realm; A shadow of that lost utopia human yearned for. Her world was far too vulgar to desire for such noble delusions.

Soft light strokes beamed through wave curves, drifted above her, and brought Irene a plainer view of this mirage-like city. She kept moving forward, an enormous golden figure stood straight

with holiness at the end of that Klein blue mist, besides were winds and clouds dispersing into haze like Artemis's tender moonlight or Aphrodite's ethereal chiffon. Irene moved her lips, unable to make a single sound, she warned herself with every historical and scientific notions that Atlantis was just a debris of ideal ruined twelve thousand years ago, yet she would rather be submerged with lies and disappear into this other shore of dream.

"Sorry, the number you have dialed is not in service, please check the number and dial again....." Nova hanged the call. Another of her boss went out of service, this is already the third same story she witnessed as the only insider. Whatever happened to all her former superiors, it is Irene's turn now. Nova was sober of the reality that vast exposure to unknown can easily chain people in the cage of insanity, and once they were, fleeing away from that hollow of madness will be utterly impossible.

After all, one of the best abilities human beings possessed was self-destruction.

Irene had a sensation of falling into Atlantis' golden palace with the afterglow of that putrid sunshine. She reached out, grabbing that last beam of light and clenched her palm tightly, then relaxed her body and grinned to the air. She spent her whole lifetime cutting open those fathomless mysteries in world, observing, granting them an explainable right to exist. But who will then cut open her? Who will be there observing her? This lost grail of Atlantis and me, who would notice that we were gone?