

The tides had shifted.

Even this far down in the abyss known as the ocean, Cthulhu could tell that one season was taking over another. The cold season, one of death, was giving way to that of rebirth and new beginnings.

One would think that being in the deep dark trenches of the ocean, the changing of the seasons was not one to be noticed. The ocean was always dark and cold, never truly having a distinct way of showing that the season had changed. Perhaps if one had not lived where Cthulhu lived for decades, there would be no difference.

However, Cthulhu was no mere beginner nor a shallow lover of the ocean. He lived and breathed the ocean, one of the few of his kind that loved to dwell deep down in the dark. So if anyone would know the changing of the tides so to speak, it would be him.

Tides were an important part of the ocean, with it constantly bringing in new food for the creatures that relied on it. And now, as spring comes about, back from its hibernation, the tides had shifted just the smallest bit. Cthulhu could feel it through his gills, the krill and other small organisms that were moving through the water and migrating back towards the area Cthulhu lived. It was a nice thing to feel, even down in the dark he could feel the warmth that the tides were bringing. Though the temperature where he lived was very, very cold, it did not mean that the temperature of seasons could not bring about warmth, and, more importantly, food.

Opening his jaw just the tiniest bit, Cthulhu felt the krill rush through his jaws and down his throat. Though it wasn't enough to fill him up, it was a tasty appetizer to what was to come.

His ears swiveled from the echoing noise of other sea creatures acknowledging the buffet that was soon to come. Oh, how beautiful spring was for something like this. The season of rationing and starvation was over and, now, the season of plentiful food was here.