

Elliott lounged back in his throne made of sand, watching as his brightly dressed followers scurried along the beach, in search of offerings to present to their god. Others sat near him, using their colorful building tools to build him shrines made out of sand. None of the other Nautipods ever believed that he was a god, but these small creatures could clearly tell that he was. They had given him the title “Mer-Man” and showered him in gifts of colorful shells and surrounded him in miniature palaces made of sand. He wished his followers would make him a palace that was a little bit bigger, perhaps something he could actually fit into, but judging by the way the smaller followers would wail in sorrow whenever the waves would knock over their sand shrines, only to rebuild it in the exact same place, he assumed they were not capable of such architectural feats.

Eventually the larger worshippers decided to take on the task of palace building, as they too seemed to have realized the smaller ones were lacking in architectural knowledge, and they put the smaller worshippers in charge of gathering more offerings. Within a few hours, Elliot found himself in the middle of a tiny village of sand houses, all elegantly adorned with shells and small trinkets. Elliott was so proud of his followers, they had built an entire civilization devoted to him, and their architectural skills were improving, each new shrine becoming taller and more intricate than the ones before it. Eventually the sun began to set, and one by one his followers began leaving the beach to return to their homes. Elliott supposed he should probably return to the water. For now, none of the palaces his followers had built were big enough for him to fit in, even in his pod form, but maybe tomorrow his followers would figure out how to build something he could actually live in.