Far below where the golden sun shimmered on the surface; deeper than the rainbow coral; beyond the darkest of caverns stood the most glorious of all sights.

Like golden shards from heaven, beams of light sliced through the darkness to reveal a myriad of colours. Plants, all neatly placed in organised rows waved at the passing traffic: shoals of silver fish; scuttling, red crab; lumbering purple squid and, of course, the daughters of Triton.

Each girl swam through the ornate, golden gates to a corner of the palace garden. Adrina sped the furthest, to her own sanctuary. Isolated from her sisters, she began to twirl through the piles of delicate shells, each one baring more chips each time she visited. Like a tornado, she whipped up the seabed, creating diamond ripples that spread beyond her own room. Above her, the seaweed too danced from random corners where it hung from her collection of treasures from her ship wreck adventures.

Aquata glided beyond her elder sister into her own private haven. As she gently lay herself onto the soft sea bed, she counted the rows upon rows of tiaras, pearls and potions. Assessing her collection, she flipped her tail fin, directing the team of sea sponges to address the residue that had gathered over night. Khaki green soldiers, the marched to their duty.