

Photo by Jeri L. Curley



Loggerhead Turtle

Excerpts from my Dive Log

A blanket of blue serenity engulfs me as I drift by shades of orange, red, green and yellow. Schools of wary fish move with a single purpose as I glide among them. They make way as I pass, moving as though one mind controlled their actions. I try to become one of the crowd but I have no gills so I must inhale through the mouth piece hooked to the tank on my back. I exhale and they move away.

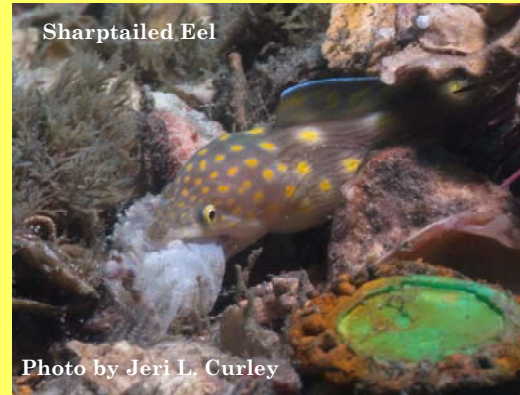
I don't belong but I feel at home here.

I flick my fins, shift my body and alter my course. Out of the corner of my eye, I see movement. A spotted moray opens and closes his mouth to force water through his gills. I move into position. I glimpse the sharp, white teeth before his mouth shuts closed. Then open. Closed. Open. Closed. I time my shot and the strobe ignites. Time, captured on a memory card.

I glance around and I'm alone. No surprise. I swim to catch my buddy and I'm nearly run down by a turtle. Behind him, a group of excited wranglers herd an expressive sea turtle toward me. The turtle's grace and effortless movement against a fair current is always amazing. I watch the bubbles stream from my fellow divers as they struggle to get one last glimpse, one last photo of a turtle butt. What's around the next corner?

Every dive is different and Every dive is Great!

Jeri L. Curley



Sharptailed Eel

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