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FIN: Will our brave reporter meet her end in the shark pool?

OUR REPORTER

IT'S

By **GERALDINE COMISKEY**

WHEN a smooth-talking man offered me drinks by a pool, I knew there was something fishy going on.

Seconds later, Kevin Flannery summoned two men in black — who flung me into a tank full of sharks!

Surrounded by five of the ocean's most feared creatures, I was terrified as I sank to the bottom of the tank at Ocean World in Dingle, Co Kerry.

As they bared their massive teeth, I hoped they were just smiling at me and my companions — aquarist TJ Scanlon and diving instructor Mike Shanahan.

Weakness

The seven-foot, 180lb sharks swam around us in a circle, and I tried not to wriggle like a baby dolphin or an injured fish.

At the first sign of weakness or panic, the sharks might attack!

Subduing my fear, I began to enjoy the view — and the thrill of being an intruder in the world of these powerful hunters.

Beautiful and beastly, they certainly

commanded respect.

To them, we were just another species in the tank — or another option on the menu.

Down here, no one cares if you have insurance — and you can't call the police if someone bites your leg off.

The sharks rule and they are perfectly entitled to eat you.

To survive, we had to obey the laws of the underwater world.

We were only alive because they weren't hungry enough.

Biting a diver in a wetsuit must be like eating a sandwich wrapped in clingfilm.

Professional divers had told me that sharks were not adventurous diners. I hoped these ones were not gourmets.

But they were certainly curious.

As we lay flat on the ground, they swam lower.

I saw a huge shadow on the sand beneath, and turned on my back to look up.

It was the biggest male sandbar shark swimming slowly over me.