Dear Literary Agent,

Salvage diver Tamsin Kedge needs one of the six brass pumps on the harbor floor to pay her rent. When a ferryman gets caught beneath the regatta pier, she gives up the job and goes after him. Ten seconds under salt water gives her a cuttlefish's body, small enough to find what's holding his ankle. It takes her own two hands to cut him free. Moments later the floodgate breaks, taking her store and most of her tools with it.

The Harbor Board suspects a salvage crew interfered with the gate. Independent engineer Ilan Saye listens when Tamsin tells him the pressure came from inside the wall. Unfortunately, she remembers the last time he put his name to a report. Her father oiled his best shears and left them by the window for the few days his family was supposed to be away. They never went home.

A gauge with a false reading leads Tamsin and Ilan to the city's plans for the spring tide. Streets where people sleep count as empty ground for floodwater. Working side by side with Ilan, Tamsin comes to want him beside her when the work is done, too. When an order naming the first district to flood lands on his desk, she's at home setting out breakfast for two. He has time to tell her it's Bell Quay. He wants to bring her a way to spare it. At eight the only ferry that can take wheelchairs and loaded carts will leave on the flour run, unless Tamsin gives the captain a reason to hold it.

THE SHAPE OF THE TIDE is an adult romantic fantasy novel about a coastal city, complete at 76,000 words. Like Robert Jackson Bennett's *The Tainted Cup*, it follows an investigation into the workings that keep a city alive, here through a diver and an engineer falling in love.

I live in Melbourne, Australia, where I work in IT. I write fantasy under the name Naria Khan. Thank you for considering my work.

Kind regards,
Naria Khan