In 1817, a courting couple by the sea.

He promised her he would return.

While the time won the battle. His lips caressed her skin, when tomorrow they'll say good bye. She closed her sweet eyes, but he wasn't there. In 1817, that sea, which united us, separated us.

In 1870, an old woman cried at the beach. She was waiting for that sea, returned her lover once again. The children shouted crazy at her. She wore a wedding dress, when she threw herself into the water.

The legend tells that night, people saw two lovers dancing at the sea between foam and coral