

Jane Hanson - The Whale

'Have you any Krill?' asked the whale with a bored expression in his dark eye.

'Krill? What the devil! Are you mad?' I remarked. He yawned and his massive maw opened wide.

A terrible stink of rotting seaweed and sea bottom belches pervaded the air.

"My God, you've got baleen decay my friend!"

'What?' He shouted, as seawater and slime dripped from the roof of his mouth.

'Less sugar and fizzy drinks....haven't you seen the adverts on tv?' I asked incredulously.

'I'm only here for the Krill!' He retorted as he flapped his phalanges and sucked in some air.

'Look old chap' I said looking further into his great jaw You've obviously been straying off the straight and narrow dietetically speaking. There are bloody plastic bags hooked to your fringes, polystyrene cases wedged at the back here and Good Lord....plastic bottles!

Everything echoed inside him and his great gut rumbled. 'The seabed is littered with this stuff, not to mention microplastic...It's like swimming in soup. Only the other night, on my way over here, I thought I saw a squid so I sucked it all in and Jeez! -could I digest it?'

His immense orifice started to close, and the smell of mouldy barnacles steamed out at the sides.

'So' he said impatiently 'Is there or isn't there any Krill?'

His sad eye engaged with mine and an incredible amount of sorrow and impotence pervaded my whole being. He humphed and blew out some disconsolate smoke from his blow hole.

'Nantucket!' He said. I think it was thator something similar with an F.

ßå