

Narky the Whale



The Sad Tale of Narky the Whale

By Barrie Dale

Did you hear the sad tale of Narky the whale,
Known the world o'er by a gash in his tail.
His nickname was "Narky", he always was narked
By the actions of humans that left him so marked.
From illegal whaling he had survived,
But one day a new sort of danger arrived.
A monstrous great speed-boat much faster than sail,
He only survived by the skin of his tail.

And day after day more monsters appeared,
With ever more danger, just as he'd feared.
Setting soundwaves in motion across the great ocean,
What could a whale do with such a commotion?
This befuddled his brain and left Narky below
Having lost all his senses of where he should go.

But all he could do was to swim on and on,
Across the great ocean, his senses all gone.
With horror his instinct sensed warning at last,
But too late, for his huge gleaming body sat fast.
On a long lonely beach his journey had landed,
And now in the hot steaming sun he was stranded.

Then humans arrived, and in sorrowful grief
Towed him back out to sea, but their triumph was brief.
The damage was done and his life ebbed away.
And the incoming tide washed him back with the spray.
Then scientists came, and at last he found fame:
But for all the wrong reasons, to every one's shame.

For peering inside him with shouts of dismay
They found mountains of plastic we'd all thrown away.
So next time you wonder what you can do
With all of those wrappings and shopping bags too.
Remember poor Narky
and all it will mean
If we love our dear oceans
and help keep them clean.



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