

Whale

by Gary Duncan

You should know that they came for you with long-handled knives and rusty cleavers.

You should know that Joe Spraker was the first, with his shovel and wheelbarrow and toothless grin. “The pigs,” he giggled, hacking off lumps of blubber, “they’ll think it’s Christmas all over again.” He filled the barrow and licked his thin lips before disappearing into the dunes. “My little babies,” he cackled into the wind, “you’ll eat well tonight, and the next, and the next.”

You should know that they fought over you, that they gouged eyes, chewed ears, smashed teeth just to get to you. That they then dismantled you bit by bit.

You should know that there wasn’t much left of you when they were finished, when they’d all had their fill. The waiting birds did the rest, before the sea reclaimed you.

end

Bio: Gary Duncan is a freelance writer and editor based in Northumberland, England. His flash fiction collection, *You're Not Supposed to Cry*, is available from Vagabond Voices.