

# The Whale



“Oh no, not again!” Bob moaned, as the whale on the back of his flatbed truck exploded. He pulled to the side of the street, got out, and surveyed the damage. Well, the whale was a goner, no doubt about that. But, aside from a motor scooter across the street that had been hit by the flying viscera, collateral damage was within acceptable parameters. So, luck was with him. *This* time. But how could he forget last month’s incident? He was transporting that pair of big baleens, got to the same downtown intersection, when both of ’em blew up simultaneously. Flattened two old shepherds who were just coming out of the Tamale Joe’s fast food joint. Whale innards were everywhere, and what a stink! It took an entire day to clean up the debris and a generous payoff to keep city administrators quiet. Two months before that, it had been the sperm whale, reduced to entrails in a blast that also blew out his truck’s state-of-the-art sound system. And just day before yesterday on his run with the eight killer whales, he’d gotten as far as the intersection of Glover and Main – nearly out of town – but the result was the same: cetacean purée. Hmm. Four whale deliveries, four explosions. He was beginning to sense a pattern.