

# Whaling Tale

## Valley of the Giants

The story is about a rock penguin  
It's a small penguin, not a king penguin  
You can see thousands of them breeding  
When the warm season starts And they only lay one egg at a time  
And if you take one away they'll lay another egg but no more  
But I want to tell this story really about  
One incident, one day it was a gray misty day With the wind blowing hard and there was a  
heavy smell running  
And a whale factory was pitching and yawning  
Not really a very good day to pick up the whales  
Over the stern of the factory ship There were one or two dead whales at the stern of the vessel  
And the whale catchers were coming in with their whales  
And in the distance you could see the icebergs  
Quite a number of them  
And the men were trying to get ready  
To pull the whales over the stern of the vessel  
There was a pack of killer whales around  
Which came tearing towards the factory ship  
And they tore chunks out of the whales And there were a number of men at the stern of the  
vessel  
With guns shooting at the killer whales  
The minute they hit a killer whale the rest of the pack went after him  
And tore him to pieces But let's get back to the story of the penguin  
I'd say there were about 6 or 7 whales  
Some of them blue, some of them fin at the stern of the vessel  
And there was that small rock penguin sitting on top of the whale back And as we were pulling  
up the whales one after another  
Over the stern of the vessel  
It was rather difficult with the heavy swell running  
The penguin hopped from one whale to another  
The killer whales were all around the dead whales  
They were tearing into them and the sea was red with blood And by that time there was a  
number of men  
From the whale factory coming astern and watching  
The penguin at the back of the whale And the men where shooting as fast as they could  
To stop the killer whale from getting, getting the penguin  
Which was sitting or trying to hold on to the back of the whale  
But as the whale was pulled up they'd shoot It was difficult for the winchman to regulate  
And he had to watch very carefully not to, with the swell of the vessel  
With the swell of the sea running and the vessel moving  
To stop the penguin from slipping off its back The chute was quite steep, it was about I would  
say, 30 degrees

And the little penguin climbed close to the tail of the whale  
From which the whale was pulled up the chute  
And the men were all standing around and watching  
And hoping that that penguin would finally get up, get up on deck  
It took a long time to lift that  
last whale up  
If there was a swell the winchman up on top had to watch  
And be as careful as possible not to jerk and increase the movement  
So that the little penguin could stay on top  
We got him to the stern of the chute  
At the beginning of the chute and he got saved  
We kept on, we kept on slowly pulling  
And as we pulled the little penguin slowly but surely  
Went along the back of the whale from the tail  
Of from the tail to the middle of  
To the middle of the back  
But at that time the sea was running heavy  
And the movement at the stern was rather erratic  
Finally when we got him up about three quarters of the way  
I don't think there was a man working on the stern of the factory  
They were all watching and  
hoping too  
That the little penguin would get up on top  
As the killer whales were just waiting down below and just watching  
And the men were shooting and trying to kill these killer whales  
And therefore they were afraid  
That the little penguin might slip in the water  
Finally when we got it really all the way up  
Everybody started to breathe a sigh of relief  
But there was a heavy, heavy swell which came under the factory  
And rolled the whale on the side and the little penguin slipped off  
And as it went down the chute the killer whales got it  
Most of the men were not happy that day  
There were also there's millions of penguins  
That was one of the sights which they did not care to see again  
But that's the way in Antarctic, there's no give and take  
It's a hard, hard place to be in but, c'est la vie

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