



THE
DRINK
TANK

HISPANIA VICECOMITIS

Let's talk about sea monsters -- no, not the legendary BritZine by Simone Walsh that ran for four issues and has some of the finest writing of 1970s zines.

Instead, let's talk about things that live in the water. I love things that I cannot explain, and this is one of five issues about the Unexplained! *Claims Department* has had Bigfoot and UFOs, and it's finishing up the year with Mothman and G-g-g-g-ghosts!!!!

In other news, another day, another COVID scare. This time, it's Benji, but the rest of us are on high alert. New job is good job, and I'm writing about topics like Paul Bowles, the play/movie *The Time of Your Life* and my personal favorite, Bene Bufano. Lots of good stuff!

They also buy me lunch nearly every day!
Also happy to say that we've got two issues coming up -- *Dark Shadows* and LEGO! LEGO is going to be a lot of fun! The cover? It's an España Sheriff original! That art there for this issue? That's one of mine (the original is in the collection of Jean Martin).

And now, Kristy Baxter gives us an awesome story!



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SILENT SOUL

(an Excerpt)

by Kristy Baxter

CHAPTER ONE

A flash of gold winked in the cool blue seas. Klaia whirled, her tail whipping behind her, and squinted toward the flicker of movement. A small coral reef stood in the distance, its brilliant colors beckoning, but the gold glimmer had disappeared.

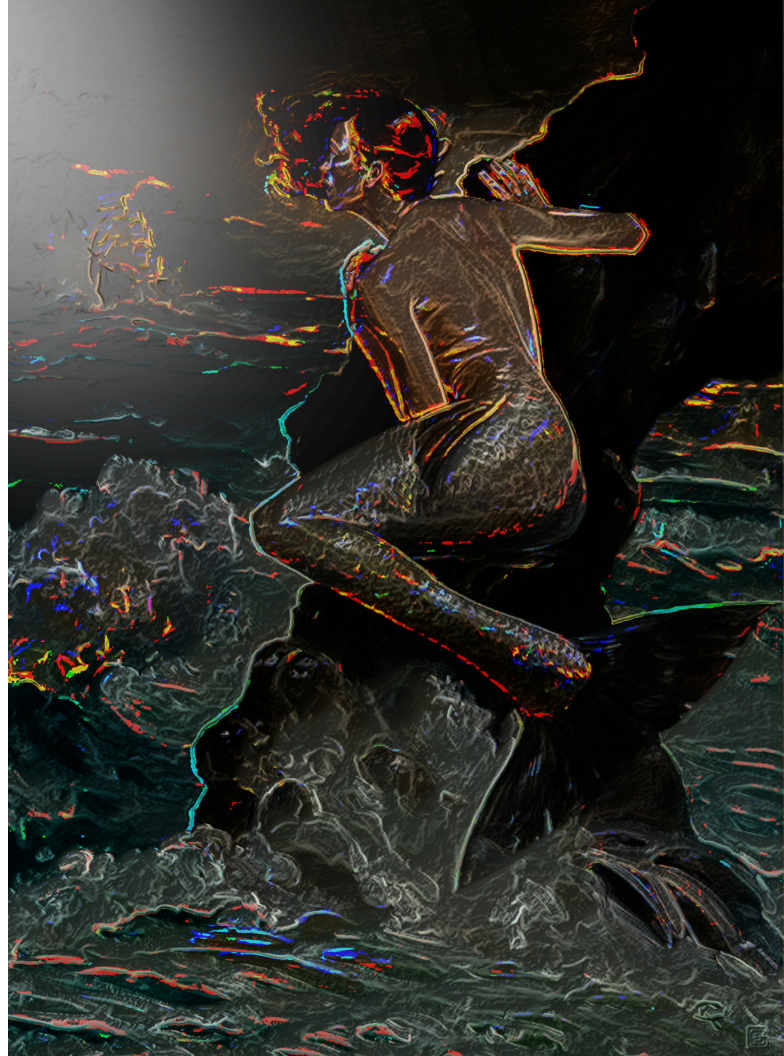
Thalia tugged at her arm. *“What? What do you see?”* The question sang through Klaia’s mind, her little sister’s tone matching the flushed excitement she wore like a party hat.

“Stay here.” She patted Thalia’s hand. *“I have to check something.”*

“But what did you see?” Thalia’s aquamarine eyes brightened. *“A human ship trespassing? A shark? Ooh, or the treasure the pirate sank to the bottom of the sea—”*

“None of the above. Stay here and practice your tail flips. And while you’re at it, recite the ship markings for the Five Nations.” She swam away before Thalia could object, but her sister’s annoyed sigh whispered through her head.

Thalia recited the markings in a bored tone. *“Ilspri, golden flame. Tamanth, seven-pointed leaf...”*



The flash was likely nothing, Klaia told herself. Probably a fish. But she couldn't leave without securing the area.

For Thalia's very first patrol, she'd chosen territory deep in Sairen waters. No human vessels should be here, especially not below the surface—none of the nearby countries had submersibles. Yet the flash of gold had a distinctly mechanical appearance. She peered around the reef, ignoring the fish and seahorses cavorting around her.

A tiny dot sped through the ocean. Without Thalia tagging along, Klaia could race after it, zipping around reefs and veering around cliffs. Her tail ached and twitched at the prospect of a real chase, and she nearly set off after the gold object.

But Thalia didn't have her speed yet, and her sense of direction had become palace legend the fifth time she'd wandered into the private quarters of their father's advisor's wife, thinking they were her own. She'd sooner end up washing up on the shores of Ilspri than safe at home if she tried to return alone.

Klaia frowned and sang a message to her older sister. *"Possible submersible sighted, Galene. Sector C-fifty-six. Can someone come collect Thalia while I track it?"*

A long silence followed. She flicked her tail, impatient.

"Emergency," Galene sang back. *"Come home."*

Klaia froze. *"What emergency? What's going on?"*

"Come home. Now."

The slight quaver in unflappable Galene's voice sent an icy shiver down Klaia's spine. She swam back to Thalia, who practiced her tail flips with a dutiful grimace.

Thalia stopped mid-flip when she caught sight of Klaia. *"Well? What was it? Please tell me it was something exciting. This must be the most boring first patrol ever."*

"Nothing at all." Klaia tried to smile, but her lips refused to cooperate. *"It's time to go home now."*

"Already?" Thalia pouted.

"Yes. Come along."

They turned toward Nereida. Klaia quelled the urge to rush—Thalia didn't need to know anything was wrong. A school of onyxfish, their sleek black forms like shadows dancing through the water, glided past.

Thalia groaned. *“This is so boring. Can we sing ‘The Pirate’s Daughter’ together?”*

“How about you sing it to me? I’d rather listen to your lovely voice than ruin it with my squawking.”

In truth, Klaia didn’t sing worse than most Sairens. That was one part the humans got right about their species. But she’d never enjoyed the tradition of communal songs. Besides, Thalia refused to sing any song other than “The Pirate’s Daughter.” Klaia had spent weeks teaching her sister all the particulars of patrolling, and with that came constant exposure to Thalia’s favorite song. It ran through Klaia’s head on a perpetual loop.

Thalia started with the chorus as always, drawing out the song’s melancholy tone.

*“Oh the pirate’s daughter, beautiful as they come,
hands as white as snow, hands no man has ever won.
Oh the pirate’s daughter, the rarest pearl is she,
laughter like a bell rings from the bottom of the sea.”*

They swam around a rocky outcropping. Nereida, Oceanida’s capital city, shimmered in the distance. The pale pink palace stood, ageless and stately, in the city center. Neighborhoods spread out from the palace like the tentacles of a fat octopus, curling in gentle lines and thinning out at the city’s edges. The towering spires of home sent a wave of comfort over Klaia.

As they neared the outskirts, the comfort receded and acid washed through her stomach.

Something felt...wrong. She peered at the houses lined up in winding little rows on the ocean floor below, looking for any sign of an emergency.

There—outside a cozy cottage with a cerulean shell roof, someone lay in a well-kept garden. Anemones waved violet tentacles next to a female Sairen whose seaweed-green hair fanned out around her. Others rushed to the motionless woman, the flurry of movement kicking up sand and clouding the water. More Sairens emerged from their houses.

“Stay here,” Klaia told Thalia, then dived down toward the crowd.

She took a quick inventory of her appearance on her way to the sea floor. Galene always nagged her about properly representing the throne. *“Your appearance reflects upon all of Oceanida,”* Galene had said at least a thousand times.

Generally after a patrol, Klaia's appearance resembled someone who'd never been introduced to a mirror. And she liked it that way, but something in this moment told her to grasp for any authority she could manage.

Her shoulder-length turquoise hair, threaded with bright silver strands, lay in wild snarls. The traditional silver and sapphire starfish barrette that every second royal daughter had worn for centuries sat askew by her ear. One strap of her blue corset had slipped over her shoulder. She yanked the strap up and adjusted the barrette—that would have to do.

Songs flew among the onlookers, a tangle of questions and fears.

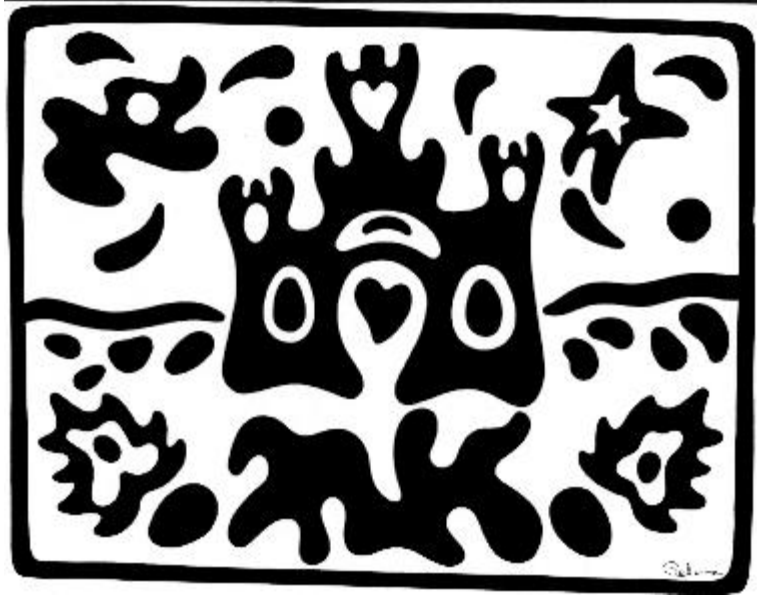
Klaia approached the group. *“What’s happening here?”*

A few Sairens recognized her and started at the presence of a princess.

A young man dipped his head, tail fluttering. *“We found her like this. We can’t awaken her. The same thing happened to my aunt not an hour ago, and her neighbor as well. The healers came but couldn’t help them.”*

The woman lay with her arms splayed out and her ruby-colored tail shifting in the gentle current, but with no visible injuries. She was still alive, and her mouth opened and closed to take in and hold water for her gills to pump. Her peaceful expression clashed with the apprehension thickening in the crowd.

Klaia flashed back to the basic healing training she underwent every year as a member of the surface patrol, but field treatments for broken bones, torn tail fins, and blood loss wouldn't help here. The few illnesses common to Sairens only affected the elderly in the final years before they turned to seafoam, usually around age three hundred. The unconscious



woman looked no older than thirty.

They had no precedence for this, an apparently ill young Sairen with reports of similar cases. Her mind raced. Maybe they had eaten or drank something she shouldn't have? The old Sairen legends told of poisons and toxins that could have effects like this, but Klaia had never even heard of anyone ingesting them in real life.

Klaia moved to check the woman's pulse, but the young man held up a hand to stop her.

"The healers who attended to my aunt warned us not to touch the afflicted. They said that if this is an actual illness, if it's anything like human sickness, it can spread through physical contact."

More Sairens swam toward them, tight lips and flushed cheeks betraying their anxiety. The tension in the crowd swelled like a wave on stormy seas.

"I'll bet the Aeries had something to do with this," a sapphire-haired woman warbled, her gaze flickering to Klaia. *"It reeks of their horrible magic. Someone should go to the surface and summon them. Demand answers."*

Klaia suppressed a shudder at the idea of approaching the three malicious air sprites. Surely things weren't that desperate. And surely they'd find answer long before the Aeries became a viable option.

"No," an older man sang, *"it had to be the humans. One of the Five Nations trying to take control of our waters."*

Tremulous songs blended together as others voiced their opinions.

Klaia sang above them, wishing her voice were steadier. *"Speculation won't help this woman. Did the healers examine her?"*

The young man sighed. *"They had other cases to attend to. They said they would add her to their list."*

A list. Klaia's stomach tightened. It took more than a few ill Sairens to require an actual list.

Everyone stared at her, expectation and hope burning away the fear in their faces. They wanted her to answer their questions, to solve this, to make everything better. Without thinking, she gnawed at her thumbnail. A few eyebrows rose in the crowd, and she flung her arm behind her back, clasping her hands and straightening her shoulders.

She couldn't fix this. Princess or no, she was the second daughter, and sixteen years old at that. Ruling their people, practicing diplomacy with the humans, dealing with the rare political or public relations crisis—Galene and their father, King Troyce, took care of those things. Klaia had never wanted that life, anyhow. Patrolling the borders for wayward steamships,

protecting their seas from human encroachment, preserving their deal with the Aeries—that was her job.

Still, she had to say *something*.

Summoning her best impersonation of Galene’s “royal authority,” she addressed the onlookers. “*On behalf of the Sea Security Office, I request that... you all return to your homes. Remain there until further notice. Oh, and try to avoid physical contact with others.*”

“*Even our own children?*” someone sang out from the crowd.

Klaia bit her lip. But if a healer had decreed it... “*If they fall ill, contact your local healers. Again, do not touch any of the ill.*”

The Sairens dispersed, uneasy melodies passing between clusters of families and friends.

Swimming back up to Thalia, Klaia surveyed Nereida again. Murky clouds of sand hovered above quaint, shell-roofed houses. Here and there, groups gathered in the pathways between homes. Nearer the palace, where the neighborhoods grew denser, several fainter clouds arose. Each one represented another crowd of Sairens and likely, another case of this mysterious illness.

Thalia swished her tail, hovering right where Klaia had left her. “*What’s going on? Is that lady all right?*”

“*The healers will come for her.*” Klaia looked away, knowing she hadn’t quite answered the question.

She sent a song to the Sea Security Office. The office usually dealt with border issues, patrolling for ships from Azur’s five land nations, but Klaia didn’t know who else to contact.

“*Trouble all over the city.*” She gave a brief overview of what she’d seen. “*Is there anything I can do?*”

Long seconds ticked by as she waited for an answer.

“*We’re leaving the citizenry to local security services and healers so we can focus on the situation within the palace. You should return home—your father called a special council meeting.*”

Situation within the palace. The words sank into Klaia’s chest, heavy and cold. She gripped her sister’s hand, all thoughts of hiding her panic forgotten.

“*We have to go home. Now.*”



My Favorite Monsters

by Chris Garcia

I love water monsters. I have a lot of them in my mind, and some of them might even exist!

The following list of my favorites looks at them as both myth and reality. Even if they aren't "real", the myth has purpose and power. These are, of course, in no order, but they're just thoughts I've had going back through my thoughts of the past!

The Loch Ness Monster

When I think of water monsters, I think of the Surgeon's photo. You know the one, the picture of the head of the monster peaking up from the water. It's supposed to be a fake, but it's the best fake I've ever seen. There's a lot of other accounts of the monster in Loch Ness, dating back to the 500s, but it's really been since the 1870s that there's been a lot of reports of a plesiosaur-like monster as opposed to something more like a kelpie.



Et belua in mari que grece aspidochelone dicitur Aspidochelone uel aspidochelone. Cetera etiam dicitur. Ob. lere. immunitate corporis. est enim sicut ille qui exprobat

The thing about Loch Ness is it is a weird lake. Yes, there are supposedly underwater canals that could reach to the sea, though it's not like there are major pathways for sea creatures into the lake.

There are good possibilities of there being a lake monster in Loch Ness, though. A small breeding population, let's say twenty or so. That would require a lot of biomass to feed them. Let's say they are omnivores, eating fish and eels, of which there are quite a few in the loch, and underwater plants, which there aren't a lot of, but certainly a fair amount. That's a low population considering that it has to maintain a lineage for literally millions of years. It would mean multiple generations of inbreeding, for example, and that's not a good way to propagate a species. Now, this doesn't mean that it's not possible, just unlikely.

But people are seeing something.

There are three theories I actually buy into. The first is that the many humped things that people see going through the water is a flock of otters. It could also be a REALLY big sturgeon. I mean huge. Sturgeons grow really big, and can live for a long time. The other possibility is that it's just a HUGE eel. All of these are real things that exist in the loch, and could make sense.

Frankly, a fifty-foot eel would be damn near as impressive as a plesiosaur.



Ogopogo

First Nations people around Lake Okanagan believe in a water demon. There's more First Nations background on Ogopogo than nearly any other cryptid. That's a good indicator, but then there's the first non-First Nations person to see it: Susan Allison. Now, why is it so important that she saw it? She was the first non-native person to live in the region.

Now, that's a big deal, because she was the very first, but not the last.

There's a little bit of footage, and a few photos of Nessie, but Ogopogo has several videos and thousands of sightings. Some are better than others. The best sightings are reported to have lasted more than forty-five minutes. The 1980s encounter that had about ten seconds of 8mm film taken was seen by more than fifty people at various points on the lake. It's one of the best sightings of any lake monster, and it brings up a good point – how long would it survive?

There are things about the lake that make a plesiosaur less likely here than most other places. The lake is fairly young, about 10,000 years old, whereas Loch Ness is much older. That said, it is a part of a series of interconnected lakes, and all told would have enough food available for a small population of large water creatures. The prime suspect for me in the case is sturgeon, but it's shaky if they are present in the lake. If they were, it would likely be an Atlantic sturgeon, which can get really big. I don't think that First Nations people were seeing a big ol' sturgeon though. I also don't think they'd been seeing beaver or otters, as they both had prominent places elsewhere in their mythologies.

Unless it was an incredibly big otter.

Stick with me, this is gonna get weird.

Otters, specifically river otters, can get quite big. Isolated populations can find themselves creating sub-species that are fairly divergent in size. Imagine a small population of river otters find their way to the lakes when they're fairly young, maybe a few hundred to a thousand years old. They're already full of fish, and there's plenty of plant life already

there. Without other river otters around, they can actually get big, perhaps averaging up to twice the size of other river otters (lets say 10 to 12 feet, within a hundred or so generations. That coincides with the arrival of First Nations people in the area. And, let's say, slightly before other river otters arrive, and they're not so distant that they couldn't interbreed, meaning that there would be hybridization, and potentially the effect that makes ligers bigger than lions or tigers. These would be rare, of course, but they would happen.

Now, imagine with added competition, those original river otters are now coming to a more traditional size, but they would still be of differing DNA to the point where it's likely that they still interbreed, and thus you get the hybridization that gives you otters fifteen feet or larger every couple of generations.

At least, that's a thought...



Champ

If any lake monster was gonna be a plesiosaur, it's Champ.

Lake Champlain connects to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, which gets you to the Atlantic. That means that a creature has no end of potential feeding, a lot of places it can hide out, and most importantly, a reason to only be rarely seen.

There is a famous photo, one of the most plausible lake monster photos of all time. It looks like a plesiosaur, looking away from the viewer. What it also looks like is the fin of a whale breaking the surface while sunning itself.

And that's a strong possibility, and I also think one of the more interesting potentials on this one. About thirteen thousand years ago, Lake Champlain was a part of a big old sea called the Champlain Sea. It started shrinking, and is still shrinking, but it brought whales all over the place, well inland. Their bones are found in Ontario and Quebec, fairly far from the ocean. There are still whales in the St. Lawrence, and the idea that they could make it into Champlain is pretty logical. It wouldn't be easy, but it could happen. The idea that it was a partially submerged log fails on the grounds that there was a second photo that didn't show it.

Some might be whales, and some might be... wait for it... sturgeon.



Tahoe Tessie

Jacques Cousteau is one of the true ballers of the twentieth century. Supposedly, he went on a deep dive in Lake Tahoe. *The LA Times* says he never visited, but who am I to stand in front of a legend and not share it?

The story goes that he went for a dive, came up and said that humanity was not ready for what was down there. Now, Lake Tahoe is a deep lake. Like really deep. The water is also cold. VERY COLD! Now, there's the idea that he might have seen Tahoe Tessie, the famous lake monster. My theory is that if he did see anything it would be a massive number of bodies that are basically frozen down there, tossed in by mobsters.

Tahoe Tessie was first seen by the Washoe and Paiute people long ago. It was a strange creature, and one that was both feared and revered. The idea was that if you spoke about it, you could be blinded, or even die. The idea is that Tessie lives in an underwater cave under Cave Rock on the east shore of the lake. That was an area that was mostly inaccessible for centuries, but with the advent of power boating, it became accessible, and since the 1970s, the number of people reporting seeing the beast has greatly increased.

There's no sturgeon in Tahoe. The size is ten to twenty feet, so a really big trout or salmon is probably out of the question. A large snake? Not in water that cold. River otter? They are making a comeback, so it's not impossible, but it's not likely to be a similar situation to Ogopogo. There is the possibility of a cold-water eel, which would be an interesting idea.

Honestly, there's no good footage or photo of it, and the water clarity of Tahoe make it unlikely that it would be a species that has a reproducing population. Now, something that is all the down in the thousand-plus foot range, that could be, but it's unlikely.

Irizima

The ones that aren't as well defined are actually the ones I have the most faith in. This one is... different. Not only from other cryptids, but from other reports of itself.

Called Irizima, it's a gigantic hippo with the horns of a rhino that lives in Lake Edward in in the Democratic Republic of Congo and Uganda. Or it's a lizard-headed monster with the feet of a hippo. It's not consistent at all. It was reported to have been observed by a big game hunter, and then it got told to Captain William Hichens. The lack of certainty about it, and that there's little to support it in traditions of the locals. In fact, the stories don't reflect one another, which is rare.

Now, it is possible there's a super big hippo? Sure. Would it have horns? Probably not, but maybe if there's a weird dental thing, those teeth could be seen as horns, no?

Still, I think it's highly unlikely that this one is a real thing.



Mokele-Mbembe

This is the one that I buy into more than just about any other.

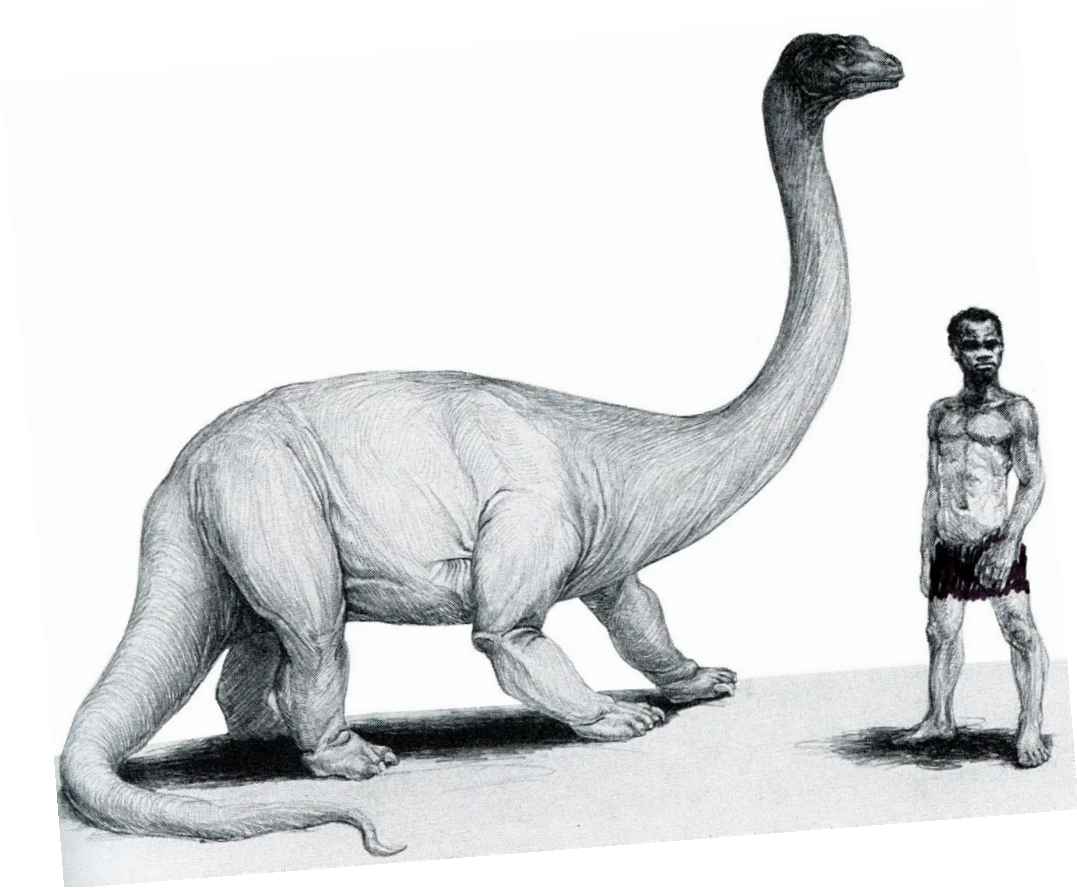
In the Congo River Basin, there've been reports of an apatosaurus/brontosaurus-type water creature. You know, long neck, REALLY big, rough grey/green skin, and a massive tail. They even have a name for this kind of animal – neodinosaurs. The idea of a long-necked dino alive today has been latched on to by, of all people, young Earth creationists. Now, that's an interesting ally in this thing, but you're not gonna say no to funding, right?

Anyhow, the possibility of a sauropod surviving is not likely, but if it weren't gonna happen anywhere, places like Lake Tele, or the Congo River Basin in general, is the place it's gonna happen.

Now, there's an oral tradition of the Mokele-Mbembe, and when European explorers arrived and started chatting up the locals, they discovered the story and begin looking into whatever the hell it could be. One theory was that it was a very large elephant, but they knew elephants. Then, they thought it was a crocodile of unusual size. That's a possibility, but crocs aren't normally found in the region. There's the idea that it was a hippo of unusual size, but those are known there too.

The fact is, there's a lot of food stuff, and if there were to be a reproducing population, there'd be easily enough food. One story goes that there was a bit of a famine for some reason, so they killed a Mokele-Mbembe and ate him. They all became sick and some even died. That's actually a theme of a lot of old cryptid stories.

There was a TV crew who showed the local BiAka people a bunch of animal pictures and they pointed out a Rhino as Mokele-Mbembe. There are no rhinos in the area, but it's possible that in the folk memory of the folk, they may have had it so deeply installed that it persists.



Big Dilly

Let us go then, you and I, to Colorado. Lake Dillon. It's a reservoir, a big one, but what's fascinating is that its home to a manta-ray cryptid.

Now, a reservoir that's only been around since the 1960s has a cryptid, but this is one that comes to my mind in an interesting way. There've been many reports of the fish, including a very credible one from a family who encountered it while kayaking. That encounter led to a drawing, and that led to a lot of folks talking.

Now, how could this be?

Rays CAN live in fresh water. In fact, there are VERY large rays that live in freshwater. Not in America, but the possibility that someone brought a giant freshwater stingray to the reservoir isn't exactly impossible. In fact, it could be that someone brought a young example and released it. Could it survive? Well, that's a question. Colorado gets pretty cold, but there would easily be enough food base for it to choose from. The lake is big enough to house it, and though they are known in tropical areas, it's not impossible that there's a small population.

OR!!!!

It's also possible that a typically smaller ray school was dumped in the lake, and by having no fish who would eat it, they're just getting' bigger and bigger. That's a possibility, as these sorts of rays and skates are popular with aquarists. These could have gotten dumped and that's that.

I like this one, and there's a potential answer that ain't all the way crazy.

The Lake Van Monster

Bitlis (which was the ancestral homeland of the Saroyans!) lies on Lake Van. In Lake Van, there is a monster. It is reported as pleisiosaur, and there's a photo, a good one, that seems to show an eye. There's little else in the picture to give context, but it sure does look like an eye.

Lake Van is a fairly old lake, it's alkali as all get out, and it's deep. At about 1600 feet above sea level, it's high, and if there's gonna be a population of fish in it, they'd have to have a lot of them.

And they don't.

There are two varieties of fish, and one is really small. There is nowhere near enough biomass to support a population, even if it were able to feed on plankton-y type stuff.

That image of the eye? Could be a tree. It sure as hell looks like an eye though.

If you were describing the kind of ancient lake that could host a monster, Lake Van would be it, but really, it's just not got the food.



The Bunyip

Aboriginal Australians have strange creature in their tales. It's called a bunyip. It's part a lot of things, and other parts a lot of other things. Sometimes they resemble seals with dog heads, and other times it's long-necked furry creatures with tiny heads. Sometimes, it's more like a squid mixed with a dingo. Sometimes it's this, sometimes it's that. It ain't exactly a constant.

Now, there's an easy explanation for all of them – misidentification of stuff that shouldn't be there. The ones that look like a seal? Well, they could be seals that end up in the rivers. The one that look like big dogs? They're big wet dogs. And at least some of them are oral traditions that end up morphed in a giant, long-run game of cultural telephone.

There have been sightings in recent years, but nothing that really sets the world on fire.



The Underwater Panther

Whoa, a whole lot of fears coming together in this one! Water is scary. Panthers are scary. Together? Hella scary!!!

Various tribes of North America have traditions of underwater panthers. They are very powerful creatures, and they love copper. They have that in common with meth-heads and tech-bros. They hoard copper, and the interesting thing is that they lay their wrath on those who take their copper. The Underwater Panther is the most powerful spirit in a couple of different cultures, but there aren't that many tales of encounters, and most importantly, there's only one significant story from a non-Native American.

The thing on this one, and it's pretty obvious, is that there's a bunch of panthers who used to hang out in the water a lot more than the rest of 'em. That's not a perfect analogy, but it's close. The idea of the create may actually have to do with my twin fears and protecting copper. If copper was a significant ceremonial material, protecting it mentally by tying the harvesting of it for individual use with the scariest versions two scary things would be a good way to keep folks' hands off you copper!

Like how I do not mess with houses with "This House Protected by a Bear Holding a Shark" signs out front.



The Kraken

Okay, here's the thing: kraken \neq giant squid. That's the thing I think people miss.

Giant squids would wash up now and again on Scandinavian beaches, and the descriptions of the Kraken were actually far more like crabs mated with a gigantic octopus. That, along with the size of the kraken, usually in the range of one-hundred feet or so. That's a GIANT difference between the fifty to fifty that a colossal squid, and they're only found in the Southern Hemisphere near the Arctic.

Is there a kraken?

Probably not. They knew about the giant squid, but they probably thought that some of the ship problems they had, like how ships would go out and then not come back, were because of super-huge squid. The few reports of sailors who saw them were likely not describing anything at all, other than being drunk or just telling stories to get drinks bought for them.



Zuiyo-Maru

A Japanese trawler pulled up something. It was a massive corpse, and someone took a picture, and it looked A LOT like a plesiosaur.

It was kind of terrifying looking, and the thing was obviously not living in the recent past. This made people wonder if it was something decomposing. This is kind of in the mode of the 'globster' where something washes up on a beach and it looks gross, And usually smells bad. The most famous of these are the Stronsay Beast, which looked a lot like zuiyo-maru creature.

Let's just pop the bubble – it was a decomposing basking shark.

Now, the basking shark is a big shark. After the whale shark, it's the biggest of the sharks. So, if a basking shark dies, and sits around in cold water, it'll decompose, leaving the cartilaginous stuff, the fins, spine, and parts of the head, and tails. That makes it look like a plesiosaur.

There are a lot of scientists who said that it was obvious that it wasn't a basking shark. Turns out, they were probably wrong. Testing of other more recent plesiosaur-looking things brought up by trawlers has shown to be either decomposing whales or basking sharks.

