

# Chapter 15

## Sharkface and the Globies



**A**fter Sharkface left Ursula, he headed east along the coast of Newfoundland. One day just as the sun was setting, he rose sleepily from his deep dive and as he hit the surface he heard some familiar sounds. All around him was the whoooshshshsh – uhhhoouooooo, whoooshshshsh – uhhhoouooooo of whales breathing. It was such a loud and constant noise that Sharkface thought he must have come up in the middle of hundreds of whales, and he was right. He had surfaced in a vast school of pilot whales or, as they are known in Newfoundland, blackfish. There were so many of them that the water looked black with their bodies and their spouts created a kind of fog.

Sharkface had once swum with a school of blackfish in the Sea of Cortez. He knew their language of whistles and clicks very well and he could speak it fluently. He also knew that in the entire world, they were the experts on squid; they always knew where large schools of these tasty cephalopods could be found. All

they cared to eat were squid — only in the most desperate situation would a blackfish touch a fish or a shrimp — and they were very particular about the kind of squid they ate.

After he got his breath and was able to talk, Sharkface asked the blackfish around him what were their names. “My name is Globi 1... my name is Globi 2... my name is Globi 3... my name is Globi 4... my name is Globi 5,” the blackfish stated in rapid succession. It sounded like an echo and their reply finally faded out at about “My name is Globi 28.” It seemed that all the Globies had the same name and were only distinguished from one another by a number. This was not too surprising because when Sharkface swam with them in Mexico they all seemed alike to him. They always traveled in a group, each swimming behind or next to the other. When one would turn to the left, they all turned left; when one would dive, they all dove. They all seemed to think as one and it was not too strange that they would all have the same name.

When he began to chat with the Globies he quickly asked them if they had had anything good to eat lately. He could not talk with any one Globi in particular, as everyone in hearing distance was part of the conversation. The Globies replied, “Yes indeed. We have just had a great feast of very fine squid.” The unusual thing about this conversation was that a different Globi each said one word of their communal reply. The first Globi would say the word “Yes” and the next one would say “indeed.” and the third Globi would say “We” and so on until a total of thirteen Globies

had replied. It was not really too difficult to have such a conversation because each of the Globies said their one-word part of the sentence quickly and they all sounded alike anyway.

Sharkface continued to talk eagerly with them and found out that they had their banquet of gourmet squid in a place in Newfoundland called Conception Bay. This bay was not too far from where they were having their strange chat and, since he was famished after his long journey through the ice — he had not had a real meal since Bennie's horrible clams — he was anxious to leave right away, but the Globies wanted to go on and on about the tasty Conception Bay squid.

They called them the Newfoundland soft squid and cautioned Sharkface not to confuse them with the Newfoundland hard squid that look almost the same but are not nearly as delicate in their flavor. They described the soft squid as having a sweet, meaty and somewhat creamy taste that had hints of shrimp and seaweed. The Globies said that there had been huge schools of soft squid in Conception Bay just two days ago.

Sharkface was so hungry and so eager to taste this luscious-sounding treat that his mouth was watering underwater. He said good-bye to the Globies and thanked them for telling him about the Newfoundland soft squid, waited patiently for at least twenty-eight Globies to respond and then set off for Conception Bay at a good pace. He was thinking of nothing but his upcoming feast.

The Globies had given Sharkface very exacting and detailed directions to the small cove where they had found the delectable squid, but Sharkface was not really sure that all the Globies knew how to navigate. To him their directions sounded contradictory, but he was sure he could find his way.

It took two days of swimming and diving to finally reach Conception Bay. The Globies' directions were not very good and Sharkface made a couple of wrong turns but finally he came to a cove that fitted their description and started looking for the famous squid. It didn't take him long to find them. They were in deep water near Bell Island and there were millions of them. He dove down to their depth and started to feast.

The Newfoundland soft squid were all the Globies said they were. They were very tasty indeed with just that hint of seaweed they had exclaimed about. One thing Sharkface especially liked about them was that their cuttlebone — the stiff rod that runs along their backs — was very soft and flexible. Other squids have a cuttlebone that is hard and stiff and, since he is not very good at chewing his food, they would sometimes scratch the roof of his mouth. This never happened with the Newfoundland soft squid and Sharkface had a great feed. There were so many squid in the waters of Conception Bay, that Sharkface was able to eat his fill for several days.

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