



## **The Sharks are Coming!**

A cheesy short story by Orsat Ligorio

„I'm so thirsty...“  
„I know, Honey.“  
„You sure they're on the way?“  
„Positive.“

It was the morning of the second day. Joshua knew very well that help wouldn't be yet on the way. Yes, he was hoping for a miracle: a ship on the horizon or a plane! He remembered that astronauts sometimes landed on sea as well. (He also came up with zeppelins). But there was nothing – no ships, no planes, no astronauts, no zeppelins – and most likely no one else was yet on the way either. Of course, Aimee knew this herself. But she too was confident that there would be a miraculous way out.

„Josh!“  
„Huh?“  
„Look!“  
„What?“  
„Look!“

A bird was flying high over them. It wasn't like the birds they've seen yesterday. This one was flying alone. Its wings were huge and its head unexpectedly small for a bird of that size. Still, it had no problems mastering the heights.

„An albatross,“ said Joshua.

He was a zookeeper and knew his tamarins from his marmosets very well. In fact, it was where they first met – in the „Great apes and other primates“ section, just opposite the Aviary. On the first date the following Friday Joshua would take her to see „Planet of the Apes“. Aimee thought it was so cute! It was also where he proposed to her two year later.

„Some honeymoon story, huh?“  
„Yeah.“

Naturally, Aimee thought it was the worst story ever: drifting in the open sea with nobody else around but an occasional albatross. She resented Josh – she knew that he was secretly enjoying their current predicament. It was typical Josh... But she wasn't out to pick a fight. Besides, yesterday they've agreed they would talk as little as possible. (It helps against the thirst, as they've come to realize.)

It was noonish. For the couple the time was passing slowly, though. They were in fact quite happy with the non-talking deal for both Aimee and Joshua were equally afraid that the other one might say *it*. They were thinking it all the time – of course they were! But to utter its name was a different thing all together. Especially here in the deep. It would be like uttering „Satan“ to a mirror in the middle of the night. They were afraid they might involuntarily summon the beast: such is the power of names.

And then, mostly to get her mind off things, Aimee said:

„So, have you given it any thought?“

„What?“

„The name – for the baby.“

„The baby?“

„Yeah, I've been wanting to tell you: I'm late! 7 – no, 8 – days now.“

„That's wonderful, Honey! Well... how about Ishmael?“

„Very funny, Josh...“

Josh was going to say Ian next (he had always liked the name for some reason) but he hesitated instead. It hit him that she was late before – and for even longer periods.

„Josh?“

„Yeah... Ian? How about Ian?“

„Nothing but boy names... what if it's a girl?“

But Josh was distracted: „Is she really pregnant? What if she's only late? It happened a bunch of times before. And of course, if she's just about to get it, then...“

„Can't you think of a single girl name?“

„Huh?“

„Girl name.“

„Err.. Ianna?“

„Oh, come on.“

„...if she's just about to get it, then *they* would be instantly attracted.“ He knew very well that they could sense one drop of blood in a million drops of water. After all, he has been repeating this fact for as long as he worked in the Zoo: every Tuesday and Thursday guiding the Aquaworld tours.

„I like Felicity.“

„Yeah... that's a good one.“

„Can't you think of any other?“

But Josh was too distracted to think about names.

„Let me think... Anyway, it's best if we keep quiet for a while. My mouth feels dry as hell.“

Joshua's mouth was in fact fine. He only needed a moment to think: „She could get it any second now. It's like a ticking bomb. And when she does, they'll all be here in a moment – the beasts!“ Joshua liked adventures, but he didn't like the idea of dying any more than you and I.

„I'd really feel better if we talked,“ said Aimee.

Josh was absent: „Rescue team! But they won't be on their way until tomorrow... and who knows how long will it take them to find us in the end. Might be days!“

The time wasn't passing so slowly for Joshua any more. In fact it was fleeing. He realized he might soon find himself out of it. And there was nothing to be done.

„Please, Josh, just for a while.“

More than anything Josh disliked the idea of being an easy target. He had to do something. It was his life on the line after all. He wasn't about to just stand there – not him! He decided he would do something.

„Well, how about Joyce,“ finally he said.

„No.“

„You don't like it?“

„No.“

„Terri?“

Aimee didn't like Terri either. She was really hooked on Felicity. Joshua was all out of names. They both took a moment as if to come up with new suggestions. But in secret Joshua was about to embrace the obvious: if he is to live, Aimee must die – and soon!

„You know I love you?“

„Oh, Sweetie... I love you too“

They hugged. As she was lying her head on his shoulder Joshua looked up in the sky. There were no albatrosses to be seen. He looked down at her. No, he couldn't. Kill Aimee? What in the earth was he thinking... He loves her. Besides, she really could be pregnant. They will name the child Felicity – or whatever Aimee decides!

Aimee could almost say Joshua was thinking about her. She smiled.

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The following morning (it was noonish already) Joshua woke up in stupor. He clearly overslept. The sun was high over the horizon and a flock of frigate birds was almost out of sight. The birds did not seem to catch his attention. He was staring at an imaginary point above the horizon. Everything worked out well last night, though. The most important part: there was no blood. He was very careful not to spill any. He decided the best way would be to drown Aimee. It was easier than he had thought. He drowned her while she was asleep. Yes, he took care of it. What else was he to do? He wasn't seriously about to wait and see whether or not she was with child. Little Felicity. The whole thing was like a ticking bomb. *He* was the

master of his own fate. Besides, the sharks would surely be here today if he hadn't done it. Yes, *sharks*. As it seems, he wasn't afraid of the word any more. In fact, he wouldn't mind if they came right here, right now! He was ready.

By night time he realized the sharks were not coming today. Once again he was hoping for a ship, or a plane, or – why not – an astronaut or a zeppelin.

„Now what's going to happen without the sharks?  
*They* were a kind of solution.“