



From Freedom to Captivity

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OrcaLab News
About OrcaLab
Whales in Danger
Free Corky Campaign
Shop & Support
Links



Corky's world had suddenly changed. Now, movement was restricted by never changing dimensions. Concrete walls replaced the cliffs, rocks, sand, and caves of the vast and almost limitless ocean. There were no longer any passageways, nooks and crannies to explore. Choices were limited. Gone were the familiar sounds of the sea. Instead, there was the constant drone of filtration pumps, and when any of the whales called, their sounds reverberated off the barren walls. There were no waves, no currents, no fish to chase and hunt, no porpoises to play with - all was forever changed.

The sameness was relieved marginally by the companionship of four other members of Corky's family, two captured with her & two captured the year before. But soon that ended too. After a year Corky I died and Corky was given her name. Patches died in 1971. The no-name male died in 1972. From then on Corky and a male cousin named Orky were by themselves.



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