

Okay, Tiny knew he was in trouble. But maybe, had anyone considered, this was his plan all along? And that maybe he actually *wanted* the giant whale that legends said lived this far out to sea to break his little ship, leaving him holding onto one small plank of wood to just stay afloat as he watched it loom in the distance.

...Or maybe he was really really scared of the water and just wanted to go home and cry. That was another possibility that his therapist would assure him was also completely valid emotions to be experiencing in his current state, and that he didn't always have to put on a tough persona to make up for the fact that sometimes, he just needed some help.

This was as good a time as any to need help, but all Tiny could think about was that he should have been braver, he should have been able to beat that whale up real good and make sure it never came back. But no, now he was drifting on a small scrap of wood, and that very same whale could just as easily sink that, too. It didn't help that they didn't know how to swim.

Because of this... well, Tiny just started to sob.

Tiny yelped as a big wave rocked his wooden plank, and stared as the giant whale stared back at him. He shivered a little, hiding his face.

"Are you alright?" A bellowing voice asked, "That was quite the tumble you took. I didn't see you there."

"...What?" Tiny asked, lifting his head a little. The whale seemed a little concerned - well, as concerned as a whale could look.

"It's hard to see you little folk in the water while I swim..." The whale leaned down a bit, getting closer. "You all seem to only want to crash right into me. It's very distressing to see any of you get hurt..."

Tiny blinked.

"Could... could you help me back to shore?" He managed to stutter, after a short pause. "I need to get home, and I can't- get back just on this plank."

The whale's eyes grew wide. "You... can't? You can't swim?"

"No?" Tiny frowned. "Lots of people can't swim. I can't. Tried to learn. But I can't."

"Well, that's... worrisome." The whale lowered a fin, trying to be as gentle as possible. "I can try to get you to shore... I didn't know that, my deepest apologies."

Tiny scrambled up onto the whale's back, letting out a soft sigh. "Yeah, that would be. Super great. Super awesome. Thank you."

The whale hummed. "Don't mention it. It's the least I could do for you, since I wrecked your ship in the first place."

"Yeah... alright. Thanks- I mean- yeah."

Tiny felt the ocean breeze blow faintly past, as the behemoth began to slowly bring him back to shore.

Hey, maybe his therapist was right - asking for help really did work this time around. Funny how those things work.