

The Extinction of the Ptxyl Whale  
(A Brief Introduction)

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In 2025, our team of scientists developed the BOGEY 300: an intelligence tool used to interpret the language of the Pacific Grey Whale. On the expedition, *Project Conversation: Six*, we took course, via our submarine, *Sweet Pea*, where the mouth of the Columbia River meets the Pacific Ocean off the Port of Astoria in Oregon, U.S.A. The location offers a section of a highway used by the Pacific Grey Whale since the 1970s to migrate between Mexico and Alaska. We recorded over 7,000 hours of conversations among the Whales and interpreted the story of the Ptxyl Whale: a species that became apparently extinct before the location was used by the Grey Whales. Prior to this discovery, the Ptxyl Whale was scientifically identified as the 'Pacific Chinook Whale': a dolphin-like species that inhabited the coast of Oregon. There have been no known documented sightings of these whales since March 12, 1962 in Newport, Oregon. From our recordings, we discovered the sad tale, as told as an oral history passed down by travelling adult Grey Whales to their young, that led to both the cause of several sunken ships in the Clatsop Spit, and the tragic end of this species, the Ptxyl Whale.

The Ptxyl Whale was a rather enormous -- robust-- species; a difficult animal for whalers, even the best in the industry, to catch. Considered violent if approached by a ship, yet docile, domestic, and ruthlessly loyal to one another. These creatures fed off the Q'fodl<sup>1</sup> which was considered to be a rather large fish in its own right - some up to 6 ½ feet long, making for it to be a sufficient burger and fries to the Ptxyl. The thriving cannery industry of the Pacific Northwest, however, planted itself right into the middle of that food chain.

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<sup>1</sup> The Chinook Salmon

In 1926, a Ptxyl Whale was spotted by some passengers aboard the *Tourist No. 2*: a ferry boat that once connected Astoria, Oregon to Megler, Washington across a fairly substantial stretch of the Columbia River. The whale, a Pod-Leader known to her kinds as PP'oxdt, was a never-before-seen spectacle for the human onlookers, making front page news in the *Daily Astorian* for several days.

Grey Whale #402: "You've never seen such a stringy whale. Like a swimmin' dork with fins. Sad, really. One a them set out toward The Eti'oonet<sup>2</sup>. Must a been one heck of a fed-up top banana."

Knowing that going up The Eti'oonet would put herself in peril, PP'oxdt was in a desperate search of food for her pod -- one of the few pods remaining. Thousands had already perished from *The Great Starvation*<sup>3</sup> as a result of the shrinking size of the Q'fodls. PP'oxdt exhibited no threat toward humans thus making her become seen as a sort of tactile marvel.

At long last, PP'oxdt was unable to find any sufficient source of provisions for her pod -- and, all the while, was suffering her own famine. Too weak to put up a fight, PP'oxdt was harpooned by an amateur whaler local to Astoria. PP'oxdt's fate was to be pickled, and put on display for the annual Astoria Regatta, years 1927-1934. PP'oxdt was then auctioned off. Her location is unknown.

In complete and utter hopelessness, the remaining Ptxyl, writhing in grief, began to behave quite unusually: individual whales would carry the carcasses of their kin with them until the dead bodies would fall apart and become bestowed to the ocean. Further, with the last of any blip of clout they had left against the human race, they attacked the ships, all ships, any ships. Dozens went down, and remain to this day a Graveyard of the Pacific.

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<sup>2</sup> The Columbia River

<sup>3</sup> *The Great Starvation*, a text written by my partner, Veronica Pebblestone in 2018, substantiated the rivalry between the whales and humankind, proving the fish industry to have a direct connection to major drop in the great mammals' body mass and thus, the decline in population.

Grey Whale #20: "We pass through the Ptxyl Bone Garden with respect. Respect for whales who fought 'til their own bitter end...it's remarkable, though, for us...we'd...we would never be able to take on a such a territorial whale. They would have had the finesse to destroy us in three bites. But now. Now we have our highway. And...we do so well because of it. I mean, we wouldn't be surviving without it. And the ships...well, they leave us be."