Blackfish is a hauntingly vicious notification film, which concentrates on the leaping, seemingly carefree whales in captivity in places such as Sea World, where they will crunch down on a foot or arm every so often and drag a person under until he/she drowns. And then you see something wrong (something unnatural and monstrous) in this picture. You will not be the same once you see. The film starts in 2010, when Dawn Brancheau, esteemed 40-year-old trainer, was killed by a whale called Tilikum before a terrified Orlando Sea World crowd (Pollard, 2014). The occurrence was seen generally as a freak accident. The initial wave of reports reported that Dawn had slipped and fallen into the water; the next reported that Tilikum had gone for improperly hanging ponytail of Dawn.

However, this was a savage attack. Previously, Tilikum had killed once in Vancouver at a place called SeaLand, and once at Sea World in Orlando. However, the problem was that nobody could prove exactly what happened to a disturbed man who had snuck into Sea World after hours and was found on the back of Tilikum in the morning, naked and dead. The big fella remained at Sea World, by most descriptions psychotic but a source of million-dollar sperm to make more orcas for more profitable fish shows (Kirby, 2012). What is an aquatic theme park without a killer whale? This was one of those docs during which audiences gasp and cry out at regular intervals. We cry at times for humans, at times for the whales. Gabriella, cuts to a heavily built, bushy old guy who participated in a 1970 to steal baby whales from their mothers to distribute the growing fish-show industry, following the prologue, which alludes to Dawn’s fate. The man is ex-mercenary who claim to have overthrown presidents but he cannot forget those whales.
The man said that orcas do not part with their children easily. While a research narrates, Gabriella animates what took place. While the female orcas and children swam the other ways, the males tried to turn away the human predators, a brilliant diversion that was spoiled by a spotter plane, which relayed the locations of mothers and children. Whales are complex, highly emotional, and intelligent beings. Young whales stick by their mothers for life in family pods. A sound, which transcends species, is made by mothers who lose children. That sound is heard in Blackfish (Pollard, 2014). Tilikum was one of the young whales snatched from his mother. Former Orlando Sea World trainer remembers the agony of mothers loosing children, the agonizing solitary captivity of orcas such as Tilikum, and even how dorsal fins of males, erect in the wild, would miserably go limp and curl over in confinement.

In this narration, those ex-trainers are fascinating subjects, chiseled and eloquent. They were traumatized as well. Eli Espres, editor, cut back and forth from their weepy remembrance to footage of their younger selves, smiling and spouting their boringly hearty Sea World spiels. I loved to listen to Samantha Berg, Dean Gummersall, John Jett, and particularly the worn, sardonic Dr. David Duffus. However, I will not single anyone out because they are all persuasive. All of them came to love those whales, including Tilikum, driven mad by separation and repeated attacks by the tag-team torture of dreadful mama whales (Pollard, 2014). There was no other swimming place for him. The film unfolds like a thriller. We see trainers some seconds away from their deaths (that are not mercifully shown). However, the near-deaths are shown and are adequately awful. Ken Edwards, top trainer, is pulled under repeatedly by a whale that did not let him go. It lasted for 12 agonizing minutes. Even though Sea World officials refused to be interviewed for Blackfish, there are transcripts from an OSHA hearing implying that Kelly Clerk lied about her link to a park in Spain’s Canary Islands where a young trainer was killed. The whales originated from Sea World.

Generally, Blackfish does not get into the subject of dolphins in captivity. That is another kind of fish. However, you can extrapolate. If all cetaceans were someday
gone from parks such as Sea World, it would be heartening beyond words. Nevertheless, that will not occur without a hell of a fight (Pollard, 2014). And trainers who go no record decrying what they have witnessed will probably be blackballed. It is apparent that the number of whales in confinement is not large but they have now become the mightiest signs of our cultural hubris (of our incapacity to manage creatures that we have power to capture and confine.
