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## Shark attack live wallpaper

The great white shark has been involved in some of the most chilling attacks on humans. In 1985, Australian Shirley Ann Durdin was torn in two and then devoured by a white shark. Rodney Fox had his lungs and stomach ripped open and needed more than 360 stitches in the 1963 attack [source: Rodney Fox]. In 2008, Dave Martin was killed in California when a big white bit off his feet. A great white shark doesn't outbid all other sharks in the number of shark attacks. As of May 2020, the great white had clenched 326 unprovoked attacks, resulting in 52 deaths; it's a far-flurry runner-up in tiger shark (129 unprovoked attacks and 34 deaths) and a third-place bull shark (116 unprovoked attacks and 25 deaths) [source: International Shark Attack File]. Why are the numbers so high? One factor to keep in mind is that great whites are easily recognizable, especially if they leave a tooth or two victims. This means that they are particularly attributable to more attacks than other, less identifiable species [source: Carey]. There may also be a mindset that great white sharks are to blame for the shark attack until proven innocent. Whether this bias is fair or not, scientists are quick to remind us that the chances of actually being attacked by any shark are very small. Are people particularly delicious to great white sharks? Probably not, according to scientists who've studied the stomach contents of these sharks. People, because of their muscle content, are not a very good meal for great whites who greed fatty blubber. Many shark attack victims live to tell their story because the shark takes a bite as if to taste it. While this will be a small comfort for anyone ever trapped in the mouth of a shark, it may just be a case of mistaken identity. Think of someone lying on a surfboard, their hands and feet to the side of the paddle and kick. From the bottom of this form may resemble a seal. Big white is no doubt dangerous, but if you try to decide whether to go swimming, it might be worth remembering that elephants are more deadly than great whites [source: Keicis]. The common adage of the shark world now is that man is a much greater threat to sharks than sharks have ever been to man. These sharks are hunted for sports and also parts of them, including their teeth and fins. But what does a great white shark hunt, if not humans? Find out below. The film Jaws makes it seem like sharks prowl the seas that want to eat relatives and friends of special city police chiefs. But in fact, sharks don't like the taste of man, and most shark attacks are a case of mistaken identity. For example, you are a surfer flying on your board, but from the waters below you look a lot like a sea lion. So, the shark goes to nibble. It's all well and good that the shark didn't mean to mistake you for a sea lion, except when it severs your hand from your body. In 2005, 58 unprovoked shark attacks were reported. Less than 10 of the attacks, which took place off the coasts of California, Hawaii and Brazil, were fatal. On dry ground, 58 may seem like a fairly low number. But when you're mulling around the dark waters of the issue, which just bumped your leg, it's not. At this point of horror, you wish you had some shark defense tactics seared in your brain. Read on to train shark attack preparedness. Content Don't play dead. It's nothing but making the shark think it has won. The shark will then start chomping. Clearly, this is not what you want to do. Also, if you're attacked, get away as fast as you possibly can. Sharks smell blood. You don't fare too well with the first and are probably more on the way. Advertising Although opinions vary, the general consensus seems to be that if you can get a clear shot, hitting a shark on the nose can be very effective in ending the attack. The trouble is when you are being attacked, hitting a specific goal becomes a challenge at best. Advertising This might sound ridiculous, but try to stay calm. If you are attacked by a shark, go to the eyes and gills, the most vulnerable parts of the shark. If you can wound your eyes, you have a chance. Advertising That's not good. If a shark orbits you, it means it's on strike. Time to fight back! Advertising a zigzagging shark is looking for angles, so if you can back up against the reef, piling, or some other form of outcropping, do so. This reduces the number of angles the shark has to come to you. If you're in open water, get back with your swimming friend. You have a swimming buddy, don't you? Advertising If you can't get ashore and the shark approaches you, try to stay calm and be quiet to avoid attack. Advertising If there's a dorsal fin on the horizon, letting people know is a good idea. The more people know what is going on, the better you are if the situation gets worse. Then quickly swim to the shore, as if your life depends on it . . . as it just might. Advertising that allows dogs to swim in the ocean can be dangerous if you're in shark territory. Animals swim erratically, attracting the attention of sharks. Do not let pets stay in the water for a long time. Advertising If you're menstruating, stick to the sand. The blood is attracted by sharks. Think of it as a great excuse to stay out of the water and work your tan! A woman or a man, if you cut yourself on a reef or rock while swimming, it is best to get out right away - the smell of a blood shark is like the smell of fresh donuts to humans. Advertising creatures of the sea know much more about the waters than you ever will. So if turtles and fish start freaking out, there's probably a reason. If you witness unusual behavior from other animals, it could be very large, toothy beast approaching. Take a cue from those who have seen it before and take off. Always swim with a friend and do not swim at dusk or at night. Sharks have the best vision, so when it's dark, you look like dinner on them. Who knows why you might want to swim in the dark waters, around port entrances or steep drop-offs, or among rocky underwater cliffs, but if you choose to swim in these dangerous places, don't be surprised if you come face to face with a shark. Three species of shark are responsible for most human attacks: great white, tiger, and bull sharks. Hammerhead might freak you out, but it probably won't bite you. Sharks see the contrast well, so wearing bright colors like yellow and orange is not a great idea. Also avoid shiny jewelry as sharks can err in their fish scales. If you don't want to mess with a shark, don't go where the sharks hang out. If you are planning a vacation by the ocean, contact the local tourist offices and ask for shark stats in the area. GIVING WRITERS: Helen Davies, Marjorie Dorfman, Mary Fons, Deborah Hawkins, Martin Hintz, Linnea Lundgren, David Priess, Julia Clark Robinson, Paul Seaburn, Heidi Stevens, and Steve Theunissen In some cases, escaping an emergency can actually make it worse. Here are 10 threats you should never try to outrun from HowStuffWorks. Shane Gross/ShutterstockThin article was originally written by Rodney Fox, Reader's Digest First Person Award Winner. It appeared in the August 1965 edition of Reader's Digest. Kay looked pretty miserable standing there as I said goodbye at 6:30 that Sunday morning in December 1963. She was expecting our first child, and the doctor had told her firmly: do not go. I wish now that the doctor's advice was right for me as well. Two hours later, however, found a man standing on a cliff at Aldinga Beach-34 miles south of our home in Adelaide, South Australia. That was why I had laid out so early. Now I had time to study the carefully drawn patterns of bottom growth in the coral reef that shelves to the sea under the incoming blue-green swells. Aldinga reef is a watery paradise, teeming a sea jungle, a happy hunting place for underwater spearfishermen like me. Forty of us, every black rubber suit and flippers, glass window face mask, snorkel, lead-weighted belt and spearfishing gun-waited judge at nine o'clock whistle announce that the annual South Australian Skin-Diving and Spearfishing Championship competition had begun. Each of us would have five hours to bring the judges the biggest bag to be reckoned with, both by total weight and by the number of different species of fish. My chances looked good. I had made the 1961-62 championship, and I was runner-up the next season. I had promised Kay that this would be my last competition. I wanted to clinch the title and then retire in glory, diving thenceforth just for fun when Kay and I both might want to. I was 23 and after months of training, in peak shape. We were free divers, you understand, without artificial breathing aids. I had trained myself to dive safely up to 100 feet and hold breath more than without discomfort. After the nine whistle blast we waded into the surf. Each man pulls behind him, with a light line tied to his lead weight belt, floating, hollow fish float. We could load our fish into these floats instantly spearing them. This would reduce the amount of fresh blood released into water. Blood could be attracted from outside the reef to the great hunting fish-always hungry and curious great predatory sharks that prowl deeper water off the South Australian coast. Fewer sharks-like bronze whaler and gray nurse-a-are familiar with leather divers and have not proven aggressive. Fortunately, the dreaded white hunter, or white death sharks, caught by professional fishermen in the open ocean, is rarely seen by leather divers. But as a precaution, two heavy duty patrol boats crisscrossed our hunting area while maintaining a wary lookout. The weather was bright and hot. The offshore breeze flattened green wave tops, but it roiled the water of the reef. Visibility under the surface would be poor. This makes it difficult for spearfishermen. In the dark water, the diver often gets too close to the fish before he realizes that it is there; so he scares it away before he can get out for a shot. By 12:30, when I pulled ashore a heavy catch of parrotfish, snapper, snook, boarfish, and magpie perch, I could see from other piles that I must be well up in competition. I had 60 pounds of fish ashore, consisting of 14 species. It was now 12:35 p.m., and the contest closed at two. As the fish naturally grew scarcer in coastal areas, I had ranged up to three-quarters of a mile larger and better in the game. On my last swim from the dropoff section of the reef, where it plunges from 25 feet to 60 feet deep, I had spotted quite a few large fish at a large, triangular-shaped rock, which I felt confident I could find again. Two of these fish were dusky mornings-or strongfish, as we Australian leather divers usually call them. Either of these would be big enough to tip the scales to my advantage; then another other breed of fish could sew things for me, I decided. I swam to the spot I'd picked, then rested my face down, breathing through my snorkel as I studied through my face in the glass for the best approach to the two fish shelter behind the cliff. After several deep breaths, I kept one, swallowed it, upended and dived. Swimming down and forward to spook them, I rounded a big rock and thrilled to see my career. Not 30 feet away the larger dusky morwong, the beauty of at least 20 pounds, was browsing clump brown sitting. I glided forward, hoping for a close-in shot. I stretched both hands in front of me, my left balance, my right holding gun, which was loaded with stainless steel shafts and aysies. I drifted easily over a short sitting and would have been iced into a perfect head and gill shot, but... How can I describe the sudden silence? It was a feeling of silence, even in this quiet world, which was in some way communicable deep under the sea surface. Then something huge hit me with tremendous force on my left side and heaved me through the water. I was shocked. Now the thing was pushing me through the water at wild speed. I felt a confusing feeling of nausea. The pressure on the back and chest was enormous. The strange padding feeling ran down my right side, as if my insides on my left side were being squeezed over to my right. I had lost my face mask and I couldn't see the blur. My speargun was knocked violently out of my hands. The pressure on my body seems to actually be choking me. I didn't understand what was going on. I tried to shake myself loose, but found that my body was stapled like a vise. With an awful wrinkle, my mind came into the spotlight, and I realized my inconsistency: the shark had me in his jaws. Here are 13 things you don't know about shark attacks. Willyam Bradberry/ShutterstockI couldn't see the creature, but it was a huge one. Those teeth were closed around my chest and back, with my left shoulder forced into its throat. I was thrust face down in front as we rushed through the water. Although I was horrified, I still felt no pain. In fact, there was no sharp feeling at all, except for the crushing pressure on my back and chest. I stretched out my hands behind my back and groped on the monster's head, hoping to dissipate my eyes. Suddenly, miraculously, the pressure had gone out of my chest. The creature had a relaxed jaw. I thrust back to push myself away, but my right hand went straight to the shark's mouth. Now I felt pain like I had never imagined. Dazzling bursts of agony made every part of my body scream in agony. As I wrenched my hand to lose out on the shark's jagged teeth, the all-embracing waves of pain swept through me. But I had managed to free myself. I thrashed and kicked my way to the surface, thudding repeatedly into the shark's body. Finally, my beads pushed over the water, and I gulped a large gasp of air. I knew the shark would come up to me. Fin brushed my flippers and then my knees suddenly touched its rough side. I grabbed with both hands, wrapping my legs and arms around the monster, hoping the bird that this maneuver would keep me out of his jaws. Somehow I gulped a big breath. We fell deep again--I scraped rocks to the bottom. Now I was shocked powerfully from side to side. I pushed back with all my residual strength. I had to get back to the surface. I could breathe again. But all around, the water was crimson with blood--my blood. The shark crossed the surface a few feet away and turned sideways. Its a disgusting body was like a large rolling tree trunk, but rust-colored, with huge pectoral fins. The big conical head clearly belonged to a white hunter. Here was the white death itself! It started to move towards me. An uproarious terror surged through my body. One tiny passage of ultimate horror was the fact that this eerie Scavenger of the sea, was my master. I was alone in my field; here the shark made the rules. I was no longer an Adelaide insurance seller. I was just squirming something-to-eat, which was forgotten even before it was digested. I knew the shark was attacked again and that I would die in agony when it hit. I could only wait. I breathed a rushed little prayer for Kay and the baby. Then, incredibly, I saw the creature veer away just before it reached me, the sloping dorsal fins bending, just above the surface! Here's what you should do to survive the shark attack. Then my fish flying started moving rapidly through the water. The slackline tightened off my belt and I was pulled forward and under water again. At the last minute, the shark badly hijacked the float instead of me and had fouled itself somehow in the line. I tried to release my weight belt to which the line was attached, but my hands would not obey. We move very fast now and had traveled under water at 30 or 40 feet, my left hand still fumbling helplessly at the liberation role. Of course, I'm not going to drown now rushed through my mind. Then the last miracle happened: the line suddenly deferred, and I was free again. They tell me that all I could shout when my head reached the surface was: Shark! ... Shark! That was enough. Now there were voices, familiar noises, then boatful friends that I have been praying for will come. I gave up trying to move around and relied on them to help me. In this new world, people, someone keeps saying, Wait, mate, it's over. We

loved: More and more. I think without that voice out there I would have died. The men in the patrol boat were horrified at the extent of my injuries. My right hand and arm were so badly slashed that the bones lay bare in several places. My chest, back, left shoulder and side were deeply gashed. Great chunks of flesh were torn aside, exposing the rib cage, lungs, and upper stomach. Police manning highway junctions for 34 miles got our ambulance through a record time. The surgeons at the Royal Adelaide Hospital were scrubbed and ready, the operating table felt warm and cozy, huge silver lights overhead rose d sunlight... until late at night or the beginning of the next morning, I opened my eyes and saw Kay beside my bed. I said, It hurts, and she cried. The doctor walked over and said, He'll do it now. Today, a year and a half later, my lungs are working well, although my breasts are still stiff. My right hand isn't a pretty sight, but I can use it. My chest, back, belly and shoulder are badly scarred. God knows I didn't want to, but Kay realized right from the beginning that I had to go skin diving again. A man is only half a man when fear links him up. Five months after I recovered, I returned to the sea to leave my fears where I had found them. But my skin diving is different nowadays. I put my beliefs back, but with it Precautionary. You can't rely on getting through the second round with a shark; in any case, there A lot of the risks you have to take in this world without going out of your way to add unnecessary ones. So now I stay away from the competition and leave the dark water to the daredevil who've never felt the shark jaws around the chest. Next, find out about the 22 animals that are even deadlier than sharks. Sharks.

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