A Fishy Situation

Today was a good day for Timmy. Of course, every day was a good day, but today was especially good. He had found about ten extra sprinkles of food hidden behind the treasure chest. He quickly gobbled it up, leaving nothing behind.

Timmy was an only child. He had orange scales like the rest of the goldfish, but was a little smaller than the other fish his age.

"Okay, so we've gone on a few dates, so what?" replied Billy, getting rather annoyed.

"It's cool," said Timmy. "Your secret is safe with me. Speaking of Goldie, there she is."

Just then, Goldie swam up towards the boys. She had lovely orange scales, with yellow specks on her gills. Her fins were the talk of the tank, and many of the neighboring fish questioned whether or not they were real.

"Let's go play 'Go Fish' at my house," said Goldie.

"Great idea" said Timmy.

They all swam off excitedly.

Later that evening, after a long day of playing games, Timmy and Billy decided it was time to go home.

"Look at the time," said Timmy. "I'd better get going, it's getting late.

"Me too. I promised my parents I'd be home in time for dinner," responded Billy.

They said goodbye to Goldie and headed out the door. Little did they know what was ahead.

On their swim back to their houses, Timmy and Billy noticed that there was not food on the top of the water like there usually was. This was a very unusual thing: they were always fed at this time of the night.

"Let's keep looking towards the top of the water. They NEVER forget to feed us," explained Billy.

As they swam a little further, they saw it.

"Ohh my God!" cried Billy in terror.

"Noooooooo!" screamed Timmy.

Timmy and Billy were in complete shock. Floating a little bit away from them were the remains of Billy's and Timmy's parents. They had been eaten alive, except for their heads.

"What do we do?" bawled Timmy. "Who could have done this?"

"I have no idea!" answered Billy who could barely be heard because of his emotional reaction.

This was something that Billy and Timmy had never seen before. They weren't used to bad things happening. Scared and afraid for their own lives, they contemplated what to do next.

They both came to the decision to swim back to Goldie's house and explain to her parents what had happened. They were just short of her house, when they heard something behind them. Timmy looked back when he saw it coming towards them.

It was black and had the eyes of a killer. Though it was the same size as a normal goldfish, it was anything but. This was the kind of fish that Timmy and Billy were told about in stories from their parents. This new fish was a baby freshwater bull shark.
Timmy quickly noticed a plant a few inches away, and dove in it, trying to hide from the monster. Because of his small size, Timmy hid almost perfectly. Unfortunately, Billy wasn’t as quick. The shark nipped at his back fin as he inched closer and closer to Billy. Billy was swimming as fast as he could, but the creature was faster. Billy cringed in pain as he felt the teeth of the shark sink into his body. Timmy watched in horror as his friend was slaughtered in front of his own eyes.

The shark, satisfied from what he had just done, began to swim away. Timmy came out when the coast was clear and swam as fast as he could to Goldie’s house crying all the way. Once he arrived at her house, no one answered the door.

Out of the corner of his eye, Timmy saw something black coming from the distance. Quickly, he realized it was that shark again. Fearing for life, he searched for an available bush to hide it, but it was too late. The shark had spotted him.

Taking his eyes off the shark, Timmy noticed that the lid of the tank was being removed. A net was submerged in the tank by a human, trying to scoop Timmy up, trying to save him. As Timmy looked back at the shark, he saw the sharp teeth coming for him.

He closed his eyes and everything went dark.

by Brendan Lane