

I am just a thought as colorful as you are. It does seem to me like you're a fish like me! Everyday I swim past the mountains about 40 fish. I try to get through to them all those that are my fish and what are the swimmers only hope captured and loved to have. Everyday I think as if: how low seems to swim, how water bubbles. I feel like they stopped in a wave and each day it gets smaller and smaller. I try to remember the happy times, when the water was clear and me and my friends would chase each other around. But the other fish have taken them away from me. Along with my friends.

It was the last day of my survival. I could feel it in my tiny heart. I was only swimming around until I heard a fish leaping from the distance. I saw a egg yolk-like object appear across the water. I couldn't believe it. It was the ghost I've mentioned in a fish place. Floating all about my whole world. Anything but the ghost? They were coming down and down to the water. They brought with them this world we thought we would. (As far as I think that's what it was.) And they started sweeping up all the other fish. I couldn't believe my eyes! As soon as they were taking the other fish away the water started clearing and clearing. I had more water to swim and I could breathe better than ever! Once there were no more fishermen I felt safe to swim. I thanked the ghost for what they did and answered the questions I've been asking myself for a long time. Yes, Yes there is more in the lake for a fish like me! And it's all because of the ghost.