

feeding. The silly fish didn't even know his teeth weren't especially a part of him. It had come from Yaddel, which consisted of several delights. The bacteria collected from thousands formed his dangerous weapons. Puffy he was a happy smile like expression, the best a fish could form. It wasn't happiness Puffy was putting on his face, no. It was smugness. His intelligence and ambition were large for a good meal kept him alive until it was his big moment.

Whenever there was a chase, Puffy could easily outrun them going thirty miles per hour. Some of the faster fish got lucky, but they were lucky. Bamberled, as Puffy enjoyed to say. Before their gape/jaws were open and ready to up, he cleverly thought of a way to defeat. He had sucked up water into his stomach and inflated himself multiple times his size. Before the predator's jaws could encroach, they got stuck with one massive size. His organs would pop out and spurt the water, just before they could pop him. It rendered them useless, and although he barely escaped a few times, it was still worth using. His little experiments were successful. Puffy had now with his idea of toothless the toothless. Ah, the daunting yet dangerous fish of the sea. They were called the hypnothorax their prey and often captured the unfortunate predators.

Puffy had admired their work, from a distance, of course. At that same distance, he watched a clever shark named Artemis devour one of the most hypnotic toothless. Puffy never felt fear as he did that night. Artemis was well known for being a decent, strong shark. What made Artemis so popular, then? His name, of course, often meant he was believed to be a great hunter, and also a female. Another caught fish off guard to learn he was, in fact, a male. Artemis didn't let it bother him. The fish often didn't get to chew on the thought, as they made their way into his stomach. He was just as mysterious as the toothless he made a meal of. Puffy was never his meal, however. The little fish was happy to munch on his meals, using his ever-growing teeth to get them down. His teeth were bear-shaped, and he had to constantly wear them down, as his teeth kept growing.

One fateful night, however, as Puffy swam in his dream, Artemis thoughtfully watched him. His jaws were big enough to catch him, inflated or not, and he thought, or perhaps intelligently believed, that his teeth wouldn't be able to handle the toothless' teeth.