



FISH OUT OF WATER

Finding a New Room

Jason Elroy was just an average kid. With an average bedroom. His favorite pets were Hibuna goldfish who enjoyed swimming in a large tank. Only what was in the tank was a little more than average.

©2020 David Woodruff – all rights reserved

It crawled out of the fish tank. Jason had never seen anything like it. It had two arms and the same number of legs. Its round, Charlie Brown-like head was about a third of its body. But it was nothing more than water from the fish tank. It was completely transparent. Jason could even see the three goldfish swimming around happily in the creature's chest.

"How? Who?" Jason muttered in a barely coherent tone.

"I'm a Water Sprite," the three-foot-tall creature announced. "Sorry, I just couldn't fit in the tank anymore. It's an astonishingly small space. You ever been closed up in a tiny space?"

Jason stood in amazement as the sprite reached its watery hand into his chest and pulled out a goldfish. He popped it right into his mouth. The fish, basically unaffected, went right back to swimming inside the sprite's chest, pretending not to notice anything was out of the ordinary. The way fish usually do.

"What? How did you get in here?"

The Water Sprite grinned. "100% water. Nice, huh? Quite impressive if I do say so myself. I usually like to sleep in something. You know, so I don't have to hold my shape. But like I said, the tank was getting a bit cramped."

Jason stumbled around for some words, but they were as elusive as a crow flying around at midnight. His first thought was to curl up into a ball in the corner of his room. Then it turned out to be his second thought as well.

"Can you direct me to I-90?" the sprite enquired.

Jason pointed a shaky finger at his window overlooking the backyard. In the distance, he could hear the trucks from the interstate.

"Thanks," the sprite responded with glee, opening the window. "I'll just catch a passing ice truck. See ya and thanks for the fish."