

## "Fish"

by Henry Krex

I just got this fish— fantastic fish— and he's looking at me with beady eyes and a self-righteous frown, and I'm thinking, someday this fish will be famous. The idiot at Gary's Modern Aquariums in Cranston was knee-deep in a seafood salad when I took Raymond off his hands; must've never gotten a good look at the brilliant specimen who he just let go for \$5.99. Ray Spears is a Siamese fighting fish. A popular breed for kids and sadists alike, they are usually forced into solitary lives because of their MMA attitude; they battle with other fish when placed in the same tank. I will not have a problem with this, I bought only one. But boy, did I ever buy one! I could tell the others were all duds. Stupid fish, each more stupid than the next. All dull shades of purple, blue, red, every one less impressive than the last. Even the cockatoo knew it, "*Dumb fish, Stupid fishy,*" it cawed while I scanned the tanks. One fish's eye was lower than the others, one's head was too big, one's was too small. But not Ray. Ray's proportions were just perfect. I could see his ambitious mind and sweet sensibilities right away; his destiny, clear. On his side, a splash of white, fading into an at first lilac, then a deep purple towards the tail. He didn't swim, he danced. He'd obviously spent time around the ballet. On the ride home I played him Liszt, Dolphy, Coltrane, I could see his eyes light up! He's a musician I presume. I see potential—a diamond in the rough. Raymond Spears is my big break. I know it like I know my hand has five fingers.