

giant rock in his old front yard. There were so many of them. They'd become his friends. He needed reassurance that he'd find contentment, even if he had to leave his mom in the skeleton house. That's what he decided to call it. Its brittleness reminded him of bones. Reid's mom packed him a peanut butter sandwich, and placed it in his small book bag which he'd take with him on his adventures outdoors. Reid walked along the creek that his new house was placed next to. He walked until he found a lonely rock which resembled the one he loved back home. Reid sat on the rock and embraced the scenery with his eyes. He finally felt solace. He couldn't help but to feel a little bad for leaving his mom alone in quietness. Couldn't his mind be at peace? Why couldn't he attach to anything lively?

"I wish I could be a fish. One of the ones in this particular creek. Their minds must be so still," a quaint voice spoke from behind Reid, startling him out of his chaotic trance.

"Who are you?" Reid questioned quickly, looking up at another boy seemingly around his age.

The boy liked to be called Rabbit. Reid didn't question him why. He was just happy to not be alone any longer. His mind was starting to spiral, and he wasn't sure how to handle it. Rabbit talked about the fish. He said that he's come here every day to examine their movements. They move around like swirling clouds that are mirrored along the flowing water. Rabbit seemed to be obsessed with the fish. He loved the orange and yellow hues of their scales.

"The fish, to me, are better than the sky. They are more dazzling than the sun. The clouds wish they could move as expertly as them. They beat the clouds at their own designation. Wouldn't it be great to be a fish?" Rabbit pondered as if his mind as been stuck on this idea for centuries.

Reid took out his sandwich his mom had made him, and split it into two. He gave rabbit one half. They ate it together, watching the fish swim in circular patterns. Reid closed his eyes and listened to what the creek had to say. He was an imaginative child, he liked to give things personality. The waters sounds reminded him of his mom. So many things reminded Reid of his