

him that day, split it in half again, and placed it in the water for Rabbit. As they ate, Reid pictured the dancing trees from yesterday. His mind was suddenly changed. He didn't want to be fish like Rabbit craved to be. Perhaps he'd like to be a tree, glued to one spot. Forced to be content with his surroundings. He'd never have to leave them. Reid's mind shifted to his mom. He'd like his mom to be a flower. She'd grow right next to him, an everlasting rose. His family back home would be moss which would warm Reid's fragile bark. The creek remained a father in his imagination. Reid pictured his mom back home, alone in the skeleton house. It was time he'd go be with her.

“You know,” the fish almost whispered, “I've been thinking about your kindness a lot. Life as a fish isn't as inspiring as I thought. All there is to do is constantly swim. I'm *always* having to swim. I miss being a human. I bet it's great being you. You're so kind. So *very* kind. I bet you appreciate everything life has to offer you, don't you? I'd assume you live in peace. I wish I were you!”

That evening Reid didn't return home, and Rabbit no longer had to live as a fish. Reid's mom made her sons favorite dinner, she wished he'd smile like he used to. The creek's water no longer reflected the sky, for the creek yearned for something different than the striking rays of the sun. The water turned cold.