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Untitled

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“We have had a long day, so let’s brush our teeth and go to bed.”

“Okay, Dad. Will you read us a story?” Erin asked.

“Of course. So to bed we go.”

“What story are you going to read?” asked Sara.

“Let’s make one up. Erin, you start.”

“Once upon a time . . .” Erin said. “Dad, your turn.”

“There were three little . . .”

“Fish,” said Sara.

“They were swimming around when they decided to play hide and seek,” said Erin.

“What are the fishes’ names?”

“Erin, Dad and Sara,” said Sara. “And Dad Fish has to count to twenty.”

“But what if I need help counting?”

“Dad! Don’t be a silly salmon!” Erin said.

With that I started to count.

“Don’t forget to close your eyes, Dad,” said Sara Fish.

“Okay, my little fishy. Oh where oh where can my little fishy be?”

“As I swam around I saw . . .”

“Lots of junk,” Erin said.

“But where are my fishes? I looked inside . . .”

“An old tin can,” Sara said.

“And I found my little fish . . .”

“ERIN!” Sara shouted.

“And to find Sara I swam around and around. Where was Sara Fish?”

“In an old tire,” said Erin.

“Okay, little fishes, I found you so . . .”

“Time we go home and take a nap,” said Sara.

I gave them a good night kiss. I watched their little eyes, blue as the coral sea, slowly close like a mother clam protecting her pearl.

“Good night, my little fishies!”

Bill Whitworth