

Joey and the Fishes

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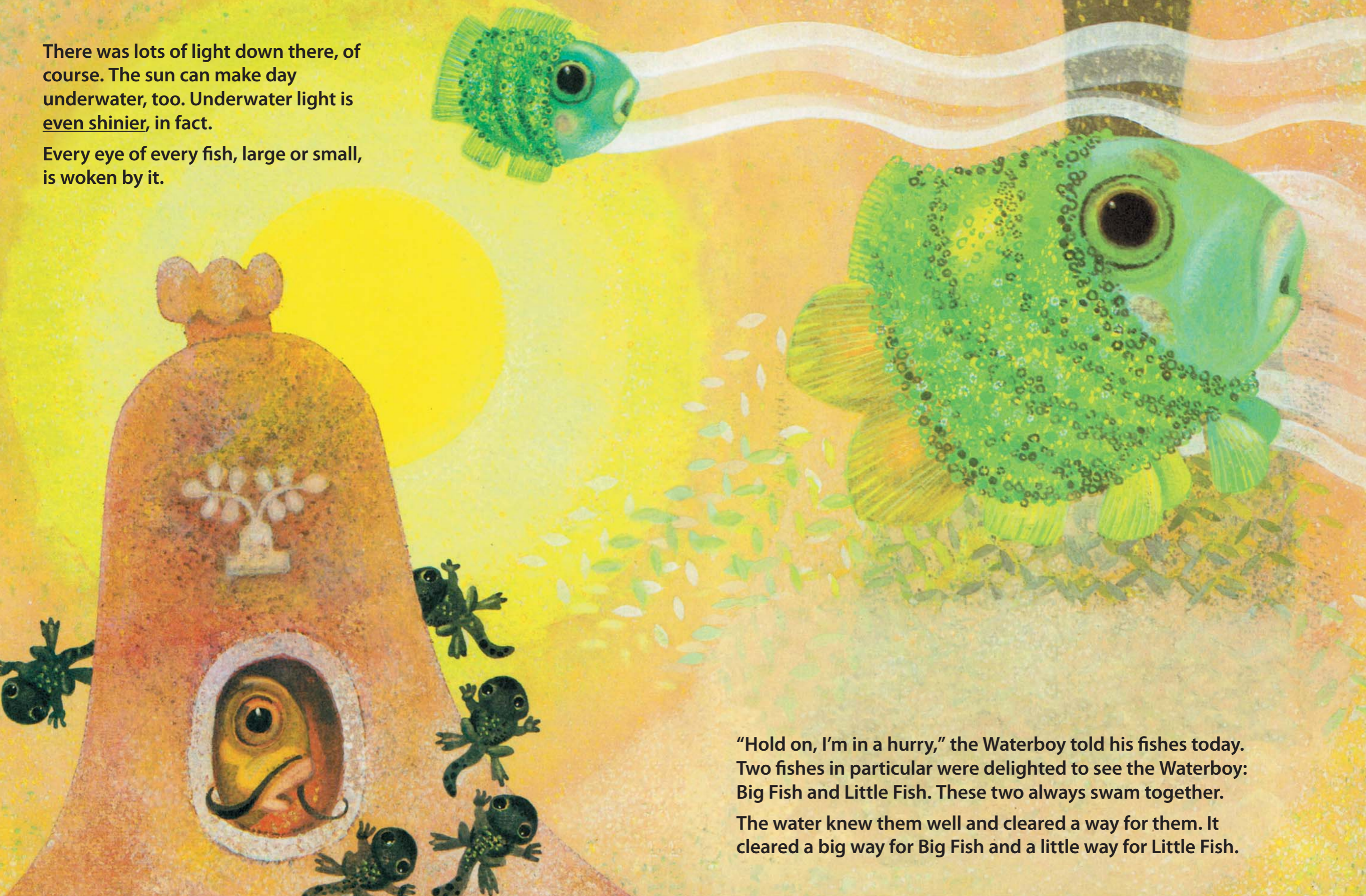
“Waterboy!” called Joey, as he always did when he reached the turn in the river.



But this time he called in a strange voice that was much, much higher than his usual one. Something has happened to him, thought the Waterboy. The Waterboy looked—Joey was running this way and that, as if someone were chasing him along the bank. “I’m looking for my little fish—you know, my little knife. It slipped from my hand, just here, and it must have fallen into the water. Will you help me look? Finding a knife in the water is child’s play, thought the Waterboy, and he disappeared under the surface.

There was lots of light down there, of course. The sun can make day underwater, too. Underwater light is even shinier, in fact.

Every eye of every fish, large or small, is woken by it.



“Hold on, I’m in a hurry,” the Waterboy told his fishes today. Two fishes in particular were delighted to see the Waterboy: Big Fish and Little Fish. These two always swam together. The water knew them well and cleared a way for them. It cleared a big way for Big Fish and a little way for Little Fish.

Little Fish rarely left Big Fish's side to look around by herself.

If she did, Big Fish liked to wait for her, because Big Fish's big eyes spotted every danger first.

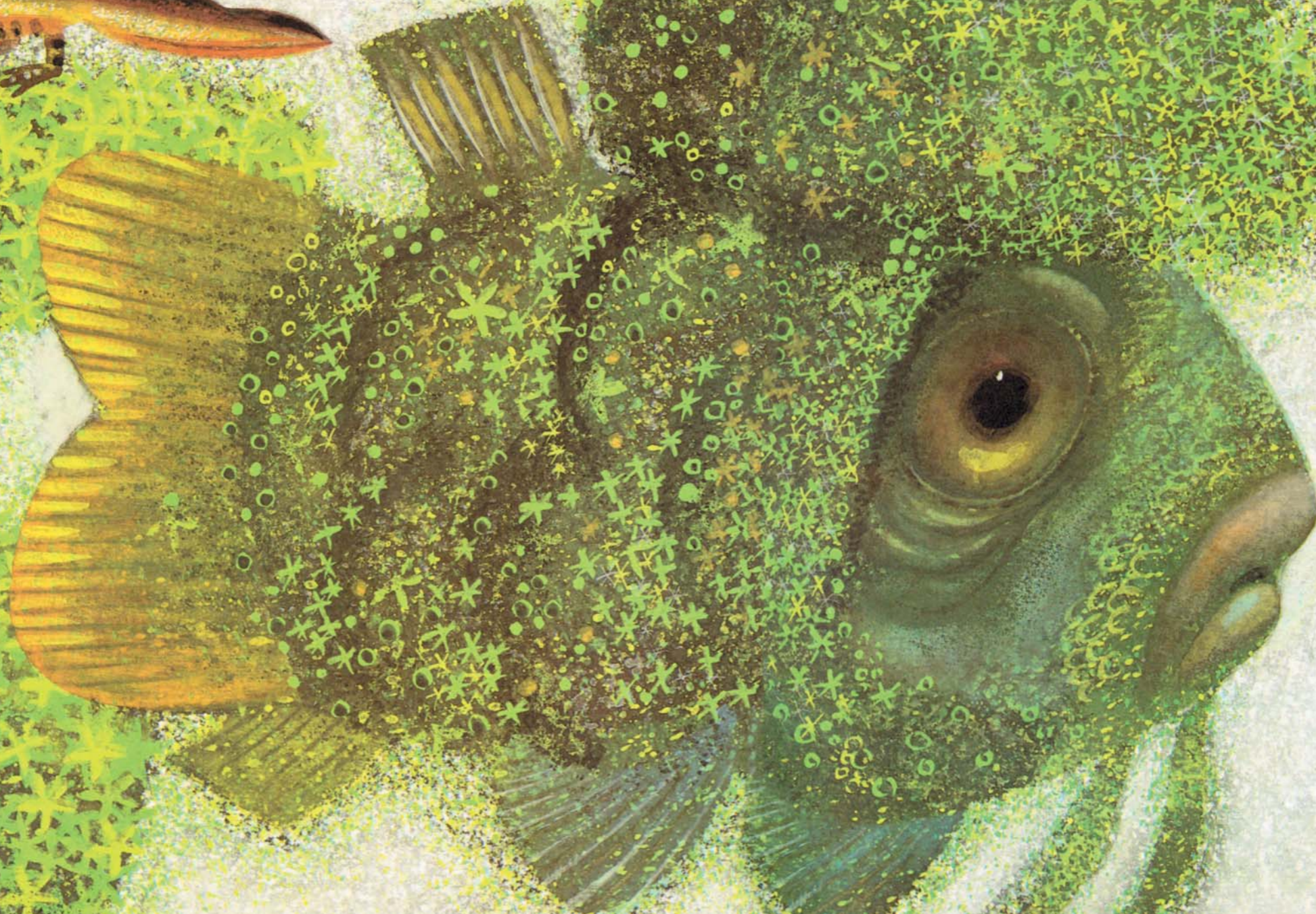




And then with a swish of her little tail,
Little Fish would hurry back to Big Fish.
There was always kind water around Big Fish.

"I've looked and looked, but still I can't find it," the
Waterboy told Big Fish and Little Fish.
"Joey's silver-fish knife has fallen into the water."

If Joey's fish had been alive like the Waterboy's fishes, the Waterboy would have found it straight away, just by blowing on his summoning whistle. But in this case, the whistle was of no use: Joey's little silver fish couldn't hear it.



The Waterboy hurried along every water path he knew, but he found nothing.

Mossy the carp had a great memory and knew all kinds of things, but not even he could help.

