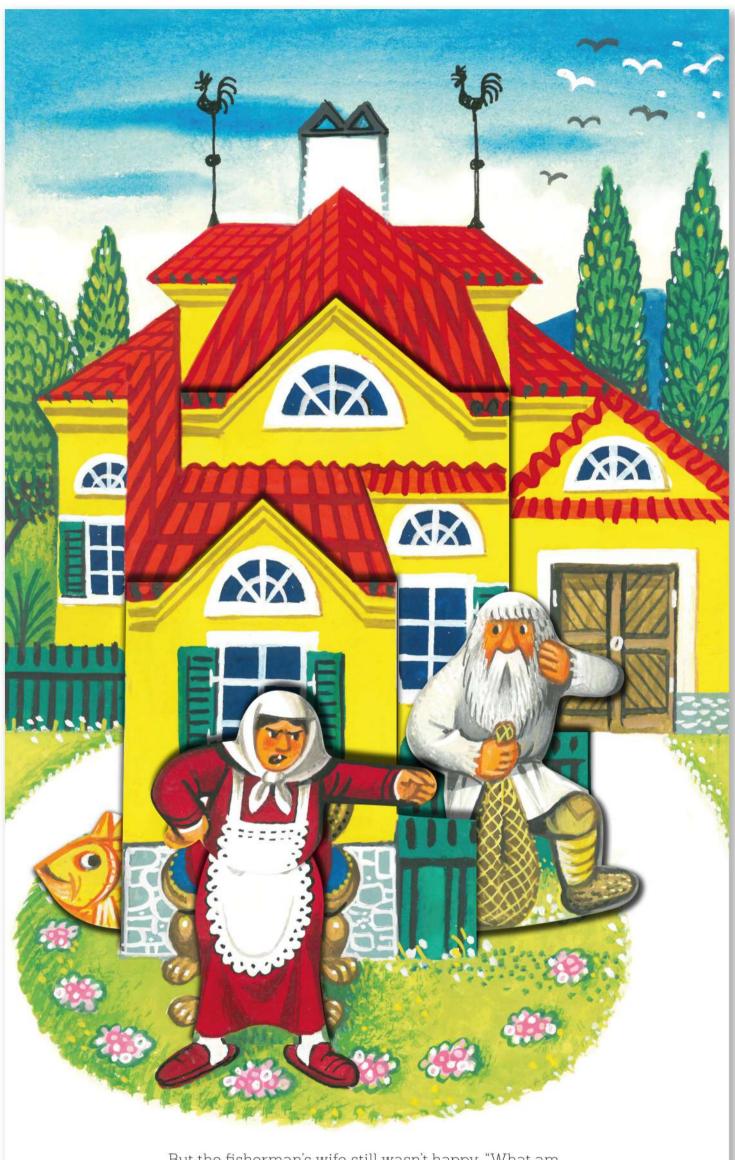




Once upon a time, there was an old fisherman who lived with his wife in a simple wooden cottage on the seacoast. The two didn't have much; they lived modestly but happily. One morning, the fisherman went to catch some fish, like any other day. One wave was rolling over another, rocking his boat ... The sun was setting and he still hadn't caught anything. Suddenly, something fluttered in the net. A fish, small but golden from snout to fin! "Release me, fisherman, and I'll grant you three wishes," it begged as the man wondered at its beauty. Of course he let the fish go free, wanting nothing in return.





But the fisherman's wife still wasn't happy. "What am I supposed to do with a washtub when this darn house is falling apart? Why did I marry such a bumbling fool?" she yelled at her husband as he shuffled towards the sea, burdened with his wife's second wish. "Dear fish, my wife would like to have a new house." The fish peeked out of the water. "Of course, dear fisherman, of course I'll grant your wish. Return home, you'll be surprised at what you'll see." And indeed, the little cottage was replaced with a beautiful house. But the wife was still angry. He really expected her to live in such a hovel? She wanted a palace! She wanted it right there and then! And so she sent the fisherman back with her third and final wish.



The desperate fisherman knelt on the shore, imploring: "Dear fish, I don't want anything for myself but my wife ... the house is too small for her. She'd like a palace full of gold, precious stones, and servants." Ever willing, the fish granted even this wish. Unhappy, the fisherman came back home. Was it even his home anymore? And that mean vain woman—was that even his wife? Proud, she stood at the top of the staircase, dressed in expensive clothes, bedecked with gold. Everyone was bowing down before her, everyone was afraid of her, including her own husband. Oh, why did he ever tell her about that golden fish ...

