

The Bandera PROPHE'T

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Gone Country
A Tale That's A Bit Fishy

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The Bandera Prophet

This is a love story about two fish. Or at least, it started out that way. But you know relationships. Sometimes you just have to make the supreme sacrifice.

The Adult Eating Machine and his daughter, Tiny Texas Twister, arrived for a visit. We have a nice cabin near the house and that's where they squatted. Everything was going along swimmingly until the AEM decided the five-year-old Twister needed to have her own fish.

So, being the Wonder Woman with a working credit card, I hauled them up to the Medium City's only pet store and in we went. I figured every little girl should have the chance to kill her own guppy. Life lessons, you know.

They weren't interested in guppies just exotics that required an aquarium, lights, pumps and all that other fishy stuff. Undeterred, I looked longingly at the goldfish and guppies. After finding the Teenage Fish Expert sales kid, we settled on a Beta Fish. It was bright yellow - Twister's favorite color.

The Adult Eating Machine chimed in like a five-year-old and demanded, "What about me? Don't I get a fish?" How could I say no to that? So, he picked out an orange and white fish that looked pretty much like a goldfish only it cost four times more. Then the Teenage Fish Expert sold me the fishbowl, a SpongeBob SquarePants Pineapple Fish House, the obligatory green plastic fauna, black rocks with sprinkles of neon rocks in them, water drops, a net and fish food. He reminded me to keep my

receipt because if the unthinkable happened within the next two weeks, we could always come back in for a fish that was still alive.

Everyone was excited on the way home naming their fish. The Adult Eating Machine decided on Rockstar for his male fish and Twister named her female fish Vampirina. I'm a bit worried about her.

They kept their aquatic friends in the cabin as Sammy the Siamese Terrorist and Rockin' Rod would have made sushi out of them if we kept them in the house. Anyway, everything went along swimmingly for more than two weeks, unfortunately. Then the duo left for a weekend trip and somebody who shall remain nameless forgot to feed said fish for three days.

When AEM and Twister arrived home, they found that Vampirina had eaten all of Rockstar except for his head. After I heard the announcement, I started pondering my first death and burial speech for Rockstar. I figured we'd bury his head at sea in a toilet ceremony using the bidet for a fitting sendoff.

But Twister had other ideas. She bounded in the door with the fish head in the net and said, "This guy's dead. I'll just throw his head in the trash." No ceremony? No gnashing of teeth? No lesson on death? Then she asked for fish sticks for lunch. As I said, I'm worried about her. Evidently, we'd bought a mini-Piranha and Twister had nailed her name. Then the duo up and left the ranch leaving me with a vicious fish.

Knowing I've had too many fish die on my watch, I decided to give Vampirina, the bowl, pineapple, fauna, black rocks with neon sprinkles, water drops, net, and fish food away to the nearest victim I could find. I ended up taking Vampirina to the office where she was immediately adopted as the Official Office Fish. I told them she might bite, but no one believed me. Now I must face Vampirina daily, fearing she knows my deep, dark secret.

And so ends my fishy tale.