

Fish Farm

by Mark Watson
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The male was happy. The water was clear, food abundant, and many females flashing through the water. Quiet joy in sliding through the reeds and feeding.

A young female caught his eye, flashing nearby. The male watches as she feeds, finding food efficiently where the rocks pile up. Suddenly, she jerks and shoots up through the air. The male knows that she will not come back.

The few old ones left talk of the times when the people were not confined to the pond area. Probably just stories – the young male does not know. The old ones do seem to understand the others: if you quietly float up to the surface, sometimes you can glimpse the others. The old ones say to quietly move away from the others.

The old ones talk of the people once living in cities and not in the mud by the pond. They speak of visitors from the stars seen at night who came, killed, and ate the people. Most of the people are gone now, except for a few kept for sport and food.