

Goldie's Revenge

When I was a boy, I had a goldfish. I won it at the fair. I threw the little balls into the little holes, and he was mine. I still remember the way he looked up at me from his little plastic baggy, his eyes full of innocence and purity. Yeah, but he's dead now. So like a football player after scoring a touchdown, I spiked goldie into the toilet and flushed him down to his fate. It's what he would've wanted really. Little did I know, this was in fact not what he wanted, and he would soon return for revenge.

A few weeks later I was washing my hands to go eat dinner, and I heard a strange noise coming from the toilet. It sounded like, alright hang on, storytime. You know when you throw a frog into a pond? You know the sound it makes while it's violently spinning through the air before it hits the water? Yeah, the noise sounded like that but in reverse. Hearing this noise, I curiously looked over the toilet to see a fish paw trying to climb it's way out of the toilet. The second I saw it I knew what it was, I would recognize those fish wings anywhere. It was goldie! I grabbed his little fish fingers and pulled him out of the toilet only to be met with a right hook to the jaw.

As I hit the floor, I gazed up in horror seeing goldie with the body of Dwayne Johnson gazing down at me, steroids and all. His angry expression quickly turned into horror when he realized that he still had gills. People with gills can't breathe outside of water! After realizing this, he dunked his head into the toilet so he wouldn't literally die. Now kids, cover your eyes. With anger filling my bones, I began to stomp goldie back down the drain. Fish are surprisingly slippery, so this was harder than it looked. I'm sure my parents were confused about the concerning noises coming from the bathroom, but I didn't care. Goldie was back where he belonged, in the sewers. After the fight was over, I was starving, so I rushed to the dining room to see what we were having for dinner. To my horror, it was seafood. I looked at my parents, then down at the shrimp, and as their beady little eyes met mine, I knew my night had only begun...