

Ish the Fish in the Gardens

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Ish the Fish swam in the garden of flowers. The flowers waved, the wind blew and Ish the Fish wagged his tail.

“Dear Flowers,” said Ish, “you are so beautiful.”

The flowers nodded. “We are here for loveliness and beauty,” they said.

Ish the Fish swam on. He came to the garden of thorns. The thorns penetrated, the wind howled and Ish the Fish wept a tear.

“Dear Thorns,” said Ish, “I feel you in my flesh.”

“Yes,” said the thorns, “we are here for pain and suffering.”

Ish the Fish swam on. He came to a land where no gardens grew. The sun was hot; the rain never came; the soil was of stone. Ish the Fish decided to stay.

Poor Ish, he didn’t last long, but from his golden body a thorny bush grew, covered in the reddest of roses.