

# *Ish the Fish swims the Drag*

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Ish the Fish swam down the drag. Cars honked and swerved, pedestrians yelled, and taxies filled up and fled.

“Such a racket,” said Ish to himself. “What are all these people doing?”

He stopped to ask a man in a suit.

“Dear Man,” said Ish politely, “what are you doing?”

The man was distracted; he looked left, he looked right, he mumbled to himself. A taxi screeched to a halt and he jumped in.

Ish the Fish swam on. He stopped beside a woman in a finely tailored dress.

“Dear Woman,” said Ish politely, “what are you doing?”

The woman frowned. She looked left, she looked right, she caught her reflection in a shop window and started to fuss with her hair.

Ish the Fish swam on. He wiggled his tail and feathered his fins. He dropped into a store.

“Dear Storekeeper,” asked Ish politely, “what are you doing?”

The storekeeper was anxious. He looked left, he looked right; he rearranged his rearranged goods.

Ish the Fish waited until sundown. The shopkeeper left and joined the world outside.

Ish the Fish swam down the drag. The neon lights glistened off his scales, they twinkled beautifully from his eyes and tail. He saw a woman in high heels and lipstick. She leaned against a lamp post.

“What are you doing?” asked Ish the Fish, swimming to her.

The woman sighed and looked Ish in the eye.

“Waiting for John,” she said.