

When the Fish Decided to Walk

Once upon a time, a long time ago, a fish began to think. Having decided he needed a name to become famous, he took the letter A as his first name after all it was the first letter in the alphabet. He cogitated, a big word for thinking, for a while longer and picked S for his last name, never reaching the end of the alphabet – learning to read was hard! As A. S., he was ready to meet life head-on.

He wiggled his tale, flapped his little pectoral fins, and moved out from under a shallow outcropping to bask in the rays of the sun filtering through the water. He thought to himself, *Life is good, maybe too good. I have it easy, maybe too easy. The only thing I have to worry about is whether to eat or be eaten. That's easy – I'll just go on eating and dart back into the coral whenever I see a big fish coming!*

A.S. spent many happy days not being eaten. However, if you think a lot or for too long, you will always come up with something that makes you unhappy. Sure enough, one day A.S. thought, *You know, I never seem to be able to get dry. AND there's always water in my eyes.*

Then as he was watching from just outside his favorite coral outcropping, he witnessed a gull's beak break the surface of the water and shortly after that, in less than a blink of a grouper's eye, a flying fish wiggling its way slowly down.

Hmm, A.S. thought, *I guess birds can also eat you.* He quickly swam up to his injured cousin.

“Is there anything I can do to help?”

“No,” answered the flying fish, “I’ve had a good life. A watery grave is certainly better than being in the belly of some bird.”

“And how was it there; you know, above the water?”

“Oh, it was wonderful. There were times when I didn’t even have water in my eyes.”

Then the wounded fish turned belly up and floated down to the sandy bottom where he was soon devoured by a family of hungry crabs.

A.S. darted back into the safety of his coral hideaway and didn’t see the ultimate end of his friend.

He stayed inside the confines of his coral hole swimming from one side to the other thinking about what the flying fish had said. Finally, he made a decision.

The next time the moon and stars were covered by clouds A.S. swam up to the shoreline, flipped up on his tail, and walked away from the ocean, never to look back. This was a first step for evolution.

PROVING that progress can be made by turning your back on things.