

THE FISHERMAN AND HIS WIFE

A New Twist to an Old Tale

By Juanita Sparks

"Hey, Nettie, guess what I caught?"

"If you caught another cold, I'm going to call your mother to take care of you."

"No. I caught a Magic Fish. I talked to it, and put it back in the water. The fish gave me three wishes. Isn't that wild?"

"What did you wish for?"

"That is a bunch of hooey. I didn't wish for anything. I put the fish back in the lake and came home."

"Surely you made a wish."

"I have you, my dear, what more could I wish for?"

"Well, we could certainly use a new house, like a mansion. I wish we had a new house. Get yourself down to that lake right now, and wish for a big new house."

Rod had no intention of ever asking the fish for anything.

Nettie nagged and he finally went down to the lake to get away from her. As he approached the lake, the Magic Fish stuck its head out of the water.

"I have granted your wife's wish."

Rod was a practical guy. He knew a fish could not grant a wish. He left the lake, and went home.

There, where their little dream house had been, was indeed a splendid new house.!

"Hey! Nettie," Rod called.

Nettie did not answer. Rod went to look for her in this big new house. He looked in the kitchen; Nettie was not there. He looked in the bedroom; Nettie was not there. He looked in another room and peeked into several others. Finally he found her in the computer room playing solitaire.

"I love our new house." I am glad that you caught that Magic Fish. But, you know what? We have this magnificent house, and our car is small, and old."

"Rod, dear, I wish you would ask your fish for new cars. I wish I had a Red BMW convertible."

Poor Rod. He didn't know what to do. He took his fishing pole, got into his old beat-up pickup and went down to the lake.

He no more than cast his line into the water until the Magic Fish appeared.

"I heard what you wife wished for, and there is a brand new BMW convertible in the driveway at your new home."

Rod went home and sure enough the Magic Fish was right. There was a brand new car in the driveway.

"Hello. Rod, dear", said Nettie. How do you like the car?"

Rod grunted.

"Rod, dear, you still have one more wish, don't you? Go back and ask that fish for money. You have no idea how much it costs to maintain our new life style."

Rod had never asked anyone for money in his whole life. He didn't know what to do. He got back into his old pickup and headed for the lake. Things were peaceful and quiet and unchanged there. Just the way he liked it.

He was sure that Nettie loved what he could get from the Magic Fish, more than she loved him.

He felt miserable. He had no intention of asking the fish for money or anything else. He wanted his old life back and didn't care a hoot about the new car.

"Oh, dear", said Rod out loud, but to himself. "I wish I could get away from all of this."

The fish was lying on the beach. Her lovely tail glistened in the sunlight. Her long shiny hair nearly covered her body. Rod knelt down beside her on the sand.

Then the mermaid reached out, put her arms around Rod, and together they slipped into the water, and disappeared.