

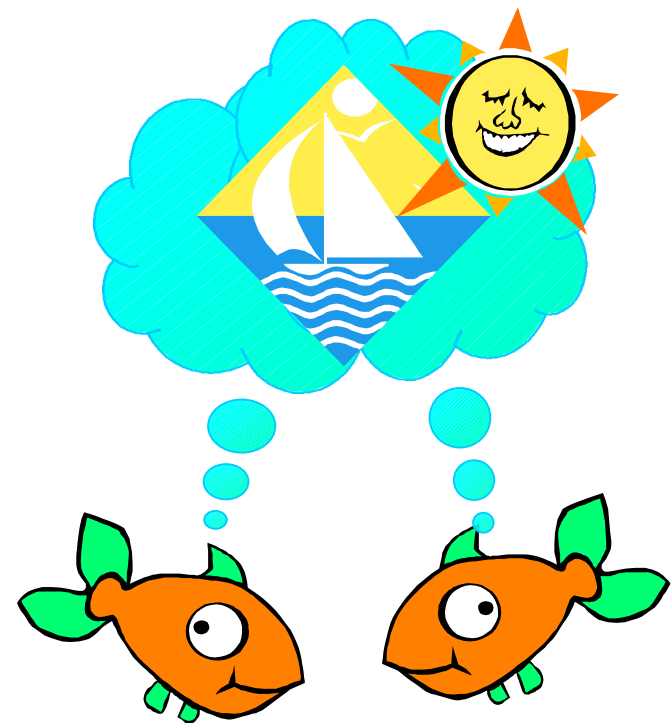
A Home for
My Goldfish



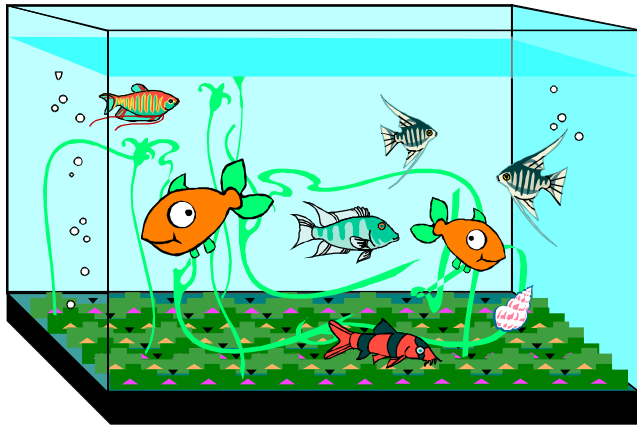
Tom smiled as he turned
out the light
And snuggled in his bed
that night.

*Both Tom and goldfish had
sweet dreams
Of sunny days and
sparkling streams.*

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2002**



But wait! He stared and shook his head.
What was that beside his bed?
He stared some more and rubbed his eyes.
His mother smiled and said, "Surprise!"



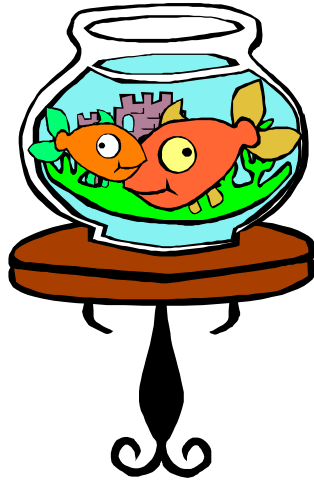
Upon the table, clean and new,
A *giant* fish tank sat in view!
With bright green plants and coloured stones,
His goldfish would have perfect homes!



Written By:

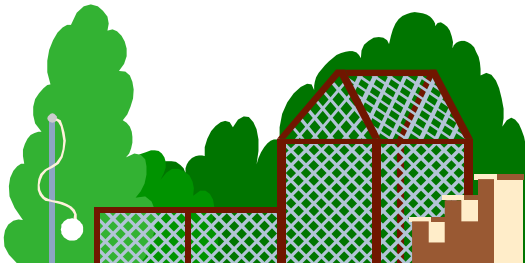
Penelope Pickerel

Tom pressed his nose against
the glass
And watched his goldfish
gliding past.
Or, at least, they tried to
swim,
They stuffed their bowl
right to the brim!

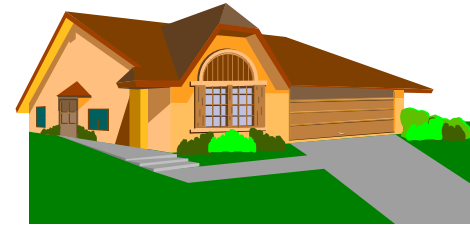


Oh my, this bowl is much too small!
For they could hardly move at all.
Tom thought and thought. *What shall I do?*
Perhaps there's room down at the zoo.

Tom walked and walked and walked some more
Until he reached the zoo's front door.
He asked a keeper standing there,
"Do you have a home to spare?"



Tom clutched his goldfish to his chest
And trudged back home to have a rest.
On his front steps, he sat and sighed,
When suddenly, the door flung wide!



"Oh Tom!" his mother gave a scream.
"Were you lost? Where have you been?"
So Tom explained how he did roam
To find his fish a bigger home.



"I looked everywhere!" he cried.
His mother hugged him as he
sighed.
And then in glumness and gloom
He took his goldfish to his room.

Beside the creek that
he had thought
To be the perfect home
he sought.
He sat his bowl upon
the grass
And watched his
goldfish through the
glass.



"So my fish could swim and play
And I could see them every day?
This bowl is very, very small.
My poor fish cannot move at all!"



?

Tom told his fish, "What can I do?
I cannot leave you at the zoo.
For you are mine and it's not fair
To leave you in another's care."

"I cannot put you in the stream.
That wavy lake is not your dream.
You could cause harm in either place
And ruin Mother Nature's space!"



The keeper
said, "I'm sad
to say,
We have no
extra space
today.
What would we
do if everyone
Left us their
pets when they
were done?"

Tom sighed and turned and walked away.
He watched his goldfish try to play.
Then Tom sat down upon the grass
And thought as he looked through the glass.

I know! I'll put them in the creek!
And off Tom went, their home to seek.
He walked down to the river's edge,
And thrust his fish bowl through the sedge.

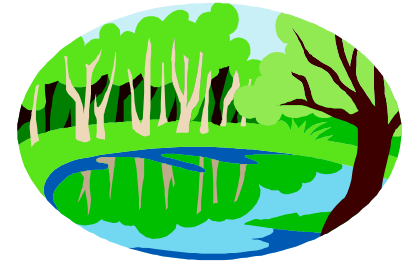


Just as he went to tilt the bowl,
From the bush, there came a
howl!
"What are you doing?!" a lady
said.
(He almost fell in on his head!)

"My goldfish need a
bigger home.
In this small bowl, they
cannot roam.
I thought the creek would
be just right!
See, they're wriggling
with delight!"



The fisher thought. "I think I know
The best place for your pets to go.
It's home with you where they'll be fed
And have a safe and cosy bed."

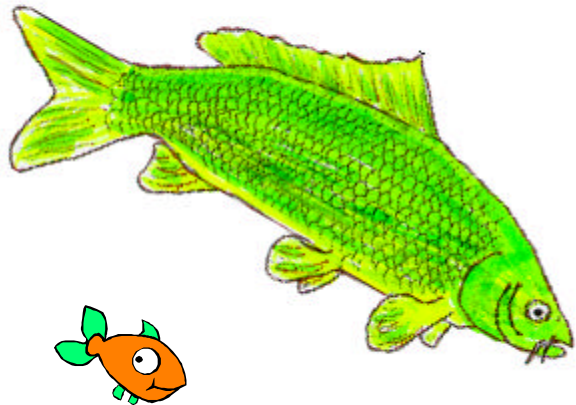


Tom turned away.
His heart was sad.
He told his fish,
"Don't feel too bad.
I guess he's right and it must be
That I cannot turn you free."



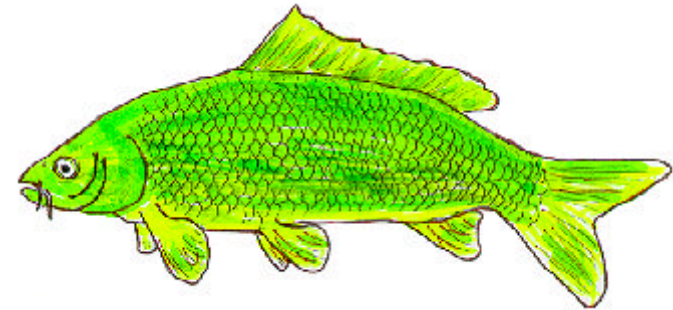
A bus came by; Tom
took a seat
And rode back, staring
at his feet.
He rode and rode and rode some more
Until he reached the grassy shore

The fisher said "Your fish are gold!
And ours are big and green and bold!
If wild carp and goldfish mix,
Mother Nature would be in a fix!"



"Your goldfish cannot make a home
Where wild fish already roam.
Just think how terrible you would feel
If your home, someone tried to steal!"

"Oh my, no!" the lady cried.
"People come from far and wide
To catch some fish and wade the stream.
This river is an angler's dream!"



"Your fish (a kind of carp!) can make
A terrible mess of any lake
For other fish cannot compete
With greedy goldfish as they eat!"

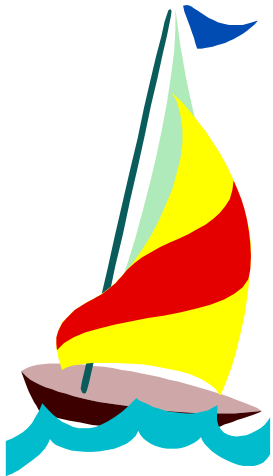
"We don't want carp where they're not
found
Because they dig and roll around.
They mush up plants and make the worst
Of homes of fish who were there first."

"Oh dear", said Tom, "Then I must find
Another home where their own kind
Already live and swim so free.
But where, oh where could that home be?"

Just then, a
bus came up
the street
So Tom
hopped on
and took a seat.



He rode, and rode, and rode some more
Until the bus came to the shore



Of one BIG lake that stretched so
wide
With water deep where fish could
hide.
"See that lake?" the driver smiled.
"There's lots of carp just running
wild."

So Tom climbed down and waved goodbye
And set off towards the beach nearby.
He waded in up to his knees
As sparkling waves danced in the breeze.

Tom asked a fisher setting nets,
"Is this where I can free my pets?"
So they can swim and eat and play
With other carp all through the day?"

