

When nearly all the fish were caught,
Snowboy thought,
What's a sea without fish?
A dead sea, that's what,
and he let two slip free when
Greenbackboy wasn't watching.

Gently and lovingly they nursed
it out of its loneliness and
charmed a swarm of bees
to build a hive
in its branches.



They made a boat
and went to sea and saw
that the last two fish
had had lots of little fish
who were growing up
to have little fish
of their own.





The oceans were deep and ever-moving.
Greenbackboy's eyes lit them like lighthouses.
"Now," he said, "we catch all the fish. Here's your net."