Ever since Emily caught that bass while fishing with her Dad at the pond last night, she felt proud and disgusted at the same time. Emily had always loved
nature and animals, but never fish. She always thought they were too slimy and
gross to love. Emily’s father had always loved fish, and even had one in a tank in
his bedroom! She never went near the tank, though.

The next morning while Emily was in the hallway, she saw her Dad crying
on his bed.

“What’s the matter, Dad?” Emily asked in a cool, soothing voice, walking
toward the door.

“Gilbert, my fish, has died,” he answered, without looking up at her. His
eyes filled with tears.
Emily knew what to do but it would take guts, and that’s something Emily didn’t have much of when it came to fish. She ran out of the hallway and into the kitchen where Mom was.

“Mom,” said Emily excitedly, “we have to get Dad a new fish!”

Emily’s mother understood immediately. “But I thought you didn’t like fish,” said her mother.

“I don’t! I just want Dad to be happy!” Emily answered.

“Get in the car! I’ll be right behind you,” Emily’s mom said.

Emily grabbed her coat and ran back over to the entryway. Mom was zipping up her coat when Emily had just put her left arm in the sleeve.
Soon, they were at the pet store and Emily ran over to a yellow fish swimming around in a tank, just like Gilbert. A clerk behind the counter gave her the fish in a bag, and they rushed home.

When Mom and Emily got back to the house, they snuck past Dad, who was sitting at the table drinking coffee. Emily took one last look at the fish and plopped it in Gilbert’s old tank.
Soon, Dad walked in the bedroom and he started laughing.

"Thank you, Emily!" he exclaimed, a smile on his face.