

Dad's Side of the Family

My grandmother was a fish. We kept her in a small pit filled with water in the backyard, but she never complained. My father promised her that when he hit it big, she would have a whole pool to swim around in, and her choice of the best small fish in the Midwest and a tasty selection of grains. When my grandmother came up for air, she blessed us. "I'm just happy to have my children and grandchildren," she said. But really my sister and I thought she smelled fishy, and when we hugged and kissed her, we smelled fishy also. We didn't like visiting her, but mom and dad made us go out to the pit twice a day with little gifts, sardines, pieces of chocolate, yellow crackers in the shape of fish. We didn't really understand how our grandmother could be a fish and not a human and how she had given birth to our father. "He does have funny feet," I said to my sister, "and he loves to swim." "He looks nothing like a fish, and he doesn't smell like one either," she answered. "Maybe he was adopted," I said.