

for a second and I'll be right back." Jon pulled his arrow from the dead carp's side and quickly trotted off into the garage. I walked over to the body and stood silently for a moment while I waited for Jon's return. He emerged from the garage carrying a shovel and a small pine board.

"Grab your friend," he said as he walked over to the trees. He put the board down on the grass and started digging. I picked up Moby by the tail and walked over to Jon. When he had finished, I placed the carp into the hole and Jon replaced the soil. Then, using the shovel as a hammer, he pounded the board into the ground at the head of the grave, then stepped back.

"Here." He pulled a black magic marker from his back pocket and handed it to me. I scribbled on the board and stood back. Jon looked at me and recited what I inscribed on the board.

"Here lies Moby Dick, biggest carp in the pond.' Man, you had a name for him and everything."

"Yeah, well, that's life," I stated.

"Come on, man, let's go inside. It's nice and cool in there, and we can watch some TV before dinner. What do you say?" Jon inquired, trying to make some penance with me.

"I guess," I replied. His gesture of air-conditioning and dinner was enough for me to forgive him. He was my best friend. I had no other close companions. Therefore, because he was the only person who could understand my desires and beliefs, I could never stay mad at him for very long. Together we turned and made our way towards the house.

"Hey Jon, do you think fish have a soul?" I asked.

"I hope not," he responded. "I wouldn't want to meet him in my after life."

