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Bob The Bully
by Agata Shabani

As I walk into Sarah's room, she asks me, "Mommy, can you tell me a fairy tale? Please!!" I smile and nod as I sit on the edge of the bed, getting ready to tell the story my grandmother always told me when I was little.

Once there was a coral village in the deep blue sea. This sea had many different types of fish and creatures: clown fish, blue fish, red fish, small fish, and more colorful fish. Not to mention the biggest and baddest of them all, the almighty and strong Bob, a mantis shrimp! He was strong enough to lift one hundred tons of metal car pieces and four hundred tons of big rocks. Even though this fish had it all, he still felt lonely. So he started to take it out on the townspeople.

One way Bob took it out on the townspeople was by rattling their houses side to side, and up and down. The townspeople's houses were breaking in half constantly. But when Bob was not rattling their houses, he went to the top of a great big hill, and cried. When he cried, he made giant whirlpools under the water, strong enough to wash away the townspeople's houses.

With all of the things Bob did to the townspeople, no one wanted to play or talk to him. He was banned in almost every restaurant and bakery. Until one fine morning, a new type of fish entered the little town. This fish was a small blobfish. As the townspeople were looking at the new fish, Bob walked in looking all high and mighty. He said, "Hey punk, are you new in town?"

The new fish, named Samuel, nodded slowly as Bob walked away.

The next day, Bob started terrorizing the town like usual...he threw the houses, and he took the townspeople's pet rocks and threw them across the long, deep ocean. As Bob was doing all these awful things to the townspeople's belongings, Samuel walked past Bob and noticed the townspeople were throwing tomatoes at him and banning him from every shop in town. It got so bad to the point where Bob ran off crying like a little baby to the top of the hill, the hill where he always cried when he felt bad about what he did and when he felt lonely. The thing is, none of the townspeople knew that he does all the mean things purely because he was lonely. So Samuel set a goal to find out why Bob acted so mean everyday. Samuel spied on Bob for a week to learn more about him and why he did the stuff he does. The next morning, he woke up and set his plan into action.

He knew everyday at around 3:30 pm, Bob would go upon the great big hill and cry a big storm. So Samuel would just wait for him on the hill and talk to him; easy peasy lemon squeezy. That's what Samuel did.

As he was hiking up the hill, he saw Bob sitting down on the edge of the hill crying a big storm, so Samuel decided to go up to Bob and talk to him. As Samuel walked up the hill, Bob spun around and said, “HEY, PUNK! WHAT DO YOU WANT?”

Of course, Samuel was scared, but he fought up the courage to reply “You seemed lonely and wanted someone to talk to, so I was wondering if you wanna talk to me about it?” As Bob listened he slowly nodded, so Samuel sat right next to Bob and let Bob tell him all about his life problems and why he was mean to everybody. After two full hours of talking, Samuel got an idea in his head. He grabbed Bob's hand, ran down the steep hill, got on top of the mayor's stand, grabbed the mic and explained to the town why Bob acted so mean. After around an hour, everyone in the little fishy town started to forgive Bob and apologize to him, and soon everyone accepted Bob for who he was.

As I finish my story, I glance over to Sarah in a deep slumber. I get up slowly, leaving Sarah in her deep, deep slumber, hopefully with good dreams.