The magic fish

Every day, Robert’s grandfather went fishing. One day, Robert asked to go too.

“Well, I want to catch the magic fish. The first person to eat it will become the cleverest person in the world. Can you help me?”

“Yes!” said Robert, and they went fishing.

First, they caught a yellow fish with purple spots. ‘Wow! Is that the magic fish?’ asked Robert.

‘No,’ said his grandfather.

Then they caught a blue fish with red stripes. ‘Is that the magic fish?’ asked Robert.

‘No,’ said his grandfather.

Suddenly, they caught a big, beautiful silver fish with pink and green diamonds. Robert’s grandfather jumped for joy. It was the magic fish! They started to cook the fish, and his grandfather went to get some more wood. He asked Robert to watch the fish, but not to eat any of it.

Robert watched the fish very carefully. He saw a tiny bubble on its tail. He touched it with his finger. Pop! The bubble burst. The fish was very hot and burnt his finger. Ouch! He put his finger in his mouth.

When his grandfather came back, he saw that something was different. ‘Did you touch the fish?’ asked his grandfather.

‘Yes, I’m sorry,’ said Robert.

His grandfather sighed a happy sigh and gave Robert a big hug. ‘The magic fish chose you. You are the cleverest boy in the world, and I am the proudest grandfather ever!’

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