

# THE EEL AND CARP

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Another nice dive. In nice and warm water, at least with a diving suit on anyway. And good visibility. Skubba had seen a lot of fish.

When Skubba surfaced, he described all he had seen in great colour and detail. “I saw an eel swimming. That big,” he said with his arms wide open.

“What did it look like?” asked Fred. Fred had never seen an eel in real life, only in pictures and occasionally on his plate in ‘a green sauce or fried’, but never one swimming in water.

Skubba explained the fish details to Fred, “It had small fins, a long and round body, and a small trunk”.

“And how did the eel swim?” Fred asked curiously.

“A bit like a snake but underwater. The eel did not really swim, but snaked through the grass,” said Skubba.

Fred found it all very exciting. He wrote everything down in his booklet.

“I’ve also seen a carp,” Skubba said, his eyes blinking in excitement.

“A carp? What did it look like?” Fred wanted to know.

Skubba went on about its fins, tail, tarp, and its long and half-round body. But Fred couldn’t picture the carp Skubba described.

“Draw it,” he told Skubba.

They looked for a piece of soft soil and a stick. They smoothed the ground out a



bit, and Skubba started to draw. He was not very good at drawing, except in drawing divers, but he did his best to sketch the fish as well as he possibly could.

It had a long body with fins on its back and belly. A fan-like tail. He had problems with the trunk itself, but in the end, he was satisfied

with his drawing. The head looked a bit like a weird shoe.

After having a good look, he proudly said, “This is what it looked like. This is the fish I saw.”

Fred briefly studied the drawing and replied, “But that’s not a carp!”

“Yes, it is. I saw that fish!”.

“I’m not saying you didn’t see that fish, but that fish is not a carp.”

“It is!”

“No, it is not.”

“How do you know that this is not a carp?” asked Skubba.

“I have seen a picture of a carp and this does not look like it.”

“What is it then?”

“I don’t know.”

“Then it’s a carp,” Skubba said firmly.

“Let’s ask Nella. She will know,” Fred suggested.

“Good idea. You will see that I am right.”

“Nella! Nella!” they yelled together.