

## Story Literal

I was going snorkling for the first time ever in Australia on the great barrier reef and I was really excited because the whole boatrip out to the reef we had spotted dolphins jumping out of the water. I put on my snorkel, fins and mask and ventured off by myself. It was so beautiful, really colourful and so much to see, thousands of fish surrounded by turquoise, crystal clear water and vibrant corals. The clown fish were really playful, and fun to interact with. They would swim around the coral but then when I ducked down to get a closer look they would hide and then keep popping back out. The electric blue outline against the white and orange colour was glowing. I held my breath and went down under the surface entirely. I passed my hand over a coral, and these little miniature tree like organisms, retreated inside the hard coral. The moment I moved my hand away they started to grown back, they were bright purple and pink their shape reminded me of Christmas trees.

I resurfaced to catch my breath, I swam on the surface a bit more and saw a giant clam, way down on the ocean floor. It was big enough to swallow me whole, I never knew they could get so huge. Then all of the sudden a pilot fish attached itself to my goggles,he had his face right at my eyeball. I kept moving my head to get him out of my view but he kept on clinging to the goggles. I found it hilarious because I couldn't shake him, I started to laugh through the snorkel, because he reminded me of a small dogs with a Napoleon complex. He was staring right at me as if to say "what are you looking at, huh?" I imagined he would be saying it with an Italian accent like a mobster.

Then suddenly he took off and I saw off in the distance directly in front of me a large, dark grey form. Huge excitement came over me, I began to flick my flippers as fast as I could and swim towards it. I thought it must be a dolphin, it was way to big to be a regular fish. I moved my legs as fast as possible in the direction of the dolphin. Then to my delight the form started swimming directly towards me too. I couldn't believe how lucky I was that I was about to see a dolphin my first time in the water. I was praying I would get close enough to it before it turned around to swim off. Suddenly I was about ten feet away and I realized that, it wasn't a dolphin at all but a— SHARK! I suddenly turned the OTHER way and started swimming as fast as I could, those flippers wouldn't go fast enough. I got back to the boat out of breath, and while being somewhat dramatic, the captain informed me that the sharks were reef sharks and weren't harmful, it still didn't make me feel any better.

## Story Abstract

### A CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY

A funny thing happened to me while snorkeling a wonderful location off the great barrier reef, a spot filled with fields of amazing hard corals, stunning fish, turtles, curious clown fish and a very smug little piolet fish.

The thing that stole my heart, and made this a snorkel never to forget, was the discovery of hundreds of immature, flirty clown fish hanging out in the amongst the coral. What was more stunning than that was how much they teased. They were pretty inquisitive but the second I swam closer they retreated like a bunch of bashful teenagers. The electric blue outline against their white, black and orange colours were glowing.

I finally gave up on the shy clownfish and held my breath pushing down under the surface entirely. I passed my hand over a coral, blocking the sun and these little miniature tree like organisms, retreated inside the hard coral. The moment I moved my hand away they started to grown back, they were bright purple and pink their shape reminded me of Christmas trees.

But then, what happened next was so funny that I nearly broke the seal on my mask while laughing. A smug little pilot fish attached itself to my goggles,he had his face right at my eyeball. He was not afraid at all. I kept moving my head to get him out of my view but I just couldn't shake him. Apparently he had decided I had entered into his turf, and he kept staring at me and I could just picture him saying to me in his Italian accent..."What are you lookin' at?"

Then suddenly he took off and I was alone again, floating on top of the glorious corals, amongst the colourful parrot fish. As I turned to the left, I saw off in the distance directly in front of me a large, dark grey form. A euphoric excitement came over me, I remembered seeing the dolphins on the boat ride over and imagined this was them. I began to flick my flippers as fast as I could and swim towards it. It was way to big to be a regular fish...I moved my legs as fast as possible in the direction of the dolphin. Then to my delight the form started swimming directly towards me too. I couldn't believe how lucky I was that I was about to see a dolphin my first time in the water. I was praying I would get close enough to it before it turned around to swim off.

Then all of the sudden when I got quite close I found the big surprise I guess— plenty of fish in the sea, wasn't meant to include me. The pilot fish had called in reinforcements and opted for a higher degree of intimidation by telling his larger friend about the intruder— to my surprise I had been tricked and ambushed this was no dolphin, it was a SHARK! I turned around and started snorkling like it was an Olympic sport. He got the last laugh that smug little fish...

### KEYWORDS

whimsical~ *playful, fanciful*  
 euphoric~ *happy but almost in a unrealistic fantasy state*  
 captivated~ *attract, enchant(ed)*  
 fanatical~*overenthusiastic*  
 frantic/frenzied~*in a panic*



### POSSIBLE POINTS OF VIEW

*Interaction with the Pilot fish:*

Me: Oh, you silly, you startled, me. What are you doing here? I can't see...you're in my way.  
 Pilot Fish: Get, get away, I'm not doing anything, I'm just trying to see. Your so immature.

*Clown Fish Dialogue:*

Me: What are you doing? Come here, no here, don't go that way, come here. Why don't you come out and play? Your funny.  
 Clow Fish: Look at that huge ugly fish out there, why is it trying to poke at us?



**mistaken  
 identity** ~melinda newark