

Value

by Ken Poyner

When the fish spoke, he expected he was the subject of a joke: there was an amateur ventriloquist afoot. But he saw the fish's lips moving, could see no one near enough on the dock to be pranking him. He removed his hook as carefully as he could. The fish spoke slowly, garbled, with bad grammar. Quibble marveled: he would either release him to the ocean or let him expire out of water. Either way, no one would believe the fish spoke. What to do? Without opportunity to record evidence, perhaps he would see if it tastes like mute fish.