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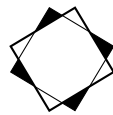
Bizuka



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A fairy tale



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This fairy tale is about very unusual underwater creatures — cheerful and kind bizukas.

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Searching for the “bizukas”

nce upon a time, there lived a big underwater Bizuka. He was so kind and cheerful that everybody around him loved him very much. Other underwater dwellers asked him quite often:

“Bizuka, Bizuka, who are you, really?”

“What do you mean ‘who’? Bizuka, of course”, he replied.

“No”, his friends replied, “it is not enough. Well, for instance, my name is Chio and I am a dolphin because I have fins and a tail. And, this is Umbrel, an octopus. All octopuses have eight tentacles. And on that reef, our friend Konty lives. He is a Napoleon wrass. All Napoleons are of green color and they have a gibbous forehead. And, you are simply Bizuka. It can’t be so!”

“It can be, it can,” their friend replied as he usually in this situation. “I’m simply Bizuka.”

If he was too bored with these similar questions, then he added:

“Well, fine, then we, the bizukas, have also got nice teeth for those who always ask about nonsense.”

All the questions would fall off after this, as a rule. However, being left alone to himself, Bizuka would often start thinking: “Why am I alone, indeed? There are many dolphins and turtles swimming around here. But for some reason, I have never seen other bizukas.”

One day, being tired of having these thoughts, Bizuka decided to travel across the oceans to search for the other bizukas. For some reason, he firmly believed that they should be somewhere.

Having told about his plan to his friends, he heard a sudden reply:

“You know, Bizuka, I will swim with you, too. For some reason, I want to help you find your relatives very much,” dolphin Chio said.

“And I will swim, too”, napoleon Konty supported the idea of his friend cheerfully.

Bizuka even shed some tears from emotions and gratitude.

“Thank you, friends,” he said finally. “It will surely be more cheery to look for other bizukas with you.”

The next day, they set off on their trip together.





After a couple of days' travel, the friends swam out of their familiar reefs and headed further along the places that were unknown to them. They asked all the dwellers on their way, whether they had ever met someone that looked similar to their friend Bizuka. However, the local dwellers in reply just made helpless gestures: some with tentacles, some with fins and some with claws.

"Listen, Bizuka," dolphin Chio asked his friend once. "If you meet someone of your kin, what will you tell him first?"

"I don't even know. I'll probably say hello," Bizuka shrugged his tail.

"Hello and that's all?" the napoleon Konty wondered. "You have been looking for him so long!"

"Well, and what do you suggest me saying?" Bizuka asked with curiosity.

"Well, I don't know, something much more beautiful and solemn. For instance: "I am glad to meet you, my dear, long-searched kin! Let me tell you about the incredible feelings, my soul is flooded with! I am so happy that I am not alone underwater, as I have got you now," dolphin Chio spout a lofty rhetoric.

"Cool!" Konty appreciated his friend's efforts.

“Hum,” Bizuka scratched his head with his fin, “that is impressive, of course, but isn’t it too much?”

“Of course, not! It suits perfectly!” Chio replied. “Here, the more beautiful it is, the better it will be.”

“Well, alright, I’ll say exactly that,” Bizuka agreed finally, “but I will have to learn this text by heart as I won’t manage to say it exactly like that on my own.”

“That’s not a problem,” the dolphin smiled. “We have plenty of time. We will make this phrase even more beautiful.”

After that, they swam further.

Several days passed. In the meantime, the friends managed to have probably asked a thousand of various underwater dwellers, but each time they only heard: “We have not met anybody like him.”



One day, they were swimming near the water surface as usual, when suddenly, they heard a loud creaking noise ahead. The friends guessed it was a whale and headed towards him.

Soon, they saw an immense giant of the seas.

“Wow!” the dolphin said, “what a great whale. He has probably been living for long and has seen much.”



“It looks like so,” Konty agreed, then all of them swam up to the giant’s head.

“Umm, excuse me, dear whale,” Bizuka addressed him politely.

The giant turned his head to him slowly with his eyes rounded in surprise.

“Whoa! Who is calling me?!” he roared. “Hello, our rare sea dweller! What would you like to ask me?”

“A rare sea dweller?”, Bizuka said, smiling skeptically in response. “Generally, everyone calls me a unique or wondrous one. You have been the first to call me a rare one.”

The whale nodded his head.

“I see. So, what would you like to ask me about?”

Bizuka sighed sadly.

“You know, I am looking for my underwater kin but I have not met anyone like me yet. Perhaps you, dear whale, have met someone resembling me slightly at least?”

“Well, yes, I have,” the whale nodded, “that is why I have called you a rare one, but not a unique one.”

The friends froze for a moment in amazement and then started to perform various cheerful stunts in the water. Bizuka’s friends were even happier than he was. Finally, when all of them calmed down, Bizuka addressed the whale with hope again.

“So, you mean you have seen someone like me? That’s incredible!” hardly had he started speaking when, suddenly, he lowered his head sadly. “Oh! It was me, you probably saw then...”

“No, no,” the whale shook his head, “you have got a blue tail and the one I saw had a green one. Has your tail changed its colour in recent years?”

“No,” Bizuka shook his head from side to side. “It has always been blue!”

“So, you see, it means it wasn’t you.” The whale wrinkled his forehead. “Let me remember where this encounter was...”

The friends held their breath.

“Exactly!” The giant spoke out with certainty. “It was two years ago near Plankton Island. There I met your kin.”

“The Isle of Plankton, you say?” dolphin Chio asked him again. “Where is that?”

“It is a week’s trip of your swimming in that direction,” the whale showed them the direction with his huge fin. “You won’t miss it, as there is a lot of plankton there and the island is in its centre.”

“Oh, thanks a lot!” Bizuka smiled cheerfully. “You don’t know how important this is for me.”

“Right, I don’t,” the whale agreed. “I happen to meet wales like me every day.”

“Oh! You are so lucky!” Bizuka sighed.

“Am I?” The whale wondered. “Hum. I will think of it sometime. It appears I have got a reason for being happy, but I know nothing about it.”

After that, the friends thanked the whale that was deep in thoughts one more time and swam quickly towards Plankton Island.

Plankton Island

Several days later, there was much more plankton in the water indeed. “It seems that we are on the right way,” dolphin Chio said. “The whale was not wrong with the direction.”

“Certainly, he wasn’t,” the napoleon smiled. “The plankton is his food. Are you often wrong with your food?”

Everyone burst into laughter.

By the evening, they swam down to a reef to stay for the night and continue their trip the next morning. They did not really want to swim in darkness, as they could miss the Isle of Plankton.

The friends chose a beautiful place near a small cave for themselves and settled there comfortably. They were about to say good-night to each other, when they suddenly heard someone coughed tactfully.

“Who is here?” Bizuka asked, turning his head towards the cavern.

“Oh, I am here, I am. And for some thirty years already,” a giant lobster with very long feelers slowly crawled out of the cavern.



“Hello,” dolphin Chio greeted. “Won’t we trouble you if we stay for night here?”

“Won’t trouble?” The lobster repeated thoughtfully and scratched his one feeler with another. “Well, no, I don’t feel troubled with you. You can stay. But when some strange bubbling animals with bags swim past me, I will always be troubled for some reason and hide deeper into my lair.”

“I see,” Bizuka said. “May I ask you something?”

The lobster looked at him and immediately moved his feelers to the sides.

“Wow! What a rare visitor!”

“A rare?” Bizuka asked him anticipating the good. “So, it means there are others like me here?”

“There are, there are,” the lobster nodded positively. “You will reach them by midday tomorrow. Now, excuse me, it is time for me to have a rest. I have already chatted too much for today.”

Having said this, he crawled back into his lair.

“So, it means I will meet my kin tomorrow!” Bizuka spoke out dreamingly and closed his eyes.



At daybreak, Bizuka quickly stirred up his friends. They swam away from the reef and headed in the same direction. Around lunchtime, a big

island finally appeared in front of them. There were so many plankton around, and the friends realized that they had reached the right place. They all started turning their eyes around searching for Bizuka's kin.

“We should swim around the island,” dolphin Chio said, “then we won't miss anyone.”

The friends nodded in agreement and headed along the underwater slope. Bizuka, being impatient, swam slightly ahead of them, turning his huge eyes all around the area.

And, it was not in vain, of course. Soon, behind the next turn, they saw two “bizukas”, who looked exactly the same as him but had slightly more green in their colour.

“At last!” Bizuka gave an involuntary sigh of relief and happiness. “They exist!”

His friends smiled happily too. Meanwhile, two new “bizukas” were chatting with each other, not noticing the visitors. Bizuka headed solemnly to them, remembering the words of the greeting speech.

As if felt something, his two relatives suddenly turned their heads and stood still in surprise. Our Bizuka swam up to them and they kept staring at each other for more than five minutes.

“My dear kin!” Bizuka finally began his greeting speech, “on this solemn day...”

The big eyes of the two bizukas became even wider. When our Bizuka finished his speech, one of the local bizukas pushed the other one with his fin.



“What a clever kin has swum to us! Hey, Jocha, you are a little savvier, say something beautiful in reply, eh?”

“I won’t manage to replay it so nicely, Bocha. Let us better bow to him very politely. I have seen it somewhere, it looks quite cool.”

And they both bowed to him as synchronously and respectfully as good as they could, spreading their fins wide apart.

“Well, umm...,” the one whose name was Jocha finally spoke, “well, so, we are kinda glad to see you too, our new umm... unknown kin.”

“Where are you from, fellow?” The one whose name was Bocha curiously interrupted not very intelligent speech. “And what’s your name?”

“I am Bizuka,” he simply replied, understanding that he overdid his inaugural speech.

Then Bizuka clenched his fin into fist and showed it stealthily to dolphin Chio.

“And who are you? Are you bizukas too?”

“No,” the two friends shook their heads negatively. “I am Bocha and this is Jocha, my brother.”

“Also we have a sister Konucha, she must be still sleeping, probably,” Bocha said.

“Konucha...,” Bizuka repeated slowly in a singing voice. “What a beautiful name!”

“Really?” Jocha and Bocha glanced at each other, surprised. “Well, may be...”

“Is there anybody else like us here?” Bizuka asked.

“No,” Jocha shook his head. “It’s only the three of us.”

“And now you’ve come,” Bocha corrected his brother.

They both nodded their heads contentedly. After that, the three of them simply looked at each other, smiling happily.

“Jocha, Bocha!” Bizuka started speaking finally. “I have got a question for you: “Who are we?”

It could instantly be seen that he had just baffled his relatives.

“Well, we are Jocha and Bocha,” Bocha started speaking a little hesitatingly.

“Well, and there’s Konucha too,” Jocha added. “That’s who we are.”

“And what is our kind is called?” Bizuka asked them. “The others here are called dolphins, whales and octopuses...”

The brothers thought it over in silence for a long time, then Bocha asked:

“What do you need it for?”

“I don’t know,” Bizuka shrugged his fins, “the others here ask me sometimes.”

“And what do you reply to them?”

“Well, that I am Bizuka, simply. And if they annoy me much, I show them my teeth.”

“That’s a good trick!” the kin said synchronously in admiration, after that, they closed down the topic.



Sometime later, Bizuka addressed the brothers.

“Can I get acquainted with Konucha?”

“Of course,” Bocha replied.

“But sometimes, our sister isn’t in a good mood in the mornings,” Jocha choked suddenly.

“That’s ok. I am so glad to see each of my new kin,” Bizuka said and the three of them swam to the brothers’ cavern.

It took a while to swim to the cavern, when suddenly, they heard someone’s loud grumbling.

“Where do these brothers put my sponge for scales? They’ll get it some day!”

“This way,” Jocha and Bocha said together and pointed with their fins to the cavern. “We’ll wait for you here.”

Bizuka nodded and swam inside. It was quite bright in the cavern. Bizuka swam a little forward and stopped. In front of him he found one more bizuka with rose-coloured fins which was looking under every stone.

“Umm...,” he could hardly start speaking.

“Huh! You’ve come back, my troublesome ones! Now you’ll get...,” the rose-coloured bizuka turned her head towards him and stood still in astonishment. “Oh! Who are you?”



“Hello!” Bizuka nodded his head politely and, having thought for a while, he added several words from his recent speech. “I am — Bizuka. And I am indescribably happy to found one more of my kin in this endless ocean. Um, a very beautiful one!”

“Oh!” the other bizuka repeated and her rose fins flushed with more rose colour. “You’ve spoken so beautifully. I have never heard anything like that at our reef!”

She smiled charmingly at the new guest, but then suddenly collected herself.

“Oh! Don’t swim at the door, please, swim in, make yourself comfortable, please...”

She wiped her fin against her side and stretched it to Bizuka cheerily.

“My name is Konucha.”

Bizuka could not take his eyes off her.

“I have already heard about you a little. What a nice name you’ve got!”

“I like yours too very much!” Konucha replied. “I must serve something tasty for you.”

Embarrassed, Bizuka crossed his fins on his belly.

“You should not, dear Konucha. I am not hungry yet and there is nothing else I need,” he said and looked at her with hope. “May be you will just show me the island and tell me a little about yourself?”

“Oh, of course!” Konucha cheered up and, having taken him by his fin, led him out of the cavern.

They swam by dolphin Chio and napoleon Konty, then between Jocha and Bocha.

“Hi, brothers!” Konucha greeted Jocha and Bocha as they swam past.

The couple swam slowly along the underwater slope of the island while the brothers stared at them in awe, not believing what they were seeing.

“Brother,” Bocha spoke out finally in a trembling voice, “bite my tail. It can’t be! Our Konucha called us brothers instead of loafers. And, she hasn’t grumbled for the whole minute yet...”

“Everything’s clear, Bocha!” Jocha replied to him somewhat solemnly. “It’s Neptune, who was tired of seeing our travails and sent dear Bizuka to help us.”

After that, both brothers bowed gratefully towards the blue abyss, where, in their opinion, Neptune lived.

“Eh, we should treat our saviour with something tasty”, Bocha recovered first.

“Exactly,” his brother agreed, “and give him a lot of that.”

Together with Bizuka’s friends, whom they managed to have known well already, they swam to the other side of the island.



A month with the new kin passed like a single day for Bizuka. He often communicated with Jocha and Bocha, went for walks with Konucha and chatted with his old friends when he had free time. The dolphin and the napoleon cheered much seeing their friend happy or even too happy at times, after walking with Konucha.

However, after a month passed, Chio and Konty decided to go back home, to their close relatives and friends. Bizuka promised to visit them at least once a year.

A couple of days later, dolphin and napoleon said good-bye to everyone there and swam home from the Isle of Plankton. Four nice bizukas stood for a long time waving them good-bye.

The Grandpa

Once, during a walk, Konucha told Bizuka about her grandpa. She was very little when her grandpa disappeared, although she remembered very well many of his stories. In the evening, Bizuka recalled this as he dined with her brothers.

“Jocha, Bocha, do you remember your grandpa too?”, he asked

“Yep,” Bocha smiled.

“He was cool,” Jocha added. “Although, we were very little then.”

“And what happened to your grandpa?” Bizuka asked cautiously.

Brothers and the sister glanced at each other.

“The thing is that we don’t know for certain. Grandpa used to tell me that our kin doesn’t die, but that they swim over to another place...” Konucha started speaking.

“Ah, he was joking, sister!” Jocha interfered, “you were too little then so he told you different fairy tales that you liked listening to.”

“Right, right,” Bocha added. “And now you’ve grown up, but still believe them.”

“I do believe it and I will,” Konucha said with her fins akimbo. “Grandpa was honest and always told the truth. There is a whole sea filled with those like us for sure. They live there eternally and grandpa swam to them.”

“The whole sea?” It was Bizuka’s turn to wonder. “Live eternally?”

“Well, yes, dear Bizuka. If you knew my grandfather, you would believe his every word,” Konucha started speaking quickly, taking him by his fins.

“Mmm, there may be something in it,” Bizuka spoke in a sweet voice suddenly, “because I have known nothing about you until recently as well.”

“Yes!” Konucha nodded cheerfully. “It means, that there is a sea with other bizukas somewhere there too.”

“Yep, two seas!” Jocha smiled.

“No, three seas and a small puddle,” Bocha giggled.

Konucha snorted scornfully.

“So, where is our grandpa then? Can you tell me, smart guys?”

“Well, he swam away as not to upset us...” Jocha started speaking.

“And there, you know,” Bocha added sadly, “there he dropped his tail, as the saying in our ocean goes.”

After that, the brothers looked towards a blue ocean together and dashed away their tears.

“You are wrong,” their sister argued. “He swam to the sea of bizukas and he is still there. I’ll prove it to you.”

“Is that so? How are you going to do this?” Bocha looked at Konucha with compassion.

“Indeed, dear Konucha, how are you going to prove it?” Bizuka engaged in the conversation.

“It’s simple,” she replied, “I’ll find that sea for you.”

Everyone became silent.

“Hey, brother,” Jocha sighed deeply and looked at Bocha, “let’s swim to octopus Mozgistus, our reef psychoanalyst, to arrange a visit for our sister.”

“I guess, it’s time for that,” Bocha nodded agreeing.

“Wait”, Bizuka entered the conversation, “perhaps, we’ll do a little differently?”

“So, how?” The brothers looked at him with interest. “You know a better psychoanalyst than Mozgistus?”

“No,” Bizuka shook his head. “I suggest looking for that sea of bizukas for a month together. What will we lose? We’ll travel and see the ocean and, if we find nothing, your sister will settle down and forget about her theory. You agree, Konucha?”

She nodded her head cheerily.

“Hum, not a bad idea,” Bocha spoke out slowly.

“It’s a very nice idea, indeed,” Jocha added. “Besides, Mozgustus charges as much as one hundred oysters for a visit.”

Konucha looked at her new friend gratefully.

“It’s so good that you have swum to us, dear Bizuka!” She spoke out tenderly.

“We agree completely, sister!” The brothers said together and again gave an emotional look towards the blue of Neptune, who had helped them.



The friends decided to set off on this far trip in a couple of days. Later that evening, Bizuka and Konucha went for a walk around the Isle of Plankton.

“Konucha, can I ask you something?” Bizuka addressed her during their walk.

“Sure,” she said smiling cheerily. “I have no secrets from you.”

“Tell me, have you got a plan on where to look for that sea?”

Konucha kept silence for some time.

“You see, Bizuka, I was a little girl then, of course,” she began speaking slowly, “but, I remember very well what my grandpa told me.”

“What exactly?”

“I remember that once, I too asked him where this sea may be found...”

“Did you really? That’s interesting. What did he reply?”

Konucha smiled thoughtfully.

“He told me one strange thing. He palmed my head and said: “This sea cannot be found, granddaughter, but it will find you, if you are kind and you believe in it.”

Bizuka stood still astonished.

“Really? These aren’t usual words indeed,” he thought for a moment. “Did you tell your brothers about it?”

“No”, Konucha shrugged her fins. “Even without this they laugh at me all the time as they still take me for a little one.”

“You’ve got great brothers.”

“I know,” she smiled.

For a moment, Bizuka became thoughtful.

“I don’t know why, but I believe you and your grandpa. And I really want to know what these words mean.”

“The answer will be uncovered during our search, perhaps?” Konucha shrugged her fins. Then, they continued their walk around the island.

The Grouper

A couple of days later in the early morning, the four friends swam away from the Isle of Plankton. “Which direction will we swim to, sis?” Jocha asked Konucha when their home reef disappeared from their sight.

“There,” she answered without thinking and showed the direction with her fin.

“Why there exactly?” asked her Bocha, but his brother interrupted him.

“Why should it matter where to swim for a month? The main thing is that our sis will settle down after it.”

“That’s right,” Bocha agreed.

“Konucha, why shall we swim in that direction indeed?” Bizuka asked his girlfriend in a low voice after they swam slightly away from her brothers.

“I don’t know”, she smiled, “but if my brothers find out that I don’t know the route, they’ll laugh at me all the way.”

“That’s a reasonable go!” Bizuka nodded to her laughing.

“Not an ideal one, of course,” Konucha agreed, “but at least, I won’t be bothered for a month...”

A couple of days later, our friends came across a small island. The “bizukas” planned to rest there for a bit and decided to look around. They marveled at the beautiful corals that grew on the slopes of the reef. After a while, the friends started looking for a place to stay for the night when suddenly Jocha stopped and raised his fin.

“Hey, friends! Am I the only one hearing voices or do you hear them too?”

“Actually, you’d better see *Mozgistus* with the voices,” his brother joked making everyone laugh.

Nevertheless, everyone ceased talking and strained their ears.

“Hum,” Konucha started speaking, “it seems to me that I hear voices too, don’t you?”

Bizuka nodded his head and Bocha shrugged his fins in uncertainty.

“Let’s swim around and see,” he said, “if there are voices indeed, we’ll see the speakers.”

All of them headed forward. In some time, the voices already were heard well underwater. A moment after, the friends could hear what they meant. All of them cried one word: “Help!” The bizukas put on speed immediately.

Behind the next corner, they saw an unusual spectacle. On the slope of a small underwater

mountain, there lay a not big ship, which was heavily overgrown with corals. Around her, there circled a dozen of young groupers. Time and again they cried one word: "Help!"

Our friends hurried to them.

"What's the matter, little ones?" Bocha addressed the groupers first.

They heard a bass voice respond from the inside of the ship.

"The matter in me, perhaps," it said and a head of a giant grouper appeared in the ship's illuminator. "Hello, dear travelers! My name is Bob. These are all my children. Who are you?"

The bizukas, one after another, presented themselves.

"What's going on here, dear Bob?" Konucha addressed him.

"The whole problem is my very good appetite," the grouper roared. "This ship has been our common home for a long time. We feel very comfortable here, and food often gets in here itself, plenty of which trapped me in."

"How's that?"

"Dad has not swum out of our ship for a long time," a small grouper replied for his father. "Yesterday we decided to go to our grandmother's birthday, but dad could not swim through the illuminator."

The grouper, who was inside, made a loud sigh.

“That’s right...”

“What shall we do now?” Konucha raised her fins in anxiety.

“I don’t know,” he replied. “Today, my fellow octopus Fitnesson swam to see me. He suggested that I go on a diet for a week.”

The bizukas, who always loved to have a good meal, shook aback frightened.

“I don’t even know what to do,” Bob spoke out thoughtfully.

“Well, may be...,” Bocha addressed him thoughtfully, “may be we push you from behind, fellow? Then, you’ll go through the window.”

“All right!” Jocha nodded. “We are a little smaller than you and can get inside the ship easily.”

“Then, all four of us will give you a full speed push!” His brother concluded the thought.

Bob wrinkled up his forehead.

“Well, if there are four of you, then it may be worth a try,” he finally spoke out, “I would hate to stick a diet for a week.”

So they did. The four bizukas swam inside the ship, took Bob by his sides and rushed off towards the window at their full speed.

When the dust settled, everyone there could see a giant grouper stuck in the window, somewhere near his middle.

“Well, our plan has been half-successful,” Bocha said with uncertainty, after all of the bizukas swam out through the near window.



“It is possible to keep a diet in this place too,” his brother was trying to find something positive as well.

Bob looked around everywhere embarrassed while his small grouper-kids were swimming around with curiosity.

“You mean that I have moved slightly closer to freedom?” he asked.

For some reason, this time no one replied.

“So, what shall we do now?” Bizuka asked his friends.

Everyone kept silent again.

“Wait a moment,” Konucha said, “I have got an idea.”

Her brothers laughed sceptically. Meanwhile, their sister swam up to the big grouper and scratched him under his side fin.

“Oh, it’s tickling!” Bob jerked.

“Bizuka, swim up here quickly and scratch under his other fin.” Konucha said.

Grouper stared at them terrified.

“Are you sure...,” he started saying, but suddenly he began shaking from double tickling, “aargh!”

“Scratch harder, Bizuka!” the inventive Konucha said.

Jocha and Bocha looked at what was happening in amazement.

“Aargh! Ah!” Bob’s voice timbre became higher and higher. He jerked so much that even the ship vibrated slightly.

“Harder!” Konucha shouted in excitement.

“A-A-A!” Bob’s voice reached its highest note, he jerked desperately and... popped out of the window like a cork from a bottle, throwing Jocha and Bocha apart.

“Whew! We did it!” Konucha said with a big smile.

“Right!” Bizuka responded cheerily. Then, looking at the ship he added: “look how big and round the window has become! It seems that Bob can live inside there again.”

“No way, thanks,” a low voice of the returning grouper roared behind them. “I’ll never want to be stuck in there again.”

“Don’t worry, daddy!” his kids around him spoke in cheerful voices at once. “Now we know what to do!”

The bizukas smiled a little equivocally.

The Net

The next day, having said a warm good-bye to the huge grouper and his children, our friends set off on their trip again. Konucha showed the direction with certainty again, although, this time, Jocha and Bocha did not laugh at her. After an inventive rescue of the grouper, to them, their sister apparently seemed to have grown up.

This passing proved to be slightly longer. They came across the next island only in a week. But our friends were not bored at all: Jocha and Bocha would constantly chat about something and entertain Konucha and Bizuka. Also, the brothers tried singing, but it was so awful that Konucha even suggested them cutting the search of the bizukas' sea by one day in exchange for their silence. The brothers willingly agreed with such a wonderful condition.

One day, they finally ran into a big island covered with colorful corals. They settled there and had a good night's sleep. The next morning, our friends decided to look around. As they turned behind the

nearest cliff, an unusual spectacle opened in front of them.

There was a small cavern ahead of them, however, it was unusually covered by a fishing net. It was apparent that the net had clung to the island's stones and broke away from the ship.

The bizukas had already seen pieces of torn nets on their island, so they were not surprised much so they prepared to swim on. Suddenly, someone's voice sounded from the deep of the cavern.

"Friends, won't you try helping me out from here?"

Everyone stopped and stared inside the depth of the cavern covered with the net. A big turtle swam out of the darkness towards them.

"Hello!" she said. "My name is Kelly."

"Hello!" the bizukas replied her. "What happened to you?"

"Well, some ten days ago, I stayed a night in this cavern and the next morning, I found this net had blocked the exit. Many times I used to try get out of here, but the net clings tightly."

"What the Ocean we have?", Jocha grumbled displeased. "Someone is always may stuck somewhere in it."

"Right," his brother added, "but now, we know what to do. You'll be stuck in somewhere here and we'll start tickling you."

The turtle, having listened to him, laughed.

"I don't think it's quite a good plan, fellow."

“Why?” Jocha wondered.

“Look, brother,” Konucha looked at him cheerily, “you can’t tickle the turtle: she has got a shell!”

“Oops!” Jocha could only speak out.

“What shall we do then?” Bizuka asked.

“I don’t know, let’s try pulling a corner of net together,” Bocha suggested.

All the bizukas nodded agreeing and bit the net.

“Ready, heave!” Bocha commanded loudly.

But the fishing net wouldn’t surrender. It was only the dust that rose from their bursts.

“That’s a tough net, eh,” Bizuka said. “It looks we have to find another plan.”

“So, what shall we do?” Bocha asked.

“Don’t you worry much there,” the turtle began soothing them, “there are many soft corals in this cavern, so I have got food for a very long time here.”

“Anyway, freedom is freedom!” Jocha said.

“It is so, of course,” Kelly sighed.

After that, all the bizukas stopped talking and began to look around, thinking. At that moment, out of the corner, a globefish appeared. It was in a deflated condition and could not be distinguished from an ordinary fish.

Bocha looked at her somehow strangely and struck himself on his forehead.

“It looks like I’ve got an idea!”

“What is it?” his brother asked him with interest.

“You’ll see now,” Bocha smiled, “but here we must use all our knowledge of women’s psychology.”

Curious Konucha and Bizuka swam up closer to them.

“Excuse us, please,” Bocha addressed the globefish politely. “Could you swim through the cells of this fishing net?”

“Through the cells of this fishing net?” the female globefish repeated. “Alright, why not.”

After that, the globefish swam calmly inside and started swimming back out.

“I told you she is so skinny that she would easily swim through the net,” Bocha said to his brother in a quiet voice, but so that the fish could hear him.

The globefish suddenly stopped in the cell of the net and looked at Bocha surprised.

“What do you mean I am skinny?” she said with indignation and began swelling.

Bocha instantly caught his brother’s plan and played along:

“You don’t worry that much, please. Being thin is not too bad at all,” he added. “There are many, much more unattractive things in our sea.”

The globefish kept inflating more and more. Soon the threads of the cell tightened and began to break one after another. The other bizukas started playing along with the brothers too.

“What are you saying,” Konucha said cheerfully. “Who would tell a slim lady that she is skinny? You, brothers, have you forgotten good manners?”



The globefish kept inflating with incredible speed tearing the threads apart.

“I am not skinny!” she yelled.

“Of course, not,” Bizuka interfered. “The sea helminths are skinny, but you are much stouter.”

Then, the globefish reached its maximum size, making a huge hole in the net. It should have been deflated back somehow then.

“Oh! What’s going on with you now?” Konucha asked. “Now you are so pretty-round and beautiful!”

“In fact, I am a globefish!” she replied slightly calmer.

“Wow! Why didn’t you tell us that right from the start?” Jocha spoke out and looked angrily towards his brother. “How could you dare call her thin?”

“Oh, I didn’t know,” he apologized cheerfully. “I am sorry!”

The globefish began to calm down, gradually decreasing in size. Soon, she easily swam out of the net that now had a huge hole.

“Well, fine. Don’t worry, your excuses are accepted,” she said in a calm voice and swam further along the reef.

“You’re welcome out, please, Kelly!” the bizukas said cheerfully to the turtle who had been sitting inside the cavern.

Epilogue

Having stayed for one more day at the island, our friends set off on their trip again. This time, it took them two weeks to swim to the next island. And even though the four of them always had fun, they missed colourful reefs. This is why when a new island came out of the blue, all of them would become very happy.

The bizukas settled down to rest between beautiful, fan-shaped corals and began to chat with each other.

“So, sis,” Jocha began speaking, “there is only one day of searching left.”

“I know that,” she replied calmly.

“It seems, that the sea of bizukas doesn’t exist. Do you admit it now?” Bocha continued.

“Don’t hurry, time hasn’t run out yet,” she smiled.

“No, she is crazy indeed”, Jocha sighed.

“You’ve got very good sister,” Bizuka said. “What is so bad with her believing in the sea of bizukas?”

Konucha looked at him gratefully.

“Well, generally, there’s nothing bad in it,” Bocha shrugged his fins. “We simply want her to become a grown-up and stop believing in different fairy tales.”

“What’s bad in believing in fairy tales?” Bizuka asked them again.

“Well, there’s nothing too bad there too,” Jocha replied instead of his brother. “However, fairy tales don’t come true. That’s why believing in them is silly.”

“That’s a no,” Konucha interfered. “Kind fairy tales will always come true! And, finally, it doesn’t mean that I don’t believe in the sea of bizukas, if I don’t talk about it anymore.”

Her brothers sighed.

“It looks like we cannot avoid *Mozgistus*,” Bocha said sensibly.

“And gather oysters for him too,” Jocha sighed.

“Don’t hurry with it,” Konucha said. “We’ve got a whole day and night ahead.”

The brothers sighed deeper.

For the night, “the bizukas” stayed at a beautiful slope of the reef near a small cavern. Jocha and Bocha fell asleep quickly and Bizuka chatted with their sister in a low voice.

“Konucha, what if this sea doesn’t exist indeed?” he asked her. “No one told of it besides your grandpa.”

“It does exist, dear Bizuka,” she responded warmly. “I feel it with my whole heart and the heart can’t be wrong.”

Bizuka smiled.

“When I listen to you, I start believing in it for some reason too,” he said and sighed. “but, when I start listening to your brothers, then...”

Konucha burst into laughter.

“Listen more to me then,” she said. “Certainly it is possible to live well without a fairy tale, but it is quite boring so.”

“You’re right,” he nodded cheerily in response. “It’s much funnier so. Alright, let’s sleep.”

“You sleep and I’ll dream a little here,” Konucha replied.

However, Bizuka had little time to sleep as Konucha’s voice awoke him sometime later.

“Bizuka, wake up! Bizuka! Look, what’s there?” he heard her agitated voice.

He opened his eyes and shuddered instantly in amazement. In the sea, right in front of him, there was a bright shining sphere.

“What’s that?” he asked in surprise.

“I can’t tell myself, but I like it.”

In the meanwhile, the sphere was increasing, reaching their size.

“We need to wake your brothers,” Bizuka said.

Soon, all four of them looked at the sphere. And the eyes of brothers were as big and round as half of their heads.

“Oh, boy! I’ve never seen anything like that, brother,” Bocha said.

“What can it be?” Jocha wondered staying near him.

The sphere continued to increase and reached the size of a whale.

“It might swallow us soon,” Bocha said somewhat frightened.

“It will, for sure,” Jocha caught up.

“That is why we must swim inside it first,” their sister said.

“Oh, Neptune!” the brothers groaned.

At this time, Konucha, looking back, headed quickly towards the shining sphere.

“Bizuka, are you coming with me?”

He nodded and followed her.

“Oh, no! She’ll be lost somewhere there without us,” Jocha said and swam after his sister.

“Though, it looks like, she’ll be lost together with us this way,” Bocha added philosophically and followed the others.

Soon all bizukas disappeared into the shining sphere.



“Where are we?” Bizuka asked looking around.

The water was sparkling with all the colours of the rainbow all around the friends and as far as the eye could see.

“It’s so beautiful here!” Konucha spoke out with excitement.



“Brother, bite my tail so I can see if I am dreaming,” Bocha said looking around in amazement.

“Okay,” Jocha replied and added, “then you’ll bite me after that, agreed?”

“That’s the sea of bizukas!”, their sister said happily and pointed in a direction with her fin. “And it looks like they’re swimming to us themselves!”

And indeed, bizukas, who were just like them, were approaching them from all around. Their grandfather was swimming at their head.

“My granddaughter! Jocha, Bocha!” they heard his happy voice.

“Grandpa!” Konucha shouted and rushed to him.

“He’s alive!”, her brothers took off to meet their grandpa too.

Bizuka swam after them cheerfully. Soon, their family, as well, as many other bizukas swam together.

“Grandpa!” Konucha pronounced looking into the eyes of her dearly loved grandfather. “I have never forgotten any of your tales and have always believed in them!”

“Well, done, my dear!” he palmed her head with his fin tenderly. “Believing in something is often more important than knowing something!”

After the cheerful reunion, they all bizukas headed deeper into their sea.

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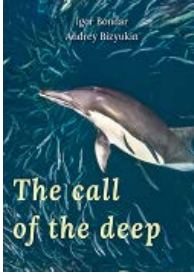
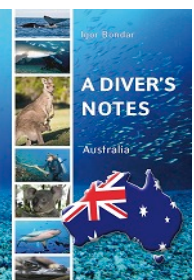
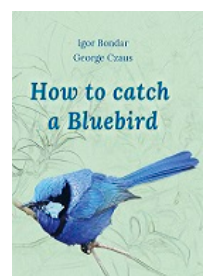
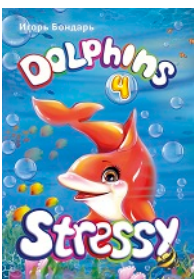
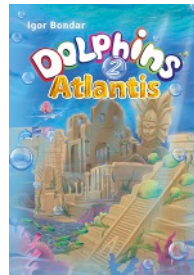
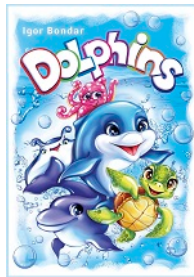
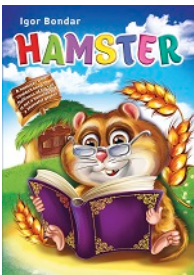
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Igor Bondar

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