

The Goldfish on the Dining Table

Mary had always adored her little orange goldfish, whom she named **Sunshine**. The fish was a beautiful hue, shimmering like a tiny ember in water. Every day, she fed Sunshine with tiny fish flakes and watched him swim gracefully inside the round fish tank. The tank sat prominently on the dining table in the living hall, right where the sunlight from the window would gleam off its curved glass. Sunshine seemed to enjoy the spot, as if the light made the water dance around him, a cozy sanctuary in Mary's home.

Mary was a cheerful nine-year-old, and she considered Sunshine her closest friend. Every morning before leaving for school, she'd lean close to the tank and whisper, "Bye, Sunshine! See you when I get home!" Sunshine would respond in his silent way, gliding near the glass as if to say goodbye too.

An Unfortunate Accident

That day began just like any other. Mary woke up early, quickly finished her breakfast, and got ready for school. Before heading out, she went to the dining table and smiled at her goldfish. "Bye, Sunshine! Be good while I'm gone!" she chirped, tapping lightly on the tank. With that, Mary slung her schoolbag over her shoulders and skipped out the door.

In the afternoon, the house was quiet. Mary's mum, **Alicia**, was at home alone, taking advantage of the stillness to do some housecleaning. Alicia was a meticulous woman; she prided herself on maintaining a spotless house. With a mop in one hand and a bottle of pesticide in the other, she dusted and scrubbed every nook and cranny, ensuring that no cockroach or insect dared to appear.

Once the house was sparkling clean, Alicia placed the pesticide bottle temporarily on the dining table next to Sunshine's fish tank. She meant to return it to its proper place, but for now, she was too tired. Exhausted from hours of cleaning, she sank into the chair beside the table, stretching her legs and leaning back in relief.

Alicia didn't realize it, but as she stood up to head to her room for a nap, her elbow nudged the pesticide bottle. The bottle teetered for a moment, then toppled over the edge—and fell straight into the fish tank on the table.

Alicia didn't hear the soft splash. She had already left the dining area, heading to her room to lie down. Completely unaware of the accident, she drifted off into a peaceful nap, leaving the pesticide slowly dispersing in the water.

The Cockroach and the Spray

A few hours later, Alicia woke up feeling refreshed. She stretched and headed to the kitchen to make herself a cup of tea. Just as she reached for the kettle, a dark shape scuttled across the floor—a cockroach! Alicia froze, her heart leaping in alarm. She hated cockroaches with a passion.

Determined to get rid of the pest, she hurried back to the dining table where she had last left the pesticide spray. When she reached the table, her eyes widened in surprise. The bottle was inside the fish tank, bobbing slightly in the water. She quickly pulled it out.

Gripping the bottle tightly, Alicia rushed back into the kitchen, determined to corner the cockroach. She aimed the spray nozzle at the insect and pressed it with all her might—but nothing happened. The spray hissed weakly, its contents useless from being soaked in water. The cockroach scuttled away under the refrigerator, victorious.

Alicia groaned in frustration. "Why won't this thing work?" she muttered, banging the bottle against the counter. Her annoyance grew with each passing second, knowing that the cockroach was still lurking somewhere in the kitchen.

She gave up and left the kitchen, muttering to herself. When Mary got home, Alicia greeted her at the door with a warning. "Be careful in the kitchen, Mary," she said sternly. "There's a cockroach running around in there, and I couldn't catch it."

Mary's Discovery

Mary's heart skipped a beat. If there was one thing she feared more than anything, it was cockroaches. "A cockroach?" she whispered, her voice trembling slightly.

"Yes, it's hiding in the kitchen," Alicia confirmed. "Just be careful if you need to go in there."

Mary nodded anxiously, deciding to avoid the kitchen for the rest of the evening. Instead, she went to the dining table, hoping Sunshine's cheerful presence would calm her nerves.

She sat down at the table and peered into the fish tank. But the moment her eyes focused on the water, her heart sank. Sunshine wasn't moving. He wasn't swimming happily as he usually did. Instead, he lay motionless at the bottom of the tank, his bright orange scales dull and lifeless.

Mary's breath caught in her throat. "Sunshine?" she whispered, tapping gently on the glass. There was no response. Panic gripped her as she stared into the tank, noticing the thin film of strange bubbles floating on the surface of the water.

“No...” Mary’s voice was barely audible as she realized what had happened. Sunshine was die with unknown reason while she was away at school.

Tears welled up in Mary’s eyes, and a lump formed in her throat. She had said goodbye to Sunshine that morning, fully expecting to see him again when she returned home. But now, her little friend was gone, his vibrant life extinguished by a careless accident.

Heartbreak and Consolation

Alicia noticed Mary sitting unusually still at the dining table and walked over to check on her. “What’s the matter, sweetheart?” she asked gently, noticing the sadness on her daughter’s face.

Mary looked up, her eyes brimming with tears. “Sunshine... Sunshine’s dead,” she whispered, her voice trembling. She pointed at the fish tank, and Alicia’s gaze followed.

Alicia gasped as the realization hit her. “Oh no,” she muttered, her hand flying to her mouth. She immediately understood what had happened—the fish no longer alive.

“I’m so, so sorry, Mary,” Alicia whispered, kneeling beside her daughter. “I didn’t realize... I was trying to catch the cockroach, and I didn’t Sunshine was die in the tank.”

Mary sniffled, wiping her eyes with the back of her hand. “I said goodbye to him this morning... I didn’t know it would be the last time.”

Alicia’s heart broke seeing her daughter in so much pain. She reached out and gently pulled Mary into a hug. “I know, sweetie. I know. It was hurt, and I’m so sorry.”

Mary leaned into her mother’s embrace, the loss of her beloved fish weighing heavily on her small heart. For a while, they sat together silently, the only sound in the room being the soft ticking of the wall clock.

A Lesson in Loss

That evening, the house felt emptier without Sunshine’s cheerful presence. Mary and Alicia decided to give Sunshine a small farewell. They carefully removed him from the tank and placed him in a small box. Together, they buried him in the garden under the rose bush, where Mary whispered a quiet goodbye.

Though it was a sad day for both of them, the incident also brought Mary and her mother closer. Alicia comforted Mary as she grieved, and Mary began to understand that sometimes, bad thing happen even when people don't mean for them to.

As they sat together on the porch after the small funeral, Alicia spoke gently. "Losing Sunshine is hard, I know. But we can always remember the happy moments we shared with him. That's what matters most."

Mary nodded, still heartbroken but comforted by her mother's words. She knew she would always remember Sunshine swimming happily in his tank, bringing light and joy into her life.

And while the cockroach might still be hiding somewhere in the kitchen, Mary decided that some things were just not worth worrying about anymore. For now, she focused on holding close the memories of her little goldfish friend, whose light would continue to shine in her heart.

The End.