

# GUPPY BUTTER

Written By  
**Kevin Penelerick**

Art By  
**Amanda Gielen**



**Star Kissed Studios**

## CHAPTER 1

---

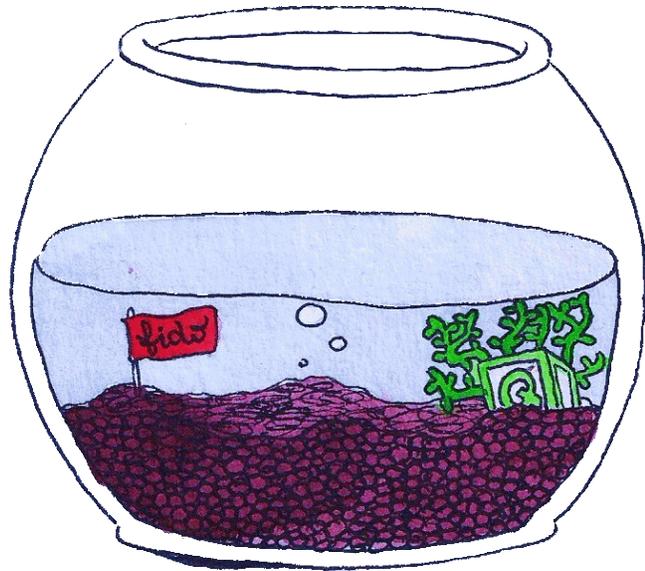
# The Story of Q

When I was eight years old, my Dad brought a guppy home for the family. No that wasn't a typo. I didn't mean puppy.

I meant guppy!

I wanted a puppy of course, which is why I insisted on the name, Fido.

Fido was our second family fish. The first, named "Q", was a goldfish we never really got a chance to know. He died only two days after moving in.



It was a most unexpected tragedy!

You see, I was six at the time. My Dad brought him home in a big fish bowl and set him on the table.

I jumped up and down, screaming in delight. I had been begging my parents for weeks to get us a puppy, but never thought they would. They told me over and over again that they did not think the family was ready for the responsibilities of a pet.

However, after weeks of begging and giving my Daddy the  'sad eyes', he and Mom said that we could start with something small, a fish perhaps. That way we could see how the family did at taking care of it before getting something big**er**.

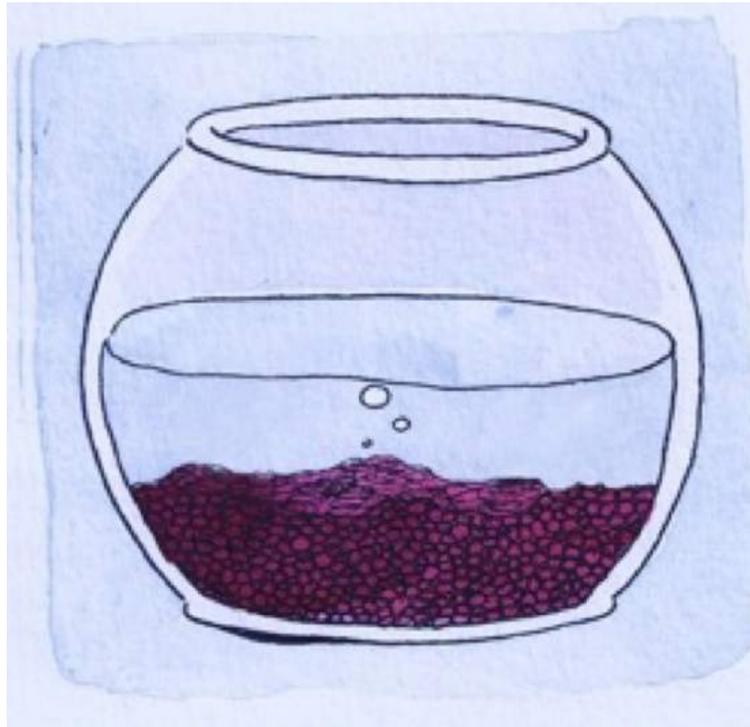


The moment he sat the fish bowl down on the table I could hardly sit still. The goldfish was small, only about an inch long and round with big fishy eyes.

He looked yellow or maybe orange. Kind of like a school bus, it reminded me of how some people say they're **yellow**, and some people say they're **orange**, that's what you would say about "Q."



His bowl sat empty except for a small handful of pebbles at the bottom. After a few minutes of watching him swim around in his barren bowl, I knew what my first chore was to be. I would find something for him to swim around. I did not want our new fishy to be bored or to get **fat** from not exercising.



Beaming with pride, I ran into my room to find some objects to put in the bowl. I knew that my parents would be so proud of my thoughtfulness in caring for our new pet.

The first thing I found, some marbles in a small dish by the door, looked perfect. I picked out the prettiest I could find to add some color to his bowl and clenched them in my fist.

Next, I grabbed a small **wooden letter block** for him to swim around. With my hands now full and my imagination in over-drive, I dashed back out to the dining room table where our new pet awaited me.