

Betsey Greyspot

And the Tin Can

By: Nason 

Have you ever eaten a tin can? Well, Betsey has had this experience before. Would you like to hear?

The sun was just starting to rise over the South Atlantic ocean, and Betsey Greyspot and her friend Lola Wave were going fishing for breakfast. Their gray tails flipped about in the cold water. Betsy, being playful and loud, was twirling and diving around Lola. Lola, being serious and rather quiet, swam in silence. The water was a deep indigo at this time of day, so it wasn't that easy to see. Betsey didn't have the best eyesight, so hunting at this time of day was difficult, but they had always gone fishing at this time. "I am SOOOOO hungry!" Betsey bellowed. "If you were quieter, we'd have fish by now!" Lola snapped.

Betsey frowned. It was unlike Lola to talk like this to her friend. To her siblings, sure, but not to Betsy. When she thought about it, Betsey realized that she had been annoying all morning. In the very early hours of day, she had stubbed her fin on a rock and started to yell, which woke Lola up two hours early. Now, she was complaining and yelling at the same time, which was a combination of the things that Lola hated the most. Lola and Betsey didn't talk much after that, not until Lola saw something promising in the distance. "Is that..." She started. "A fish, a fish! Oh finally I'm so hungry! I'll race you!" Seeing the fish had given both seals gave both seals hope. Betsey got to the fish first, mysteriously, it didn't swim away. Lola had been suspicious from the beginning. She knew of Betsy's bad eyesight, but she also could still see the resemblance of a fish. "Um... are you sure that's a

fish Betsy?” Betsey didn’t answer, she was too hungry to be answering questions. So she opened her mouth and bit into the “fish.”

“Oh, I think it’s an old one. It’s hard and... metallic. Have you ever tasted a metallic fish before?” Betsey took another bite, despite the complaining. “Betsy! Your bleeding!” Lola swam up to Betsey and watched the thick red substance ooze out of her mouth and into the dark ocean. “Close your mouth, now.” She ordered in a boss-like manner. “If you don’t, the killers will come!” But it was too late. They both heard the demonic screech of their long known arch nemesis. “Away! Betsey swim away!” Lola screeched. Both seals took off like a shot. One orca came up behind Lola and bit her flipper. Lola let out a screech in pain. Both seals were getting tired, their strength slipping away like a fish in the hands of a clumsy fisherman. The orcas were on their tails, close behind Betsey and her friend and everything seemed hopeless.

“Oh! Lola!” Betsey said, the pure delight in her voice ringing out like a bell. Betsy, despite having bad eyesight, had an excellent pair of ears and could hear the low hum of a not-to-distant boat. “I hear a boat! It’s right up here, you just have to keep going!” This news made both seals fill with hope, so they surged forward. Lola looked back at the whales, who had turned back at the sight of the boat. “Haha! They’re so scared of just a little... ow!” Lola had been going so fast that she ran right into the boat. Betsey tried to contain a giggle. One person on the boat heard Lola bump into it and rushed over. “Phoenix! Come here!” Yelled a man with a messy mop of blonde hair. Another person, a woman, rushed over as well, her raven hair falling over her shoulders. “Remington, they’re seals! Quick, they’re hurt! We’ve gotta get them up out of the water!” So, Remington, or Remi as Phoenix also called him. Phoenix hoisted the seals up out of the water and into the big rescue boat. “Oh dear! Tell me what happened to you, love.” Phoenix said to Lola. So, Lola launched into a full-detailed story about her day while Betsey relaxed in the corner. It was obvious that Phoenix didn’t know what Lola was saying, but Betsey didn’t say anything. Remi had started the boat and the wind felt nice on her tired body. After a while, Phoenix came over to Betsey and looked at her mouth. “We’ll get *you* fixed up at the aquarium.”

The aquarium was gigantic. Remington drove the boat to a floating dock where they were greeted by people in the same forest green vests as their saviors. Both Lola and Betsey were put onto rolling beds and rolled through a long blue hall and into a blinding white room. A man with a long white coat on was at the counter looking into a fish tank at a bunch of fish accompanied by a woman. “Dunkin, we’ve got some seals here. One has a cut lip but the other had a good proportion missing from her flipper, you’ll need to check it out later. “Alright. We’ll call you, Thirty One. Phoenix, get the needle and thread, Mia, get the gel. All this girl will need is some stitches.” The woman that Dunkin had been working with had big brown eyes shielded by a thick glass screen on her red-rimmed glasses. She came over and smeared some clear goo on her lips. It didn’t taste very good. “Okay, Phoenix,” Dunkin held out his hand and Phoenix handed him a needle.

“Alright Thirty One, stay still...” Dunkin drove the needle into Betsy’s lip, but to her surprise, she didn’t feel a thing. Remi and Mia left with Lola, who was very content on her rolling bed. Once Dunkin finished sewing up Betsy’s lip, he cut a thin thread and stepped back. “That thread will fall out and leave a scar, but it’ll heal up nicely. Phoenix, let’s get Thirty One into tank South Atlantic.” So, Phoenix wheeled Betsey out of the white room and into the blue hallway once again. “You’ll love it in this tank, Thirty One. It has a lot of nice rocks to lay on in the sun.” Betsey smiled, liking the idea very much. Phoenix pushed Betsey through one more set of doors and onto a big dock where tank South Atlantic lay underneath them. Without warning, Phoenix pushed Betsey into the cool water.

One Year Later

“Lola! It’s breakfast time!” Betsey cheered one sunny morning. Fish were being thrown over the wall into the tank. These fish were dead, sparing Betsey and Lola both the time to catch them. It was Phoenix and Remi who threw them food every morning. “Morning, Thirty Twins!” Remi bellowed. Since Lola and Betsey were found together, they were referred to as the “Thirty Twins.” Betsey swam up to the sea-through walls and looked

into Phoenix's brown eyes. It was Phoenix and Remi, their saviors, that came to feed the Thirty Twins, but both seals liked it this way.