

“Hell I don't know. A carp or something.”

“Carp?”

“Yeah, like that fish thing”

“Why would he be hanging out with a fish thing?”

“Dude, all I saw was a fish tail, and then nothing a'ight?”

“First of all, I'm not a dude, second, why the heck would he be hanging out with a fish? How could he hang out with a fish?”

“I dunno, maybe he just likes fish, whatever the case, not my problem.”

“What do you mean 'not my problem'? Our best friend has been practically unseen for the past few weeks and the moment we manage to find him outside of school it's with some fish thing.”

“Look, I know Chris. We've been best friends since before either of us can remember. If he had something to tell us I'm sure he'd say it. Otherwise I don't see how it's any of our business.”

“You're impossible.”

“Never was much for being agreeable. Sides, what are you getting so worked up over? If it bothers you so much why don't you just ask him?”

“I can't just do that...”

“Why?”

“It'd be rude, and besides-”

“Besides what?”

“It's just... I can't.”

“And you say I'm impossible.”

“Shut up.”

“Heh.”

“I'm serious.”

“Alright, alright, no need to get all up and arms about it. You know what? I was about to go over to his place anyway, why don't you come with? Then perhaps we can get to the bottom of this.”

“I don't know.”

“And you wonder why we call you Breezy.”

“Fine, I'm in.”

“That's more like it! If you keep this up we might change your nickname to gust.”

“And if you keep that up I might just have to punch you!”

“Whatever you say gusty.”

“Curse you...”