

Al is what I
 Dead. Ever since I had
 fish, I had Al the
 best algae eater in the
 world. Once I heard he
 was dead, I did not
 cry. I just was still. Then
 I asked "Where is he!"
 my dad said "In the
 trash" I asked to see him.

I walked over to the trash
 can and I opened it. I looked
 in and saw wet paper towels,
 orange peels and a pile of
 coffee grounds. I picked up
 Al. I flicked off the
 coffee grounds, and said
 "Al, my friend. I'm gonna
 miss you."

My dad put him back
 for a second. I thought
 then I said "we can give
 him a funeral." ~~he was~~
 my dad looked doubtful
 for a minute but I
 picked him up and said
 "he was special!"
 then I cried.
 Al was gone.