

HUGO HUSS



As a young fish, Hugo cut quite a dash. He was a hit with the ladies, whom he wowed with the mention that he was distantly related to sharks. He remembers the gasps of admiration he could draw, and chuckles to himself. Those were the days!



He grew up in the cold waters off Iceland, where he spent his time exploring the rocky seabed and finding treasures dropped by careless sailors and



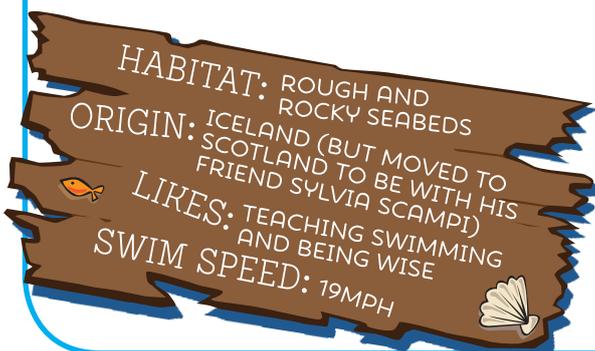
fishermen. One of the last items he discovered was a pair of very fancy designer sunglasses, which he wore for a while. Then one morning he caught sight of his reflection and realised he looked like a fogie dressed as fry. He gave the shades to the young cod fish who hung about in groups, having swimming races, and they used it as first prize for their competitions. They reminded him of his own turn of speed as a youngster, but he wasn't as fast as them any more. It was time to move on.



The very same day, Hugo wrote to his long-standing friend, Sylvia Scampi, to say he was moving to Scotland to be nearer to her. Sylvia was vain, slightly snobbish, and a terrible cook, but she liked the finer things in life and they shared a love of early Baroque music. Hugo had decided that he would write his memoirs, and settle down to a life of telling younger fish about the Good Old Days, and gossiping with Sylvia.



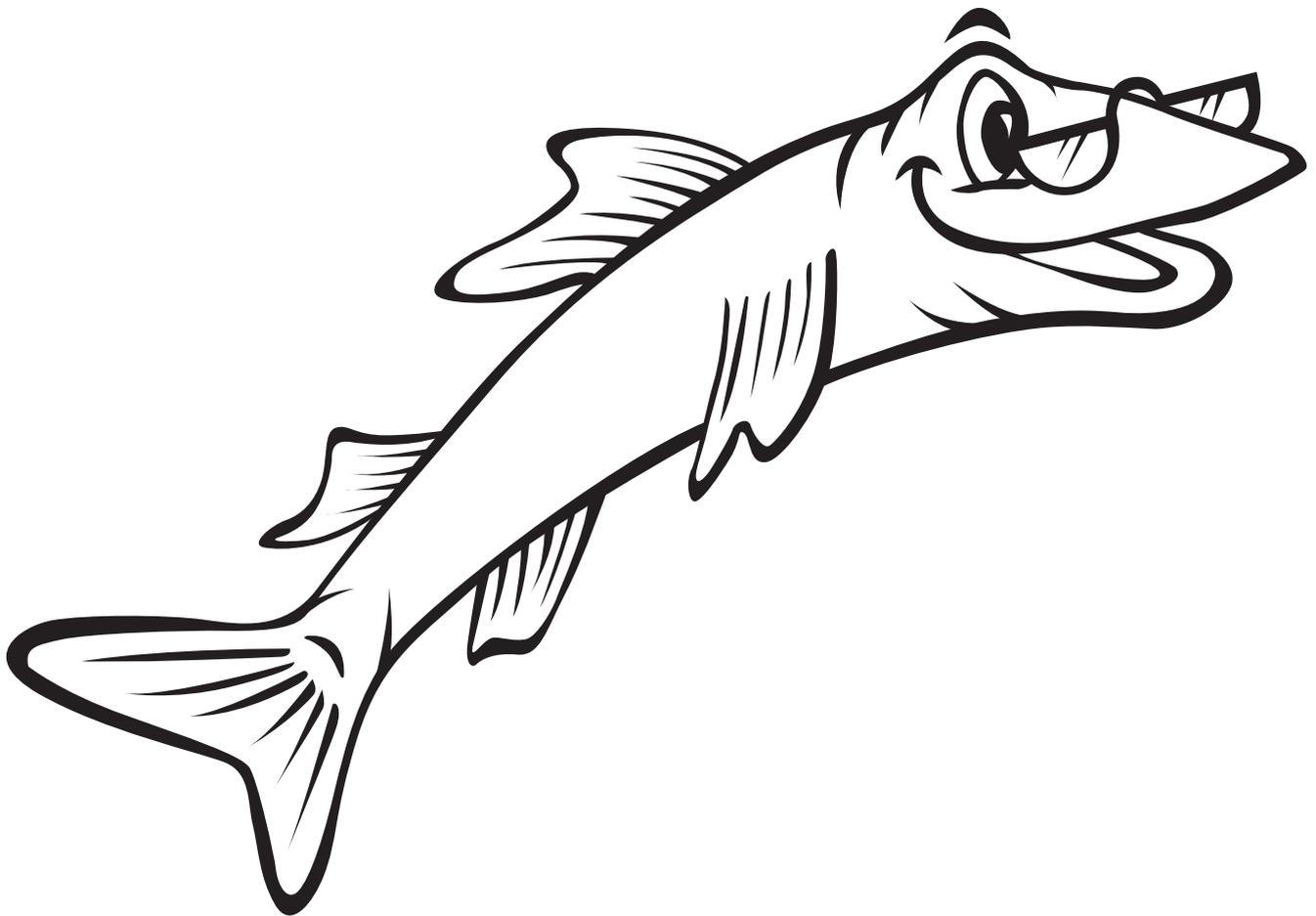
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