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My niece **is turning** 8 next week and I decided to buy her a new **pet**. She had been asking her parents for a pet for a long time. But, they were worried about **taking care of** a pet. I told them I would go to the pet store to see if I could find a pet that wouldn't be too much of a **bother**.

I walked into a big pet store and looked around. I saw cages with dogs and cats. There were also **bird cages** with birds of every color. I even saw some snakes!

I saw a sales clerk and asked him for help. I told him that I was looking for a pet that was easy to take care of. He suggested a cat or a **kitten**. But, I told him that my niece was **allergic** to cats. Then, he suggested a puppy. I walked over to the rows of dog **kennels** and asked the clerk how often they needed **to be walked**. He said that usually, they needed to be **taken out** three to five times a day. That was **much too much** work, I told him.

He then showed me some birds, including a parrot. Then, I asked him how often the cages had to be cleaned, and when he told me, I **nixed** that idea.

Finally, he took me to the back of the store. I have the perfect pet for you, he said. I looked around and saw **aquariums** full of fish. There were about 20 different kinds. The clerk said that they were very easy to take care of. With the right equipment, you don't have to clean the **tank** regularly and all you have to do is feed the fish. That was it! The perfect solution.

The next time I visited my niece, she told me she loved her fish. She had named them all. She even **named one after** me. It was called "Jeffish." **Get it?** Now, she's happy and so are her parents. Just before I left, my niece asked me: When can we go to **Disneyland** ?

Ah, **the work of an uncle is never done.**