

The Fish

They say that there's a first time for everything. I've had one of those first times.

I will never forget the time I went fishing at my new cottage. My Uncle Rob showed up early that day, and woke me up.

I gathered my tackle and fishing pole, readying for the boat trip. We (my stepfather, Adam, my uncle, and I) started coasting by some weeds and cast our lines. The first time we reeled in? No nibbles.

Uncle Rob and I cast by the weeds again, but Adam cast by a rock. Suddenly, Adam set the hook and started reeling one in! We wrestled the fish - a Smallmouth bass - in the boat, only to release it a short time later. Soon, we took off to find a new spot.

We dropped our lines over the side. After a minute, Adam caught another one!

I had a bite ... but when we got it to the boat, the line snapped.

"No! I lost it," I barked. Plenty mad, I was.

Adam caught six more good-sized fish that day. We brought them into shore, skinned and cooked them.

Man, they were awesome.

My first fishing day at my new cottage. I will never forget it.

Austin Gray

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