

A Fishing Game

The cold air whipped at my face as I took a step outside. I could barely see. To my back was the camp we were staying at for a couple of days, or until the end of the trip. In front of me was a dense forest I didn't go to explore. To my right were the stairs that would take me to ground level. I took a deep breath and stretched, making soft noises as I did. Behind me, inside of the camp, I heard my dad turning off the lights. In the distance I could hear the ocean. I smiled. "You ready?" he mumbled. Still half asleep.

"As ready as I'll ever be." I replied, I wasn't any better, after all it was four o'clock in the morning.

We descended the stairs, I held onto the rail.

When we arrived at the dock where we were to meet a man that went by the name, Bob. I eagerly jumped out, excited and nervous. Any trace of sleepiness was gone. It was still late, and only a few lights illuminated the dock. My dad shook hands with a man who looked like he belonged out at sea. Lines traced his features. He was extremely tan, with a beard that was speckled with grey and brown. He seemed to be awake and alive at this time in the morning. He was

going to be our guide for the day. Mr. Bob retrieved some bait, and other things as I waited by the side, waiting for a command. After all was said and done, and we were about to leave, Mr. Bob said to me, "I don't know if you know, but we will be fishing for bull redfish today that are probably about the length of you." I thought about laughing, but his expression showed no trace of humor. I coughed trying to hide it. He smiled.

"Alright then, let's load up, shall we?"

I looked at the seat, and a cage of butterflies irrupted from in stomach. There was nothing I could hold onto and there wasn't anything that I could place my feet on. I had my dad on one side and Mr. Bob on the other. I looked at my dad and gripped his shirt with a death grip, I said, "If I fall off, you're coming with me, okay?"

I think he heard me but if he did I couldn't tell. As we gained speed, so did my heart, although it became smoother. We were basically gliding. The sun, at that point, was just peaking over the horizon. I had to squint my eyes from the sun and the air. We sailed over the water for a while until we came to a spot where we slowed a bit. Once we stopped I flexed my jaw up and down, I had had it clenched shut the entire time.

He handed me a rod and showed me how to work it, even though I already knew how to. He turned a little device on that reminded me of a G.P.S. He pulled

out a mullet from an opening in the boat. He put it on my hook and the tip of the rod dipped down, I grunted but kept the tip from touching the boat. He grabbed my rod and casted it for me. I nodded a thanks. I thought he was going to give it back to me, but instead he set it down in a hole, and dug into a different cubby within the boat. He pulled out two harnesses. I tied one around my waist and my dad did the same thing to himself. While we waited for a bite, we started talking. My dad pointed to Mr. Bob's scar that traced along his calf. He smiled and said, "You want to hear the story behind that?"

We both nodded.

He began, "Well, one day I was fishing with a few friends. I caught a marlin. As I brought it on deck and the fish started to jump all around. The nose of it cut my leg wide open. A mermaid appeared at the side of the boat and put her hands on the side of my leg and healed it." I cocked my head to the side and laughed. I raised an eyebrow.

"Are you sure that happened?"

"As sure as my name is Bob."

I dropped it.

We talked for a while longer, and then the line started to pull. A zip lining sound. We all jumped up. Mr. Bob walked over to it, and let it reel a bit more. I was biting

my lip in anticipation. In a quick movement he grabbed the rod and said, "I'm going to set the hook on it, after that I'm going to let you reel it in, okay?"

"Um... I guess."

He jerked back, then handed me the rod. Whatever was on the other side of this rod was huge and weighed a ton. My muscles were screaming at me. I reeled and released, repeatedly.

"If this thing goes underneath the boat and tears the line, I will jump in and grab it with my hands." I said frustrated. My muscles were sore and I wanted a break.

When the fish came close Mr. Bob was there waiting for it with a net.

He caught it with the net and I released my tight grip.

As Mr. Bob unhooked the forty pound fish, I grinned.

He put a boga grip in its mouth to hold it. He beckoned me over. I quickly walked over. I held the boga with difficulty. He took a picture to put online.

I was ecstatic.

The rest of the day went like that. We caught fish and then we released them back into the glittering sea. This was one of my favorite days. I'm anticipating for my next adventure with Mr. Bob.