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Near the Grand Marais that runs through my family's farm in Hathaway, Louisiana, I enjoy riding my four-wheeler, driving our 1960's Willys Jeep, and shooting my pink Ruger 10/22 rifle. I had often asked my dad if there were any fish in the marais, even though I doubted it because the water was so shallow and muddy. I never got a clear answer from my dad, so I decided to find out for myself. My story is about the day I was only fishing for fun and happened to prove my doubts wrong. My friend had just left to get her own fishing pole. I had just pulled a catfish out of the water when she came back.

Sitting there in my mud-covered blue jeans

I wonder what fish could be hidden in this small stream.

I get the idea to find out for myself.

I find an old shovel, and start digging with no help.

I find the worms in the mushy mud.

When I pick them up, they are full of crud.

I bait the hook, it's sort of gross.

However, this is what I love the most.

None of my friends would ever guess

that my pretty pink nails

could play with this worm-gut mess.

My line is in the water,

I'm waiting for a bite...

What's stealing my bait?

I'll catch it, all right!

I re-baited the hook,
it's back in the water.

This time my nerves
are much, much hotter.

After awhile, I want to give up.

When I come to my feet,
I realize my luck.

There's a tug on my line -
I know it's a fish.

I reel it in ...

It's just what I wished!

It's out of the water
but too small to keep.

Dad would usually unhook it,
but I'm alone, so it's up to me.

It takes me a while
to unhook and set free,
but when I tell Dad, he'll be proud of me.

Don't be fooled...

After all, I did catch the fish.

Nobody said a city girl
can't have a country twist.