

James C. Sanders  
9 years

### Little River, Big Fish

I am very fortunate because my home is located on the banks of Little River. This river is formed when Dugdemonia River and Castor Creek run together. The river flows into Catahoula Lake then continues on its way.

One day my Grandpa and I decided to go fishing. We put our life jackets, rods and reels, tackle box, ice chest and bait into the boat at the dock. After we put on our life jackets, Grandpa cranked the motor and we started moving up the river to our favorite fishing spot. I looked back toward the dock and saw my little dog Yogi running down the river bank. He did not stop but jumped into the river and started swimming toward the boat. I screamed for him to go back, but as usual, he did not listen and kept swimming. Grandpa turned the boat around and we plucked him out of the river and put him into the boat. Grandpa said Yogi could just go with us because we did not have time to take him back home.

Yogi is a miniature schnauzer and he thinks he is just one of the boys. He loves to swim and play. He sat down in the boat and we turned and started back up the river.

We traveled to our favorite fishing spot. It is a place where a creek runs into the river and it provides the perfect place to catch fish. We were fishing with night crawlers and the fish started to bite real fast. It was so fun. We had caught about thirty fish when I got the best bite ever. It pulled the cork under and started to run with the bait. I pulled and pulled and up came the biggest catfish I had ever seen. Grandpa said "keep the line tight and pull it into the boat." Yogi was barking and jumping up and down in the boat. The people in the boat paddling by were laughing and cheering.

I finally landed the big fish and we weighed it. It weighed over twelve pounds. I know that this fish was not a huge one, but it was the largest fish I had ever caught. It was a real thrill.

As we started to leave our fishing spot we saw a little alligator sunning itself on the bank of the creek. A big blue heron was wading in the shallow water nearby. A mother duck and her three little ducklings were swimming along the edge of the river. It was very peaceful and beautiful.

My Grandpa said we were very lucky to live in an area where we could see such beautiful scenery and wild animals and still be able to catch some fish for supper. I agreed. No one can really understand how wonderful the river is until they experience it for themselves.