

THIRD PLACE-JUNIOR ESSAY

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Age 10

CRABBING IN GRAND ISLE

It was hot and sunny day in Grand Isle, Louisiana. My mom said it was a good day to fish. We walked across the street from our camp to the beach. There were brown pelicans flying in formation overhead. On the dunes, the grass was high. The light brown sand was hot on our feet. There were gray, jagged pieces of driftwood scattered across the beach.

Before our three-hour trip south of the coast, my dad made crab fishing lines from some metal poles he got at work and some string. Dad waded out in the calm water midway from the big rocks to set the lines. I got some turkey necks from the ice chest. I tied them on the four white strings that dangling down into the water. My sister and I went on the beach to rest.

A few minutes later, we waded back out to the crab line. There were blue crabs biting the turkey necks. I took my little, white net with the brown wooden handle and carefully scooped the crabs into my net. I waded back to shore struggling against the tide with my first crab in the net. I put the crab in a big box my mom got on the shore. This was so much fun! Sometimes, it was disappointing when the crabs were too quick and swim away before I could catch them. By the end of the day though, we had caught plenty. I felt proud when we had a crab boil with some of our neighbors that night because I had helped to catch our meal.