

## Big Catch

I stand in the water, rippling against my thighs. Waiting for a victim to bite. Smelling the scent of fresh bait being put onto the line. The water ripples with the little waves that could make a spider fall over. My reel suddenly starts to spin like a ride at the fair reeeeeeeeeeee. I catch the line just in time before the fish gets away. The fish pulls but I pull harder. I let a little bit of line go out then I pull that line back in. Back and forth we go until both of our muscles are sore. I slowly reel the fish in as the waves ripple behind it. Finally, my excitement starts to build up as I get to see how monstrous the fish really is. He shows his sharp fins to me as if to tell me that he doesn't "play around". As I pick up the fish, it weighed the amount of a bowling ball. I take a good, long, look at my beautiful catch, his silvery, gleaming, scales and his sharp and pointy finns. Then, as I did with my last fish, I let the slimy, scaly, and bright colored silver fish slither between my wet, clammy hands into the cool, blue water.