

The Catch of the Day

The day dawned beautifully with the sun just cresting above the trees and the sky so blue it almost hurts my eyes to look at it. The spring birds filled their air with their song. The lake I decided to go to today is a six kilometer hike in so I want an early start. My backpack is sitting comfortably on my shoulders and my dogs are trotting contentedly at my side. The rains stopped a few weeks ago so the air is infused with the scents of new growth.

My first catch of the day is within five minutes of arriving and it is a whopper. I don't understand how it even stayed on the line considering it was at least a centimeter shorter than the worm I am using as bait. I give the line a gentle shake and it falls off rejoining the school of minnows which had been following my line in on each cast.

My next catch is about an hour later and this one weighed in at 75 pounds. How do I know? Simple. My dog, who had been patiently waiting on shore watching the little red and white bobbin being thrown out into the waters and then being dragged in again, finally lost his restraint.

Twelve hours later as we sleepy stepped back into our home. I looked at my catch bag and smiled. My only catches after a full day of fishing were rest, relaxation and rejuvenation.

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