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My First Trout

The day I caught my first trout was an unforgettable day. The trout is a beautiful fish with an astonishing array of vibrant colors that moves in cool, fast-moving brooks or rivers. Trout fishing is one of the greatest things a family can do together. It takes a lot of practice before you can master the art of angling your line perfectly under a tree root or a large rock where the trout lives. I remember the first few times I went fishing for trout. I spent a large percentage of my time unsnagging or untangling my line instead of fishing. In one instance, my tackle box floated away! Even though some of these experiences were hardly enjoyable, trout fishing is still a very fun, thrilling, and satisfying hobby, especially when you triumphantly hold up a stunning trout at the end of the day.

I have loved fishing ever since I was five years old and went with my Pa-Paw. We fished together almost every Wednesday. It was a great bonding time for both of us. Although we only used bobbers and worms for bait, we had so much fun. There was something so peaceful about the water wandering over the rocks and the mud seeping between my toes, and the birds whistling through the pine trees that were swaying under the pressure of the nice, cool summer breeze. There was a feeling of dignity when you did catch a fish, knowing you were self-sufficient. My family and I became deeply interested in trout fishing when all the boys went to Pa-Paw's river to try to catch trout. Although we only caught one trout, we were

astonished by its beauty, and later even more astonished by its taste. It made us look forward to the next time we would wet our lines.

On one peaceful summer Saturday, we all decided it was the perfect day to spend fishing. Soon after we began our fishing expedition, my brothers and dad began pulling spectacular trout out from under the tree trunks. I became irritated that I went fishing just as much as them, but never caught a trout. Maybe it was the fact that I would fish the same spot as one of my brothers or dad, and it was all fished out. Or maybe I just had plain old bad luck. I had caught little sun perch and white fish before, but for whatever reason I just couldn't catch a trout. I shuffled over to a random bend in the river with my head down, disappointed, thinking that today would be like all of the other days. I carelessly cast my line in a hole under a fallen tree root system that looked like a pretty good spot. I started to reel my line in slowly, being careful not to jerk or to move suddenly for fear it might scare any fish that may be approaching my line. I started to sense a little tugging on my line. Knowing a fish was starting to strike at my lure, I stopped reeling in my line completely. Then suddenly, wham! The fish had taken the bait. I whipped my rod back like a bow to set the hook firmly in my prey's mouth. I knew from the force of the pull against me that whatever type of fish it was, it was certainly the largest fish I had ever caught.

The fish struggled in vain for what felt like hours. Finally, with one more mighty pull, a beautiful thirteen-inch Rainbow Trout flopped up on the shore, its vibrant color gleaming in the hot summer sun. I was so amazed at the spectacular trout that I almost let it flop right back into the water. I kept on fishing until the day was over, but I didn't care if I caught another trout or not. I had caught my trophy, and throughout the day, I went back to the bucket about

every five minutes to admire it. I had that trout for dinner that night, and at first, I almost didn't want to eat it because of its beauty. After a few minutes, though, I had eaten every little piece of meat on that fish. That trout is probably the most delicious food I've ever eaten.

I will remember the day I caught my first trout forever. I treasure that day and the wildlife God gives us to enjoy. Although I may catch many trout in the future, never will I have a more exhilarating fishing experience than the day I caught my first trout.