

The Big Trip

by: Daniel DeMott

One day, when I was 8 years old, as I was sitting on my bed reading a book ,I heard a knock on my bedroom door. My father came in, holding a couple of flyers for a group fishing trip. He sat down and asked if I was interested in going with him. At the time I loved fishing very much and took every opportunity there was to go; so of course, I said yes. He told me we would have to wake up very early the next morning so that we could make it to the bus on time. So the very next day around 5:00am, we got in the car and headed for the bus, unsure of future that awaited us.

When we got there, I sat beside my father because I was afraid to sit with anyone I did not know. Everyone unpacked his gear and began to make his way down to the lake. When we arrived my father set up camp. Now, my dad was a novice when it came to fishing and had no idea how to do anything. He had to call some of the other men to assist us. As we were unpacking, we found out that we had forgotten the poles; but thanks to one of the other men there, they let us borrow some of theirs. Finally, with bait on our hooks and poles set, we were ready. My father wanted to show me how it was done, so we went at the very end of the dock of the lake. He showed me how it was done by holding my arms just so, and swung them back in a casting motion. I barely knew how to swim at that age, and was horrified when, all of the sudden, I fell headfirst into the murky water. My father had accidently thrown me in while he was showing me how to cast. I began to flop around in the water like a wet sponge on a countertop. Thankfully, once again ,one of the other men came to our rescue and pulled me out. When I emerge, however, another problem presented itself. Where was the borrowed pole?

Our eyes surveyed the murky surface of the water in a desperate search for the pole. Wet and dripping, I desperately hoped that it would show up. Then, all of the sudden, one of the men started yelling and pointing. There in the water was a small turtle with the pole in his mouth swimming away into the middle of the lake. The turtle took one look at us before submerging himself and the pole. Well, there was no hope in ever getting it back again. My dad paid the man for his pole and we dried off and headed home. Even though many would consider our trip a failure because we didn't catch any fish, I for one counted it as a win because on that trip I learned a valuable lesson. I was never ever going fishing with my dad again.