

Fishing on the Res'

Fishing at the fourth pond was like fishing in a stock tank. It was so small you could skip a rock to the other side, yet this is where the locals congregated to fish, for the tribe kept it stocked with big trout.

Arriving at the crack of noon, we ambled down the bank to the water's edge. There was plenty of people already fishing, so we made our way down the shore looking for a small piece of real estate where we could have some elbow room. After arranging our furniture: lawn chairs, ice chest, tackle boxes, we settled in for a day of fishing.

My next door neighbor was a young fellow who brought his dog along for the occasion.

"How's it going bro?" I asked, "Do you have a stringer full of fish yet?"

"I wish," he said sarcastically.

I figured being friendly was the neighborly thing to do, considering I could shake his hand, cast my line, and pet his dog, without ever leaving my chair.

It wasn't long before my buddy Norman pulled out a nice size trout; this sent my neighbor's dog into a barking frenzy. Every time an angler caught a fish, the dog would have a barking fit and run to the aid of that lucky fisherman.

"It's a good thing he's not a retriever," I said to Norman, who chuckled and cracked another beer. After we had put several trout on our stringer it became abundantly clear that everyone at the pond was catching fish except my immediate neighbor.

"Got'em!" I said, leaping to my feet, setting the hook.

"Don't horse him," Norman replied, landing net in hand.

I put the fish on my stringer, rinsed off my hands and was drying them on my jeans when my neighbor chimed in.

"I don't get it. I have the same bait as you, and my bobber is right next to yours, but I can't catch a damn fish. I have been here since eight this morning and still have nothing to show for it."

"Ah huh," Norman uttered.

"It's just that I paid ten dollars for this tribal fishing license and I was hoping to get my money's worth."

He barely finished his sentence when a big fat guy down the shore hooked into a whale that breached at the center of the pond. All eyes were riveted on the big man as he hauled that whopper towards shore. When the fish reached the shallows it started to thrash, and the big guy (not having a landing net) panicked. Big fish hysteria engulfed him, and he danced a futile jig accompanied by the barking dog. Exasperated, the only thing the fat guy could do was slip and fall on his ass. The steep bank and gravity did the rest; in a split second he rolled into the pond like a beach ball. There he thrashed the water into froth, before rising to his feet, soaking wet and fishless. Choruses of laughter erupted from around the pond. I looked over to see my neighbor doubled over laughing hysterically. Several minutes passed before he was able to straighten up and catch his breath. As he wiped tears of laughter from his eyes, Norman approached him, put his arm around his shoulder and said "That was worth ten bucks."