



Hooked

Chapter 3

It was a clear day, sunshine bouncing off the clear water in the stream. The sound of the water running over the rocks and bouncing in the pools.

Hills on both sides of the stream made the sound of the water echo back and forth.

My fishing line was wet, the hook baited as well as I knew how.

I was a young scout, just starting to work on my fishing merit badge. You see, you have to catch two different kinds of fish. That is easy, right?

Sitting there holding my rod and reel, watching the water race under my feet, I waited for a fish to take the bait.

Waited and then waited some more. Nothing.

“Hi, Scoutmaster.”

The Scoutmaster was walking up to see how I was doing.

“How come you walked way over there?”