**Hooked on Fishing**

# **Unit 8**

 Brian couldn’t believe it was finally happening. But the moving van caused him some very mixed emotions. He was glad his dad was back to work and they could afford their own home again, but he sure was going to miss his grandma being around all the time. Her wisdom and kindness had begun to **pervade** his own personality. He really felt he was a better person and that he acted differently when he stopped to think about how his grandma would react in situations.

“Hey, Brian, you okay?” his mom whispered with concern.

“Yea, I guess I’m just not thrilled about leaving grandma,” Brian answered.

“I’ll tell you what. Since you marked all the boxes correctly and **legibly** – not your usual chicken scrawl -- so the movers won’t have any difficulties putting them in the right rooms, why don’t you go do something fun with Mike?”

“The **remnant** of belongings that is left after the mover’s leave, you can help load into the car when you return. And, as an added **incentive**, how about I give you a few dollars, so you can buy some lunch?”

“Gee, thanks, Mom. Both those should help to **decrease** the anxiety that’s been building up in me over this move,” laughed Brian.

“So, what are you thinking about doing?” Mom asked as she opened the door for the movers.

Brian knew just what he was going to do. The weather was **abnormally** warm for this time of year, so he was going to take advantage of the heat wave and do some fishing.

“I think Mike and I will go try our poles at the Salmon Hole!” Brian exclaimed.

“I know how much you two like fishing there. That should **quench** the anxious feeling you’re having. At least for a little while.”

Brian gave his mom a peck on the cheek and raced out the front door. He had to **swerve** suddenly to avoid falling over all the mover’s equipment stacked up on the porch by the door.

\* \* \*

Mike met up with Brian about halfway between his house and Brian’s grandma’s house.

“Hey, Brian! You want to go fishing?” Mike yelled when he was still a ways from Brian.

“You and I must have had the same idea **simultaneously**, ‘cause that’s what I was coming to ask you.”

“If we’re both thinking the same thought, I guess it would be **prudent** to follow our inclinations! Let’s go fishing!” Mike laughed.

\* \* \*

The Salmon Hole was really just a bend in the local creek that formed a rather deep and still area for fishing. Several species of fish were known to **flourish** there. The name “Salmon Hole” supposedly came from a highly **disputatious** old yarn-weaver who claimed to have caught several salmon out of the hole many years ago. Although others argued that the fish he caught were not salmon, the old man stuck to his story, and the argument was never settled.

 He argued that back in the old days, nothing hindered the fish from making their way from the ocean, up through the feeding tributaries, and into the tiny creek to spawn. The **nub** of the other side of the argument, though, was that salmon were not and still are not known to swim that distance. Even when others argued this logical point, the old man refused to budge. Even so, the fishing spot still retained the name “Salmon Hole” many years later.

As Brian and Mike settled in along the creek bank, they both noticed a small boat tied up along the shore. Neither of the boys had ever fished from a boat before, but they both thought they would sure like to try. As if joined at the hip, they both jumped up, grabbed their poles, and ran to the boat. Noticing no one in the vicinity, they hopped in, and Mike gave it a good shove off the bank.

Neither recognized the **catastrophe** that loomed before them. They had not noticed that there were no oars in the boat. They did not even realize that the current was slowly moving them out to faster water. All they could think about was fishing. Each was casting and recasting, trying to **outstrip** the other by casting into the most promising-looking spots.

 Brian, not wanting to be outdone, attempted a side-armed cast to get more whip on his pole. Unfortunately, he forgot to let go of the bail, and he cast on the same side as Mike was sitting. The proximity of the hook and the whip of the rod drove Brian’s lure into Mike’s shoulder deeply, completely covering the barbs.

Mike screeched in pain and then **ejected** himself from the boat to release himself from the lure. He jumped directly into the fast-moving water. The combination of the **onslaught** of rapidly moving water that covered and pulled at Mike and Brian’s desire to hang onto his pole caused the boat to **capsize**.

Luckily, Brian’s line snapped as he tumbled from the boat, so he wasn’t exerting any more pressure on the lure that was snuggly buried in Mike’e shoulder. They both fought their way to the creek bank and flopped down from exhastion as soon as they were on dry ground.

“You know we will have to cut that hook out,” Brian stated to Mike.

“Yea, you sure **ordained** that necessity when you gave that last extra tug, making sure the hook was set properly,” Mike added sarcastically.

“That wasn’t on purpose, and you know it! It happened because you jumped out of the boat and then the boat flipped,” Brian sniped.

“You could have let go of your rod!”

“And what, be **insubordinate**? You know I always listen to my dad, and Dad always tells me to never let go of my fishing rod, no matter what kind of ugly fish might be on the hook!”

Brian and Mike looked at each other for a moment, and they both began laughing hysterically.

--Ron Powers

**UNIT 8 VOCABULARY**

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| **WORD** | **DEFINITION in your own words from context clues** | **MEMORY TRIGGER** |
| pervade |  |  |
| legible |  |  |
| remnant |  |  |
| incentive |  |  |
| decrease |  |  |
| abnormal |  |  |
| quench |  |  |
| swerve |  |  |
| simultaneous |  |  |
| prudent |  |  |
| flourish |  |  |
| disputatious |  |  |
| nub |  |  |
| catastrophe |  |  |
| outstrip |  |  |
| eject |  |  |
| onslaught |  |  |
| capsize |  |  |
| ordained |  |  |
| insubordinate |  |  |