

## The Fisherman

By

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He stands motionless in the water of the crystal clear stream, waiting with his eyes fixed intensely on the pebbles on the soft bed of sand. He has been standing for many minutes, eyes boring into the water as if willing something to happen, wishing for something to come so that he may claim it as his own and so he stands and waits.

A long time passes and the rod begins to weigh heavily in his hands and his eyes begin to droop. But suddenly a slight motion appears in the corner of his eyes, slowly he turns his head towards the object of interest and there it is, the prize of the day, less than a few feet away and swimming straight towards him.

He raises his rod and casts his line far out into the bubbling clear water. As it comes closer and closer towards him he feels his spirits lift and his exhaustion leave as if by magic, then the fish is trapped, it thrashes and fights but soon begins to tire, it seems that it has lost.

As the man begins to reel in the catch of the day it gives on final burst of effort and frees its self from its inevitable death. It slips into the water and swims away the way it came.

The fisherman yet again leaves empty handed, once again outwitted by the fish.