## Fishing Frenzy

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If the tugging of a fish at the end of your line puts a smile on your face like it did for my Grandpa, this book is dedicated to you.



## Chapter 1

"Come on Luke, get up! We are almost there," I could hear my cousin Bart saying. As my eyes slowly opened I could see that there was finally light coming through the car windows. We had been driving all night and were supposed to reach the lake sometime in the morning. A small smile stretched across my face. I looked outside and could see a forest of green pine trees with the sun just barely peeking over the top of a hill in the distance. I was familiar with the look of all those pine trees; this was Canada, and

home to the best lakes I have ever fished. It was our fourth trip here, part of a now-annual adventure that my sister Crystal, my cousins Justin and Bart, and I live for. I am pretty sure that my dad, Uncle Don, and my grandpa all get pretty excited about this trip, too.

"Good morning, Luke! Are you ready for some walleye fishing?" Grandpa said from the front passenger seat.

"You betcha," I said, still trying to gather my wits.

My grandpa is one of the mightiest fisherman I know. Every year, despite being really old, he wouldn't think of missing out on our fishing trips. He doesn't do much work anymore when it comes to hauling our gear in, but he sure loves pulling in those Canadian walleyes. You can tell from the smile on his face when he's reeling in a big one. Also, it is usually followed by a whistle and "That's a beauty!"

I arched my back in a yawn and turned my head as far around as it would go to look over the camping gear we had stacked almost to the roof. Through the dirty back window and behind the trailer and two boats stacked on top of it, I could see that my Uncle Don was still trailing close behind in his black SUV. I couldn't tell if my cousin Justin or my sister Crystal were in the passenger seat. Even if I could see them, there would be no telling if they were awake or sleeping.

"Morning, Dad. You were driving when I went to sleep. Did you ever take a break?" I asked.

"Still at it; I didn't want to miss out on anything," Dad said.

I shook my head and smiled. Somehow he always ends up driving the most and on a couple of trips, like this one, he guided the ship the whole twelve-hour drive. Dad is the one that really makes these trips happen. He just seems to live for the outdoors and having fun with family and friends.

"Hey, look at that," Dad said, pointing.

There was a bull moose standing on the side of the road. Dad slowed way down and we crept past him.



"Good morning, moose," Grandpa said as he rolled down his window and the chilly morning air pushed into the car.

We were all a little tired, so even though it was fun to see a moose we didn't do much more than look out the window at him. He stepped off the road and watched us drive by. I kept my eye on the moose as Uncle Don approached. I heard him honk his horn, then suddenly the moose jumped out and rolled awkwardly over the hood of his car.

"Whoa, did you see that? The moose just rolled over Uncle Don's car."

"What?" Dad asked, straining his neck and moving his head back and forth to see in the car's side mirror.

"The moose just rolled over his car, I swear it did!" I said again with conviction.

Uncle Don stopped and was getting out of his car. Dad shoved the brakes, pulled over and we all jumped out as if the car were on fire.

"What the heck happened?" Asked Dad, approaching in a hurry.

"Well, I thought it would be funny to wake the moose up by giving him a little honk. Lo and behold, he decided to run to the other side of the road and my car was in the way. He rolled over the hood," Uncle Don explained as he inspected the hood of his precious vehicle. "Whew. The good thing is, he only left one small dent and this mud." Uncle Don was clearly relieved. Uncle Don scooped the mud off his hood and flicked it to the ground.

"Are you sure that was mud?" Dad said with a curious tone and cringe on his face.

Uncle Don, looking surprised, took a whiff of his fingers. "OHH! That's not mud!" He groaned with a grimace like he had just taken a drink of sour milk. We all busted out laughing as Uncle Don attempted to wipe his fingers in the dew-covered grass on the side of the road.

The morning chill was taking over my body, so with a shiver shake I turned and hustled back to the warm Suburban. Still giggling, everyone made their way back inside and we continued our journey down the dirt road.

After half an hour of everyone weaving left, right, up and down as the tires crawled over the rough road and big rocks, Grandpa said,

"I hope you kids are rested up. This is the last corner and then the fun begins."

I looked at Bart and with the lack of expression on our faces we both knew what fun really meant. The worst part of the trip was just about to begin. My dad and uncle had seen this lake on a map a few years ago. They decided to give it a try because this logging road passed within a few hundred yards of the lake, which meant we could get our gear and boats fairly close. But that last few hundred yards is one of the hardest portages ever. We have to carry all of our gear for a four-day camping trip down a path that we cut through the woods. We have to haul boats, motors, gas cans, coolers, tackle, rods, gear, and anything else we need. It's hard work and if that amazing lake full of fish weren't at the other end, we would never put ourselves through the pain of lugging down that path. Like it or not, we have all accepted the fact that the work needs to get done before the fun can begin.

Dad pulled our packed rig over next to a huge rock. The trailer behind us carried two fourteen-foot aluminum boats stacked on top of a mound of gear, and its tires crunched as it came to a halt.

Dad put the car into park and announced, "We made it, let the fun begin!"

We all piled out of the car and one by one reached our arms up to the sky and stretched our stiff bodies. Grandpa was making some pretty funny sounds and declared his body takes a little longer to get moving the older he gets. Unfortunately the sounds weren't just coming from his mouth.

"It's a good thing you waited until we got outside to do that, you might have killed us all," cousin Bart said with an amused smile on his face "That's disgusting!" My sister Crystal said as she came walking up.

"Whoops, excuse me Crystal, I should be more respectful when a lady is present. But we are in moose country," Grandpa said and we all broke out laughing. Crystal is the only girl who comes with us on our trips. Despite her long red hair and bright girly clothes she is a pretty good fisherman. She even likes hunting and bagged a monster buck last year.