

Fishing with Dad



I wake up and smile.

Today I am going fishing
with my dad.

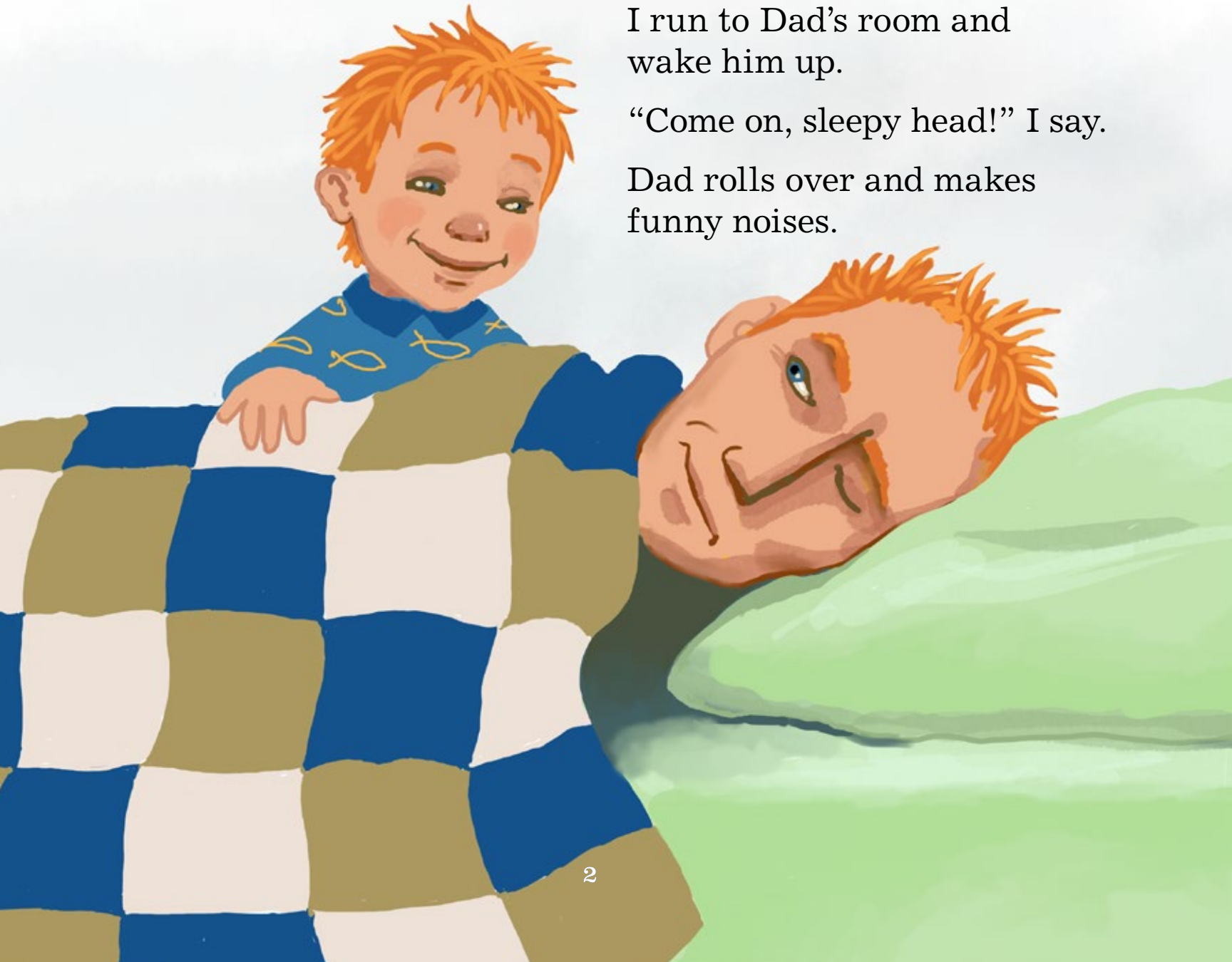
He loves to fish. So do I.



I look out the window
of our cabin.

The sun is shining off the lake.





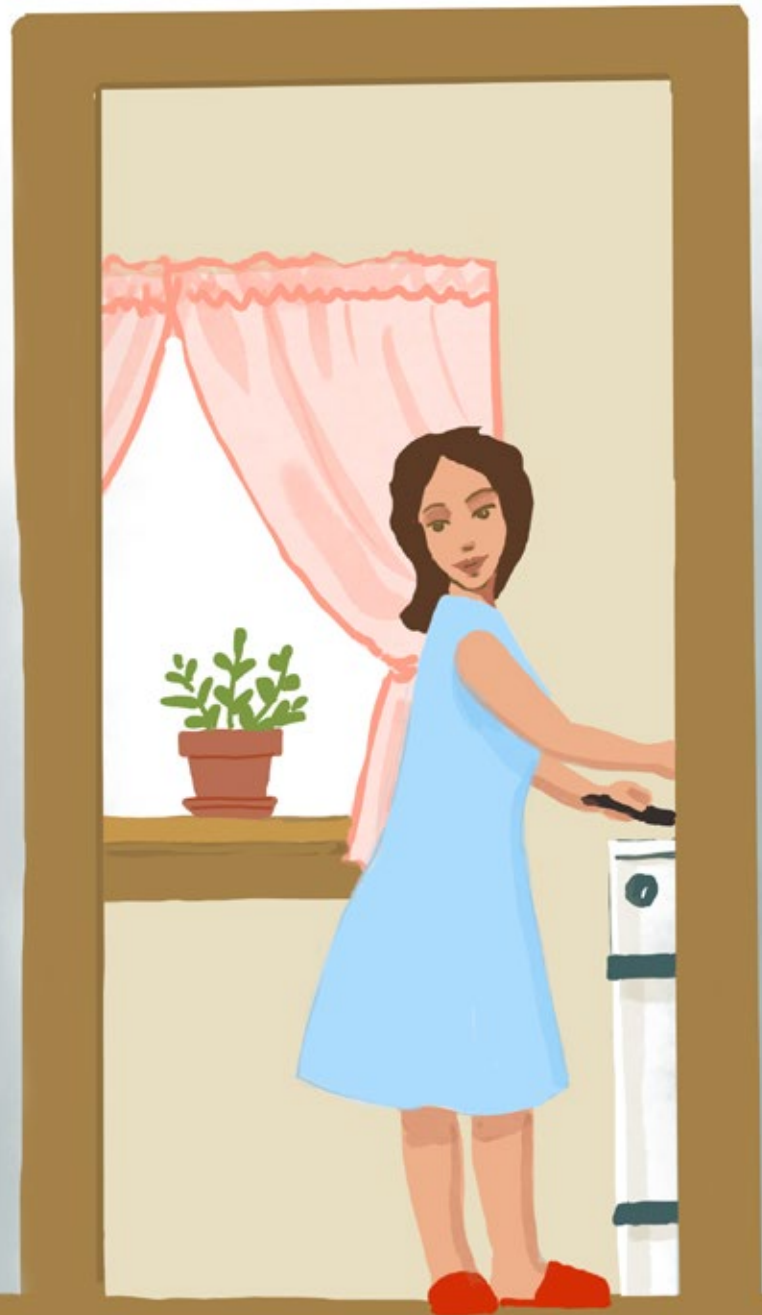
I run to Dad's room and
wake him up.

“Come on, sleepy head!” I say.

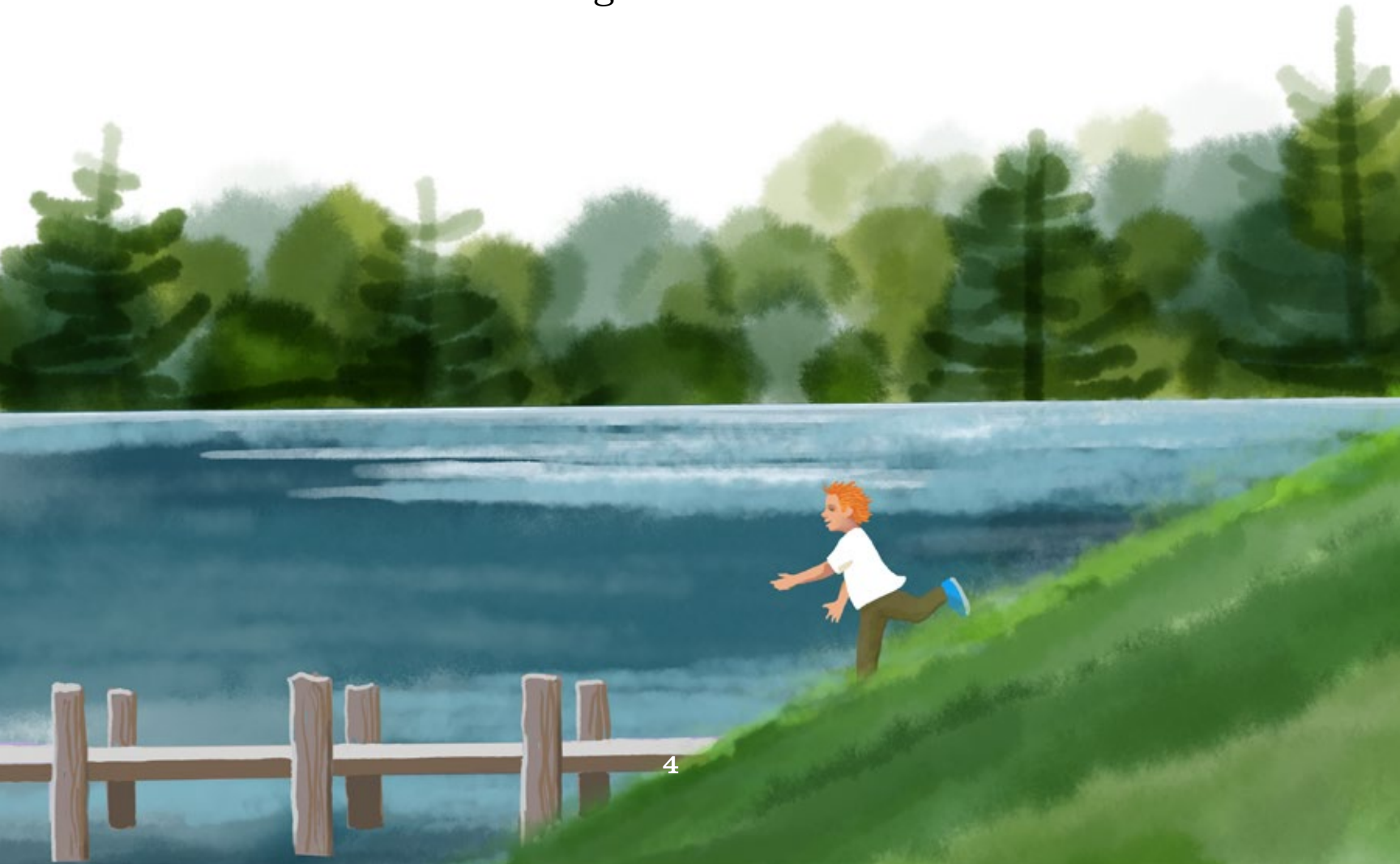
Dad rolls over and makes
funny noises.

Mom makes me
pancakes.

I love pancakes
and my mom.



Dad says it is time to go fishing.
I jump up and run for the door.
This will be great!





Dad and I race down the big hill
to the lake.

I run so fast I almost fall.

I beat Dad to the dock and win the race.

Dad starts the pontoon motor.

I put on my life jacket, so I am safe.

My life jacket is red,
my favorite color.



Dad says he is taking me
to his “hot spot.”

I am not sure what that is.

Dad says it is a spot on the
lake with a lot of fish.

I smile.



We reach the hot spot.

Dad slows down.

We don't want to scare
the fish away.

The anchor drops down to
the bottom.

Now we won't drift away.

I am excited to get my line in
the water.

