

# Catching **BIG BUBBA**



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## **Chapter 1**

The green grass parts like waves on a lake as I belly crawl toward the water's edge. The magic lake has crystal-clear water. It's up to one thousand feet deep. It's also the home of the largest bass in the world.

She has been seen only two times by local fisherman, but she has never been hooked. Not yet! But today, I'm going to catch her.

I pull myself up to my knees and slide my pure-gold fishing rod off my back. My grandfather gave it to me. He was the king of our fishing village.

I unhook the magic lure that has caught two other world-record bass. It hangs from my pure-gold fishing line. This is the only line strong enough to pull in a bass this big.

I'm ready. I scan the calm water and look for any sign of the monster.

Then I see a giant black mass under the water, like the shadow of a boat. It's moving down the shore, closer to me. My heart beats faster, and my eyes focus on the perfect spot to cast. I slowly arc my fishing rod back and then shoot it forward. It sends the magic lure out into the sky.

The lure lands with a splash, and I begin to reel as fast as I can. The lure races through the water as if trying to escape.

The shadow takes off after the lure like a rocket. This is happening!

Suddenly, a mouth the size of a garbage truck opens up and swallows the lure. With no time to think, I brace my feet and set the hook with all my strength.

The monster bass turns and jumps one hundred feet in the air, yet her tail still touches the water! My eyes grow wide in disbelief. I can't believe she's this big. When she lands, a tidal wave surges up.

As she races for the deep part of the lake, my feet start to slide. I'm being pulled toward the water's edge! The drag on my reel screams, and line is being torn out. Smoke

billows from my spool. I'm running out of line! I'm not sure I can hold her!

Then I hear something in the distance.

"Luke, wake up!" says a voice. It sounds like Crystal.

"Luke, wake up," Crystal says again. "It's time to go!"

Several seconds pass while the words sink into my dream. Then my eyes pop open.

I focus on Crystal, standing in my room. She's fully dressed and wearing her yellow jacket.

"Is it time to get up?" I ask, still trying to get my bearings.

“The sun is up, so absolutely,” she says excitedly. “Get out of bed already. We’re going to the cabin!”

“You have no idea what I was just dreaming,” I say, shaking my head.

“Whatever,” Crystal says. “I’m heading down for breakfast.” She races out of my room.

Then my dream fades away, and a giant smile grows across my face. I remember it’s the first day of summer break. We always go to our grandparents’ cabin for the first two weeks of break. I can’t wait to see Grandma and Grandpa and stay at their amazing cabin tucked way back in the woods. And the lake is awesome! It doesn’t have any world-record bass like the one in my dream, but it is full of fish.

My name is Luke. Anyone who knows me knows I love hunting, fishing, and just about anything else in the outdoors. And my grandparents' cabin is one of my favorite places in the world.

Crystal is two years older than me, and she loves volleyball, fishing, hunting, and four-wheeling at the cabin. She has long red hair that reminds me of a lion's mane.

She is about six inches taller than me, but I bet I'll catch her before the end of seventh grade, next year. Mom told me that's when I'll sprout up.

My hair is the same color as Crystal's, but it's a lot shorter. Mom is the only one in our family who doesn't have red hair. She has medium-length dark-brown hair.



I jump out of bed and throw on my blue jeans with the big hole in the knee. I think most of my jeans have holes in them. I then pull on my favorite T-shirt. It's blue and has a big bass on it.

I race down the stairs, skipping every other step. Crystal and Mom are in the kitchen, and I can smell maple sausage cooking. The smell puts an even bigger smile on my face.

Then I notice Crystal. She has a sad look on her face, like she just broke her cell phone or something.

“What’s wrong?” I ask.

“We aren’t going to the cabin!” she says with a mix of disappointment and a little anger.

“What!” I exclaim. I quickly look at Mom.

“I’m sorry, Luke,” Mom says. “Last night your dad got a call, and one of his big projects is having some trouble. He needs to stay and work for a few days, and then we can go up.”

“No way! This can’t be happening,” I say, totally defeated.

Mom gives us both a sympathetic smile. “I know this is disappointing, but you can still have some fun around here.”

“But there’s nothing to do!” I insist.

“Oh, come on—there’s a lot to do around here,” Mom replies. “Not all your adventures have to happen up north at the cabin or in the mountains somewhere. It’s time to get