

"The Tackle Box" (continued)

One Saturday morning I took my rod, reel, and tackle box outside. There was no water around our house, no streams, no creeks or ponds, but there were plenty of woods behind the house. A warm spring day. I walked along and after a while I came to a grassy clearing where the trees ended and the sun poured in.

I sat down, opened the box, took out a sinker, and tied it onto the end of the line. I cast the line out, onto the grass. It sailed through the sunlight and landed on the far side of the clearing. I cranked the handle of my reel—the sinker skittered along the grass when I reeled back. I did it again and again cast out, reel back in, cast out, reel back in. It was fun. There was a rhythm to it, like playing tennis or pitching in a baseball game.

At first I felt a little silly, fishing in the grass, but after a while I completely forgot where I was. The grass became the ocean. The crows flying overhead turned into sea gulls. The tall pine trees at the edge of the clearing swayed in the wind like masts on a ship. ■

From Fig Pudding.