

Dad was right—Grandma found plenty for me to do. In the morning, I stacked firewood, then helped her clean out the rain gutters and change the spark plugs on her truck. The afternoon was almost over when she handed me a cane pole, a bobber, and some red worms.

“Fish fry tonight!” she said, showing me how to bait the hook. “That river’s full of fat bluegills. Drop your line near the lily pads and you’ll find ‘em.”

Down at the dock, I looked things over. The lily pads were too close to shore. There couldn’t be fish there. I walked to the end of the dock and threw my line out as far as I could. Then I sat down to wait. And wait. And wait. My bobber never moved.

“There’s no fish in this stupid river,” I said out loud, disgusted.

We had hamburgers for supper.

