

# SUMMER TO SILENCE

It's 8:00 AM. School's out. The journey's on. Meet up with Jim five after. Shuster says, "dig 'em deep under shade, quiet yet quick, and cover 'em up, lastin' all day." Green grasses are whippin' water to old boots. Folgers won't keep us up, just keep us busy. Our shoulders are groovin', shovels hard, gotta stop soon. The day is about breaks, and I don't mean coffee breaks. Bein' lazy and lovin' the journey has its perks ya know. No cares, we tackle up and head south town. "It's summertime my friend," Shuster says. Feel the air, as we decline to the left and then to the right, breakin' hard by the falls, not just any falls, the falls where catch becomes a lure. The Port holds the rush and reason we're here. Lines are lyin' lazy and low; bugs are bitin' as Slippery Sami comes up for a look. Our lines are headin' west, fast and furious. Last time Sami came to shore tackle went flyin' then floatin' on water. You see, Sami's a snake—we both start to shake at the site of a snake, — enough said. We head east towards the falls to what we call Croppy Crater; this is where catchin' becomes best. Our bobbers float to the east and bob to the west, the further west, pullin' becomes fulfillin', but not until sundown. Sittin' all day smilin' and laughin', swapin' stories in the sun, waitin' while the water turns to ebony east of the falls. The fury begins. Castin' lines to the south, pullin' up to the north, cage 'em quick;

count 'em, compare 'em, and let 'em go back to grazin in the crater. We'll be back tomorrow you know, rain or shine. "We still got bait," Shuster says: we'll leave a little earlier tomorrow, catch 'em while the waves are flat and friendly. "That way we won't need to stay so late," Shuster says. Summer to Silence. It's 8:00 am....

—*Scott Shirk*