

Fish in Small Pond

It was six o'clock and Stan got up. This was a big day and he did not want to miss it. He was glad it was here at last. Stan was going on a trip with his friend, Josh, and Josh's dad, back to Small Pond. It was called Small Pond, but Stan did not think that it was small at all. It was too big to swim across it.

Stan had been to Small Pond with Josh last summer. The pond was full of big fish. He had so much luck that other time with his black rod. That time, he got not one - not two - but six fish, all in the same spot! It had been his best day fishing ever.

When they got to Small Pond, they went back to that spot. It was ten steps from a bench and so Stan could sit on it to rest. But at first, he stood on the wet sand and cast his rod. He did it again and again. No luck! He felt sad but he did not stop. Still, he had no luck.

At last, Stan had to stop to rest on the bench. He set his rod in the wet sand. Just as he sat, he saw his rod bend and spin and he jumped to get it. It was back in his hand. He was in luck. This fish was huge! In the end, Stan just had one fish, but it was the best one.