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He was a clean fish, with sea-lice still on him

GOING FISHING



to fish the mouth of the Flesk River he always said it was too early for 'throu' there. Finally, I told the hotel, I would go out without Tom. Next day, when I got down there, I found the boat – but no oars. The hotel said that old Tom owned the oars. I got oars. That afternoon I found the boat – but it had no thole pins. Tom had heard about me getting the oars. So I cut thole pins from a stick of green sapling. Of course, the wind *would* rise and my green thole pins bent. I slithered all over the lake like this. Then I made Tom take me to the mouth of the Flesk; I brow-beat him into it verbally.

There I got eleven fine trout, all with almost salmon-red flesh from feeding on the plentiful crayfish. Even Tom was enthused.

'Now,' I said; 'what about it being too early in the year? How do you account for these, Tom?'

'Ah ... shure ... I've killed throu' here meself ... before St. Patrick's Day!'

And when I said to him one day, looking around the almost unearthly beauty of the Lakes: 'You're lucky, Tom, to live in such a place as this!' he merely sniffed and replied: 'Ah, sur – I see it every day.'