

River Times

“I caught one!” I would happily yell every time I caught a fish. I go to the Ohio River with my family all the time in the summer. I have had so many wonderful times at that river. It is my favorite place to go in the summer with my family.

One of the great times I’ve had at the Ohio River was when we were fishing and the water level was low, (which is the best time to fish). There was what seemed like a thousand people there because usually there aren’t very many people that fish there. Some crazy people in there early twenties apparently decided that they wanted to go swimming where everyone was fishing. One of the swimmers got tangled up in some fishing lines and started getting pulled under the water. When the fishers tried to reel him in, they pulled him under, and if they left him there he would drown anyway. Of course, my dad, the big calm hero went and called 911. When the ambulance and the firemen arrived, my parents made us leave. While on our way home, we saw three new trucks heading to where that man was in trouble.

About a month later the river was back up to its normal level and it was harder to catch fish. I remember complaining to go home because it was boring not catching fish. The only fish any of us caught in the first hour was a little blue gill that we used as bait. When we were about to leave, my dad put out his last line with no hope of even catching an old can. To his great surprise, he was almost jerked into the water. After catching his balance again, he noticed that his fishing rod was about to snap! I went over and tried to help, but I did no help. My dad’s rod flew out of his hands and under the water. We just stood there watching the rod sink under the water and bubbles shoot up when it went down. We knew my dad was angry so we went home. I laugh whenever I think about that.

Something else that happened in that same summer at the Ohio River was very scary. My family and I were in the fossil garden looking for good fossils to examine. There were few other people looking for fossils too. Some people had a huge Dalmatian that they had taken with them to walk I guess. The Dalmatian was more hyper than a four-year-old on a sugar spree. It was dragging its owners all over the place, especially when it smelled a dead fish. I laughed when I saw them being dragged around by their dog. It made me think of me trying to walk my dog, Midnight, who could pull me around the block easily. Back to what I was saying, we were looking for fossils near the Ohio River. We started leaning over to the water to see all of the fish swimming around. A few seconds after we started looking in the water, that dog unnoticeably came up behind us. "WOOF, WOOF" The

dog barked as loud as possible. My dad was so surprised he started falling into the water, screaming. We all grabbed him and pulled him up before he hit the water. My dad got furious and we had to calm him down before he got too mad. We led him to the car and went home so he could play with Midnight and calm down. It was so hard not to laugh when he did that, but I didn't.

The Ohio River is one of my favorite places because that is one of the only places that my family spends time together.