

Sweet memories of fishing with my grandpa

[Life](#), [Hobby](#)



In the history of the human kind, fishing has always been present. In its coexistence with nature, there is a special relationship between the tireless fisherman and the immense sea, which has played a leading role in the survival of our species. It was very close to the shore where this relationship was born. Shore fishing is as exciting as any other sports activity and its reward is so delicious that it catches your senses and captures you in its delights. The exquisite taste of fish makes me love fishing, but what unites me the most is that I carry it in my genes, because my grandfather could never leave the beach for a long time and I'm sure that neither will I.

Lover of adrenaline and strong as the old oak tree under which he sat to weave his enormous nets, my grandfather told me each of his incredible stories. Tales so interesting that I felt as if I lived them with him. I could spend hours listening to him sitting there, but I would rather listen to his stories as we walked in the sand looking for the perfect place to throw the net and some strings. In search of that place, we breathed the morning breeze, cold, and salty, on the sandy path of the plants of beach grapes. The scandalous waves breaking in the coral forced him to raise his voice so that he could hear him. The road was a hard one because of the load of the equipment, the threads, hooks, buckets, the heavy net full of leads, the bait, the coffee, the sandwiches, and the so important water to drink, that kept us from dehydrating under the merciless sun. The bright morning rays reflected in the water. The small boat was filled with the exquisite delicacy of the sea, but to think about dinner was not as important at that moment as enjoying the other things that nature offered. You had to act quickly because the hours pass very fast by the shore. The faster the team touched the cold

water, the faster we could enjoy the aromatic coffee we brought in the old thermos, the beautiful view, the salt spray that brought the soft dew of the waves hitting the stones and the cries of the seagulls. Sometimes they tried to steal the bait. It was definitely a treat, a therapy, a beautiful day of fishing on the seashore. In the end, the load was even heavier because the return added many pounds of fresh fish, but it was worth it. We expected the family gathered at home with the large bowls, the right species, the marinade and the fried green plantains prepared to make the richest and most delicious dinner in the world. From beginning to end the shore fishing brings to our lives everything we want, desire, excitement, union, sharing, love and the chance to enjoy together what nature gives us.

What else can you wish for? The satisfaction that is felt when taking out the full net is really gratifying, but not always the shore is so generous. My grandfather and I had been working since the previous afternoon repairing the nets, preparing the threads, filing the knives and leaving everything in order for fishing at dawn. We had the positivism that characterized us when fishing, however, the results we would find would never pass through our minds. The hope of a good fishing was fed with seeing that the sea was limp and the movement in the water was seen by the sardines. That type of fish usually attracts the largest fish that is in search of its prey, which increased our motivation. So, we launched the first net, the largest, with the illusion of obtaining from the shore what we had gone to look for, the most enormous fish that it could give us.

Once again, we launched the net with a lot of desire, but our illusion was decreasing as we saw that it was empty. Bring me the sardine! My grandfather shouted and I could hear his frustration in his rocky voice. The “sardine” has small holes that are used to fish the sardine and other small fish, that can be eaten, but they are usually used as bait. This net did not fail, a single roll pulled out enough sardines to fill one of the buckets halfway. Although it was not the sardine we went looking for, now we had the fresh bait that we could use in the hooks. Pinching the baits still alive on the hooks, we threw several threads in the hope of pulling some heavy animal. The fish with big weights, simply, was not on that shore. We had to decide whether to bring sardines to the house or continue and look for what we wanted in the beginning. It was quite close so we decided to take the path, although it would make us return more exhausted, it gave us the possibility of grabbing some of the fat beauties of the sea. We started the journey with good bait, the right equipment and the idea of the fish going up when the tide was high. This would be our great opportunity.

Our idea did not fail and the opportunity was there. From the bank of the river, we threw the threads with which we catch different kinds of fish like, robalos, tunas and more. They detected the sardine, weak and wounded by the hook being trapped in the bite. We could already imagine the smell of broth, the sound of the oil frying fish and green plantains, and the family gathered together eating and telling stories. It was a hard, long and heavy road, but the reward of seeing many happy faces when we got home made us forget it. This sport, fishing can leave cuts, pain, fatigue and perhaps even a swollen and infected finger, but the satisfaction of a family dinner and

telling the stories that a day of fishing can give you, make it worthwhile. The Seashore does not always have what we are looking for, but we always seek to obtain what we want, whether on one shore or another.