No one can accuse my wife of being anything other than a sweet, kind person but she has a tendency to take sport a little too seriously. I was therefore a little relieved last year when she bent a perfectly good putter around a tree and announced to the world that she would never again grace a golf course. My relief was short-lived however when a short time later she decided to indulge in the more sedate sport of salmon fishing. She also told all my fishing buddies that she would probably become better than me at this new sport since she was much more 'patient'.

The morning dawned on our very first fishing trip together. We drove down the bumpy road to our river and prepared ourselves for jihad against the mighty Chinook. My wife wasn't there to make friends and she cast baleful looks at whoever got within 40 feet of her, including me. She tie^ on her lure and an 8 oz. weight and heaved it out further into the river than I thought an amateur could heave anything. Less than 5 minutes later I almost went into shock when her rod suddenly bent over and her reel screamed with pain. Her first attempt at salmon fishing? Her first cast? Maybe she would be luckier than me, a 10 year veteran of the salmon wars! Then strangely the 25 lb. Chinook stopped struggling and she reeled it in like a 6 inch trout. She pulled it up on the bank and I saw whit horror that the back half of the fish was missing. A seal had actually grabbed it and bit off the back half. My wife didn't say a word for quite a while. Then she unhooked it and walked up the bank, muttering all the way before climbing into the passenger side of our truck. Some Albertans walked over and gazed at her fish in awe. They cleaned it up later and barbecued it for dinner (Albertans are like buzzards, they'll eat anything). They told me not to go near the truck until my wife cooled down. Apparently she had muttered something about tearing up her Greenpeace membership card and going to Newfoundland to join in the seal hunt.

Anyway, this is my story and I'm sticking to it The veracity of this tale can be verified by Big Al and his dog in Valemont. I've never caught that dog in a lie yet.

Story by Earle Tupper, Category: 55+