

View From the Islands: July-August 2011
By Bruce Fraser

Bass Plugs and Margaritas

“Hey!” I shouted at my wife, “What’s this treble-hooked bass plug doing in my margarita? Are you trying to tell me something?” “Not me.” she replied, “It’s those two fishermen floating inside our territorial waters – they can’t cast over the boathouse without getting into our drinks or dinner!”

Just then I heard the fishermen grumbling, “these waterfront people think they own the lake and can just put their wharves wherever they want them...don’t they know we can fish right up to the shoreline...and we can walk right up to the high water mark too...and that margarita looks pretty good...you’d expect decent people to be sharing that pitcher...”

Suddenly, the bass plug was whipped out of my happy hour glass, taking the lime wedge with it. I hadn’t noticed the light nylon line and narrowly missed being garroted as it was retrieved. As I clamped my Tilley Hat securely on my head, expecting another flight of lures into my drink to join the bits of worm still floating there, the fishing rig was suddenly swamped by the passage of a massive wake boat, flipping the two good old boys into the lake. The language that followed was unbecoming of gentlemen so I won’t burden you with the matters of parentage or proclivities that they invoked. Besides, nobody could really hear them clearly over the boom box or tell if it was them or the amplified rapper using those words.

As the fishermen struggled to right their skiff and re-assemble their gear, their rapidfire expletives were drowned out by the Cessna 180 taking off through the trees of the island on one of its student practice flights. They usually try to stay over water, but the instructor likes to look in our bedroom window, just in case. With the spinning rods again in action the casting began in earnest, one snaked into the trees, a second cast hooked into an unwary blackbird and a third now sported a fluorescent green noodle. I believe I could hear the low rumble of laughing bass. Two vicious casts later and the fishing skiff was whisked off down the lake faster than the 6am wakeup waterskier. They had hooked a float tube full of screaming children who had been whiplashed over the shallows, you know, the ones on the danger side of the floating green buoy that every boater with a certificate knows how to read.

All we needed now was a jetski driver looking over his shoulder at those girls in the canoe while setting the over-wharf jump record. “Oh no, did I actually say that?” “Hide the margaritas, dear, and get me the double barreled harpoon – there’s two of them.”