

Kowalski Goes Fishing

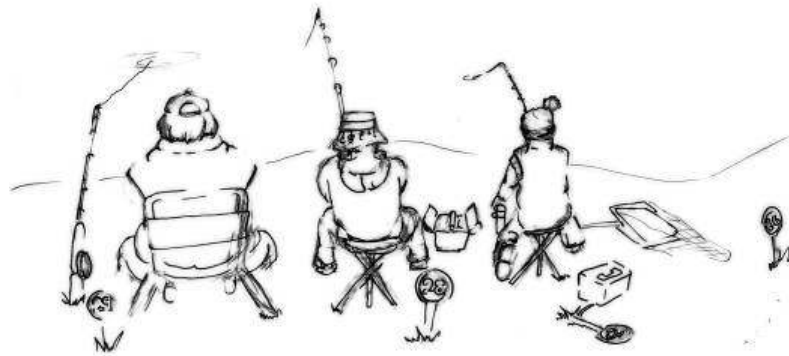
Mildred, that's my old lady, she says, you need a hobby. I says, what do I want a hobby for? She says, to get you out from under my feet. Ya see! That's what ya get! That's what ya get when you've finished workin'. They wants to get you out from under their feet.

I says, maybe we should get a bigger house. She says, oh yeah! An' are you gonna clean it? Are you gonna pay for it? So I go up in the roofspace an' dig out my old fishin' gear. I got a real fine rod an' line. I got a keep net. I got a foldin' stool. I got floats. I got lead weights. I got a bait tin. I doan got no bait though, but Mildred she puts me up some sandwiches. That's meat paste an' white sliced bread. I think maybe I'll pick up a burger an' fries on the way home. One good squeeze an' them sandwiches'll be perfect for the fish.

So, down at the lake you gotta get a ticket. There's a pasty-faced kid in the kiosk. He says, yore 28 Grandad. Grandad! I ask ya! I says, 28 what? He says, just 28. I says, what the hell does that mean? He says, that's yore place. Just look for the wooden peg. I says, this ain't the way we do it back home. He says, you ain't back home. Then he gives me a card with writin' on it. That's the rules, he says. OK, I says, I'll read 'em later. I ain't got my glasses with me.

So I goes along the shore. Well there's a row of miserable sad old men squattin' by the water's edge, an' there ain't one of them caught so much as a cold. I fetch up at peg number 28. There's a Great Ape on one side a me, an' a pansy on the other. I get out the foldin' stool. Ten years in the roofspace done it no favours, so it puts up a struggle. The pansy says, you need a hand there, Grandad? What's with these people? I got nothin' against pansies, so I tell him, when I need yore help, I'll holler, an' he takes the spike. He says, well, I only asked. I says, sure ya did, an' then the chair folds down on my pinkie. I lets out a yell, an' he says, whoops. Well I'm gonna correct him then, but the Great Ape starts up. He says, hey, you two, knock it off. Yore scarin' the fish. I says, what fish? You ain't seen a fish all day. He says, doan tell me what I seen. I'd forgotten how much fun fishin' was. I says, you wanna keep yore own voice down, maybe you'd catch sumpin'. I heard there's bird flu goin' round. He says, you keep that up old man, I'm gonna come over there an' settle ya down.

Well, I'm gonna tell him I'd like to see him try, when number 30 joins in. He says, shut the fuck up, you guys, I'm tryin' a fish. So the Great Ape has a pop at him too. Who are you tellin' to shut up? Well, who do you think I'm tellin'? Well, I think yore tellin' the wrong man, buddy. Yeah? Then they're up an' at it like a pair of cockerels.



So that's when the pasty-faced kid shows up. They must be breakin' one a the rules. He says, what the fuck's goin' on here? An' the pansy says, doan ask me pal, an' by that time I've got the foldin' stool fixed, an' bait on the hook, so I just make a cast, neat as you like, after so many years, right out into the middle of the lake. Meanwhile the Great Ape has number 30 in a headlock, but number 30's makin' a dirty move with his left hand that brings tears ta yore eyes. That's when the cops show up. The pasty-faced kid musta had a mobile. So the cops haul-ass number 30 an' the Great Ape off down the station, an' the pasty-faced kid goes back to his kiosk, an' me an' the pansy get on with our fishin'. But all that commotion ain't improved things, so I says to the pansy, d'ya drink Jack Daniels? An' he says, always willin' to give it a try, so we off to the bar, an' pick up some burgers an' fries too while we we're at it.

When I gets home, Mildred says, how was that dear? I says, just fine for a first attempt. An' she says, are you goin' again? An' I says, only if you promise to make me some more of those meat paste sandwiches.