

PINE RIVER  
by Elizabeth Sugas

She lifted the fresh caught brown trout up by the tail so the morning sun caught the speckled fish giving it a jeweled look. She quickly cleaned it and readied it for cooking 20 minutes after catching it in the nearby stream. The stream waters played its melody. The sound mixing with a beautiful Michigan campout. The fish had been cleaned, washed and rinsed, joining yesterday's catch to make a full frying pan of trout for breakfast. The pan was an old iron skillet that had seen more family campouts than the fishing girl's years on earth. Sliced onions, oil and butter slid into the pan. She called out to the parents and brother – "Breakfast is ready in 20 minutes." Someone had forgotten the coffee pot! The coffee grounds were dumped into a pot with an egg to settle the grounds. Her humming joined the creek's melody. Her voice spoke relaxed words "I guess Grandpa and his friend Ernest Hemingway couldn't have had a better time than this!" The fresh sliced potatoes sizzled and smelled wonderful in the summer air. Another pan held sliced apples sprinkled with cinnamon. Bread toasted, flipped quickly and butter added, with fresh picked wild blackberries became everyone's favorite.

"I don't know who else on earth could be having fresh caught trout and blackberries for breakfast except maybe Queen Elizabeth and Prince Phillip." Mom's voice rang out in perfect harmony. The champagne and juice glasses were lifted – each adding a toast.

To a great day!

To family fun!

To memories of Grandpa and his friend Ernest Hemingway: may we always remember their good times!

Let's love life! This will be a great summer!

Tina thought about the writing class and Hemingway: make it look easy, do what you love, love what you do. I know one thing about Hemingway. He didn't write about right or wrong, he just wrote what was. Maybe that blinking star in the sky last night was old Ernest Hemingway telling us to have a good time! Camping, fishing and eating fresh trout – yum!