



Fish On!

LUCKY LUKE'S
HUNTING ADVENTURES

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*This book is dedicated to
my wonderful grandparents.*

*Thank you for having cabins
that were the stage for
life long memories.*



Chapter 1

I was startled to attention when the line on my twenty-foot fishing rod jerked and the rod was bent toward the pure blue water of the ocean. "FISH ON!" I yelled to the captain. The others with me on the Pirate Ship cheered as the drag from my pure gold reel screamed. The line was zipping out as easy as water flows from a hose. With my eyes bursting and a huge smile on my face, I looked to my right and now I was sitting in a small wooden boat much too small for the ocean.

“Bring him in!” my cousin Tom said, and with a huge tug of my giant fishing rod I felt the enormous weight of the fish at the other end.

“This could be the one, don’t lose him!” A voice called out from behind me. I looked over my shoulder and saw my grandpa cheering me on. Bearing down and with superhero strength, I pulled the fish straight up out of the water. The four-hundred-pound bass flew over our heads and landed right in the back of the boat. I jumped up, raising my arms in victory, and then my entire body twitched and woke me up. The image faded quickly in my mind as I realized my face was buried deep in my soft pillow.

A small smile grew on my face as I realized I had just caught the biggest bass in the world, at least in my dreams, but in the real world it was my family’s first

morning at my favorite place in the world: the cabin. We showed up late last night after the long drive from the city. It’s a drive I am used to, since we have been making it since I was born. I didn’t even have time to get my fishing stuff unpacked and sorted before my brother Vernon and my sister Crystal and I were directed off to bed by Mom.

Vernon is three years older than me, and he loves to catch fish just about as much as I do. The one thing Vernon doesn’t like to do, though, is get up early. That means in the morning, the lake is all mine.

Crystal’s only a year and a half older than me, but that still makes me the youngest. She likes to go fishing, but she only goes when Dad takes her out. I think Dad is too easy on her. He puts her bait on, takes her fish off and treats her, well, like a girl. I gave Dad a hard time about it once and he told

me, “It’s a Dad thing. Maybe one day you’ll understand.”

There are so many cool things that make my grandpa and grandma’s cabin the best place to be. There’s the lake itself, of course. But there are also the endless woods, which has been the stage for many thrilling spy adventures and some pretty intense war games for my brother and sister and me. Over the years, we’ve built the most amazing forts. One time we even tried spending the night in one. If it weren’t for the pesky mosquitoes, we would have made it. But instead we were chased back into the cabin, even before our parents had gone to bed.

When we aren’t having some kind of adventure around the cabin, the only other place you will find me is down at the lake. I have never seen a lake as amazing as Bapoe’s Lake. It was named after my great grandpa,

who I don’t remember because I was only two when he died. But I keep hearing how I am just like him: a fishing fanatic.

The water in the lake is crystal clear and there are so many fish in it, I believe if the water dried up, you would see fish stacked twenty feet deep. My grandparents’ cabin is one of only four cabins on the lake, and in all the years I have been fishing Bapoe’s Lake, I have only seen one other boat on it.

After I woke up and realized there was no Pirate Ship, no four-hundred-pound bass, I wanted to see if the sun was up, so I peeked out the window over my brother, who was tucked deep in his sleeping bag, on the little couch next to me. “Yes!” I whispered, not wanting to wake Vernon up. I slid out of my bag and grabbed my jeans, shirt and socks, which were piled up on the floor next to my

bed. I quietly walked across the cold, hard floor heading to the porch.

“Good morning.” With my eyes still scrunched together as I tried to fully wake up, I greeted Grandpa, who was sitting in his usual rocking chair with a mug of coffee steaming next to him.

“Morning, Luke,” he said with a smile. “You’re up early as usual. Couldn’t you sleep?”

“Nope. I woke up to this awesome dream, where I think I caught the biggest bass in the world.”

“Mmmm, sounds like fun,” Grandpa said as he took a careful sip of his coffee.

I looked out the windows of the porch to make sure that everything was just the way I remembered it. Like I was looking at

a picture, there was the magical lake, as flat as glass with steam floating over the surface. The trees on the other side of the lake were just as clear in the water as they were in the sky.



The dock looked rather peaceful as it lay in the water and Grandpas old pontoon was tucked up on the shore not to far from it. The only thing missing was my little boat, and that would be down there soon.

After focusing on the lake, where I really wanted to be, I scanned the hill to see if there were any animals.

“Any visitors this morning?” I asked.

“Those two big grey squirrels over there and the typical birds at the feeder. That’s been it so far.”

“Hmm. I’m going to grab a bowl of cereal and get my boat in the water.”

“I bet you are. It should be a good morning. The water has been warming up, and the fish should be active,” Grandpa said.

I made my way to the kitchen and found the box of Cheerios. I opened the fridge and it was packed so full, I couldn’t believe nothing fell out. I grabbed the milk, poured it over my cereal, and headed back out on the porch to sit with Grandpa.

“Well, what are you going to try this morning?” Grandpa asked.

“I think I’ll start with my lucky silver Rapala. And if the weeds are too thick I will try a spinnerbait. Do you think those would be good choices to start with?”



“Sounds good to me. Don’t forget about the red and white Basserino that I gave you for your twelfth birthday last year. That always seems to work on big bass.”



I lifted my bowl and slurped down the last drop of tasty milk, and then I was ready to head out.

“Wish me luck grandpa; off I go to get the big one.” I said with excitement.

“Good luck, Luke, but more luck is the last thing you need. You usually have enough luck for the both of us.” Grandpa joked.



Chapter 2

I quietly slid out the front door, making sure not to wake anyone else. I loved to get up early and take advantage of a new day. Grandma always said, “The sun rises each day giving you a chance to enjoy its glory. It’s up to you to make the most of it.”

What that meant to me was that I had to get outside and have some fun!

As I walked down the top two wooden steps and jumped over the last two, I felt the