



Early One Morning

By Melvyn Newton

I was up very early that morning, taking bread to the fishermen by the lake. I like being up early and having the countryside to myself. I saw a boat out on the water, the men in it were trawling their nets but I could tell they hadn't caught any fish. They didn't look happy about it.

There was a man on the shore. He called out to the boat and asked them if they had caught any fish. They shook their heads. The man told them to cast their nets on the other side of the boat. They looked at him for a moment. I think they were wondering, like me, what difference it would make. If there's no fish, there's no fish. Anyway, they did what he said and cast again. Straight away, I could see the nets pulling. Soon, all of the men in the boat had their hands on the net and they were shouting to each other. They tried to pull the net in but it seemed very heavy. One of them recognised the man on the shore and jumped out of the boat and waded toward him – he was very excited.

The man on the shore had made a fire and cooked some fish, so by the time the rest of the fishermen came to him, there was food ready. They didn't care about the food though, they were more excited about the man. It was like they hadn't seen him for a long time.

I had spent far too long watching all this and trying to hear the conversation between the man from the shore and the fisherman who had jumped in the water. I would have loved to have joined them. There was something very special about this man, and the fishermen obviously thought so too. But I had to get breakfast to fishermen working further up the shore, so I carried on with my journey.