



Bret's Fishing Trip



Bret and Don walked down to the river on a bright, sunny morning. They went past a wooden bridge and a big rock on the path. Bret had a big backpack on his back. "I hope we catch a huge catfish today," Bret said.



"I would like to catch a little sunfish," said Don. "We can stay out and fish until sunset." Bret tied their little boat to a big tree by the bank. He did not tie the rope tight. Don wiped some dust and a sticky cobweb off the seat.



Then they got inside the boat. It was a very small boat, almost the size of a bathtub. But it was just right for them. Don tossed his fishing line into the deep water. Bret opened his bag.



"Do you want a snack while we wait?" he said. "I have some popcorn and a hotdog." He also had a sweet pink cupcake for each of them. The two friends munched on their food and watched the water, hoping for a bite. Suddenly, the wind picked up.



The boat gave a sharp jerk, and the rope slipped right off the tree! "Oh no," yelled Don. "The rope came off! We are drifting away!" The boat began to glide down the fast river. They did not have a pole or a stick to push back to the bank.



Their friend Thad was on a high hill by the river. He heard Don yell. Thad could look down from the hilltop. He could see the little boat drifting fast. "Hold on tight!" Thad yelled to his friends. "I will help you!"



Thad ran fast down to the edge of the water. He was very quick. He got a long, thick branch. He held it out to the boat. Bret and Don grabbed the branch. Thad gave it a strong pull. The drifting boat came to a stop at the bank.



Bret and Don hopped onto the bank. They pulled their boat onto the wet mud. "Thank you so much, Thad," said Bret. "You saved us!" Thad smiled and helped them pack up their things. They did not catch a fish that day, but they were happy to be safe on land.