**Carl Vlok**

**Descriptive essay: Rough**

It was a scorching hot day on the Zambezi River in the middle of Zambia. Me, my 2 cousins, their dad and my dad went fishing on an old rusty fishing boat that has been to every nook and cranny of this vast river. The breezy wind that is blowing over the cold water of the river is the only thing that is keeping us cool. I cast my orange fishing line into the murky water, hoping to finally catch the large and violent Tiger fish. Its teeth can penetrate human flesh as if you’re cutting a piece of cake. The spinner attached to my line starts sinking into the water and the wait is on. Minutes pass and you start feeling like a dried-up sponge with no energy.

On the last stretch of our three-hour long journey, my dad passes me an ice-cold bottle filled with Oros. When I take my first sip, I feel every single water molecule falling down my dry throat, and that is when I feel it, at first it was a quick tug on my line, and then it’s as if a 400kg man pulled on my line. I nearly fall off the boat, but my uncle grabs me and does not let go. And that’s when the yellow and black scaled monster jump out of the water, it’s the monstrous Tiger fish. With my uncle holding onto me to and a monster on the line. With the support of my family and my trusty fishing rod I start fighting the fish. The weight of the fish starts hurting my arms and I am in a tug of war with the fish.

After five or more minutes the tiger fish is a meter away from me, I can see its glistening scales and its teeth as sharp as a sabretooth tiger. With a few more pulls, our guide brings his fishing net and scoops up the fish, he struggles lifting the monster but eventually gets it on deck. While it lays there, we all gaze at the giant. Its teeth as sharp as a knife and the reflection on the scales hurt your eyes. Nearly a meter long and 31kg, this is easily the biggest fish I have ever caught. My one cousin thinks it would be funny to see how far he can stick his finger down the fish’s throat, and so he takes his middle finger and shoves it in the fish’s mouth, that’s when the tiger fish bites down on his finger with three razer sharp teeth piercing through his bones. He screams in pain and the whole boat freaks out. The tour guide opens up the fish’s mouth while my dad pulls out the teeth the are lodged into my cousins small fingers.

We rush back to camp with my cousin in tears and my shirt around his finger. When we get back his dad picks him up and rushes him to the medic room that is no larger than a classroom with a single bed and a few boxes of medication and treatment supplies. My older cousin and I head back to camp and after three long hours she returns with stitches in her finger. My most glorious day of fishing turned into a disastrous day.