

In 2020 I was helping families survive COVID lockdowns and bubble limits by taking them fishing.

It was a very successful year of fishing. Well - except for trout fishing.

During my captivity (2017-2019) I was not permitted to fish for food. I was forced to go (sneak) to the food bank to feed my Uncle for 10 months while I starved, losing 1/3 of my body weight and developing the seizures that are my 4th terminal medical condition.

My rapist regularly searched the house for food - stealing and destroying what she found.

This was done to me as a child as well - my grandfather taught me to smoke, salt and pickle food - so I could cache it in places the adults couldn't find it.

I had to use these skills again in 2017-2019.

In particular - From Nov 2018 to Feb 2019 - I ate lobster bait. Not figuratively. I boiled and then drank the bone broth from lobster bait so I wouldn't be so hungry as to take my Uncle (with Huntington's) food - which I got from the foodbank. I was told to starve or my Uncle would be killed - so I starved. I ate just enough lobster bait to not take his food.

For that 4 month period I drove to Shelburne every couple of weeks for fresh lobster bait for my Uncle who was a lobster fisherman. He was being beaten as often as 5 times a day - so sneaking me a little lobster bait was a huge risk for him. He pretended I was trapping with it. Which I also wasn't allowed to do. I pretended I was trapping with it. I ate it, for months.

In March 2020 I was taking Family A beaver trapping - for a couple weeks in March - not serious trapping - we didn't get any beavers. Just wanted to see how they'd handle being in the woods.

In March 2020 - the gov't announced the opening of trout season, normally April 1st, would be moved to May 1st.

I took Charley - the wife from Family A - trout fishing. May 1st was freezing - she lost the use of her fingers by 9:30 am and we walked out at 10 am. She swears she's never going trout fishing with me again.

I did warn her - my favorite fishing spots are absolute hell hole miseries to get to.

April : Trout season postponed until May by COVID.

May : Trout - 1 excursion - broke my friend. Didn't take her trout fishing again.

June : Shad

- In May and June I took Charley, her son (5 yr) and some friends shad fishing in the valley - my normal spot.

- We caught our limits each time. Charley insisted on coming back until she landed a shad. Many people fish for years before getting one in the net. It's even harder in June when they start to get softer.

Shad are anadromous. The spawn in freshwater, live in saltwater, and return to spawn in

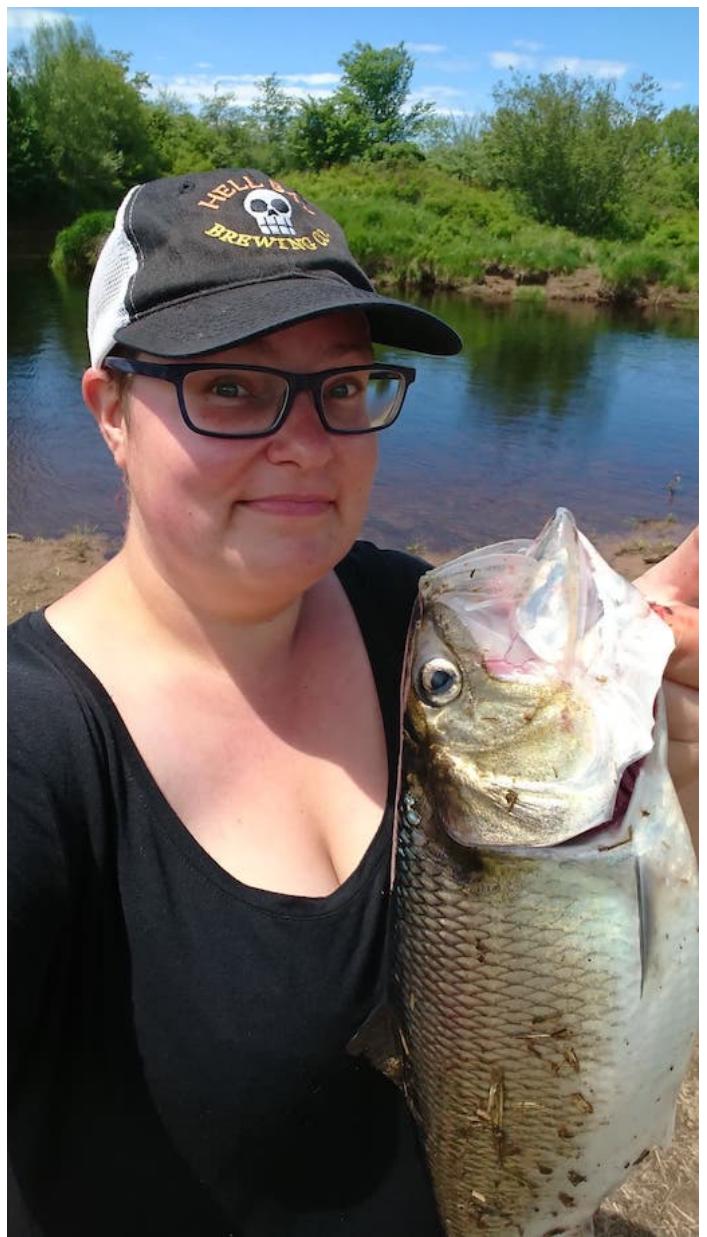
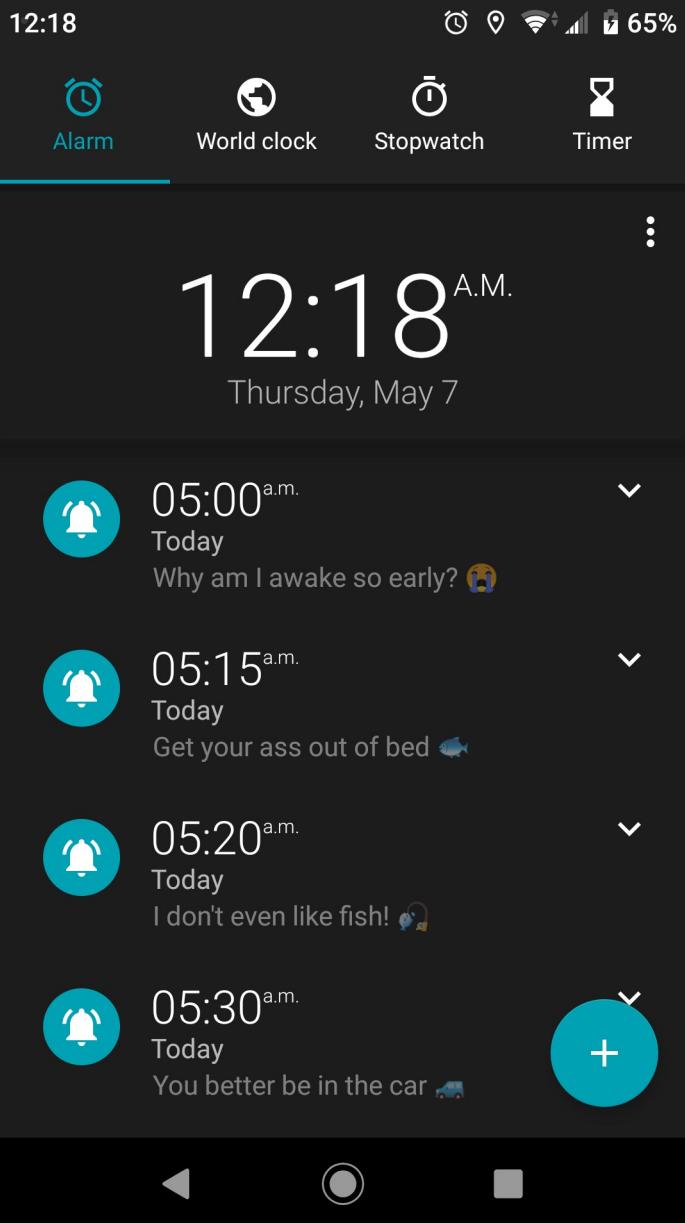
freshwater the next year. Shad, like kiack, don't eat when they spawn - so they slowly starve losing bone and muscle mass. This makes their mouths softer - hence you lose more the farther into summer you try to catch them.

- Charley had many National Geographic quality jumping fish - as did I. I could only land 1 in 3 or 1 in 4. She insisted on staying until she landed a fish. She did - a 5-6 lber.
 - Charley also got to see the chaos and danger of people competing for space while shad fishing.

July - Sept : Mackerel

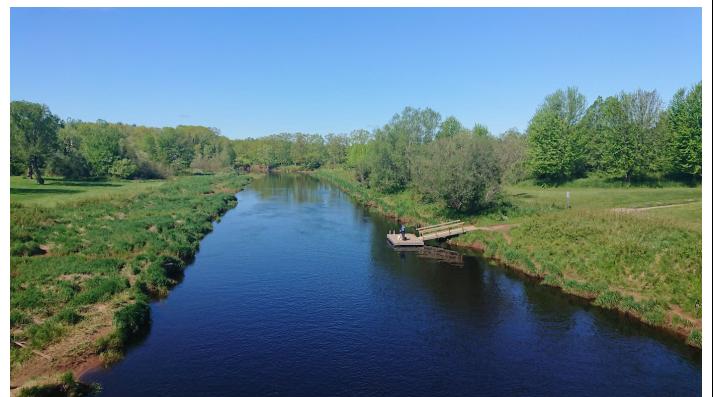
- It was an excellent mackerel season with big runs in July and August in Liverpool near the bridge.
- Salmon Rock and Voglers Cove were also both popular and excellent. The 5 yr old and I even managed a few pollack and cunners (a kind of wrasse or saltwater perch)
 - There is an excellent video of the 5 yr old sobbing after his mother puts his best friend (a grasshopper he found 20 seconds ago) on a hook for him. He insisted on releasing him into the wild (a funeral).

Shad Fishing



It's the same person. They speak for themselves.





Lunch ...

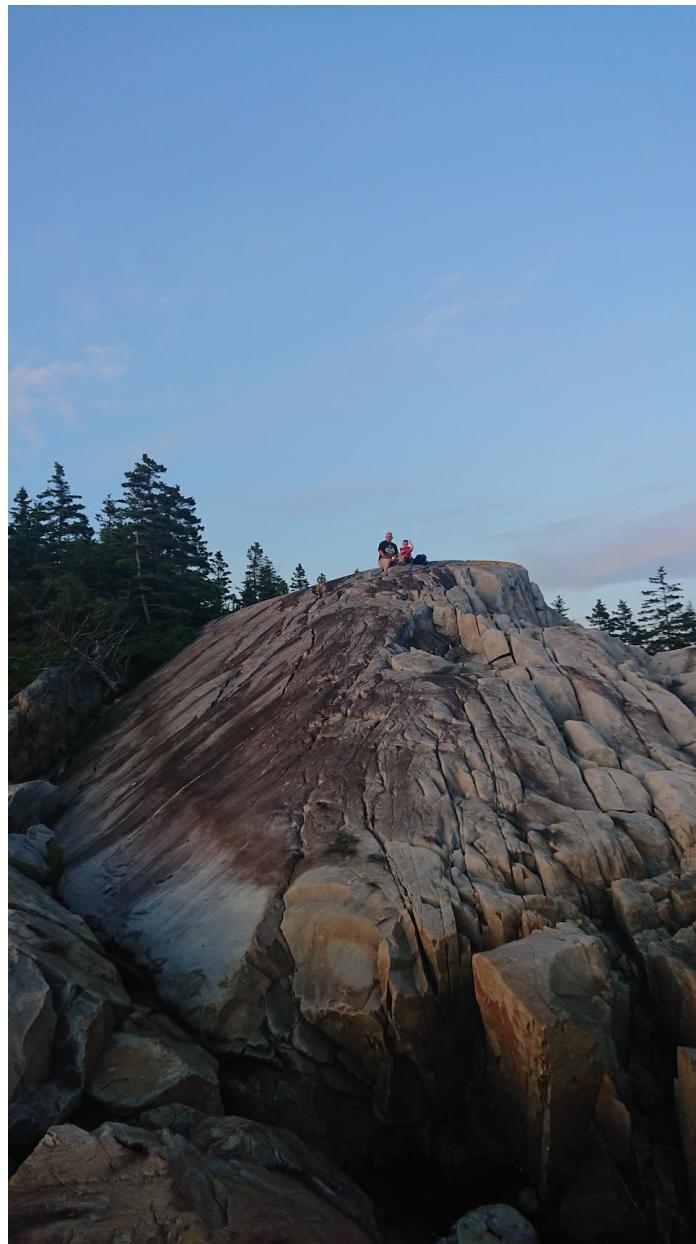
... with a view.



Bored fishermen go on adventures.

Sad fishermen go for lunch.

Mackerel Fishing

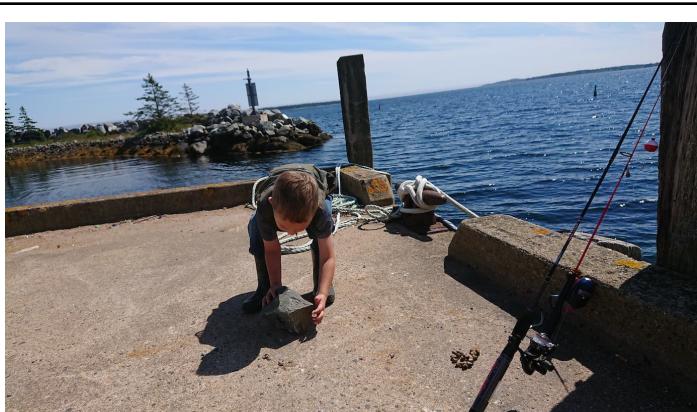


Some spots are dangerous to get to. The 5 yr old wouldn't come down the rock.

Early mornings and late nights took their toll on the youngest fisherman.



He was a rockstar at Vogler's though.



Smashing periwinkles for bait.

Murdered friend. You really should see the funeral video.



Spiderman ... always Spiderman.