

## Narrative Essay Draft

Fly fishing has been my life for the past 8 years. Whether I was a young kid getting dropped off at the local lake near my home for the day while my mom went to work, or I was downstairs tying my own flies every other night, I love it. The idea of catching a 20+ inch trout lives in every fly fishermen's mind and is something few are able to do in their lifetime. However, I was able to achieve this feat only last weekend. While home, I decided I was going to try a new spot that my girlfriend's father had told me about where he had good luck three years prior. As I wandered through the giant cottonwoods and deep flowing stream, my curiosity only got more and more piqued as I ventured further. After stopping for a snack, I had decided it was time to put a line in the water. As I fished my way along, the thought of a large, deep, and meandering pool had been stuck in my mind. So, the closer and closer I got to it, the more my excitement grew. As my indicator slower drifted through I stayed at the ready for the imminent strike that never came. I was awestruck-how could I not have even a small fish come out from there? I continued to fish up slightly soured about the most promising spot being a dud. That was until my indicator shot down at a speed that only could be a big fish. I set the hook and felt nothing but weight and saw the flash of a bright golden brown trout. The fight was a battle of brawn, between me pulling him from the trees or him trying to pull me into any piece of cover he could find. However, after what felt like hours, he finally began to come to the top where I would be able to bring him into my net. I pulled the net and began to bring my rod behind me as he slid across the water with a defeated look in his gorgeous eyes. He slid into the net and was everything I had ever dreamed of: a 20 inch beautiful German Brown Trout with spotting that would rival any painting of Van Gough. As he slowly swam away I gave him my thanks and I watched his tail wave goodbye as he began to slide into the depths of the pool that had brought me from my lowest low of the day to one of the best moments of my fishing career.

This seems like an awkward way to contrast time, maybe find a way to mirror the structure of your contrasted statement.

Also, this isnt a complete sentence and leaves the reader at a cliffhanger of sorts. It should take something closer to the form:

"Whether A or B, C has  
H. Ryott Glayzer  
05/09/2024 11:46 ...

This reads informative rather than narrative, put me in your shoes, don't just tell me about them.

H. Ryott Glayzer  
05/09/2024 11:51

Maybe expand more on this, ie:

"There I sat, in my dried out rocking chair on my front porch, absentmindedly cleaning my shotgun. I thought back to the time I was fishing with my in-laws. My FIL, a gruff old man with a sledgehammer for a nose and a stubble-covered butt chin, looked off into the distance ...

H. Ryott Glayzer  
05/09/2024 11:50 ...

Be more decsriptive here. See earlier note.

H. Ryott Glayzer  
05/09/2024 12:08

Maybe come up with a speculative backstory to really hammer in the features of this fish. Did he look like he fought in the Great River War of 1998? Was there a distinctive twinkle in his eye vaguely reminiscent of an anime character? Who is this fish?

H. Ryott Glayzer  
05/09/2024 12:08