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Night Fishing

Nin Andrews

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Nin Andrews

NIGHT FISHING

We were eating Milk Duds and drinking some kind of colas on the screen porch, a moth bopping the light bulb overhead, me still wearing my itchy wool skirt and knee socks with penny loafers. You wanted to take me over the hill past the barn and show me something. *Like what? That old rabied dog you keep locked up?* Out back Dad was using the chain saw in the dark. Jimmy was chopping wood. We snuck down to Milton's Pond where the moon slid on the water. *See that?* You asked me. *See what?* I asked. I didn't want any part of you touching me. Like the moon was some kind of excuse, you tore off your clothes and dove in. I remember how you looked, buck naked and belly white, like a fish jumping, once he's hooked.