

While **Willy** scanned the water,
Walter rummaged through the tackle box.

“Shhh,” said Willy. “You’ll scare the fish away.”
“Me? What about you? That neon vest screams ‘scram’ to the fish!”
“But I like my vest . . .”



“I’m sorry,” Walter said.
“I’m just trying to help you . . .



. . . catch a really **big** fish.”



“Like I need help from you,”
Willy said, making his first cast.

“Just watch.”

They waited for a bite . . .
and waited,
and waited.

