

### Deep Sea Fishing

The plane touched down in Cancun Mexico at 7:00 p.m. I was so excited to be off that humid and crowded plane. I'd been next to my sister for the past eight hours but it wasn't over yet. It took another two hours to get to the resort. My family had decided to go on a family vacation. My aunt, two cousins, mom, sister, brother, grandpa and grandma all came.

Once at the resort I went straight to bed and woke up the next morning at 7:00 a.m. We were going to go deep sea fishing. My aunt, grandpa, and cousins, Adam and Owen, were the only ones who wanted to go besides me. I was excited because I had never caught a fish, let alone go deep sea fishing! The bus was scheduled to meet us out in front of the resort at 8:00 so I hurried to get ready.

The bus left right on time and took us an hour trip through grass and reeds higher than the vans windows. I was nervous enough already but the reeds just made me feel trapped because I could only see the bright blue sky. We drove up to a large, dome-shaped, straw hut and a man was waiting for us out front. He explained what fish we would catch, where we would go, and who would guide us throughout the trip.

Our guide was a short and stocky man with a contagious smile and neatly cropped hair. He took us to a white boat with an upper and lower deck. The sun glared off the ocean and the waves were too big for my liking. The boat surged over the huge hills of water and every time I looked up the shore got smaller while the waves got bigger. I could only see small specs of white which I thought were other fishing boats in the distance. I found out later that it was the island of Cozumel.

I sat with my cousin Adam on the lower deck when Owen got his first bite. It took a really long time to reel in, so everyone got to reel in a few meters. I was surprised by how much of a fight the fish put up. When the fish got closer the boat it jumped and we could tell that it had green, blue, and yellow scales but I was sad to see the color drain from the magnificent creature. When it died it turned a dark shade of gray.

Next my grandpa hooked a sail fish, twice but the line snapped both times. The excitement wasn't over yet though. My cousin Adam then caught 3 smaller fish on one line! Adam and I started to feel sick and dizzy so we went inside the boat and fell asleep on the couch together. When I woke I still felt terrible but went up to the top to catch some fresh air with my aunt. Adam woke up shortly after and grabbed a pole.

Once again Adam got a bite but kindly let me reel all the way in because I had never caught a fish before. After 10 minutes of reeling I pulled a small fish

in and couldn't contain my excitement. We got back to the resort after 8 hours of being on a boat. I will never forget the day I caught my first fish!