

### Just A Day

I seem to remember our fishing trips well. They were always preempted, never extemporaneously brought out by my father the night before his intended day of relaxation. How could one look forward to a trip if they did not know about it? Go to bed early, we have to get up at 5! Under normal circumstances, this would bring out a barrage of arguments & pouting, but going fishing was not an everyday thing. This was a good thing, as opposed to getting up for school or some other bulls\*\$t. I would wake up to black skies & coffee bean aromas making their way around the house. I never liked coffee, but I loved the smell. I would dine on fancy breakfast cuisine, otherwise known as Cocoa Puffs. My brother would already be up, trying to impress our father by forcing down the coffee he hadn't grown to like yet. I always remember my brother trying to impress everyone, and myself thinking what a waste of time that would be. I would go to the garage & get my fishing tackle together, & throw it in the back of our '74 Ram. By then my brother & father would have all the food & coolers ready, & they would be packing, ready to go. The drives up to the mountains were always peaceful, a certain halcyon hibernating within the tall peaks & the armies of pine trees. It seemed back then that when the world changed, these mountains would never move. They would remain at peace with themselves, and with anyone who would respect them. We arrived at the lake, but I don't remember what the name of it is. The lake is almost vacant, except for a few repulsive, suburbanite a\$\$holes. I never liked those kind of people, they always seemed to ruin the serenity of the lake. I loved the water. I never went swimming, but the water was an escape in itself. Every so often, the waves would form a small pattern, & change current in an odd shape. I would always cast into those spots, thinking that the fish were more attracted to these parts of the water. Time to bait. I never liked salmon eggs, too much gooey crap that gets on your fingers. Instead, I went with a lour, even though this was a lake. I knew I would have to use eggs if I wanted any fish, but that didn't matter at the time. Cast, Reel, etc. countless times, and my mind would wander to wherever it would want to go. Time seemed to stop when I was fishing. The lake, the mountains, the trees, all the wildlife s\$\*t that people seemed to take for granted, was here. Now. It was if their presence was necessary for me to be content. Time to go!. Done. Back to society. No regrets, though. Nature shared the secret serenity with someone who was actually observant enough to notice. Sucks for everyone else.

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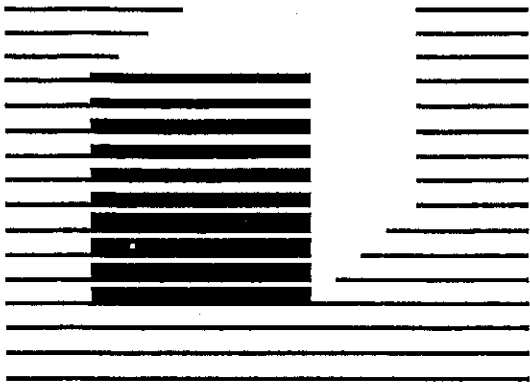
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THOMAS E. K

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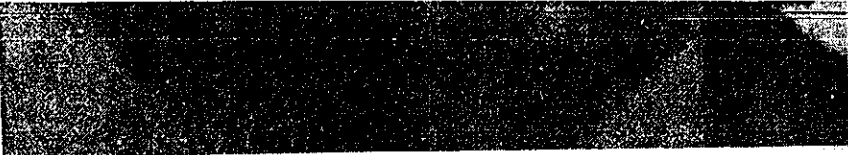
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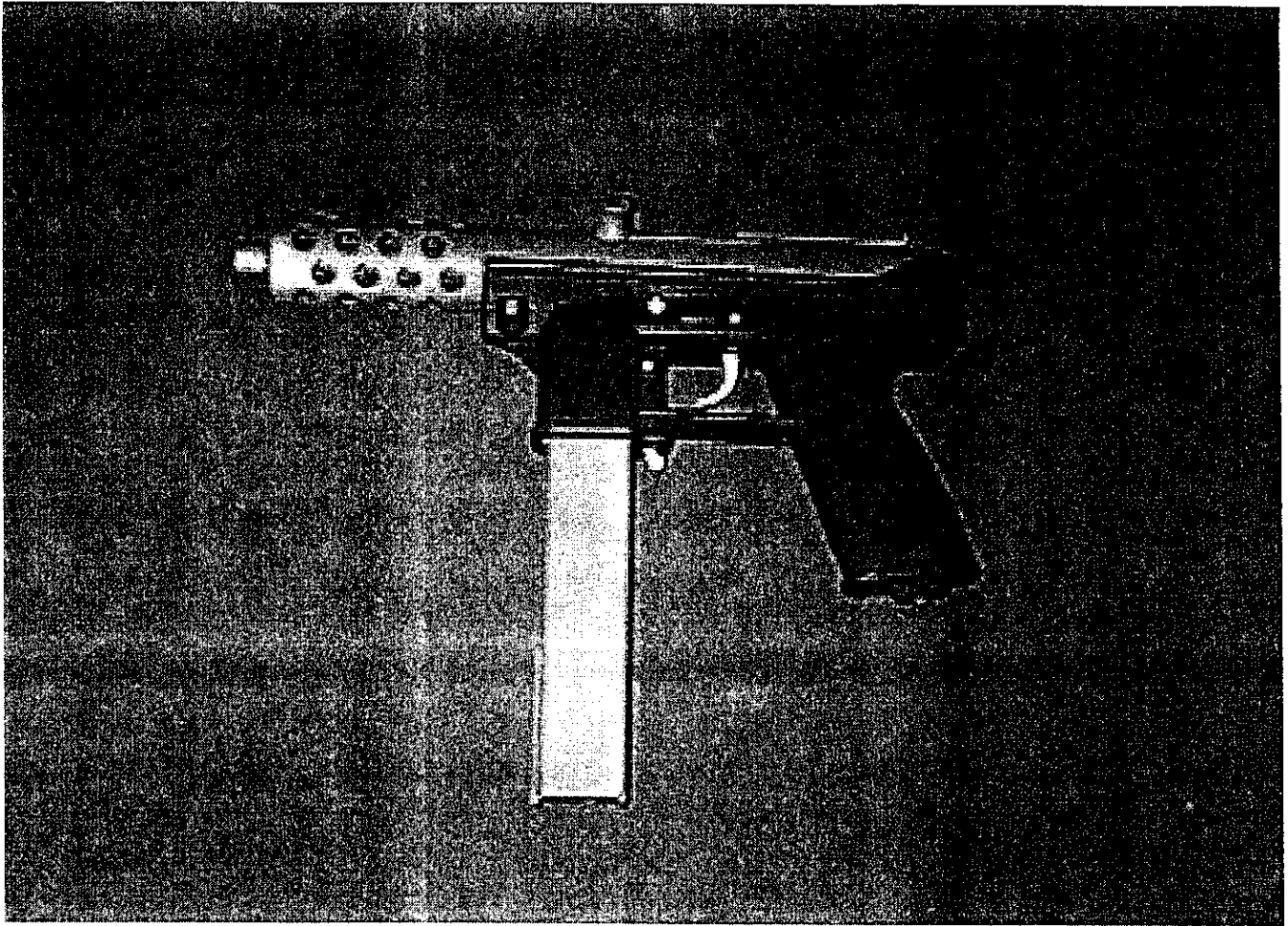
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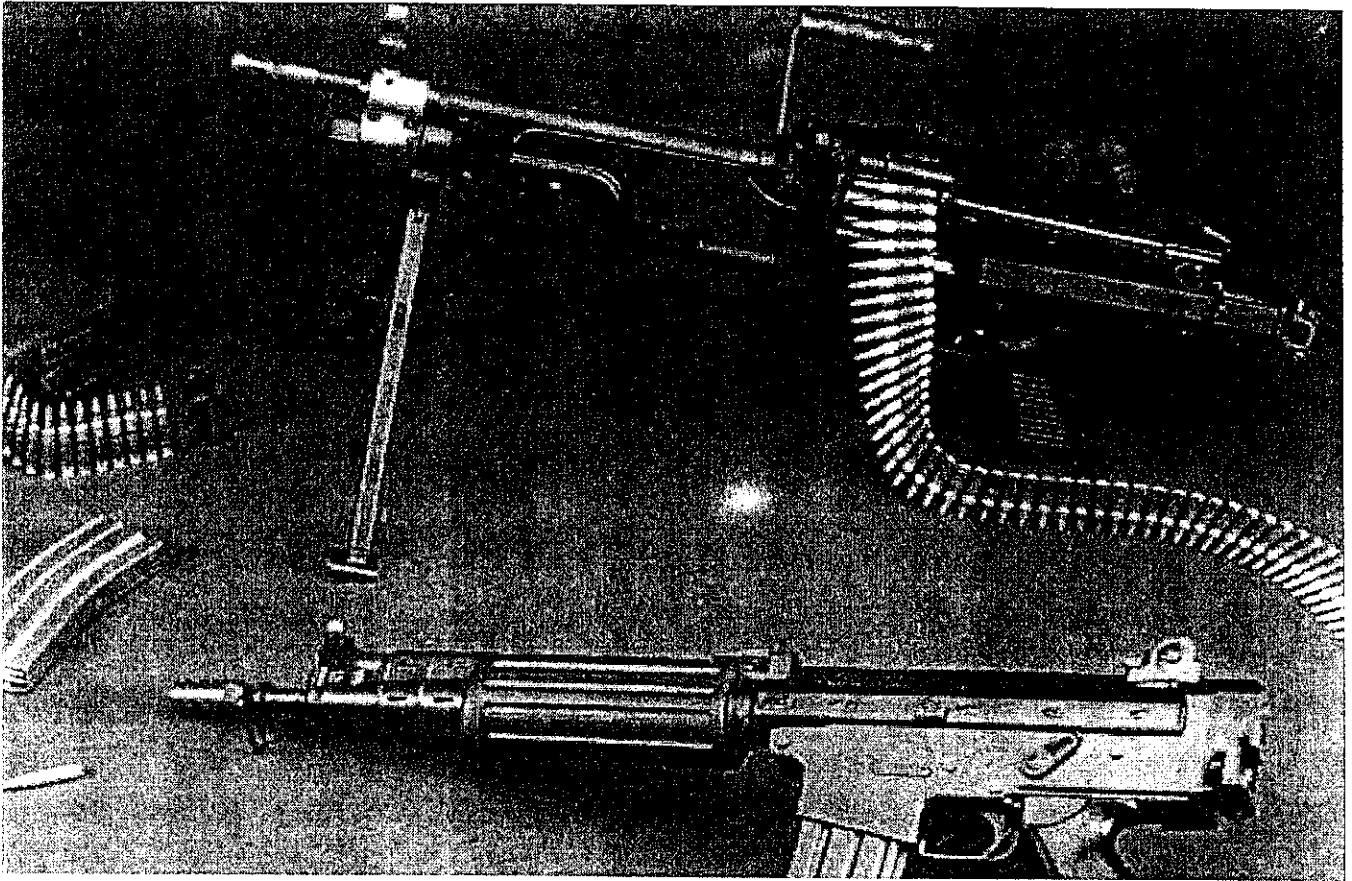
The most widely publicized photograph of Charles Manson. When it appeared on newsstands all over the world, Family members were heard to exclaim proudly, "Charlie made the cover of *Life!*" PHOTO COURTESY OF ROBERT HENDRICKSON AND LAURENCE MERRICK.

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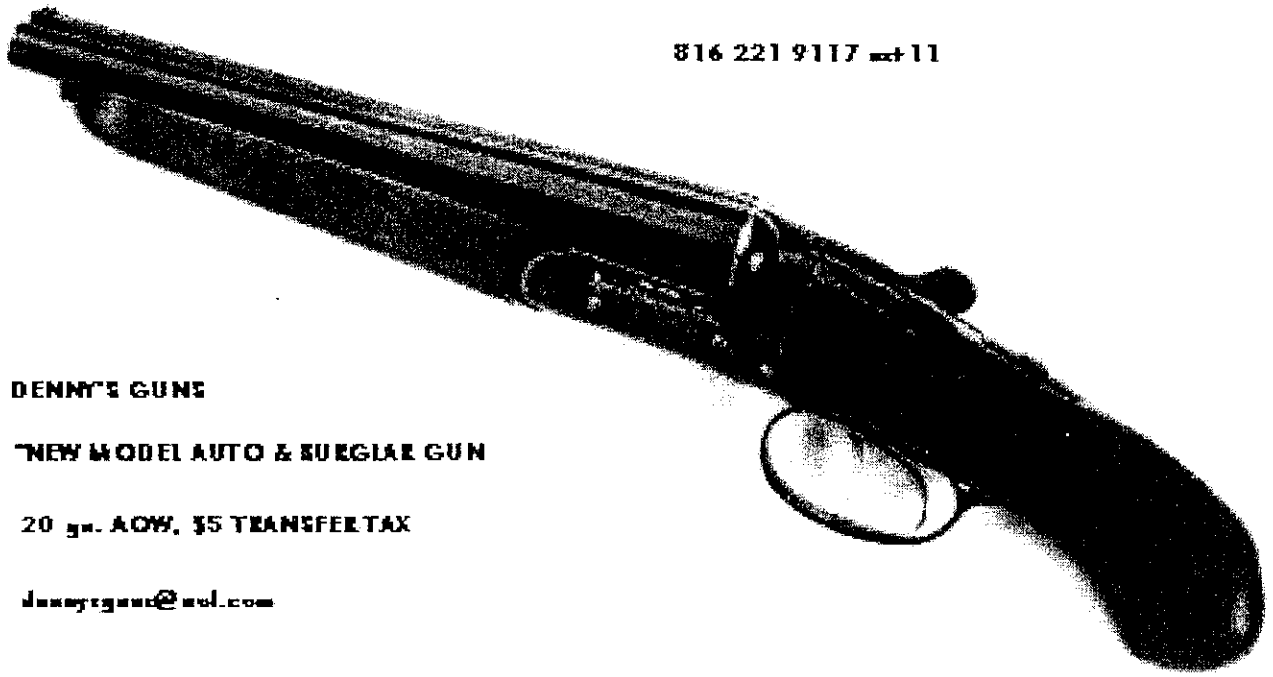
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