

“At the Beach” by Mike Kemp

Translation by: Jessika Daniels, Deandra Landon, Sally Roberts.

Have I got a story for you! A week or two ago, my wife, our son Billy and a couple friends drove down to an island called Assateague to go to the beach. Once we arrived on the island, there were wild horses all over. It was amazing, they were galloping as far as the eye could see. It was surprising how many there were. As we continued driving we spotted a cute baby fawn. Though it may have just been born, it looked strong and resilient, but there was no sign of its parents. We took many photos and continued driving to the beach. When we arrived, we parked, emptied the trunk of our heavy bags, beach chairs, and surfboard, then hauled it all the way down to the beach! The water was crashing along the shoreline. There were people laying under their umbrellas and others sitting in the sand like sun worshippers, which is not my thing.

Just then, I noticed a boy surf fishing; I wish I had thought to bring a fishing rod. Suddenly, the rod bent aggressively, he had a bite! He reacted quickly grabbing the rod and started to reel it in. I watched in excitement and anticipation as he struggled with the line while the fish fought back. That fish must be huge! I don't know what type but I'm so curious. As the struggle continued people came in for a closer look and a crowd formed, watching and waiting. The boy knew he needed to reel in the fish slowly and steadily so as to not break the fishing line; it is important to tire the fish out. One by one the crowd lost interest and dispersed. I went for a swim and had lunch while keeping an eye on the boy.

Wow, two hours later and he still hadn't caught the fish! Out of the corner of my eye, I noticed the fish was beginning to tire so the boy began his final pursuit to reel it in, putting more force on the rod. As the boy appeared to be closer to capture, the beach crowd returned watching and cheering him on. The line tightened, the waves and water continued to crash as he navigated them, the crowd was at the peak of excitement when...snap! The line breaks! The crowd cried out in disappointment for the boy. I was feeling depressed, whether it was for him, for me, or the both of us, I felt terrible! The fish swam away and disappeared. The name will forever be a mystery.

To watch story in ASL click here: <https://vimeo.com/291941770>