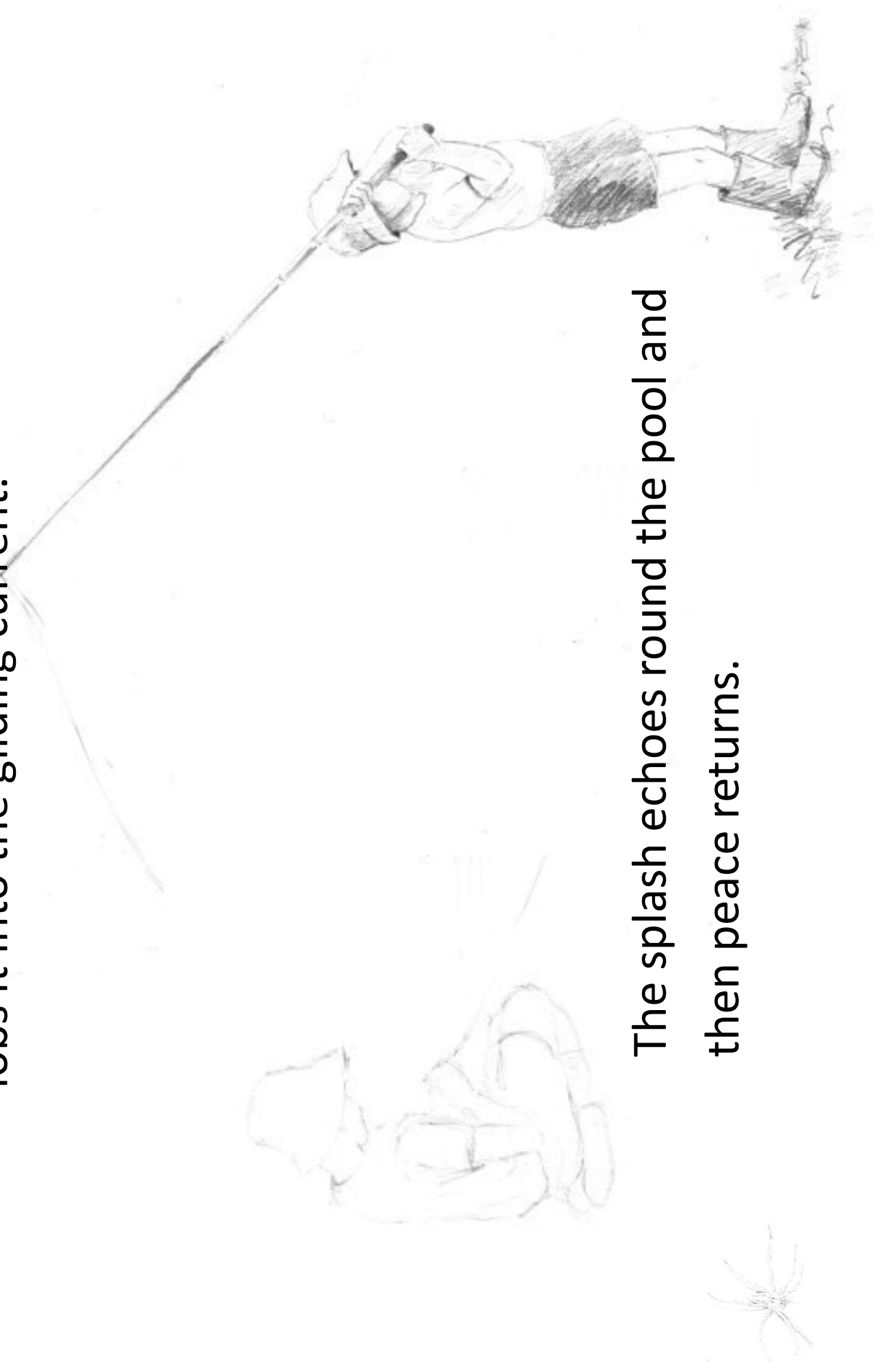


Today the river is quiet. Harry walks quickly to his favourite stretch and rummages in his bag for the jar of worms.



He threads a worm expertly onto the hook and
lobs it into the gliding current.



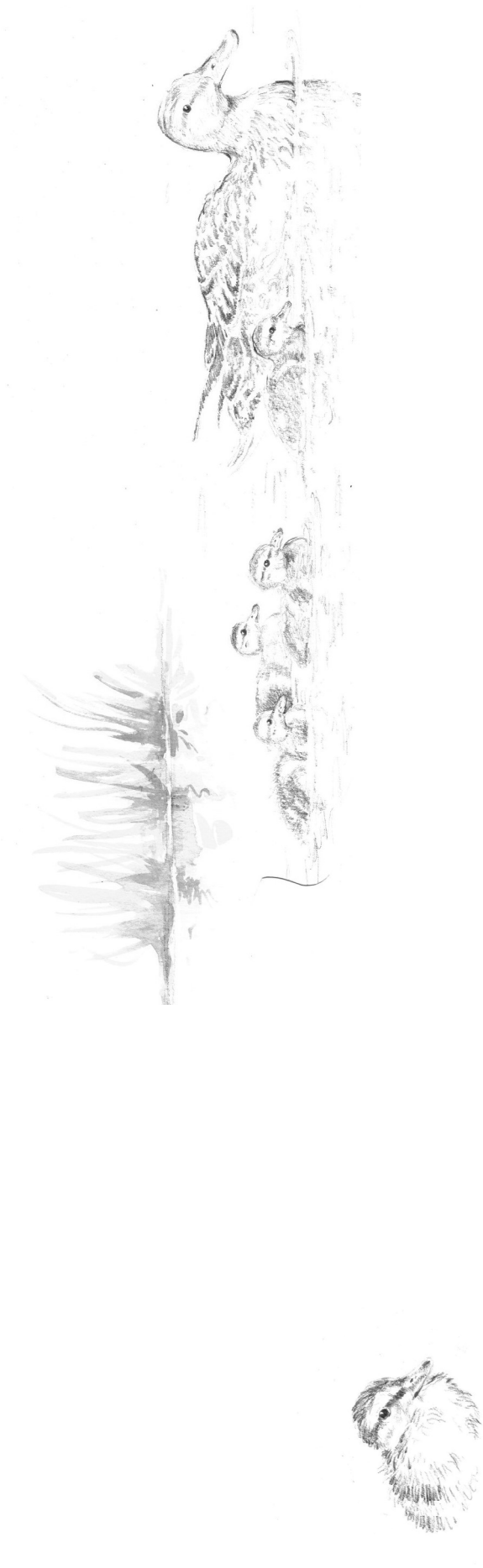
The splash echoes round the pool and
then peace returns.

The line slowly slips through his fingers.

Now Harry has entered his own world, but he has not noticed the cows quietly watching him, their large eyes full of curiosity,



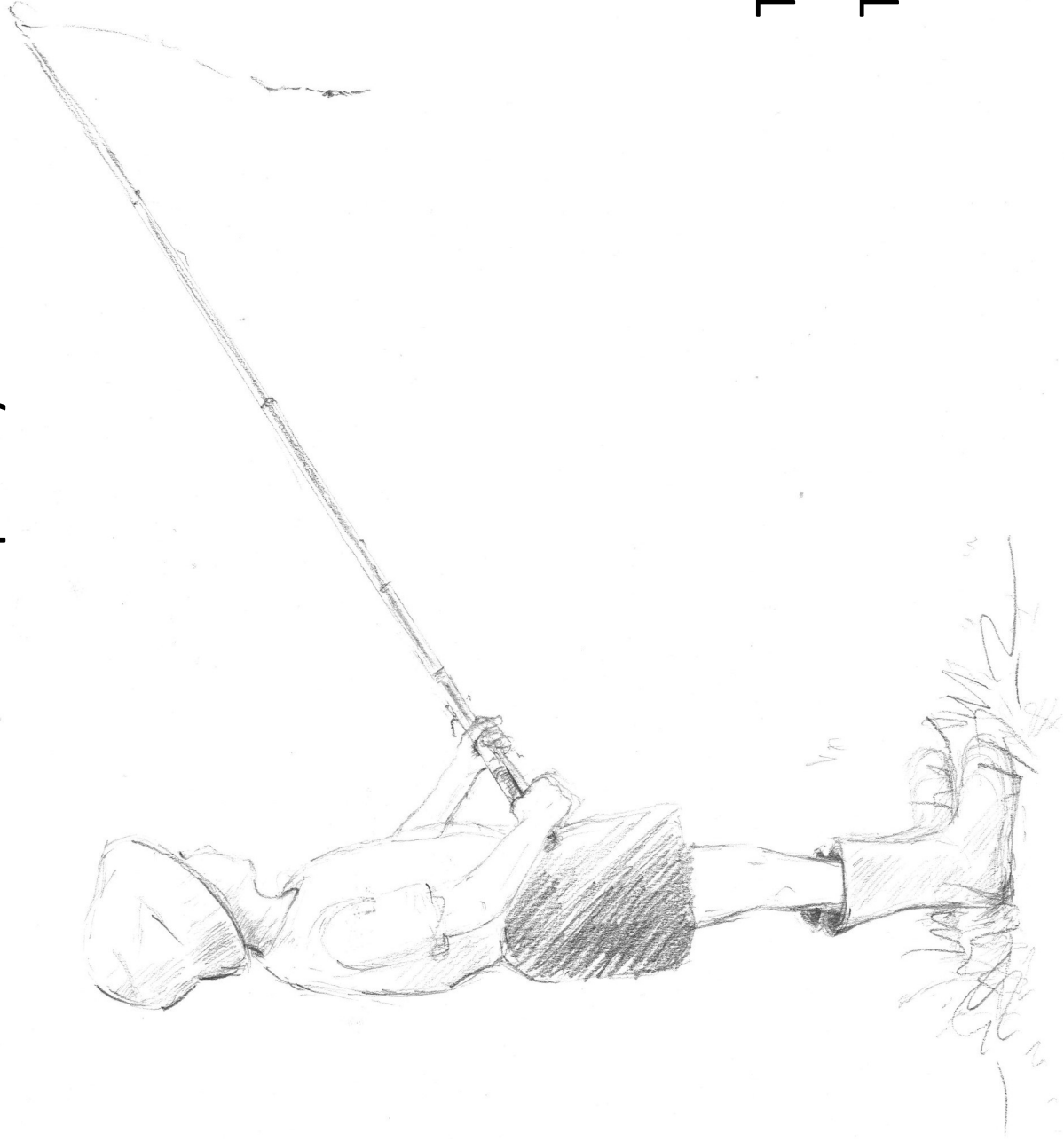
He even misses the mallard scooting by, herding her ducklings downstream.



Harry feels only the subtle twinges of the line as the worm bumps along the bottom.



The line tightens and shudders and twitches, but Harry raises the rod too quickly.



The line slackens.

The fish is gone!