

## The Salmon

Which bay will we try tonight?  
The first shore has a lot of weed  
The second shore isn't much better.  
The third shore is clear, it will have to do.  
The net's already hidden in the punt, ready to shoot.

I row between the hidden rocks  
covered by only a few inches of water.  
In the pitch black of the night  
a trail of efflorescence follows us.  
Time and time again, the oars get tangled in seaweed.

Not a sound have we made to spook the sea trout.  
We swop places so Charlie is now on the oars  
and I prepare to shoot the fifty yards of gill net.  
Away goes the anchor weight attached to the net  
by two yards of rope at the old springboard's base.

"You've put the oar into the net again"  
I shout as the net jumps about in the dark.  
"No I haven't, the bloody oar's here"  
hollers Charlie, as it swishes past my head.  
The net's still jumping, a huge salmon tangled just under the floats.

Carefully we get it aboard and head back to our car  
in the harbour to weigh it in at 12 kilos, nearly 27 pounds!  
We hurry to the Green Door Restaurant, where the chef  
asks the price and Charlie quickly shouts "Give us 100 quid"  
but don't tell anyone where it came from"

"There's a problem with the licence: we don't have one!"  
"Done" says the chef with a knowing grin  
"I'll put it on the Specials Board tomorrow teatime"  
The next day there's a Specials Board outside the Green Door  
declaring "Locally poached salmon £8.00 per portion"

Eric Brown  
Groomsport Village Association

