

## Fairy Tales Adapted to Flyfishing\*\*

By ChatBob Kren, M-NHC Advisor and Mr. FlyFisherPersonGPT

Hello. I'm your autopilot writer, here to assail you with the usual stuff. But this time I'm admitting that I'm a bot, and not a Bob haha. I have been fed many of flesh-'n-blood Bob's articles and photographs, so I can duplicate his quirks and fantasies easily. How may I disserve you? May I suggest an appetizer? How's about some prose that may bring back a few of your memories? Fairy tales, anyone? Beware the Bobisms!

First, there's "FlingerFella," a story about a set of triplets cast into the swirling waters of a wicked stepmother, who insists that all three of her stepchildren learn to fish with worms and live-ish bait. Cruel! But our hero, FlingerFella, resists physical and mental abuse to become a flyfisher, against all odds. FF teams up with a set of three mismatched mice to invent flyfishing at night – NOT! "mousing" – so as to elude the gaze of the cruel stepmom. Scary hilarity ensues when the triplets go to a masked ball and FF imbibes too much, loses his waders that are picked up by a beautiful princess and flyfisher who pursues him to a happy finish. Phew!

Next, we explore the world of Finocchio, -- NOT the raconteur who ran that dive in North Beach – and his adventures with lying and fascism, that result in his nose being turned into a nine-foot eight-weight rod, which he used to cast using both hands to double-haul. He had some horrible neck-aches, and double vision, and once got himself in trouble when he hooked a whale but didn't have a big enough net, and when he lip-locked the behemoth, well, down he went.

Ever heard of Booty and the Beast? Me, neither. Nonetheless, once upon a time there was a flyfishing genius who insisted on wading wet, even in wintertime which, since he lived in the Caribbean, was no problem. However, when he was invited to visit Michigan in January, to fish for lamprey, he was forced to change his preferred method of slogging around in a river, and get a pair of waders. He made the mistake of buying them at a grocery store, which he figured would have a stock of weird and unexpected items.

Ms Rapunzell lived in a tower, where she tied flies for a living. Her specialty was a nymph imitation – the "Hair's Ear," which she tied using – you guessed it! – a wig her cruel fairy godmother gave her as a cruel fairy godmother joke. In what little spare time Rapunzel had, she weaved (wove? had woved?) a ten-foot one-weight rod, which was more a whip than a rod. An itinerant mountaineering masochist heard the lash and, attracted, clambered disastrously up the tower and rescued Rapunzel. They lived.

Snow White, wicked stepmother and all, befriended seven persons of the small persuasion: Windknot, Waderleak, Sweatsox, Wadingstaff, Mershawn, Bobber, and Raoul, all of whom had tried their hand at flyfishing, though Raoul was the only one who was proficient at the Gentle Art (which was his original name). Lest you imagine that all apples are poisoned, the one SW ate was definitely a plant, from her jealous ws, but all nefariousness was set aside with a simple kiss from Raoul, who turned out to be a dwarf in name, only.

As long as we've introduced small persons, let's give a cheer for Little Red Writing Hood, Little Red had seen how easy it is to write weird stuff, having read (but not understood) my articles on how to poison apples. While on her way to visit her grandmother, L'il Red met the big, nice grandmotherly Joan Wolf, who was busily winning casting competitions but in need of a protégé. Just one look at L'il Red's bulging biceps, as thick around as Joan's waist, convinced Joan that this was The One. The real problem lay in L'il Red's vigor in casting, her karate-chop motion being more useful in breaking bones than in breaking records. On the other hand, nobody had ever flung a fly further, or with more accuracy. Fame and happiness all around!

Jack, he of the giant beanstalk among other outsized features, was an impish youth. His mother entrusted him with money, which he misspent on equipment from L. L. Bean, which he subsequently planted and watched grow into a gigantic, mile-high flyrod, the tip guide of which was made of solid gold. As Jack was climbing up the flyrod to claim the golden tip, a giant grabbed the monstrous flyrod and started roll-casting, which turned poor Jack's stomach so much that not only his face, but his body and all his clothes, became green. It turned out that the giant's name was Jake, and Jack and Jake and, eventually, their bride, Jill, lived happily ever after.

Sleeping Beauty's plot (it's really "Sleeping Betty") is so similar to the story line from Snow White that we could treat them together. So just go back and read that item again, OK? Bob K

\*\* "If you want your children to be intelligent, read them fairy tales. If you want them to be more intelligent, read them more fairy tales." – Albert Einstein. (A quote said to be a fairy tale, itself – BK)