

NOTES

The Big One may be performed as either a Dramatic Interpretation or as a personal narrative and be entered in Prose Interpretation. This beautiful tribute should be performed by a female, who is adept at playing humor, as well as drama. Humor plays an important part in this story. In order to empathize with the narrator at the end of the performance, it is important for the audience to like the character. By cutting the lines about her son, at the end of the selection, this piece of literature may be performed by a much younger actress. If performing this in Prose Interpretation, the drama masks serve as suggestions as to when to turn the pages of the manuscript.

When I was a little girl, I did everything *indoors*. I was such a *Momma's* girl. Then I turned *five*. Suddenly, the man, who was always on the *road*, got a promotion at work and didn't have to travel out of town anymore. He asked me to go fishing with him for the first time. Up to that point, I didn't even know my father *went* fishing. It's funny. My relationship with my father can be summed up by a series of fishing stories. So, are you ready to get hooked?



As a little girl, I had red, frizzy hair. *Lots* of it. In fact, some used to joke that I was a ringer for Annie, in well...*Annie*... you know, the *musical* about the little orphan girl? I don't really know, however, if *part* of that wasn't attributed to my father's bald head. He *shaved* it... on *purpose*. I don't think it was so he would look like *Daddy Warbucks*, although he *did*... I think it was more of a *Bruce-Willis*-thing... You know, from all those *Die Hard* movies?

Dad worked for an insurance company, but he very easily could have been a teacher. Dad loved kids, and he had more patience than anyone I know. In hindsight, that's probably why he was such a good fisherman. Dad taught me many lessons on our fishing trips. They are lessons I carry with me to this day.



The first time he took me fishing, Dad rented a small fishing boat. We were going to fish for *catfish*, but there were none to be caught. *(Laughs)* Dad said the *dogs* probably chased them all away... *(Proud)* but I caught 34 Perch that day! We, of course, didn't *keep* any of them, but we caught them nonetheless. Actually, *I* was the only one who caught any Perch. Dad spent all of *his* time merely unhooking them, releasing them, and baiting my hook for me. I think he got a kick out of watching me *hoist* the small fish out of the water. I remember giggling the *entire* day. I was *amazed* at the *ease* at which I caught these fish. I would barely have my hook *in* the water, and 'Bam!' I had hooked *another* one! We spent the *entire* day finding new coves, eating deviled ham on Ritz crackers, drinking grape sodas, and talking softly...so as to not scare off the schools of *fish* underneath our boat in the shallow waters.



(Pause for emotional transition.)

My mother died later that year. It was a heart attack. It was *hard*... hard on *both* of us. It's always hard to lose someone you love, but for a young girl, I think it is *especially* difficult. About a month after the funeral, Dad took some of the life insurance money and bought a speedboat. He named it *The Deborah*...after Mom. And he started taking me fishing almost *every* weekend. It was our *special*... alone time.