

---

ELI: Everyone dies...that's what Father Morgan said. Like I didn't already know that. Of, course everyone dies. Everything dies. I learned that when I was eight. I went fishing by myself for the first time at the river and caught this little sun fish. It was way too small to keep and I wasn't really planning on catching or keeping anything. I was so excited - I brought my Dad's favorite fishing lure -- without asking. I was eight, didn't know what I was doing, I just wanted to be like Dad and go fishing. So, I caught this fish and started to take it off the hook like I had done with Dad a million times before and I couldn't get it out. The stupid thing had swallowed it down past its gills. I tried so hard to get the hook out but I couldn't. I had a knife...a little dull pocket knife that I always carried in my pocket. So, I cut the line and tried again. But it just wasn't working. All I could think of was how mad Dad was gonna be if I came home and told him is lure was in the stomach of blue gill in the bottom of the river. I knew what I had to do. I held the fish down and slowly started to cut its head off. It squirmed and wiggled and did everything to save its own life but I kept cutting. I had to...I had to...

Everything dies. But not everything dies in front of you.