

Christmas Left Right Game



Let's Go Fishing

One afternoon, a few days before John's 13th birthday, he was playing video games in his bedroom when he heard a loud pounding at the door.

"Son, put your toys away **right** now! We're going fishing!" Mr **Right** yelled through John's bedroom door.

Wanting to be **left** alone, John grumbled, "But Dad... I don't want to go fishing!"

Mr **Right** sighed and opened the bedroom door, "Come on, John! Every **Right** boy for the past 80 years has gone fishing with their father the week they turn 13!"

"Fine," John muttered, packing up what was **left** on the floor of his bedroom.

"**Right** on, then!" Mr **Right** cheered, glad to have gotten his way.

Mr **Right** opened the trunk of the minivan, loading the rods on the **left**, and the bait and hooks on the **right**.

"All set!" Mr **Right** called.

John dragged his feet out the door, with his backpack slung over his **left** shoulder.

They said good-bye to Mrs **Right**, then took off in the direction of the fishing pond.

Mr **Right** made the final **left** turn, finally stopping **right** next to the pond.

John took a look around, taking in the scorching sun and muddy water. **Right** off the bat, he sensed it was going to be a long and tiring day.

"Come on, John! We've got to find the **right** spot," Mr **Right** exclaimed.

John grumbled, but followed **right** after his father regardless.

Mr **Right** handed John the **left**-handed fishing rod, and pulled out a **right**-handed one for himself. After teaching John the ropes of fishing, Mr **Right** **left** him to experiment on his own.

(Continued on next page)

Christmas Left Right Game



Let's Go Fishing

(Continued from previous page)

"This should be easy enough," John thought to himself, "But it's so boring! Who, in their **right** state of mind, would choose to come and fish?"

Right then, his thoughts were interrupted by a slight tug on his rod.

"It couldn't be a fish, **right**? That was fast!" John said to Mr **Right**, who was on his **left**.

His rod started to bend and dip.

"Quick!" Mr **Right** shouted, "Reel it in!"

Gripping the rod firmly in his **right** hand, John used his **left** hand to reel the line in. Slowly but surely, Mr **Right** helped John get the fish up.

"Seems like you've got the hang of it!" Mr **Right** smiled, "Keep going, son. There are plenty more fish **left** to catch!"

The sides of John's lips twitched up in a slight smile. He was starting to enjoy himself!

Soon after that, John started to get nibbles **left**, **right** and center. Mr **Right**, on the other hand, caught no fish!

Happy for his son nonetheless, Mr **Right** gleefully bragged about his son's achievements to his friends at the pond. All of them were impressed by John's many catches, and **right**fully so!

In fact, John even **left** a mark on the owners of that fishing pond! To this day, they still remember him as "that little boy with many fish".

John learnt that trying new things could lead him to discover new hobbies and interests! He and Mr **Right** have since been on many adventures and expeditions together.

The End.