

**Short Version**  
**William's 1<sup>st</sup> Strongbones Story**  
**Printed Draft 2**

**Strongbones**  
**and**  
**Weaknees**  
**Go Fishing**

Strongbones woke up one morning and wanted to go fishing.

So he called his cousin Weaknees, woke him up from a sound sleep and talked the half asleep lad into joining him.

Fishing is not a favorite of Weaknees, but who can resist Strongbones?

A little while later, Strongbones picked up a sleepy Weaknees and they walked down to the boat launch.

Strongbones & Weaknees  
took the family canoe out  
onto Lake Ravenwood.

They headed to a weedy  
area of water on the other  
shore.

All the time Weaknees was  
complaining.

He was tired because he got  
up too early.

He was hungry because he  
didn't eat breakfast.

He ran out the door so fast  
all he could find was his  
fishing pole.

So Weaknees borrowed all of the stuff Strongbones had brought.

Weaknees used the best hooks from the tackle box.

Then he took the best bait.

And then Weaknees helped himself to lunch!

Strongbones was not at all happy with Weaknees and scowled at him.

Weaknees turned around on his seat and the cousins settled down to fish.

Weaknees felt a tug on his pole.

He instantly yelled.

Then he frantically started to reel the line as fast as possible.

Strongbones tried to tell him to go slowly to pull in his catch.

Weaknees stood up.

He was frantically reeling in something BIG!

Strongbones felt the canoe start to rock.

Then Weaknees pitched head long out of the canoe and into the water.

Weaknees started to yell.

“Help I can’t swim! Help! Help!”

Weaknees was splashing and spluttering in the middle of the lake.

Strongbones dove into the water to rescue Weaknees.

Strongbones helped Weaknees over the gunwale and into the canoe.

Then Strongbones splashed his way to collect Weaknees' hat as it floated away and his fishing pole.

Then he had to clamber into the canoe by himself.

Strongbones was sopping wet, but he was there to fish.

So he grabbed Weaknees' fishing pole and slowly reeled in the catch.

Up came a mud-filled super-size can of Mulligan's Pepper Ginger Ale.

The hook was firmly caught in the pour spout.

Strongbones snickered and handed Weaknees his prize.

The cousins then exchanged some words of mutual complaint.

Finally Strongbones turned back to fishing.

Right away he felt a hard pull on his fishing pole.

Strongbones tugged the line taut and started reeling.

Weaknees felt a surge of excitement as he watched Strongbones reel in his fish.

“Strongbones really knows how to fish!” he said to himself.

So Weaknees wanted to help.

Strongbones could feel his fish fighting against his pull.

Slowly the fish tired.

Just as slowly Strongbones steadily reeled the fish in.

Strongbones' fishing pole was now almost totally bent over.

The fishing line was taut.

Strongbones was pulling in the biggest fish ever!

Weaknees stood up to help and took a step toward Strongbones.

The canoe instantly tipped over.

Weaknees fell sideways into  
the water.

So did the lunch cooler and  
the tackle box.

The hats, the life jackets,  
the cushions and paddles  
all floated away.

Then Strongbones himself  
was pitched into the water.

“Help! Help! I can’t swim!!”

Weaknees was splashing around in the water.

Strongbones let go of his pole.

He swam over to Weaknees and grabbed ahold of him.

Then Strongbones pulled Weaknees back to the canoe.

He turned the canoe right side up and pushed Weaknees in.

Weaknees was safe.

But Strongbones still had to collect the stuff that fell out of the canoe.

He found his tackle box half submerged.

The cooler chest was bobbing beside the canoe.

Then Strongbones found both of their hats floating upside down.

Then Strongbones located Weaknees' fishing pole and grabbed that.

Strongbones found everything except his own fishing pole.

The fishing pole was his father's, actually, which he **did not** want to lose.

But he swam back to the canoe and clambered in.

Dejected, the cousins  
turned the canoe around  
and paddled back to shore.

On the 3<sup>rd</sup> or 4<sup>th</sup> stroke  
Strongbones felt his paddle  
hit something with a thunk.

He looked into the water  
and spotted his fishing  
pole.

So Strongbones reached  
over the side and lifted the  
fishing pole out of the  
water.

The fish was still pulling.

Strongbones took hold of  
his fishing pole.

He ever so slowly started to  
reel in the fish.

What he pulled out of the  
water was quite  
unexpected.

It was a long streamer of  
lake grass braided tightly  
around a bottle.

The label said Pizzoni's  
Pizza Olives.

The bottle was filled with  
sand and lake mud.

Weaknees took one look  
and started to snicker.

He was enjoying himself.

Strongbones scowled back.

Then Strongbones angrily  
started to paddle.

He practically propelled the  
canoe back to the boat  
launch.

The cousins parted ways.

Strongbones walked home  
still angry about his  
disastrous fishing day.

Later on that night  
Strongbones was sitting on  
the front porch.

He was drinking a big mug  
of hot chocolate covered in  
melted marshmallow.

Strongbones thought back  
ever the day. He  
remembered everything  
vividly:

The expectation of a great  
day fishing.

Then terrible and  
embarrassing luck fishing.

Finally splashing around  
the lake again and again.....

Strongbones suddenly realized how supremely ridiculous his little fishing adventure had been.

Really, he thought.

Then Strongbones started to laugh and laugh.

He laughed far into the night.

**The End**