

No More Sex, Beer, and Cigars

Email is a big part of my life, and I like to hear feedback from readers. Typically, emails are funny and positive. But sometimes they can be nasty. One reader told me that he would get pleasure out of nailing my balls to a stump on “his” grazing lease and then, pounding them flat with the butt end of his rifle. Ouch.

Virulent readers can be creative with their imagery, as the aforementioned example illustrates!

Recently, a reader slammed me for writing about sex too much. Last year I got slammed for writing about beer and cigars! So, I’m going to try *not* to write about sex and/or beer/stogies. Okay? So, keep reading and if I write about sex, beer, or cigars just place a little star beside it and email me your sum of stars.

The first summer issue is mosquitoes. In my home quarter in Northeast Alberta, they have exploded faster than the muzzle velocity of a .223. Right now, they own the fields and walking unprotected is fatal. Even if you happen to be enjoying the fine flavor of a Cuban cigar (to ward off the bugs), this year’s mosquitoes are so numerous and voracious that they can rid you of your most persistent sexual fantasy. Furthermore, they can make you run to the protection of your home to nurse your welts and rattled gravity with a brew or four.

Nevertheless, the mosquitoes are secondhand news to the incredible flooding that we have experienced! It hurts to look at our swollen and ruined rivers, and think of this (and how many more?) seasons’ lost fishing opportunities. We have to comfort ourselves saying too much moisture is better than too little. We have to look at it like having too much beer, which is better than having too little. And let’s not talk about having too much sex because that’s too theoretical.

I also want to write about boats. I love them, of-course. Everyone should have or have access to a boat. I’ve always noticed how camp guys and gals look and feel when floating around in a boat. It’s heavenly. Next time you’re out there on your, or someone else’s boat, just try not to smile—especially when the motor pulls into service. Another test is to try *not* to be wistful when looking over any nice boat in a marina or at a boat show.

All camp guys and gals out there boating have to conform to the laws of the water. Yet, I’m still not quite used to carrying my boat operator’s card. This spring, if we had happened to call Transport Canada’s toll-free number that is there to give information about safety, rules, etc., we would have found ourselves connected to a phone-sex line. A sultry female voice would too-soon inform us that our toll-free status was ending and that, if we wanted a few more minutes, we’d have to enter our credit card numbers.

I wonder if anyone innocently entered his or her numbers thinking that this was just another government revenue tactic? Can you imagine the conversation: “Yeah, hi Roxy. Boy! Do you sound nice!!...Yes, I’m here alone...Why do you ask?...No, I’m not holding onto anything ...What I’d like to know is if I have to carry the original boating card with me when operating a 14 ft watercraft, or can I carry a photocopy...Why yes, I guess I *am* a nut—I love fishing!...Now, about my question...”