

We were on a pontoon ride when we came across a very large, dead Northern, floating belly up on the lake surface. It had a huge chunk taken out of it, very defined bit mark. All the little kids on the pontoon noted the event with "big" eyes. Everyone wondered what happened to such a large fish and I said an even larger fish - a Muskie, probably took a bite out of it, for they feed on large fish. Later in the ride we anchored off Barry's point to swim and the youngest (age 6), no longer wanted to go in the water - after talking about swimming all morning. It took us some time to determine the problem. It seems little Theo was afraid of being bit/eaten by a Muskie. Needless to say he had little concept of a Muskie and this incident certainly frightened him.

Marilyn Froelich