



## Section 11: El Jobean

Not far from shore, a boy with a fishing pole stands on the pier. Sitting in a folding chair beside him, his mother holds a pole too. His father baits and casts four poles and leans them against the railing.

Underwater, Lu sees crayfish on the hooks. She climbs the riverbank and then crawls onto the pier. She hears the boy say, "Hey, Mom. Joey told me that this pier once burned."

"Part of it did. The county was going to tear it down but people asked them to rebuild it because it's such a good fishing pier," the mom says.

"It would be better away from the bridge. The traffic's noisy," the boy says.

Lu sniffs the air.

"It was here first, and it wasn't a fishing pier. The railroad built this trestle for trains on their way to Boca Grande," the mom says.

"Why? So people could swim and find shells?" the boy asks.

His mother laughs. "Sometimes. But they made money by hauling phosphate. At the south end of Boca Grande, it was loaded onto big ships."

Lu creeps beside a bucket full of bait. Black flies buzz around it.

"Where'd the phosphate come from?" the boy asks.

"Somewhere up the Peace River," the mom says.

"Why didn't they ship it from some place closer?" the boy asks.

"The river's too shallow. Ships need deep water," the mom says.

Lu thrusts her head into the bucket and eats a crayfish.

The boy pulls his line from the water. "Hey, Dad! I caught a crab!"