**20th January, 2016**

I can’t stand this anymore. My family life is all about my father who is a big fan of fishing. Our whole home is littered with fishing rods and on average once per month someone has to go to hospital because of standing on a sharp tip of a hook or anchor. During my 19 year-long life I have been about 10 time taking such things out of my leg. Today I was on a typical hospital checkups and just as a receptionist saw me, she ordered me to immediately take off shoes.

**20th March, 2016**

A few weeks ago I have made one of the biggest mistakes of my life - I showed my old man how to use PC and fishing forum as i thought we will save some money on those magazines the rest of our house was cluttered with. Each week he used to go round every newsstand in the city in order to buy as many magazines as he would carry. But besides that, now he also spends many hours on those forums, arguing with people about best baits etc. It has gone to a point when he shouts at the screen or even throws keyboard out of the window. He frustrated me so much that today I also created an account on that site and have been making fun of him by writing some random nonsenses under his threads. Since the noon, mom has cooked by far five portions of hunter’s stew for him to calm down. And during this week he received a rank of a Catfish for the achievement of ten thousand posts.

**20th June, 2016**

The summer has finally arrived. The best term to go fishing. Each weekend dad spends fishing by the nearest lake. For about 5 years I had no Sunday without a fish for the dinner and during the meal he always plays the smart guy about the profits of eating that water thrash. Today i got admitted to a university and u won’t guess - in my father's eyes it was all thanks to eating fish as they contain a lot of phosphorus and my brain works better.

**20th September, 2016**

Today is Sunday. At four o’clock my whole family got woken up because of my dad and his friend Mirek getting ready to fishing - packing rods, making sandwiches etc. But Mirek hasn’t always been his best friend. Once upon a time it was Zbyszek. A body of a ball shape with a moustache, Zbyszek each day in a year wore the same fishing vest. My old man and him were almost like brothers. He would come to us on Christmas Eve with his wife Bożena etc. The day everything changed was when my dad had his name’s day. Zbyszek came to us and as the time passed, locked in my room I heard a loud noise downstairs. The best friends started arguing which one is better - catfish or pike. Finally it came to wrestling and I had to split them with my mother's help. The previous week Bożena gave us a call that Zbyszek passed away and invited us to the funeral. Luckily my mom answered the phone and condoled for as my dad heard that he seemed to be kind of pleased. That’s how he hated his best friend because of a catfish.

**20th November, 2016**

Today was my birthday. As a gift the old man took me fishing. Best party ever. We drove far far away from town and as we were getting closer to the lake dad got thrilled so much that his eyes started glowing. He distributed the equipment and we began to sit still and watch a tile of the lake. I got blase soon so I turned on my mp3 player but instantly felt dad’s rod on my face and him telling that fish can hear my music and it scares them up. Once i wanted to scratch my back he hit me again whispering that they see me moving and it also makes them escape. I had to sit motionless for six hours, not to mention that it was November and the weather wasn’t that wonderful.

**20th December, 2016**

This year for Christmas my father bought himself a pontoon. There are few days till he should open “his” present but couldn’t resist it. Today he opened and inflated it in the center of the living room. He put on his fishing outfit and has been sitting in his new vehicle since the morning. He also ate dinner in it.

**20th February, 2017**

When we eat, my old man always talks about fish, but finally it ends up on Polish Fishing Association. He winds up himself that they aren’t restocking lakes enough or that they are simply thieves and after a meal he walks away seeing red and cursing. Then dad reads The Great Encyclopedia of River Fish which is the only thing that can calm him down. PFA became my dad’s obsession. For example, each time he watches television he sooner or later starts mumbling about how there is nothing about PFA. He also stopped reading non-fishing magazines as there was neither anything about lakes nor affairs in PFA. The leader in our neighbourhood of PFA is Adam - personification of pure evil in my old man’s eyes. Everything bad done to waters in Poland is his fault and my dad has always had war with him. Today father went on some fishing gathering where Adam was speaking and got back home with ripped shirt because they had to remove him from the hall by force.

**20th March, 2017**

A few days before we had a visit from the local police. It turned out that after physical attempts of doing away with Adam, dad tried with partisan operations based on defaming Adam and PFA on forums of local newspapers. For example, he made up that Adam was undercover collaborator of Secret Political Police or that he saw Adam destroying someone's car with a spike. I haven’t taught him how to use TOR so he got easily caught by the police and made to pay Adam two thousand as a compensation. Since he paid it, dad is insufferable. Everyday now we hear how the judges are bribable, PFA is consisted of masons ruling whole country and pulling the strings. He also converted those two thousand into rods, hooks or boats and wondering how much of vanilla groundbait it would be worth.

**20th July, 2017**

About a week ago my old man declared that he want a boat as the best fish u can catch are just in the center of an element - water. But he was too skimpy to rent it, because everyone was claimed to be fraud. Therefore he and a few anglers from the neighbourhood established they will buy it together and it will be kept on the trailer on the driveway of one of them who have enough place for it and they will share the boat or go fishing together. At first the cooperative was pretty fine. All changed yesterday as my dad became sick and couldn’t go with them which obviously made him lost his temper. Moreover, those “friends” phoned him that fishing went very successful while he was lying down and chugging from anger. Situation was even worse owing to the fact that this time he could blame no one, which he always did. Finally, he came to a conclusion it was unfair they went without him as he paid for the boat equally. This evening, as the group returned from angling, out of the blue, he left the house. After an hour he came back and asked me to help him with something in front of our home. As i went out, I perceived our car with nothing more but just that boat. The old man told me he stole it and I’m going to help him carry it inside our house. Thankfully the boat oversized our doors and we had to left it outside. Using some chains and my cycle padlock he attached it to the nearest lantern and was heading home when at our property barged in two cars with the co-owners and the quarrel began. After a dozen minutes the situation developed even funnier. My old man was lying on the ground, clutched to a boat while others were screaming at him to give it back. One of the owners tried to separate him from the boat and got hit by the second leg which caused to a broken nose. Afterwards the attempt was taken on by two policemen enunciating that he is being arrested of assaulting. Needless to say that whole that time my mom was shouting through the tears to my dad to leave the boat and in all the windows i could see my neighbours. Finally, policemen struggled successfully with father. Owners gave back his piece of the cost of the boat and told him that now he has no rights to that boat and better not to meet them in any future fishing. Mother begged policemen not to arrest my dad and the mauled one said he won’t argue with my father on the police station but doesn’t want to see him again.