



# The Fisherman and the Mermaid

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Do you believe in Mermaids?

<https://www.storiesspace.com/stories/flash-fiction/the-fisherman-and-the-mermaid.aspx>

“Mermaids, Kelpies, Harpies,” he muttered. “Superstitious fools.”

The old fisherman was motoring his dory out of the harbor.

“They blame the lack of skill on make believe creatures.”

Fishing had been down recently.

Soon the fisherman had his 200 hook line baited and laid out. He laid back under a tarp and the stars to sleep.

Waking, he started to retrieve the line. A club in hand ready to dispatch the fish, but most hooks were empty.

A pair of massive flukes broke the water, entangled in the line.

His club was at the ready.

“GOD! They're real!”

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The old fisherman sat in the canteen nursing his coffee.

He was still in shock as to what had happened that morning.

Why he had cut the line with his belt knife was beyond him.

All he could recall was her tail thrashing.

Then her swimming off and resurfacing.

Her eyes turned to looked back at him from afar.

He had not been a superstitious man before, but now he wasn't certain of anything.

It took him several days to work up the courage to return to the sea and go fishing again.

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The old fisherman was motoring his dory out of the harbor.

He had replace his old line. New sharp hooks glistened in the failing light.

As before, he baited the hooks, laid out the line, anchored, and rested until dawn.

He was shocked in morning.

Every hook had a big fish on it. All were mature, fat and keepers.

As he approached the last of the hooks, he saw her head in the distance.

Smiling, he waved at her as she dove under the waves.

It was irrational to consider they existed, but he did.

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The other fisherman couldn't believe his large catch.

Several returned to sea again to try their luck.

As before, most only caught enough for a couple of meals and to pay for the diesel fuel.

The old fisherman always returned with fish filling his little dory.

He always smiled, but never told them of his encounter. He just sat, sipping his coffee, and listened to their woeful tales.

In the end he thought it was far better to accept that mermaids existed than it was to be superstitious.

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Months past and the old fisherman continued his good fortune.

One day he did not return to the harbor.

Weeks later his dory was found beached up the coast.

Nobody ever saw him again, except for one other village fisherman.

No one believed him since he so was fond of the grape.

He claimed that he have seen a younger version of the old fisherman.

All the villagers thought he was either crazy or drunk or both.

What convinced them was he said the old fisherman was swimming in the fishing grounds with a beautiful mermaid.