

EARLY, THE NEXT MORNING -

Ah! there you are! You are late! The sun will rise any moment now.

Sorry, Uncle! I ate too much. So I overslept.

May the desire to eat much never come to you again, for, a good fisherman feels hunger only when the catch is poor. And...

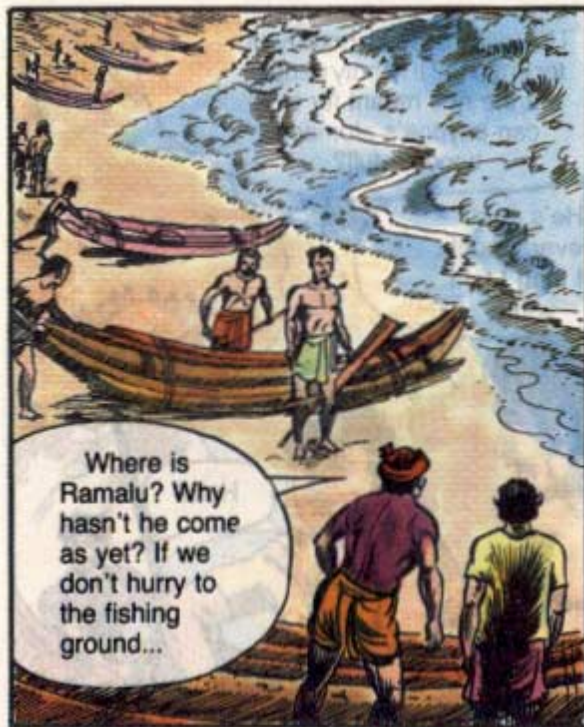
...when the catch is good, his stomach is full, as the old women in the village say. I remember, Uncle.

Not for a moment did I forget anything. You... the sea...our fishing trips...

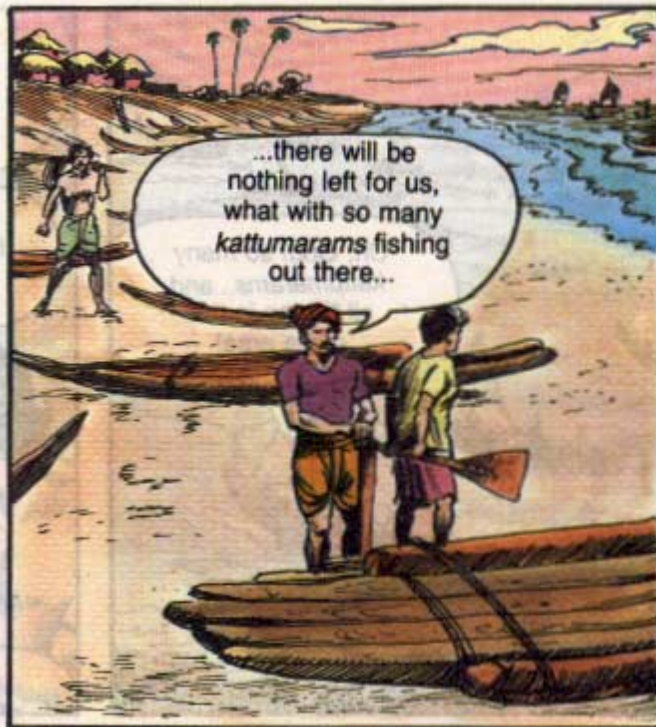
Hm-m-m...we are still using the same old *kattumarams* ...How are things in the village now?

Not any better, Raghu. If we earn Rs.75 a day during a good season, we are lucky.

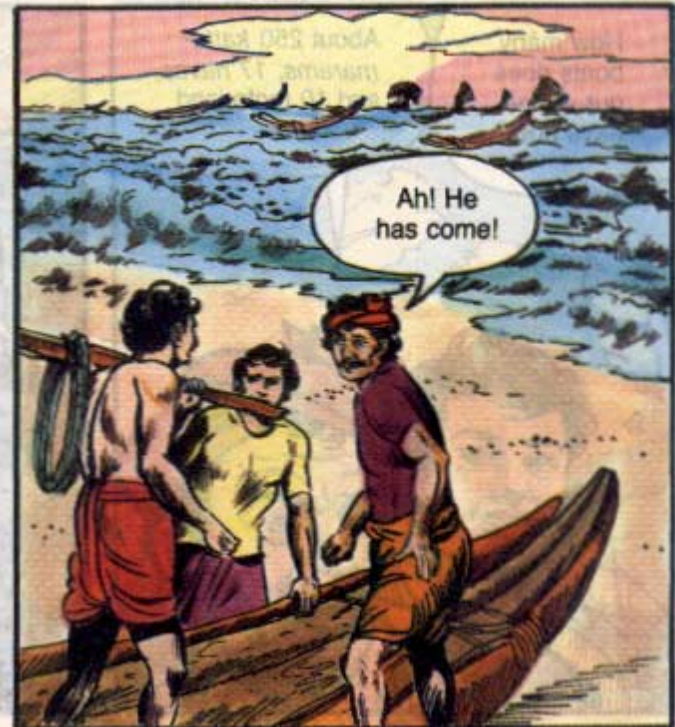
And much of that goes to repay loans...loans taken from the money-lender and the middlemen in the lean season.



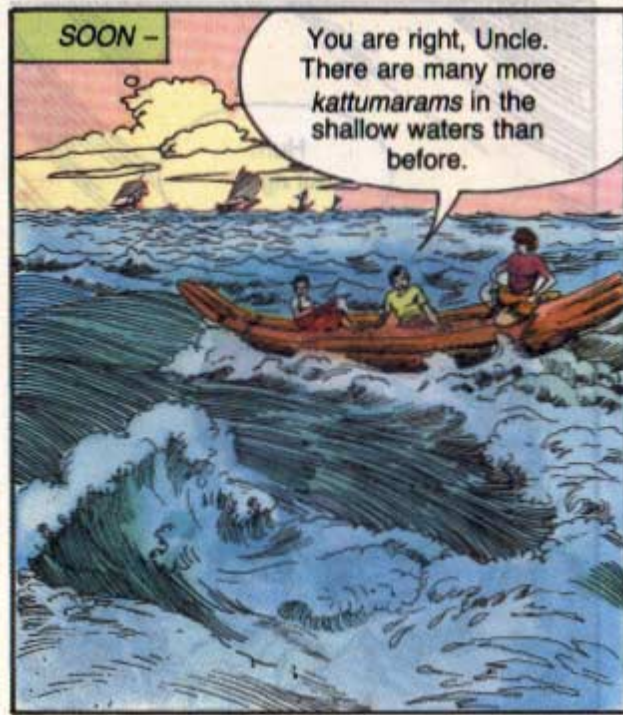
Where is Ramalu? Why hasn't he come as yet? If we don't hurry to the fishing ground...



...there will be nothing left for us, what with so many kattumarams fishing out there...

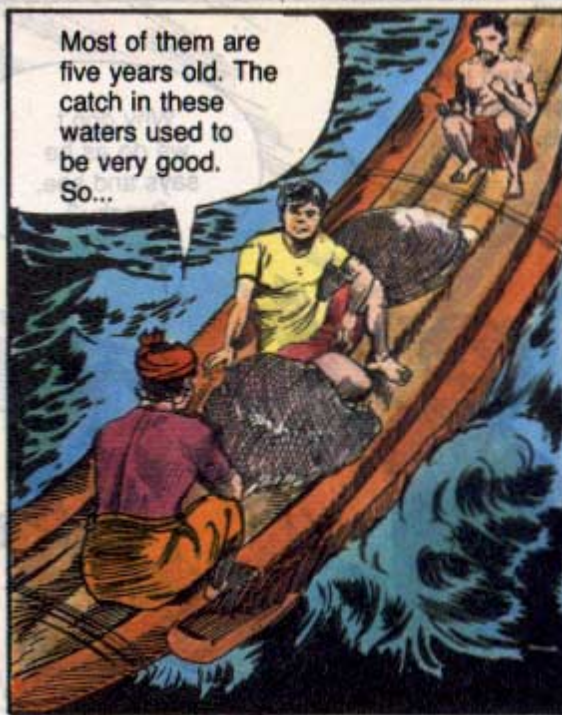


Ah! He has come!



SOON -

You are right, Uncle. There are many more kattumarams in the shallow waters than before.



Most of them are five years old. The catch in these waters used to be very good. So...



...many in the village took loans and bought more craft and gear.

We, too, bought our second kattumaram then... the small one.... for boat-seining.

Oh!