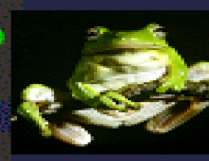


May News Letter

Global Conservation Group

*Changing our relationship with
Wildlife and the environment!*



Global Conservation Group

THE EYES HAVE IT

One Evening, driving into Philadelphia, I stopped my car beside the Schuylkill river to relax. Two men were fishing on the riverbank, but I was glad to note they were not catching anything. Or anyone, I should say, for a fish is not a “thing.” Then, as dusk fell, I saw one of the men wrestling with what looked to be an enormously long fish. I walked over to see what was happening. When I got there, I realized that he had caught an eel.

A five-pronged metal gaff, with separate sets of barbed hooks attached to the prongs, was embedded in the eel's throat. As the animal wriggled, the man pulled and twisted at the gaff, but succeeded only in making a bloody mess. I asked if I could hold the eel still because the procedure was not going quickly. The man agreed.

I took the towel that the man had been using to clean his fish and wrapped it around the eel so that I could hold his long body up to the light from the nearby lamppost. The eel's face was now level with mine. That allowed the man to use both hands to open the eel's mouth wide and use his pliers more effectively, but the going was still tough because there were so many hooks.

Suddenly, the man lost his patience and yanked hard on the gaff set. In a split second he had pulled the eel's throat clean out of his mouth, the eel and I had made eye contact at that very moment.

There was no mistaking the look on the eel's face: shock, horror, sheer fright, and terrible pain. My friend, who had come up behind me, seized the eel and crushed the animal's head quickly with a rock to end

his suffering.

Afterward, the man and I had a chat. To him, the encounter with the unwanted, inedible eel had simply been a waste of time and bait. As I drove out of the parking lot, he was tying a piece of raw bacon to the gaff, ready to have another go.

It has been years, but I still can't shake off the look in that poor animal's eyes. He had been hurt terribly, not by an evil sadist on a crime spree but by a man who seemed respectable, decent, and polite.

The miserable deed has been carried out not in secret, down a dark alley, but in a public place. It had happened a million times before, in much the same way, or worse, and it would happen as many times again. All for nothing.

So we ask that you please think about this, the next time you're planning on going fishing.

Kind Regards,
Global Conservation Group

{NOTICE}

This true article was written by Ingrid E. Newkirk from PETA. We do have PETA's permission to reproduce this article. And so does everyone that we send it to.