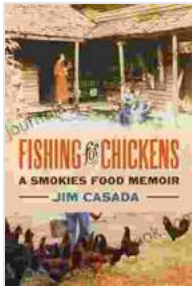


# Fishing for Chickens: A Smoky Mountain Food Memoir



## Fishing for Chickens: A Smokies Food Memoir

by Jim Casada

★★★★★ 5 out of 5

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I grew up in the Smoky Mountains, in a small town where everybody knew everybody else. My family was poor, but we always had plenty to eat. My father was a farmer and a fisherman, and my mother was a cook. We ate what we grew and what we caught, and we made do with what we had.

Food was always a central part of our lives. We gathered around the table for every meal, and we talked about our day. We shared stories and laughter, and we passed down our traditions.

In this memoir, I will share some of my favorite food memories from my childhood. I will write about the time I went fishing for chickens with my father, the time I made my first batch of moonshine, and the time I ate my first wild hog.

These are the stories that shaped me. They are the stories of my family, my culture, and my home.

## **Chapter 1: Fishing for Chickens**

One of my earliest memories is of going fishing for chickens with my father. We would get up early in the morning and walk down to the river. My father would bait his hook with a piece of cornbread, and I would hold the line. We would sit on the bank for hours, waiting for a bite.

Sometimes we would catch a chicken, and sometimes we wouldn't. But even if we didn't catch anything, I loved spending time with my father. We would talk about our day, and we would laugh about the things that happened to us.

One day, we were fishing for chickens when we saw a group of boys swimming in the river. The boys were teasing us, and they started throwing rocks at us. My father told me to ignore them, but I couldn't. I picked up a rock and threw it back at them.

The boys were furious. They got out of the river and started chasing us. My father and I ran as fast as we could, but the boys were faster. They caught up to us and started beating us up.

My father tried to protect me, but he was outnumbered. The boys beat us both up badly. I was bruised and battered, and my father was bleeding from a cut on his head.

Finally, the boys got tired of beating us up. They left us lying on the ground, and they went back to the river. My father and I got up and walked home.

We didn't say much to each other, but I knew that he was proud of me for standing up to the bullies.

## **Chapter 2: Making Moonshine**

When I was a teenager, I started making moonshine with my uncle. Moonshine is a type of illegal whiskey that is made in the Smoky Mountains. It is made from corn, sugar, and water, and it is very strong.

My uncle had a still in the woods behind his house. We would go out there at night and make moonshine. We would boil the corn and sugar in water, and then we would let it ferment. After a few weeks, the moonshine would be ready to drink.

Making moonshine was dangerous, but it was also exciting. We knew that we were breaking the law, but we didn't care. We were just having fun.

One night, we were making moonshine when we heard a noise outside. We went to the door and looked out, and we saw a group of revenuers. Revenuers are federal agents who are responsible for enforcing the laws against moonshining.

The revenuers were coming towards our house. We knew that we had to get rid of the moonshine, so we started pouring it out into the woods.

The revenuers knocked on the door, and my uncle let them in. They searched the house, but they didn't find any moonshine. We had gotten rid of it all just in time.

The revenuers left, and we went back to making moonshine. We knew that we had been lucky, but we also knew that we couldn't keep making

moonshine forever. Sooner or later, we would get caught.

### **Chapter 3: Eating Wild Hog**

When I was a young man, I went on a hunting trip with my father and my uncle. We were hunting for wild hogs. Wild hogs are a type of pig that lives in the Smoky Mountains. They are very large and very dangerous.

We hunted for several days, but we didn't see any wild hogs. Finally, on the last day of our trip, we saw a group of wild hogs crossing a field. We stalked the hogs and shot them. We killed two hogs, and we brought them home with us.

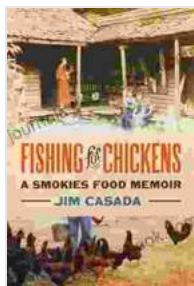
My mother cooked the wild hogs for dinner. She made a stew with the meat, and it was delicious. I had never eaten wild hog before, and I was surprised at how good it tasted. The meat was tender and flavorful, and it was unlike anything I had ever eaten before.

Eating wild hog was a special experience. It was a reminder of the close relationship that I had with my father and my uncle. It was also a reminder of the beauty and the bounty of the Smoky Mountains.

The Smoky Mountains are a special place. They are a place of beauty and abundance, and they are a place where traditions are passed down from generation to generation.

The food of the Smoky Mountains is a reflection of the people who live there. It is simple, yet flavorful, and it is made with the freshest ingredients. It is a food that is meant to be shared with family and friends.

I am grateful for the food that I grew up eating. It is a food that has shaped me, and it is a food that I will always cherish.



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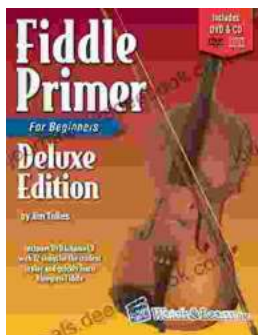
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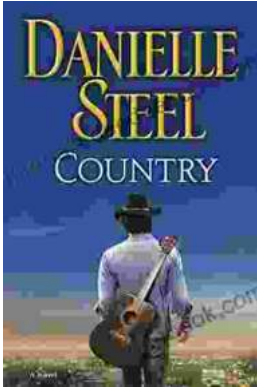
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