

## *A River Runs through It*

### Study Guide of Quotes

-In our family, there is no clear line between religion and fly fishing.

-What is the chief end of man?

-If our father had had his say, nobody who did not know how to fish would be allowed to disgrace a fish by catching him.

-Remember, it is an art that is performed on a four-count rhythm between ten and two o'clock.

-To him, all good things-trout as well as eternal salvation-come by grace and grace comes by art and art does not come easy.

-The bastard doesn't even know how to spell 'complete'.

-Whoever saw a dairymaid on the Big Blackfoot River?

-I would like to get him for a day's fishing on the Big Blackfoot-with a bet on the side.

-No, it wasn't you. I just slipped and fell.

-Cut it out. You know he was born and brought up in Montana. He just works on the West Coast. And now he's back for a vacation and writes his mother he wants to fish with us. With you especially.

-practically everybody on the West Coast was born in the Rocky Mountains where they failed as fly fishermen, so they migrated to the West Coast and became lawyers, certified public accountants, presidents of airplane companies, gamblers, or Mormon missionaries.

-Besides, he's a bait fisherman. All those Montana boys on the West Coast sit around the bars at night and lie to each other about their frontier childhood when they were hunters, trappers, and fly fishermen. But when they come back home they don't even kiss their mothers on the front porch before they're in the back garden with a red hills Bros. coffee can digging for angleworms.

-I would like very much to think of Neal with him and you.

-I don't have to be on the beat tomorrow until evening, so what about just you and me taking the day off and fishing the big river before we have to go on the picnic?

-I don't know how to explain what happened next, but there was a right-angle turn in this section-line road, and the rabbit saw it, and I didn't.

-The fish are out farther. Just a little farther.

-God he couldn't be so big you could see his fins.

-You wouldn't even have seen the fish in all that foam if you hadn't first thought he would be there.

-Oh, no, you're going to wait aren't you, until he comes to shore so you can see his big fish?

-No you don't have to post bond for him. He covers the police beat and he has friends here. All you have to do is look at him and take him home.

-I have a young bother who is a wonderful kid, but he's always in trouble. He's what we call 'Black Irish'.

-Take me home. Take him, too.

-He should have killed the bastard.

-Sunrise is the time to feel that you will be able to find out how to help somebody close to you who you think needs help even if he doesn't think so. At sunrise everything is luminous but not clear.

-Don't forget, you're going with Florence and me to meet Neal at the train.

-She stretched out on the lower branch ready to pounce on the first deer that came along.

-Hey, Buster, what are otters doing on top of the Continental Divide? I thought otters swam in creeks and played on mud slides?

-Don't forget, you're going fishing tomorrow morning.

-I didn't even go to bed last night. Get him up, Florence.

-Don't you run off and leave my brother.

-I'll walk three fishing distances down and then fish up stream. You spread out and fish downstream until we meet.

-Many of us probably would be better fishermen if we did not spend so much time watching and waiting for the world to become perfect.

-Well, then, take care of yourself and have a good time.

-You like to fish in sunny, open water because you are a Scot and afraid to lose a fly if you cast into the bushes.

-One of life's quiet excitements is to stand somewhat apart from yourself and watch yourself softly becoming the author of something beautiful, even if it is only a floating ash.

-Poets talk about "spots of time," but it is really fishermen who experience eternity compressed into a moment. No one can tell what a spot of time is until suddenly the whole world is a fish and the fish is gone.

-You'll get hell for that.

-You went off and left him?

-Poor boy, he's not well. He was exposed to the sun too long.

-You know more about a truck than that. You know I have to have ballast in the rear end, or the rear wheels will just spin and not pull us out of the mud.

-Oh, she's got that all figured out. She knows a window in the boys' toilet that's always unlocked and I push her up and then she reaches down and gives me a hand.

-It's damn hot right here now. The fishing isn't going to be much good. The fish will all be lying on the bottom.

-How are you, anyway? I've brought Buster to go fishing with you.

-We don't want your money. We want to go fishing with you.

-I would like to go fishing with you and Paul.

-Can you wade out to the sand bar?

-That's what I'll do, I'll stay here and fish.

-There's no use looking around. That's where we buried it.

-All told, we buried eight bottles of beer in four holes. Do you think they could have drunk eight bottles of beer, besides the rest of that 3-7-77?

-The bear that went over the mountain, that's where he comes down the mountain to drink.

-That's what I meant. It's two bare asses. Both are red.

-May he get three doses of clap, and may he recover from all but the first.

-Get your clothes on or I'll kick you in the ass.

-Don't touch me. You carry my clothes. They hurt when I hold them.

-What's good about the coffee can?

-I don't know, but Buster always likes to have it with him.

-I don't want to see three women.

-Don't worry. I'm your woman. I'll take care of you.

-You couldn't tell by the profanity who was winning the argument, but as we got closer to town she would reach into the clothes piles and put some of it on her.

-What have you done with my boy?

-He's badly sunburned.

-He didn't feel like going fishing with us, and when we got back, he was lying asleep in the sand.

-Don't worry about him, second-degree burn. Blisters. Peeling. Fever. A couple of weeks. Don't worry about him. Don't worry about us. We women can handle it.

-In fact, why don't you and Paul get out of here? We have Ken and he can do anything and Neal is his brother.

-Besides, I think you aren't even wanted here. All you can do is stand around and watch, and right now nobody in the family wants to be watched.

-You don't like him, do you?

-Tell me, if my brother comes back next summer will you try to help me help him?

-Tell me, why it is that people who want help do better without it-at least, no worse. Actually, that's what it is, no worse. They take all the help they can get, and are just the same as they always have been.

- I asked for a couple of days off, so I have another day coming. Maybe we can get the old man to go fishing with us tomorrow.

- You call her, she loves to hear you.

- Fine, but you ask father to come fishing with us.

-Here is your favorite chokecherry jelly.

- Are you sure, Paul, that you want me?

- I think I'll run over town and see some old pals. I'll be back before long, but don't wait up for me.

- I don't understand you. I hear all kinds of things about Paul. Mostly I hear he's a fine reporter and a fine fisherman.

-Haven't you heard that he has changed his spelling of our name from Maclean to MacLean. Now he spells it with a capital.

-You are too young to help anybody and I am too old, by help I don't mean a courtesy like serving choke-cherry jelly or giving money.

-Help is giving part of yourself to somebody who comes to accept it willingly and needs it badly

-Paul made breakfast for us.

-Take it easy. It's turned cooler. We'll make a killing today. Take it easy.

-We carried those big rocks up the bank, but now I can't crawl down it.

-Let's fish together today.

-My, my, wouldn't it be wonderful if a guy knew how to use ten of all those flies.

-All there is to thinking is seeing something noticeable which makes you see something you weren't noticing which makes you see something that isn't even visible.

-Give me a cigarette and say what you mean.

-They weren't the biggest or most spectacular fish I ever caught, but they were three fish I caught because my bother waded across the river to give me the fly that would catch them and because they were the last fish I ever caught fishing with him.

-In the part I was reading it says the Word was in the beginning, and that's right. I used to think water was first, but if you listen carefully you will hear that the words are underneath the water.

-No you are not listening carefully. The water runs over the words.

-He won't take the trouble to walk downstream. He'll swim it.

-I'm pretty good with a rod, but I need three more years before I can think like a fish.

-You already know how to think like a dead stone fly.

-Is there anything else you can tell me?

-Nearly all the bones in his hand were broken.

-No, but you can love completely without complete understanding.

-It is those we live with and love and should know who elude us.

-Eventually, all things merge into one, and a river runs through it. The river was cut by the world's great flood and runs over rocks from the basement of time. On some of the rocks are timeless raindrops. Under the rocks are the words, and some of the words are theirs.

-I am haunted by waters.