



gone
fishing



Gregory
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Gone Fishing

A Fisherman's Tale

Gregory John

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“The Devil's devices of deception are always shrouded in the falsehood of half-truths!” Gregory John

Introduction

The world as a whole today no longer believes in a devil. Where is the physical evidence they say? While exclaiming—No cloven hoof prints have ever been found! Where are his fiery arrows or his heart piercing bow they say? While exclaiming—There is yet to be found any signs of his invisible bow or fiery arrows! Where is his grand and earthly kingdom they say? While exclaiming—Perhaps it's on Mt. Ararad alongside Noah's ark which has never been found! Therefore, the world today just laughs and plays telling you and me that the Devil is just another fable from long-long ago.

Has the Devil been laid to rest with the early Christians of long-long ago? Or perhaps, he is just on a long-needed vacation for the next millennium or two? The truth be told may just surprise you! If you care to

know, then I invite you to read on, but be forewarned that what I'm about to share, is not only real, but reveals the Devil's most deceptive secrets and dirty trick that he plays on you.

Duped by the Devil

In having wandered up to Mr. Beelzebub home and in reading the sign left on his front door, “Gone Fishing”, Little lad, thought to himself, “I too would like to go fishing today!” So off he quickly went in search of the wise and old fisherman—Mr. Beelzebub.

In seeing Little Lad coming down the old river trail, Mr. Beelzebub invitingly called out him, “Hey there Lad, Come and join me today!” In handing Little Lad, a spare fishing pole and a bucket of *magical* bait, Mr. Beelzebub with a wink in his eye, invitingly said, “Would you like to be a master-angler like me?”

In naively reaching out and taking hold of both pole and bait, Little Lad in his curiosity asked, “What make your bait so magical?”

In arising Little Lad's curiosity further, Mr. Beelzebub dangled a tantalizing proposition, "Alas, you ask a good question, but I can only tell you, on your soul's promise, that you become my forever fishing pal!"

Little Lad hastily responded, "I promise upon my heart! Do tell me the secret of your *magical* bait."

Leaning in closer, Mr. Beelzebub then whispered into Little Lad's ear, "What makes my bait so magical is the powerful attractant and tantalizing allure which when combined is almost irresistible!"

With a chuckle under his breath, Little Lad then did say, "Your claim smells awful fishy for me to believe!"

Mr. Beelzebub with a disappointing sigh in his voice, then expressed to Little Lad's doubt, "Would I lie to you, my forever fishing pal?" He then exclaimed, "To tell you half the truth, the formulation of my magical bait consists of a pinch of *curiosity*, a dash of *doubt*, a thimble full of *pride*, *self-pleasure*, and *indolence*, and one heaping cup of *deceit* to fill the heart and preoccupy the mind."

Now laughing out loud, Little Lad said, "No fish in its' life would ever eat a concoction as that!"

Locking eyes, Mr. Beelzebub with a soul piercing stare then made it clear, “My naive fishing pal, let me share another secret with you, the species we are after today is none other than the prized—human soul!”

He then went on to exclaim, “The other half truth, is that it is not just my magical bait, but the presentation of the bait itself. You see, all human souls have specific faults and weaknesses, which can be easily exploited. One must also cultivate patience, as I know from experience in that humans can at times be wary of my unseen presence and will not take my bait in hand. Being fickle creatures though, they more often than not make the sinful mistake in taking my bait—hook, line, and sinker!”

“As for your fishing pole, it’s really nothing more than an old switching stick, but it should allow you to cast falsehood far enough to reach out and beguile even at times—the trophy elect.”

“Little Lad, these are the fishing facts of life! In full disclosure, the magic bait which you now hold onto is the very bait that has allured you into my net—as my now claimed fishing pal!” (Mr. Beelzebub devilish

grin is seen in Little Lad's tears—now streaming down his face).

Be Deceived Not!

This fisherman's tale (a comical satire) points out that we like fish are prone to the hidden and fatal dangers that lurk above and below the surface of the water.

Mr. Beelzebub (Satan) like any good stealthy fisherman will methodically use every found advantage, satanic powers, and our human frailties at his full disposal to allure you and me into his net of lies. The greatest of which being the deceptive and false notion that he the Devil... doesn't exist!

In beholding the Devil's lie, we become neither a threat to his temporal kingdom home here on earth nor wise to the truth that God's eternal kingdom home is a true fisherman's paradise of wonders and wisdom untold!

The Master Angler

Lurking in the dark shadows
Stands a stealthy fisherman
Who sports in beguiling
The highly sought and trophy elect.

Reaching into his box of deceptions
He pulls out a shiny new temptation
And ties it onto his invisible line.

Casting temptation far into the deep
In the hope of hooking a trophy-elect
He patiently waits for another floundering soul.

Just one nibble or soft bite is all that it takes
The allurement of temptation is just too much.
With a quick stinging strike, his victim is held helpless.

With hooks now set in and the line held tight
The Master angler pulls in his highly sought elect
And with a sly grin and devilish laugh
Adds another soul to his prized catch!

Gregory John