My aboriginal story:

One day a long time ago a little boy went out in a boat with a fishing pole and bait to catch some fish for sport. As he was out there with his pole in hands sitting back relaxed and the warm sun on his face, the pole started to pull way the boy reacted quickly as he reeled in his catch. The fish fought with all of its might as the boy pulled the fish along to its possible death, the boy took one last tug and the fish came flying out of the water and into his boat. The boy had won the battle with his strength and the hook as the fish flopped on the floor of the boat slowly dying. The boy then picked up the flopping fish, removed the hook, through the fish back into the water, added more bait and re-cast it to catch another. But the fish was confused as it had come so close to death it was in the hands of a killer but it was freed for no reason! The fish then swam up to the surface “hay you” said the fish. The kid looked around “down here” the kid looked over the side of the boat and there was a fish with its head out of the water “hello there” the confused kid said. “What are you doing?” the fish asked “well I was just catching and releasing fish” replied the kid “oh how dread full” the fish said sadly. “What is wrong I am releasing them after all. ” The kid countered “but it is cruel why would you trick us into eating a hook just to throw us back! It is painful don’t you know” the fish scoffed “I never thought about that” said the kid “I never realized how much pain I was causing. Please forgive me I was blind to the fateful truth but I will make it right” “thank you boy” said the fish and he turned around and swam away. After that day the boy thought about how he could approach this, he lived fishing but he never wanted to hurt the fish then an idea popped in his head. If could not catch to release then he would catch and eat and from that day forward the kid caught lots of fish and ate them.