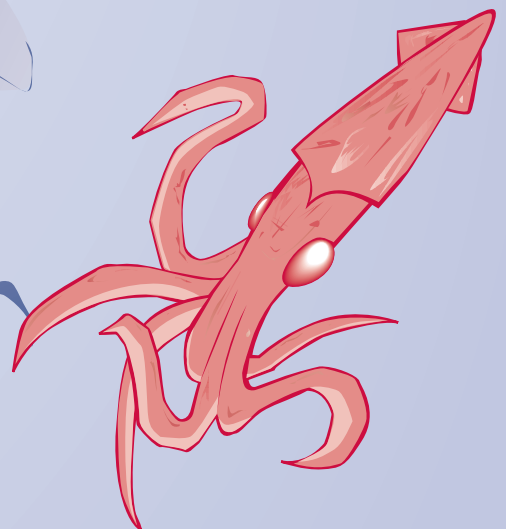
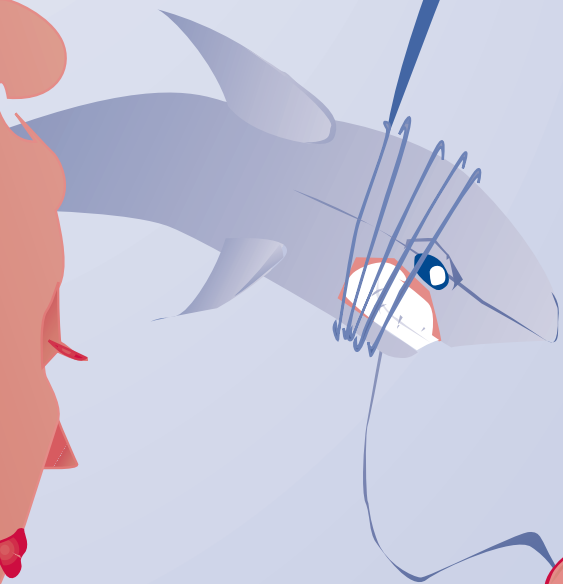


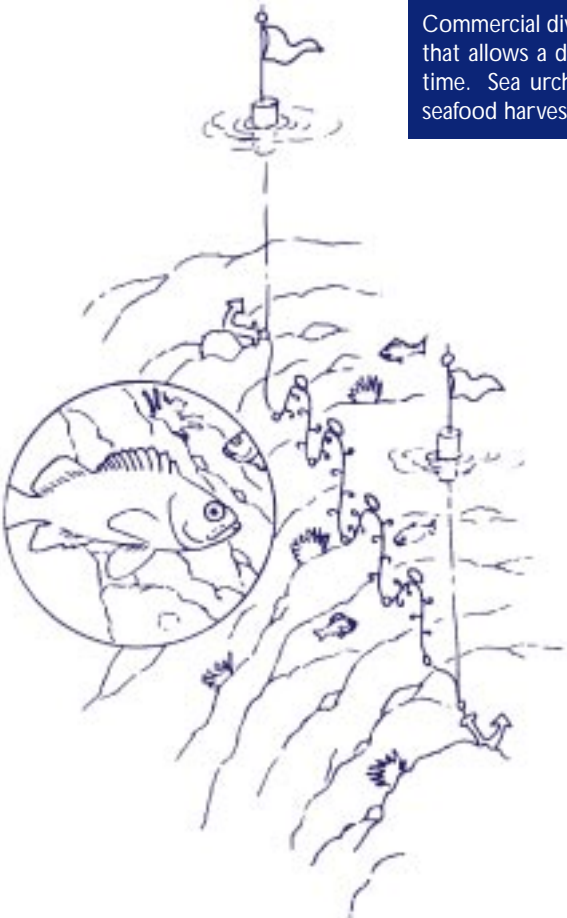
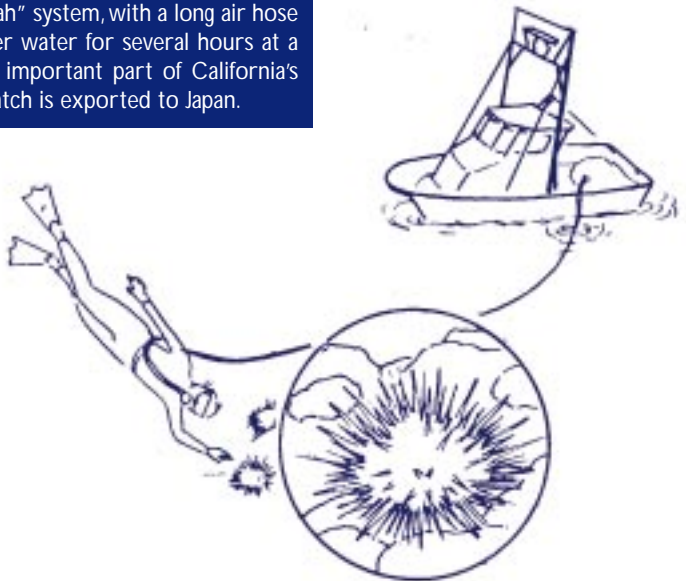


# CALIFORNIA'S GOLDEN SEAS RIDDLE BOOK



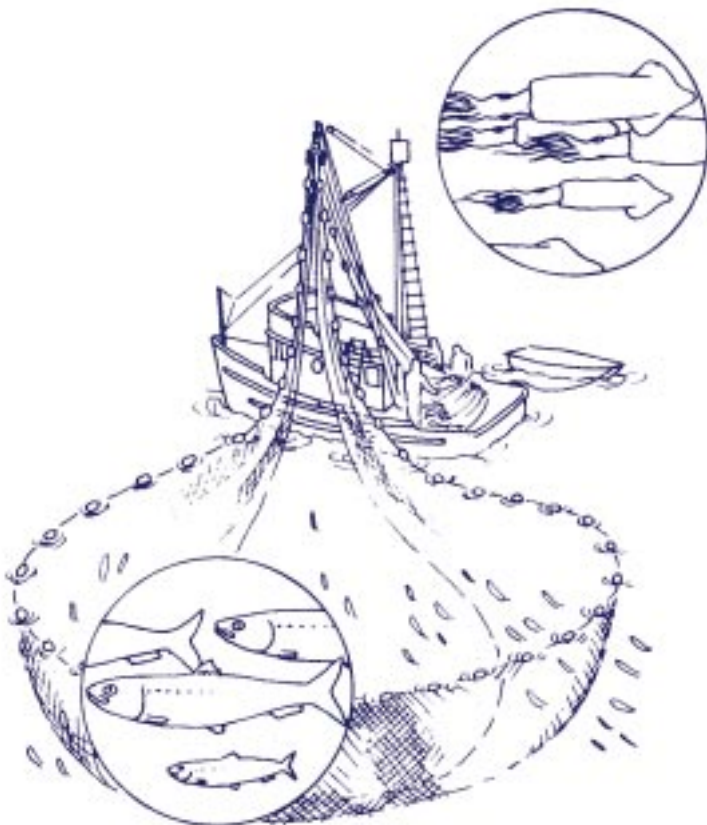
**WRITTEN BY DAVID KATZ**  
**ILLUSTRATED BY DAVID KATZ, JENNIFER SALYER, AND JASON SCHLEIFER**

Commercial divers use a "hookah" system, with a long air hose that allows a diver to stay under water for several hours at a time. Sea urchins make up an important part of California's seafood harvest. Most of the catch is exported to Japan.



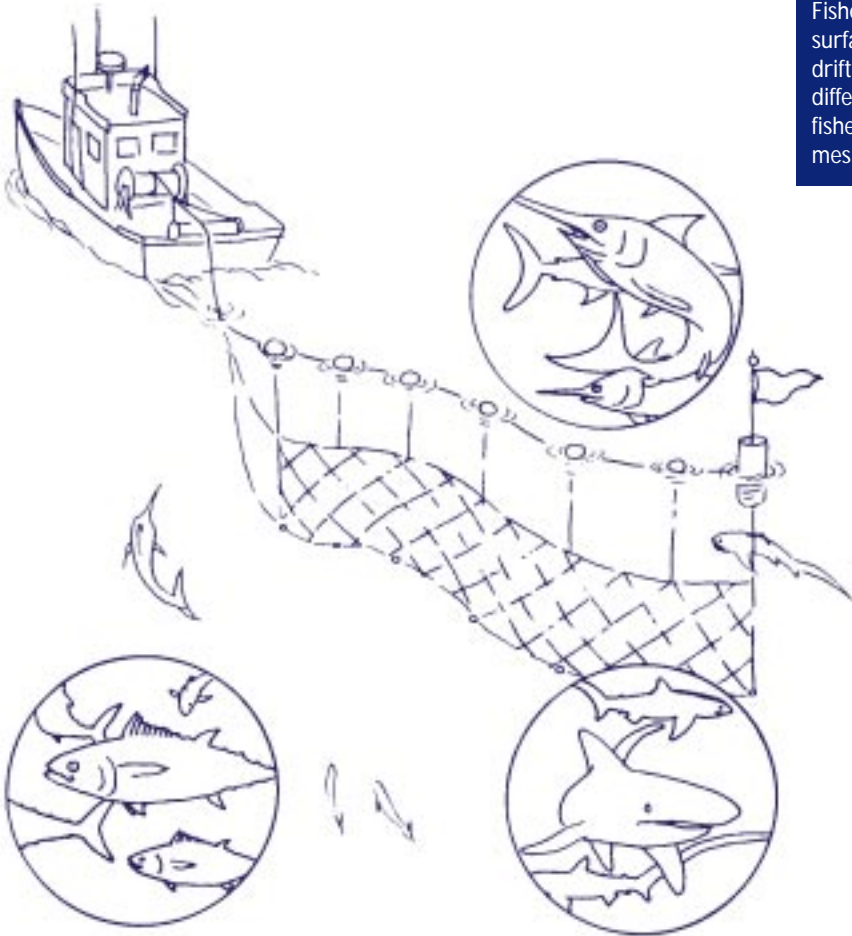
A Longline consists of a groundline running across the ocean floor. Anchors hold the line in place while hooks strung along the line are baited to catch fish. Fisherfolk use Longlines to catch rockfish and sablefish. Another Hook and Line method, called trolling, is used to catch salmon, albacore, and California Halibut, among other fish.

California fisher folk use Traps to catch lobster and crab. Traps or Pots are constructed of wire and are equipped with escape ports to release undersized animals. Trap doors are designed to open in seawater to release the catch if the Trap is lost.

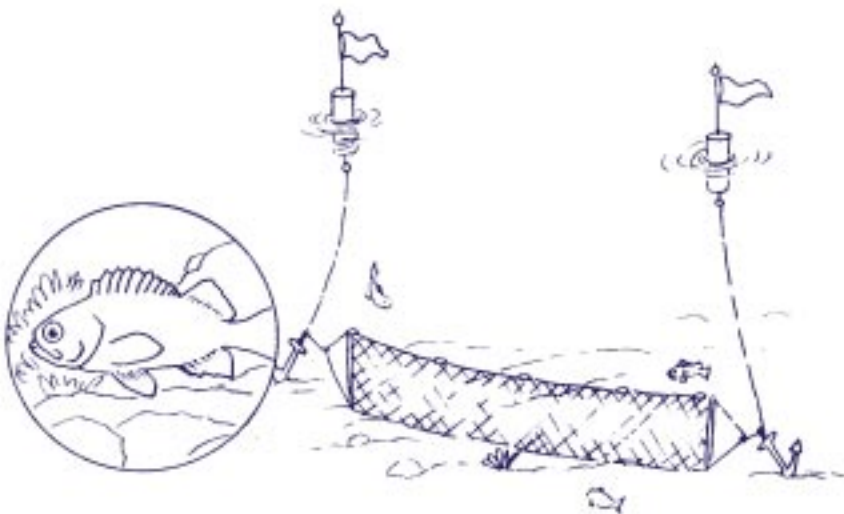


Round-haul Nets such as the purse seine have seen use in California since the mid 1800's. These nets encircle the fish in a bag of webbing. Once the net has encircled the fish, fisher folk close the net like a drawstring purse. Round-haul Nets are used to catch anchovy, mackerel, tuna, sardines, and squid, among other fish.

Fisher folk use Drift Gillnets to catch fish that swim near the ocean's surface. Set at night, these nets remain attached to the boat and drift about 12 to 60 feet underneath the surface. Regulations require different mesh sizes to catch different kinds of fish. For example, fisher folk use 22-inch mesh to catch swordfish and shark, 6-inch mesh for white seabass, and 3.5-inch mesh for barracuda.



In California, fisher folk use Trawl Nets to provide large volumes of popular table fish, such as sole and Pacific snapper. Trawl Nets also catch shellfish such as Pacific ocean shrimp (pink shrimp), fished in northern and central California, and spot prawns, ridgeback prawns, and sea cucumbers, fished in southern California.



California fisher folk use Set Gillnets to catch California halibut, certain shark species, white seabass, white croaker, flying fish, and rockfish. Set Gillnets are anchored to the ocean floor and are normally retrieved 24 hours later. Mesh sizes, seasons, and other restrictions vary by species and area. Gillnets are one of the most size-selective fishing gears; mesh sizes are designed to select mature fish.



Once upon a stormy seashore, there lived a handsome young fisherman and his two children. One day, the father left on his boat, as he always did, to go make his living on the sea. And his children waited, as they always did, for him to return with the next rise of the sun. But he didn't return and so the children went to their father's shed where he kept his tools. There was a gillnet, a trawl, a round haul net, a hook and line, and a trap. They knew that the tools would be able to help them, but they didn't know which one to ask. That night, the moon whispered a secret into their ears as they scanned the distant horizon, looking for their father. The moon said:

*This riddle I give you as the wisdom of time,  
The key to your question lies in this rhyme.  
To seek out father you must know how to look,  
Sink past the waves with this magic Moonbook.*




The moon cast down a beautiful moonbeam that hit the sand by the children's feet. At the end of the moonbeam there was an ancient book of magic with the secret to traveling below the ocean. But before they could go any farther, they had to solve the riddle on the first page:

*Your father might use me to make his first catch,  
I dangle a treat which fish love to snatch.  
I twist and I turn yet I'm tied at one end,  
Down through the ocean I spiral and bend.  
My brother bends also, but bend he must,  
I spool out with ease while my brother may rust.  
To find me out from among any other,  
Tell me who am I and who is my brother?*







The children went back to the shed and took the **hook and line** from the wall and brought it outside to the beach. As soon as the moonlight touched the hook, it wiggled with the moon's magic.

"Help us find our father," the children asked.

With their request, the hook and line floated up into the air and curved around to speak to them.

"I don't know what we can do," the line said.

"Of course we can help them, you nincompoop," the hook said.

"But we don't know the whole story," said the line.

"Then we shall tell them what we know," replied the hook.

*We float under the sea, from a boat in a strand,  
When fisherman use us, they fish with their hand.  
Our catch, in quality, is second to none,  
Our volume is lower when at last the year's done.  
And your father would set us with ease and with skill,  
So that his young children could then eat their fill.*

"And that pretty much sums it up for us," added the line.

The children smiled and then frowned. "We're beginning to understand, but how can you help us find our father?" they asked.

The line stared at the hook and then shivered, for this is what a line looked like when it tried to shrug.

"That's part of the answer," said the hook, "but we are only part of the cycle. Answer this riddle and you may journey with us down to the ocean floor to find someone who will help you more."

*A crest on my tip that's whiter than snow,  
You see me from above and feel me below.  
I tumble and roar, and sometimes I crash,  
Yet I'm always unbroken and return with a splash.*

"Now," said the line, "hold on to me very tightly for the road into the sea is dangerous and long."

The children took ahold of the line in both hands and then plunged past a giant **wave** into the water, led by the shimmering hook.

The children thought the water would be colder and wetter, but the magic of the moon kept them warm and dry. At the bottom of the sea, the hook began to wave about, sparkling like a rare and precious gem.

Out of the darkness, the children saw a shape approaching. Suddenly, a silvery king salmon appeared, attracted by the hook.

"Hello old friend," the hook said.

"Well hello!" said the salmon, "I didn't know we were having company today. If I'd have known, I would have brought tea."

"That's very nice of you," said the children, "but we were hoping you would help us find our father."

"I see," said the salmon. "I am only part of the cycle, but I will help you as much as I can."



*My life is a journey to the ocean from a stream,  
I'm born in the river and of the sea I dream.  
I'll live in saltwater but yearn for the fresh,  
I'll bite on a hook but I am hard to catch.  
As part of the cycle, I know when it's time,  
Up to the surface I swim and I climb.  
For people need me to make their dinners complete,  
And someday in your kitchen maybe we'll meet.*

"So," the salmon said, "if **you're** not hungry, I certainly am. Help me summon my dinner by solving this riddle."

*My arms are many and I have a firm grip,  
My body is long and thin like a whip.  
I have a beak but I never shall fly,  
And in me is ink for writing or dye.*

The children thought about it for a bit and then called out the name of the salmon's dinner. They heard the rush of water behind them and turned to see a delicate cream-colored **squid** jetting through the crystal waters.

"Oh dear," said the squid, "is it time? Am I late?"

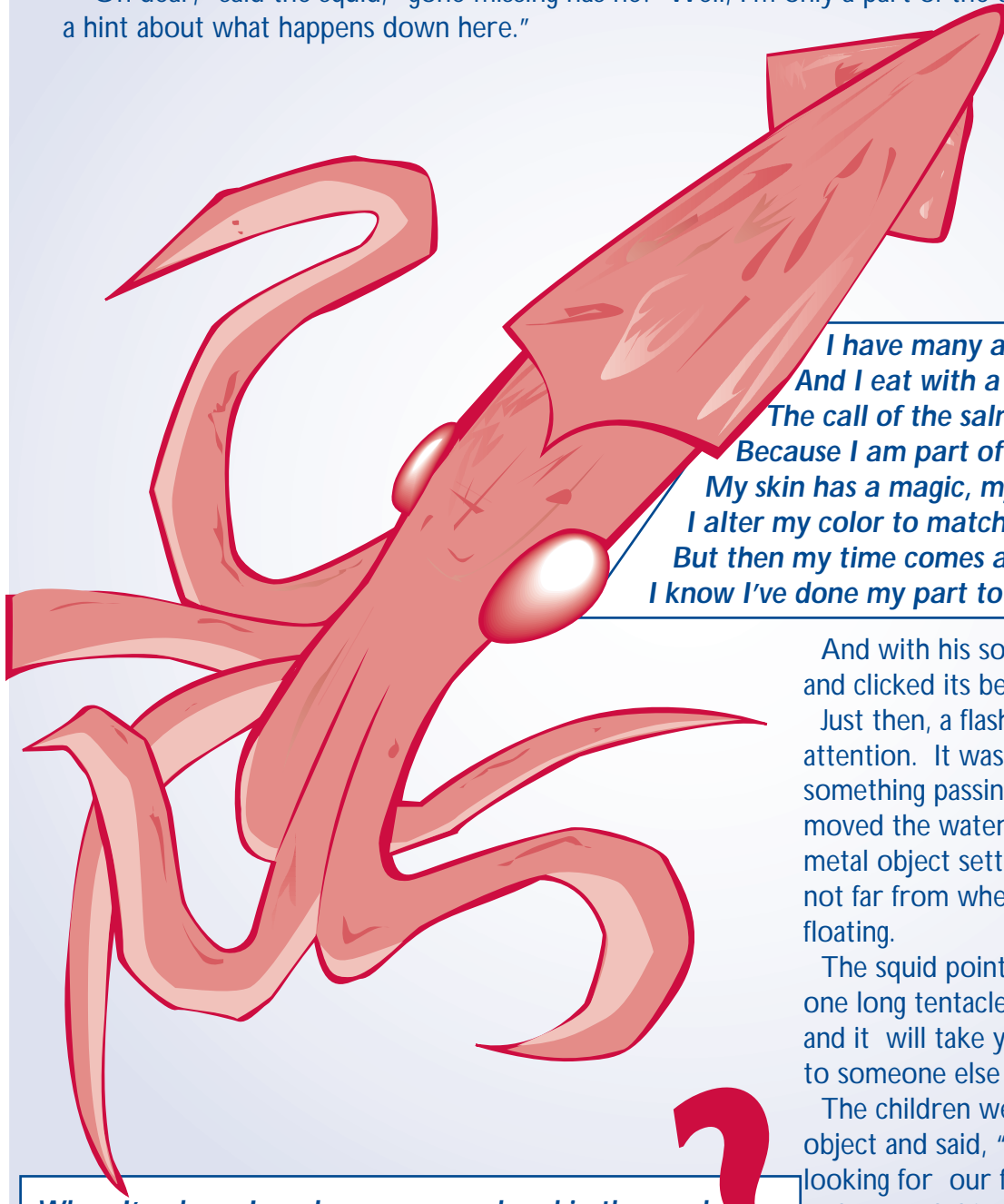
"Yes it's time," said the salmon, "and no, you're right on schedule."

The squid sighed deeply, blowing bubbles from its beak and waving its many legs.

"Good," said the squid, "I was worried."

"Now, before we go off," said the salmon to the squid, "I think you might be able to help these two children. They're looking for their father."

"Oh dear," said the squid, "gone missing has he? Well, I'm only a part of the cycle, but I can give you a hint about what happens down here."



*I have many arms that I wave about,  
And I eat with a beak and not with a snout.  
The call of the salmon cannot bring me pain,  
Because I am part of a larger food chain.  
My skin has a magic, my body no bones,  
I alter my color to match coral or stones.  
But then my time comes and the salmon I meet,  
I know I've done my part to keep the cycle complete.*

And with his song ended, the squid smiled and clicked its beak happily.

Just then, a flash of light caught everyone's attention. It was followed by the rumble of something passing overhead. A loud splash moved the water all around them and a giant metal object settled down on the ocean floor not far from where the children were floating.

The squid pointed to the metal object with one long tentacle and said, "Answer its riddle and it will take you to the surface to speak to someone else who might help you more."

The children went over to the giant metallic object and said, "Excuse us, sir, but we're looking for our father. Can you help us?"

The metal thing shifted in the sand and said, "Oh, some new friends! I'm so glad. I do so miss hearing the voices of people when I'm down here. Answer me this riddle and I will help you."

*When I'm down I am lonesome, my head in the sands,  
To bring me back up you will need many hands.  
When I'm up I am happy and off you may go,  
When I'm down you sail nowhere, while currents may flow.*



**4** "Now, what am I?" the metal object asked.

"Well," said the children, "we can see that the boat above you has completely stopped, so we would say that you are an **anchor!**"

"Yes!" the anchor said, "it's so good to be noticed. Now, climb up my chain and you can ask the captain of my boat if he's seen your father."

The children grabbed hold of the chain and scrambled their way up to the surface. They climbed over the side of the boat and fell to the deck with a wet thud. The fisherman on board was so startled to see them appear that he stopped in his tracks.

"What sort of creatures are you?" the fishermen asked.

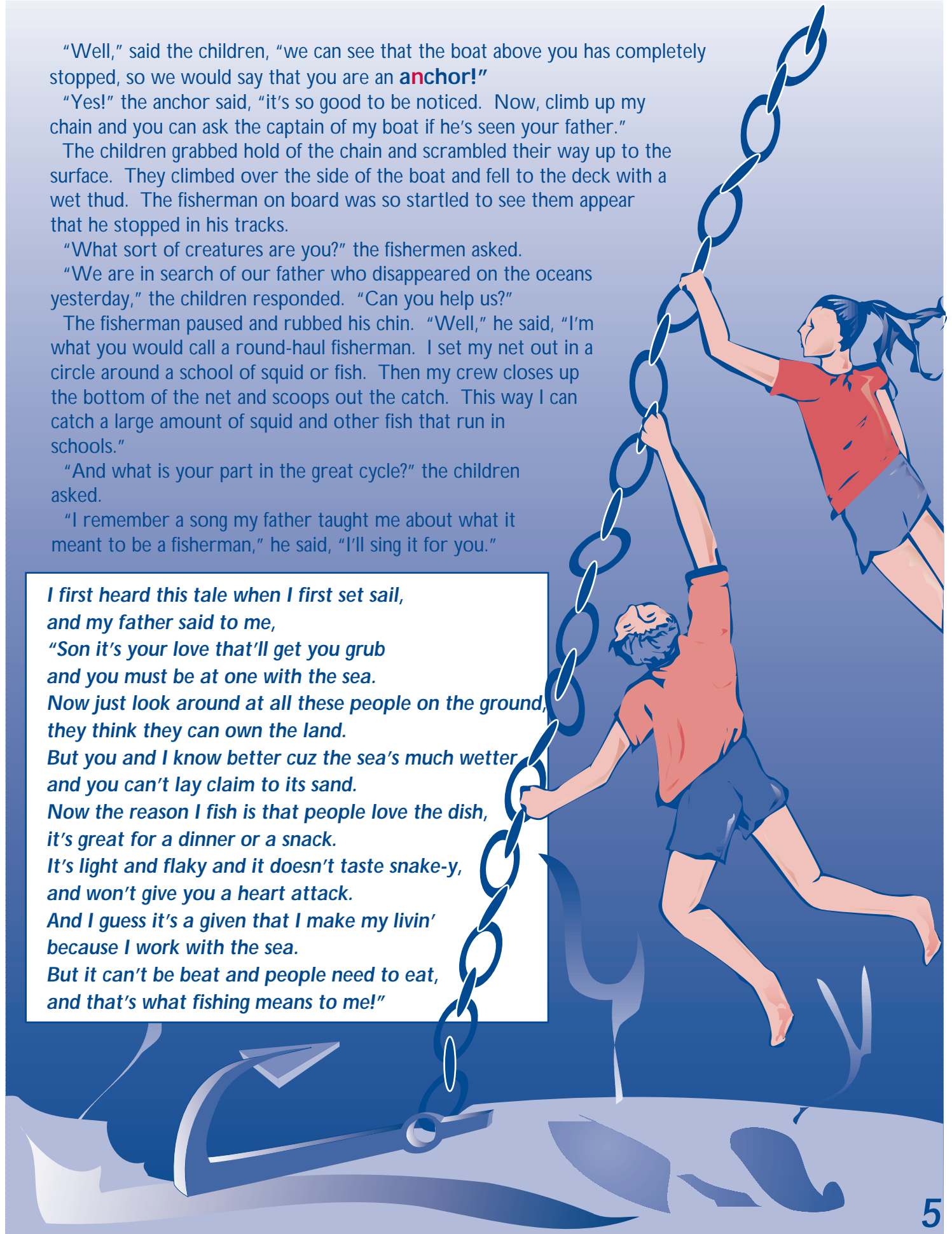
"We are in search of our father who disappeared on the oceans yesterday," the children responded. "Can you help us?"

The fisherman paused and rubbed his chin. "Well," he said, "I'm what you would call a round-haul fisherman. I set my net out in a circle around a school of squid or fish. Then my crew closes up the bottom of the net and scoops out the catch. This way I can catch a large amount of squid and other fish that run in schools."

"And what is your part in the great cycle?" the children asked.

"I remember a song my father taught me about what it meant to be a fisherman," he said, "I'll sing it for you."

*I first heard this tale when I first set sail,  
and my father said to me,  
"Son it's your love that'll get you grub  
and you must be at one with the sea.  
Now just look around at all these people on the ground,  
they think they can own the land.  
But you and I know better cuz the sea's much wetter  
and you can't lay claim to its sand.  
Now the reason I fish is that people love the dish,  
it's great for a dinner or a snack.  
It's light and flaky and it doesn't taste snake-y,  
and won't give you a heart attack.  
And I guess it's a given that I make my livin'  
because I work with the sea.  
But it can't be beat and people need to eat,  
and that's what fishing means to me!"*





"Doesn't taste snake-y?" the children asked, looking at one another.

The fisherman shrugged, "Yeah, well, grandpa was a weird old guy."

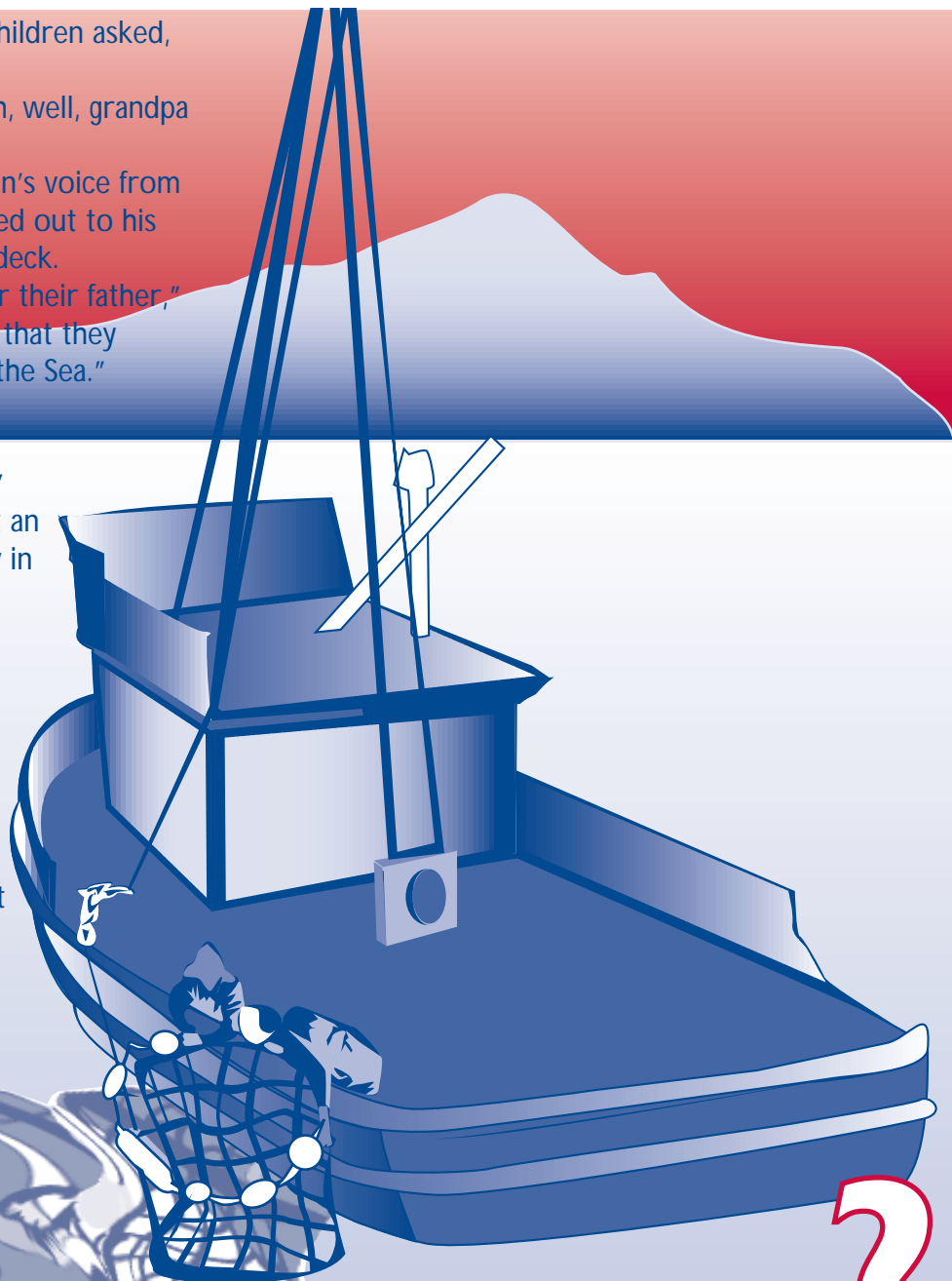
"I'll say he was," came a woman's voice from below deck. The fisherman called out to his wife, who then joined them on deck.

"These children are looking for their father," the fisherman said, "my guess is that they need to talk to the Old Man of the Sea."

The lady frowned, "Hmmm," she said thoughtfully, "that's not an easy task. My expertise is really in trapping lobster, which is what I do when I'm not fishing for squid with my husband."

"Well," said the children, "every little bit seems to be helping."

"I suppose that's true," she said, "maybe this will do. I remember an ancient riddle that might help."



*I'll catch but never keep,  
I'll tear but never weep.  
My body is full of holes,  
Yet these make up my whole.  
I'll circle you around,  
And then I'm tightly wound.  
Around you I will stretch,  
Then you will be my catch.*

"Answer the riddle and then you might find something to help you," said the lady.

The children thought for a moment and then looked out on the water where a **round haul net** was being reeled on to the deck of the fisherman's boat.

"We must go ask the net," they said to each other, "it is the last part of the puzzle."

The children walked over to the net and poked it with a finger.

"Waddaya want?" the net grumbled.

"Mr. Net," said the children, "we need to find the Old Man of the Sea to ask him about our father."

"Izzat so?" said the net, "and why should I help you?"

"Because if you don't," said the children, "we'll throw you back into the sea without a coffee break."

"Hmmm," said the net, "you guys are tough kids. Okay, I like that kind of spunk. I'll take you to the Old Man, just grab ahold of my knots."

With that, the net plunged back into the water and spiralled to the bottom. The children came to rest in front of a giant cave. Just then, the water began to swirl around them, as something large and dark swam close by. The children held on to the net and looked at each other.

"What was that?" they asked.

But the net was silent. The large, mysterious shape circled them again and this time it came close enough for the children to see an eye as black as midnight and teeth as sharp as knives.

"You don't want to know," said the net, "just hang on and don't move."

The beast was close to them now. The children could smell a rotten odor in the water. Then the creature swam into view, directly in front of them. It was monster of a shark, a great white shark that was looking for prey.

"You must call for help while I distract it," said the net.

The net bravely floated up in front of the shark.

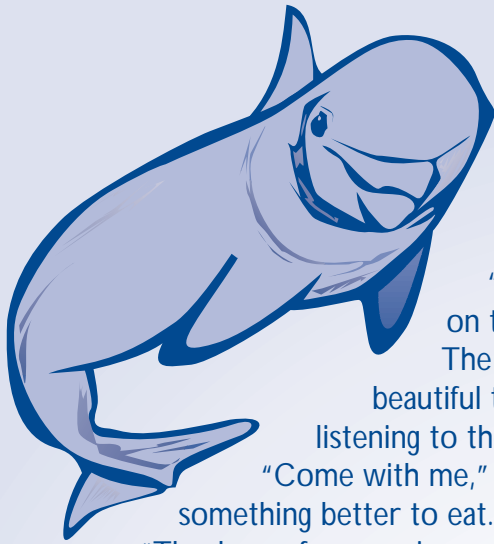
The shark glared at the net. "Why do you distract me from these tasty little morsels?" it asked, its breath reeking of garlic.

"Quickly, call for help!" cried the net.

"First I will eat you," said the shark, "and then I will have these others for dessert. After all, I am hungry and I need to eat!" With that, the shark opened up its massive jaws and caught them in the net.

"We must summon help," said the children, and they sang a song their father had taught them.

*What's in the sea yet breathes the air, To see them in the ocean is a treat most rare. They can do many tricks like jumps and flips, And even swim quite fast with their blunt nose tips. They are close cousin and related to dolphins, But their nose is shorter and they have a small fin.*



With the singing of their song, the waters swirled with movement. Their song had called to the **porpoises** and with them came a lovely mermaid.

The shark glared at the mermaid. The two had met before.

"At it again, eh?" said the mermaid.

"A shark's gotta do what a shark's gotta do," said the shark, chomping on the net.

The mermaid began to strum on a lovely sea shell harp. The music was so beautiful that the shark stopped struggling with the net and floated peacefully, listening to the music.

"Come with me," said the mermaid, pulling the peaceful shark along, "we'll find you something better to eat." She waved to the children and swam away with the shark.

"Thank you for rescuing us," the children called after her.

"To reach the Old Man of the Sea, you must first get past **Proteus**, the shape shifting guardian. Go through that cave to the Old Man of the Sea," said the mermaid pointing to a pile of rocks.

The children swam towards the dark and murky cave. They swam and they swam, for what seemed like hours. Sometimes they thought they were going one way, then it seemed like they were going another. Finally they saw a light ahead and swam over to it.

They were underneath a large wooden door that opened up. Floating in the water beneath the door was a black shadow.

"None shall pass!" the shadow growled, and twisted its shape to appear like a giant crab.

"But we need to talk to the Old Man of the Sea," said the children.

"None shall pass!" repeated Proteus, clicking his claws.

By this point, the children were quite upset. They had swum all over the ocean, visiting many different creatures and solving endless riddles, and they were fed up.

"Listen you overgrown ink spot," the children said, "we're tired of all this stuff. We just want our father back and you are the last thing in our way. So move it!"

"None shall..." Proteus began, but the children bopped him on his sensitive eyestalks and pushed him out of the way. They opened up the door on the cave ceiling and climbed out.

"Hey," they heard from below, "you can't do that! Come back here!"



They had reached the surface and were crawling along in a tide pool. They looked up and noticed a wise old swordfish sitting on a rock, blowing bubbles from its snout.

"Who are you?" asked the swordfish.

"We're looking for the Old Man of the Sea," said the children.

"Ah, you have found him," the swordfish said, "but who are you?"

"We're looking for our father and everyone we've talked to said that you would know where to find him," said the children.

"Yessssss," bubbled the Old Man of the Sea, "but first you must understand why he has been gone for so long. You see, the fisherman needs to work with the sea and be part of the sea in order to make his living."

"And the fisher folk are just one part of the larger cycle," the children filled in.

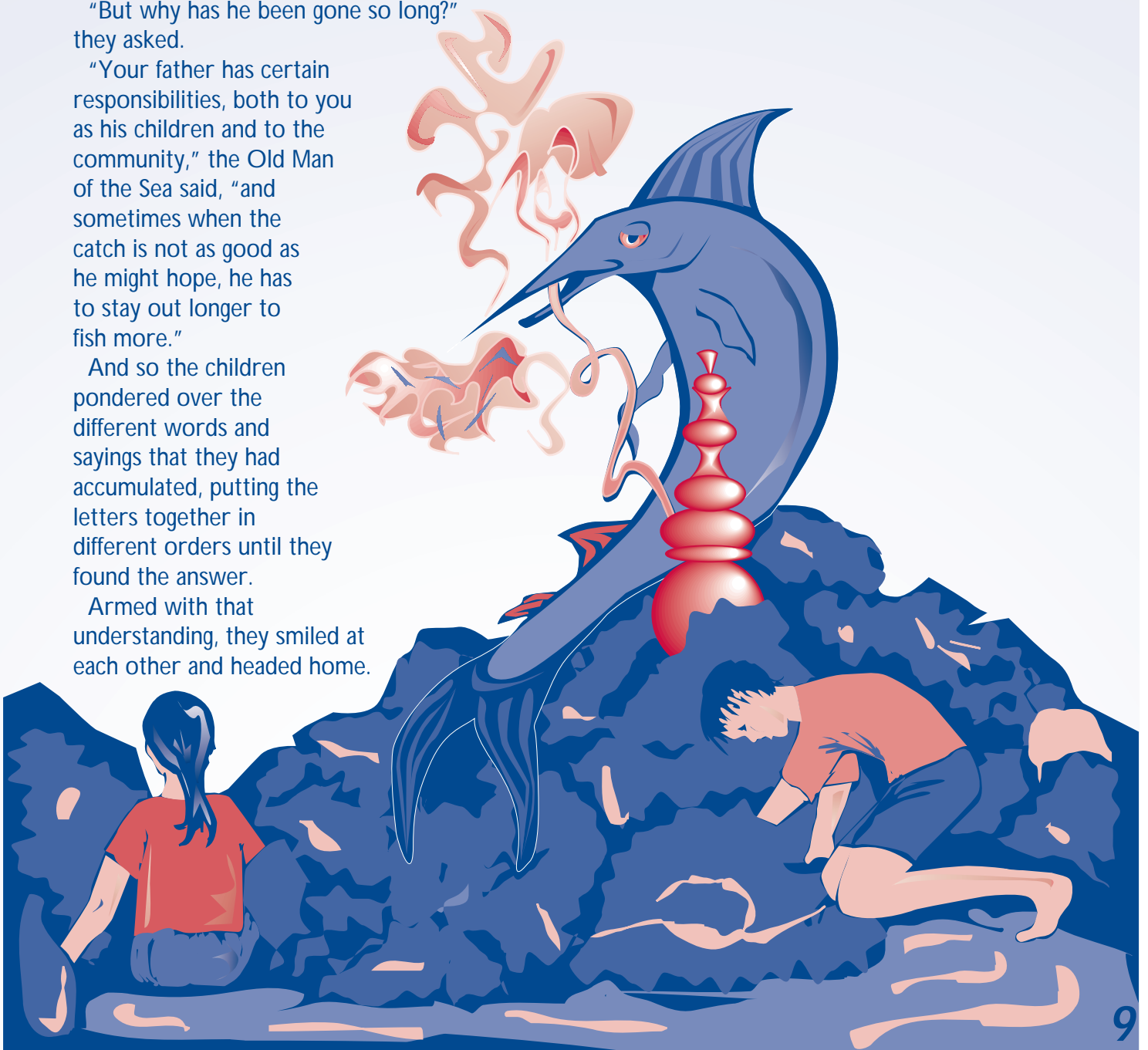
"Exactly," said the Old Man of the Sea, "you're getting the picture. So to find your father, you must take all the answers you've gotten so far and put them together in a special way."

"But why has he been gone so long?" they asked.

"Your father has certain responsibilities, both to you as his children and to the community," the Old Man of the Sea said, "and sometimes when the catch is not as good as he might hope, he has to stay out longer to fish more."

And so the children pondered over the different words and sayings that they had accumulated, putting the letters together in different orders until they found the answer.

Armed with that understanding, they smiled at each other and headed home.





The children approached their house by the ocean slowly. The house was dark, lit only by the light of the distant moon. As they came to the front door, they heard a familiar voice booming from inside.

"Where are my two favorite guppies?" their father asked as he poked his head out of the house.

"Daddy!" cried the children, rushing up to be swallowed up by his big fisherman arms.

"We were worried about you!" said the children.

"Well," their father replied, "the catch wasn't as good as I had hoped and I had to stay out an extra day. Did you behave yourselves?"

The children looked at each other.

"Well," they began, "first the moon gave us a magical book that let us go underwater where we met sharks and mermaids and salmon and squid and... aw forget it, we were good."

Their father looked at them strangely for a moment and then gave them both a tight squeeze.

"Come on and I'll fix you both some dinner," he said and carried his children inside.



# Wordsearch

All the answers to the crossword puzzle are hidden below in the wordsearch. Answers are hidden in forward, reverse, up, down, and diagonals. Good fishin'!

a t i d e i e l s s u e y l q i d a v e e g o e  
d o o y h n g i u a g o o v v l a r f t v a w a  
c a d i a m r e m y u i f a r e p i m e a e t r  
c a b f r o t a g p k j a h s i f d r o w s a p  
f o o h c o x f u z x h y a i m a d s n u c r u  
a m y e r n s h a r k s s k b e v l d p q h d r  
e u q p a r t l c y c l e w a y q e o r p o h s  
b g i i b d r o u n d h a u l n e t k u m o g e  
j q u o c j e b s b o c i x d p c c r c a l x s  
z v i f i u a s t r l k q n y o n h r a z v f e  
a y w r y u m t a w p w a z f c v s o s w t v i  
r o e b s e i e z s h e d c s e t u r r k l i n  
o d j k n o q r q a i s i s h a r k s e f m u e  
a c a b a j h u l l n o n o h n x o b f r e s h  
b p c c k n i e i m k y v o a r e m y d o j w o  
a o w o e d s p h o o k a n d l i n e o z x w j  
w o n d i g i l l n e t a h o l l m j l e r k f  
m o n e t n o s k u m e s i o p r o p l n o n e

# Workspace

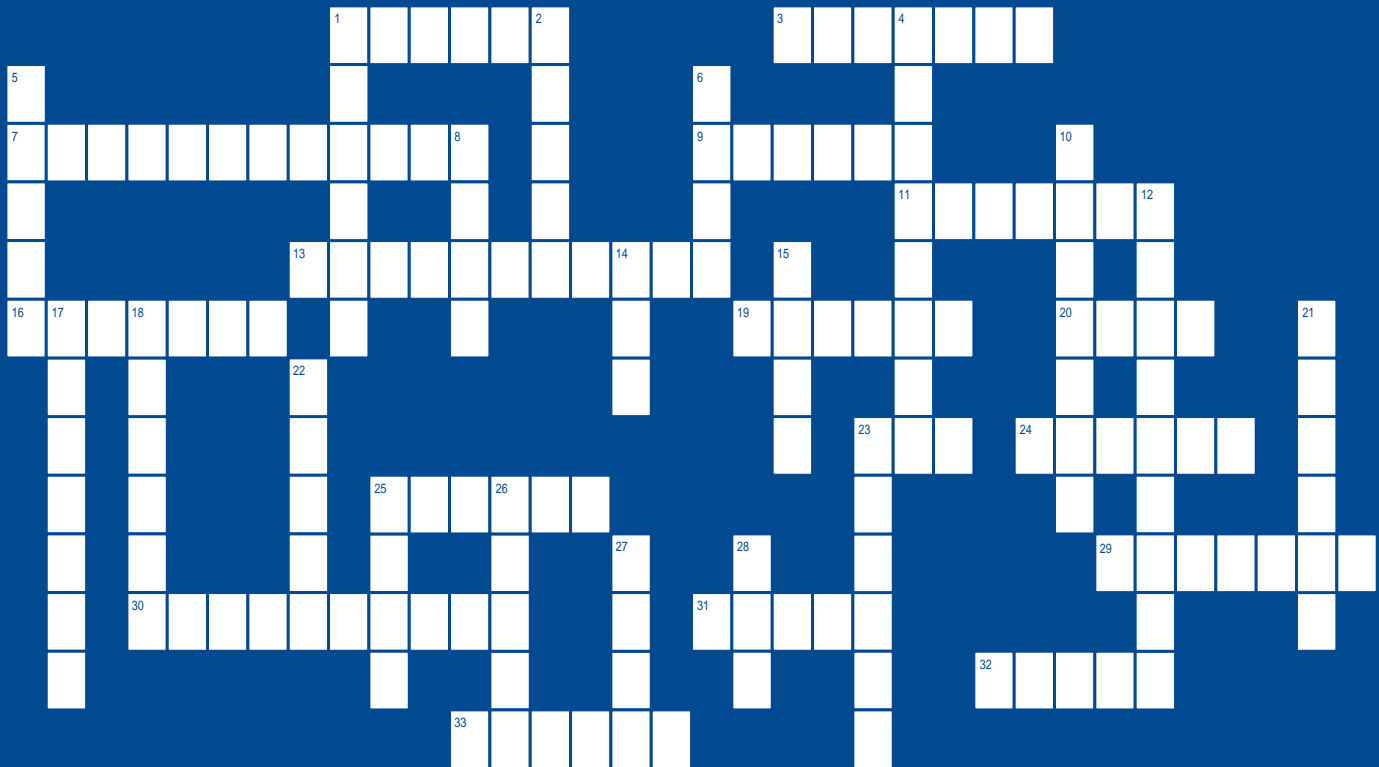
Use the space below to write out all the colored letters from the story and piece together one of the most important themes of California's fishing industry; answer the question: why do fisher folk fish?

-----

\_\_\_\_\_ !

Answer: people need to eat.

# Crossword Challenge



## Clues

### Across

1. Predators of the ocean.
3. A close relative to the porpoise.
7. This gear type is used to catch "wetfish" such as anchovy, mackerel, and sardine, as well as squid and herring. (Hint: 2 words, the first word is hyphenated)
9. This is used to stop a boat from drifting.
11. Guardian of the Old Man.
13. This gear type catches fish when they are most hungry. (Hint: 3 words)
16. Fisherfolk use pots and traps to catch this type of crustacean.
19. This type of catch is obtained by diving.
20. It was the first to help the children.
23. Old Man of the \_\_\_\_\_.
24. Solving a \_\_\_\_\_ helps you understand this book better.
25. A group of fish is called a \_\_\_\_\_.
29. This gear type is a form of net that catches fish at the widest part of their body.
30. One type of round haul net.
31. "We are just one part of the \_\_\_\_\_."
32. The salmon travels from this kind of water to the ocean during its lifespan.
33. Fish doesn't taste like this, according to the fisherman's grandfather's song.

### Down

1. The hook and line attract this kind of fish.
2. This animal has many arms and squirts ink when threatened.
4. This marine mammal has a small dorsal fin, a snub nose, and travels through the water at high speeds.
5. This gear type is a net that drags behind the boat and scoops up the catch.
6. The moon's gravitational pull as well as winds off the coast cause a \_\_\_\_\_ to form on the ocean.
8. These are used to catch 16 across.
10. Mythical sirens of the sea, this creature is half woman and half fish.
12. The Old Man of the Sea is this kind of fish.
14. This is used for writing or making dye.
15. The Guardian of the Old Man assumes this shape to frighten off the children.
17. Relative to 2 down.
18. When we eat this seafood, we usually consume the tail and discard the rest.
21. Seafood is usually sold fresh or \_\_\_\_\_.
22. The largest sea dwelling mammal.
23. Salmon are born in a \_\_\_\_\_.
25. The children's father kept his gear in a \_\_\_\_\_.
26. The \_\_\_\_\_ provides a rich diversity of life and economic opportunity as well as an invaluable food source.
27. The moon's gravitational pull directly affects this. (Hint, it goes high and then becomes low.)
28. "...for writing or \_\_\_\_\_."



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