

"I Love To Fish For Wild Trout"

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Sam Potter TightLine.Biz

Just 10 minutes from my home is a quite little stream called the Little Piney Creek. A couple of weeks ago it was more like a raging river than a creek. Out of the banks and running hard, it was the highest anyone had seen for several years. School let out early so the buses could get the kids home, for fear of it covering the bridge out of town.

About a week after the flood, I took a trip to the Creek to throw some streamers. It was still up a couple of feet above normal and just about perfect for big ugly stuff stripped along the bottom column. A time when the big guys are vulnerable to close approaches and in an eating mode. I would have rather it been on the rise, but that didn't happen so I settled for the late drop. Not the best time to fish, but I needed to get out anyway.

I used my sinking leader and I had to add a #4 split to keep the fly down. I like the Anchor double-cut splits because they are a lot easier to take off the line if you need to switch tippetts and open back up to recycle them. I never throw my split shot away in the stream or out on the bank. When I finish using them, I drop them into a pocket on my chest pack and take them home to be reopened and used another time. The same pocket I use for my worn out tippetts or any line I may find that a careless fisherman threw out on the ground or left hanging in a tree. My wife calls it being tight, I prefer the term environmental conscious recycler. The term doesn't roll off of the tongue, so I just accept tight. I know why I do it and I believe in what I am doing.

I managed to catch a couple of 6 inch bows, almost the same length of my streamer. I don't know how they would have eaten a

minnow that size, but they hit non the less. I also hooked and landed a couple of holdover stockers that had made their way up stream. No color and not the fight of a wild fish. You almost know immediately what they are when you hook them. After about another hour of casting and stripping, came the strike I was waiting for. I knew when it hit what it was. My reel was singing, line was cutting the water and it headed up stream against a very strong current without a hesitation. Turning at the top of the hole the fish headed for the far bank, I lifted the rod high trying to keep it out of the rocks and the debris piled up from the flood. Just before the fish got to the mess of sticks and rocks it turned and headed down stream. I ran down stream trying to keep up so I could take the extra drag of the fly line out of the water. It turned and headed back up the hole, I was reeling as fast as I could to pick up the slack line. The fish came up and rolled, I had my first look, I was shocked how big this one was. The biggest, by far I have ever had on in this stream. I guessed it at 24-26 inches, and that's all I could do, guess, because the hook came out. One of the drawbacks of using a barb-less hook is lost fish, unless you get it stuck in some bone. Oh well, I know where it is now, and I am going back in a couple of days. I will take my camera this time just in case.