

Subject: : Paflyfish General Forum

Topic: : King of the Stream

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URL:

On my way home from fishing the Letort today, I decided to stop by a stream that I had some luck on last year. I wandered up the stream hitting a few holes, enjoying the nice weather. Then I got a text beckoning me home, which is wise not to ignore. So I turned around and began a leisurely walk back to the car. When I got back to the fist hole I had fished, I decided to take a few last casts. On my first cast in to the top of the hole, I hit a snag. Or at least I thought I did. I thought it was a tree limb. You know, the one's you drag through the water like a dead cat. Except this cat moved. And it didn't just move, it launched. And it wasn't a cat. I had just hooked into my biggest wild brown yet on the fly, and I was in for a ride. The click and pawl drag on my little flyweight reel was screaming. There was running along the bank. There was tripping into mud. There was praying. The monster didn't even seem to be trying. It kept scraping its head back and forth on some rocks on the bottom of the stream. Would it break off? Was I about to lose the best fish of my humble fly fishing career thus far? After about 2 minutes, and countless runs back and forth within a 50 foot hole, the beast submitted. Yes, I hauled it in on the bank. Yes it was on the ground for some pictures. Yes I got mud on it. But it was back in the water within a few seconds, ready to continue it's reign as the king of the stream.

Attach file:

 **Stream.jpg** (109.90 KB)



 **Brown 1.jpg** (86.16 KB)



 **Brown 2.jpg** (135.81 KB)



 **Brown 3.jpg** (144.04 KB)



 **Back In.jpg** (107.02 KB)



 **Tail.jpg** (75.45 KB)

