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Subject: : Warm Water & Salt Water Fly-Fishing

Topic: : Another Fredrick Folly

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Fredrick and I hooked up to do a little bass fishin yesterday afternoon. We went to Marsh Creek Lake, near where I live. Fred wanted to try fishing from a kayak for the first time, so he could decide whether or not to buy one. I brought my Mokai, which I have an electric motor rigged on it for fishing lakes, and also brought my wife's kayak for Fred to try out.

We unloaded the boats and equipment and carried it to the shore. I asked Fred if he wanted to wear his life jacket, and he told me "no, I'm a good swimmer, I'll just stow it below." I went back to the truck to lock it up. Just then, I heard Fred yelling for me. When I turned around all I could see was the bottom of the kayak facing me, and no Fred! I ran down to the water and saw that the kayak was listing to starboard about 20 degrees, and Fred was balancing the boat half an inch shy of swamping it, with his head ready to go under the water. I went out and righted him. When Fred began to breathe again, he put on his life jacket and started to paddle around a bit to get used to the kayak. After a few minutes of practice we were off. It was a decent afternoon and evening to fish, and we worked the shorelines and inlets with all kinds of topwater and sinking flies. Nothing great to report, we each caught a few small bass and some bluegills.

After Fred got out of the Kayak, he said that he thought his legs and butt were permanently paralyzed! I helped him to the truck and we made our way to the "Draughting Room", a local bar down the road from where I live, that features hundreds of different beers. We ordered some food and had a few brews. Fred's paralysis finally subsided. I'm not sure it was the beer made him forget about his paralysis, or the circulation in his butt actually returned. Whatever, Fred said he's sticking to his pontoon boat for fishing.