
Subject: : Paflyfish General Forum

Topic: : Finally caught him

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I snuck out with an hour and a half to fish yesterday morning. I knew with the temperatures going to climb I would have to hit the stream early to avoid the snow melt.

I have caught some big fish on this stream, but in December I lost a beauty of a brown on a leech pattern. I was checking out how the fly looked right off of the bank went the monster brown came out and grabbed it. I set the hook but knew i did not have a good hookset. The fish swam straight up stream and then straight at me, then bolted right down stream. I had the fish on for maybe 3 minutes when the barbless hook popped out. I was disgusted. I was bummed and found myself pouting and leaving the stream. But at least I knew he was there.

I hit this creek a few times since that day, each day hopin to get another shot at the brown. Every fish that I hooked, I hoped it was the beauty. And time and time again i was disappointed. I had caught a lot of nice rainbows, and one brown about 10 " but nothing close to the ghost trout I had lost a few months ago.

Did he move down stream? Did someone catch him? I was pondering this on my way to the stream yesterday. I figured with the warmer temps of the night but not yet above freezing the trout should be hungry and somewhat active. I tied my flies on the road and rummaged through my box. I picked the twisted caddis as my dropper fly. I have had a lot of success using this fly this winter so i decided to start with it. I have tied a bunch of large heavy nymhs since I have started czech nymphing. It was hard to decide. I decided on a size 8 stonefly i created. It is similar to a hares ear but hase biot tails and multiple wing cases.

When I got the the stream I was surprised to see how crystal clear and somewhat low it was. It was a bit discouraging but I knew with time ticking I needed to start fishing. The first few cast were perfect, right in the feeding lie. Nothing.. Should I switch flies, Should I go with a lighter anchor fly. "Ah, Ill give a few more casts" I watched my sighter very intently as it went just behind the rock where I figured the trout would be laying. I slowly pulled the nymphs along. As i saw the sighter pass over the rock, I knew I was in the perfect place.

I watched the sighter rip forward. Boom! He was on the hook. I knew it was a big fish instantly, When he hunkered down, the thought shifted that it could be my brownie. I watched the fish come up and could see the golden brown colors through the crystal clear water. My heart was pounding as though I had just shot a monster buck. "Don't lose him...Dont be stupid.." All thoughts that ran through my head.

I did not want to fight this fish for too long because I knew this would have to be a very old fish. I kept pressure on him and let him eat the drag a little bit. When this fish landed in my net, I was amazed at how long he actually was.

He stuck out of the net several inches. "YESS!!" I hollered. I have been after this fish for 3 months. Looking at the beautiful brown in the net, made me think of how long it has been since I caught a big bronwie. I had kicked

some water on the ice bank to lay the fish down for a few quick snap shots.

My heart still pounding, and wanted to create a photo shoot but knew that this fish was really old, and did not want to risk killing it. I picked him up last time and took a quick picture.

I thanked the fish for letting me catch him, gave it a kiss (first time ever lol) and laid it back in the stream, He was already starting to swim.

"Until we meet again, Good luck buddy" Was the last thing I said to him as I let him go. This brown will always be in my mind. I will never forget the feeling of landing this fish, and all of the anticipation of catching this specific trout. I wish him luck, and hope that if another angler catches him, the let him go as well.

A few casts later I landed the pretty bow on the same stonefly as the brown. You can see it in its mouth in the picture. About 15 minutes later i caught the same fish again on a size 14 beadhead pheasant tail. I knew it was the same fish because of the still bleeding hole from the large stonefly.

I thank god, that I became interested in fly fishing, and stuck it out all of the times that I went out and landed nothing. I encourage anyone who is contemplating starting the sport to do so. You will never regret making the switch.


Attach file:

 **netbrowndit.jpg** (222.89 KB)



 **brown1.jpg** (229.48 KB)



 **brown close.jpg** (162.48 KB)



 **bowfly.jpg** (148.37 KB)



 bow1.jpg (150.52 KB)

