Subject: : Paflyfish General Forum
Topic: : My Brookie Addiction!!!  I love it.
My Brookie Addiction!!!  I love it.
Author: : Foxgap239
Date: : 2013/4/1 8:24:01
URL:

Delta Dog and I met for some much needed stream side R&R Saturday.  It was opening day in the county where we were planning on fishing, so we definitely wanted an out of the way brookie stream for the solitude. Dog always drives so I decided to give him a break and drive this time.  As we drove to the stream, we passed countless anglers out for opening day, quite a few with kids which was nice to see.  We got to the stream about 11 at a spot we had been once before so we decided to park there and quickly fish the half mile or so of water we'd seen and get to new water.

We struggled at first but then started to hit our grove with brookies on dries.  We each got some nice fish and hop-scotched our way through the stream.  We got past the water we had fished and slowed down to fish the pools more cautiously.  The stream got smaller so I looked at my hand held GPS and told Dog there was a trib that entered in about a 1/3 of a mile and we could quickly fish up to the trib and walk out to the road and head down stream and fish some other water.  He agreed, only one problem, that 1/3 of a mile was nicer water than we anticipated and it took us another 2 hours to fish it.

We started calling each other’s spots and said I think there will be one right there, we weren’t always right but our percentage was not bad.  I remember one spot where I was fishing a Dog said get it more to the left.  I got it to the spot he thought and it was floating and Dog says, he should be right about thereeeeeeeee, and as he says it I see a brookie come out from under a log and gently suck in the fly.  Stung him as we laughed about the timing.  Jeeeeeeeeeez, that was fun, although we both were disappointed at spots where we knew fish should be but got nothing.  Another 5 degrees up in water temp and it will be game on!

As we got close to the trib Dog said, looks like we'll only have time to walk out and back to the car.  I thought he was right so when we got to the trib we started hiking along this tiny trickle.  After about 200 yards of stream we found a pool that had to be 3 or 4 feet deep, so we approached it cautiously and Dog put his fly on the water. After about 30 seconds of floating and while not seeing a fish even spook in the 200 yards of walking, WHACK, this little 4 inch brookie takes his fly.  We had caught some really colorful fish on the big stream but I don't think either one of us was as excited as we were when Dog got that fish.  I then cast into the same pool and we both watched a 3 inch fish try to inhale my size 14 Stimmie.  I had to cast in there about a dozen times before he was finally able to conquer his prey.  What a blast!

We continued up the stream seeing nice pool after nice pool.  It didn’t fish as well as we thought it should for the water we were seeing but we each got 2 or 3 fish during our hike.  We were having so much fun that neither of us thought to take a water temp or get pictures of the stream.  We photographed our catches but nothing else.  My memorable fish on the trib came as Dog was fishing one pool and I hiked up about 30 yards and found another pool worth fishing.  I kneeled down and cast my stimmie into the pool.  Out of the depths I can see a brookie slowly rising to the fly.  You all know how hard that can be to not strike too soon, well I succeeded and he took the fly.  I had him almost to the bank and he fell off.  Dog heard something like, “damn I just lost a nice

one!". Now this pool was not big but I cast it right back in there. Doesn't the same fish rise the exact same way and doesn't the same thing happen with my same reaction. Dog must have been laughing his butt off at me. I cast in there again and almost the exact same result. By this time Dog had made it up to me and I told him if that fish hits again, I'm going in after him. I cast and doesn't that same fish rise the exact same way. This time I hooked him and went to him instead of him coming to me. I landed that trophy 5 inch fish with a smile as big as I had all day. Dog and I talked about that stupid fish a half a dozen times before I dropped him back at this car.

Friday I got out with K-bob on new water to me and once visited water to him and had a blast, as well. Great scenery and pretty fish in an out of the way place.

I was even lucky enough to get a few hours on the water Thursday afternoon for the BWO olive hatch on the Saucon. Did fairly well but my mind was on Friday and Saturday and my upcoming brookie trips.

There is NOTHING better than being out with a good friends in nice weather catching what I believe are the prettiest fish on the planet! Maybe if I remember I'll add some pictures when I get home today.

I don't write all that well but I hope the reader got a little sense of how great these 2 days were for me!