

Subject: : Paflyfish General Forum

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So my neighbor and I were doing a little warm water fishing this past weekend on Deer Creek here in MD. The weekend before, the smallmouth finally started looking up, so we headed out on Sunday morning. I was maybe about 30 yards from my buddy, and landed a 9 inch rock bass. It was the biggest I had seen, with beautiful black tipped fins. It didn't just roll over and play dead like most rock bass...it actually headed to the bottom of the hole and fought a little bit.

Just as I turned to by muddy to show him, there was a spin fisherman on the bank - tennis shoes, jeans, and no shirt standing there. I said "Larry, it's a rock bass - the biggest one I've caught here." Then the guy says "I've caught 'em about 16 inches in here."

Then - you guessed it - he proceeds to cast his soft plastic trick worm (or whatever it's called) into the pool right between us. He makes about 10 casts, then leaves.

We fished for another 45 minutes or so, and as the swimmers start to show up, we get ready to leave. As I am walking up the bank to my car, I find a freshly opened empty Rapala box. I took it with me, of course. Couldn't help but just shake my head.

Then on the way home, we stopped at another spot and ran into another fly fisherman. He asks if we are having any luck, then proceeds to walk downstream about 50 yards to get set up. You know what they say, most stereotypes are based in truth!