

Dimpling Trout in the Autumn Stream

Garrett Evans

It was fairly chilly and wet- with one of those scottish type mists- a mist that in the hills all around had a melancholy beauty. The water was still a little high after a rain but clear and the willows ever more yellow with the changing season.

A long driftwood branch was still there on the sand and gravelly bank where I usually park. I had a good saw with me in the truck to deal with it before I went home.

Jeremy, the best mechanic I've had in years once commented how he often sees my trusty vehicle there out on the sand.

It's there also where I wade across to move upstream but the water was still too deep.

Wading back from near the middle where I'd had to give up and turn around, I noticed a few dimpling rises. This was near the big stone people swim from at the beginning of the Gorge. Small dimples like that in still water usually mean a big fish. This trout was snuffing round and feeding steadily on some very small insects under the willows.

A size 16 Adams landed a bit to the right, the next cast was a little too far to the left, then another a bit short. The

fish continued to feed throughout all this poor casting as there wasn't much disturbance with a long leader and a light number 3 line. It was all very exciting. Cast number four gently settled the little fly right on him and he gently took it.

Tightening, the fish, a good 'un, jumped into the air almost at once. There rarely is a net with me these days so wading back to the sand, I ran it aground.

It had been a good hunter/gather morning despite the weather. At Dave McCloud's fine little farm on the way to the river, I'd picked up some blue gum kindling and a number of fat walnuts. And here by the river I'd now made manuka logs from the long fairly fresh driftwood branch that had come downstream from somewhere up in the Gorge.

The trout, a fine big one, rolled in flour, fried in butter and put on a big oval platter, fed five of us at lunch the next day.