

Great Distances and a Gentle Ripple

By Garrett Evans

It's chilly and dull and damp here this morning and we're all getting older. Still, it's a fine time to sit in front of the fire with the dogs and remember, and wait for the trout season to open.

The Sterkfontein in summer is always there in my addled mind, with it's vast sunny distances. And Neil Champion's white boat with its red trim and a 5 horse power Yamaha, or Harpe Groblar's little pram dingy with a 2 hp. There were lots of fine silvery rainbow trout of about 2 lbs. They readily took a Parson's Glory a bit beneath the surface, and along the edges I'd often see an otter, a number of mountain reed buck, or a steenbuck. There was usually a gentle ripple on the water, and a vast open land of browns and greens and yellows with the blue mountains in the distance.

Later there were fine sunsets with red skies and purple water as we crossed back over the dam.

Where is the world of eight years past?

T' was there...

Statesmen, Chiefs, Orators, Queens, Patriots,

Kings...

...all gone on the wind's wings.

(Byron)

The alsatian lay still, the springer spaniel, Harriet groaned softly as I stepped over her to add another manuka log to the fire. Outside it was beginning to snow.