

Hey Fly-Guy Get Over Here!

Why am I sitting in the parking lot at Bell Rd at 4 am?

Wondering what the H-E-Double hockey sticks I am doing there. Wind is howling and rain is coming down albeit somewhat intermittent. Coming into the lot, I passed the departing white pickup of my fishing fanatic friend Jeff. This can't be a good sign. He would never be leaving active fish. He didn't respond to my flashing lights so I called his phone. He didn't answer. More bad. This can't be good. .. think I'll finish my coffee.

I had arrived home at 1:00 am that morning from a Memorial Day weekend wedding. Only crazy people set weddings up on Memorial Day. Going to a wedding when prime fishing is at hand is another crazy thing people do. Answering nature's call at 3:15, I am left with a dilemma.... Back to a warm bed or head for the canal armed with 2 hours of sleep. I had already resigned to the missed fishing opportunity.

So now here I am, alone in the warm truck, the only one in the lot. Never a good sign. With the wind and rain, my usual trek out on the mud flats is not very appealing.

What to do?....what to do?

Just about to drift off when two guys pull in, park right beside me, grab their gear and head down right where I intended to go. All this before I could even say hi and THEY ARE TAKIN' MY SPOT!

OK, this means business. Even in my semi-comatose state, I know when someone is throwing down the gauntlet. Takes me about fifteen minutes to suit up, grab my 7/8 wt switch rod and tie on a small white clouser. With the wind and my amateur casting status I thought the added weight of the clouser might help cut through. I cross the parking lot in the waning darkness of night. At the edge of the lot I can finally get a look down on the flats. Even in this light condition, I spy these interlopers right where I intended to fish and they already have keepers flopping on the mud behind them. Scrambling down the rocks, I hear one hook up again.

"I must keep my adrenaline from causing me to go for an early morning swim!" I am thinking as I hurry to join the action.

I start casting out toward the canal, moving left with each throw. As I get out closer to these guys who continually hook up I can see the story. They are using big canal rods and flinging surface plugs half way

across the ditch. These monsters are chasing the splashy plugs all the way in and my new best friends are having a ball. "Hey fly-guy get over here!" one yells. "These followers are right within your range". Never one to pass up such an invitation (especially at the notoriously unfriendly Cape Cod Canal), I start casting right next to him and very soon...bam! I am on. I have never before been disappointed to catch a 25 inch striper but these guys had logs on the beach pushing 40 inches! I want some of THAT action.

Word is spreading. Dawn is upon us as more people begin showing up. Among them are my friends Jack & Val who immediately hook up on very decent fish. "Where is mine?" I say and then... wham. Just like that I am on and it's time to test out the drag on the Okuma reel which I had recently picked up at the Jake yard sale. One good run and a couple of weak ones later I had my prize on the flats. Measuring at 37", this is the first keeper I have ever managed to land with a fly rod. Between us, we had four beauties laying in the slop. We each decided to keep one. As the tide was starting to turn, the mud was returning to its more familiar underwater status. And with the flooding tide, we notice fishermen retreating who had ventured out in street shoes. One guy had dress leather shoes and looked like he had been at last night's wedding! If you know this area, you know what an odd site this is. I have never before or since seen the mud exposed like that.

By now there are a dozen or more late-comers to the party casting in vain as the action is over, the school has passed like a short Memorial Day parade. More and more guys are coming into the lot only to hear of what they missed. *I am usually that guy.*

Now at 7 am Sunday morning, we sit at the CUP2 Café in Wareham where we re-live the morning's events, trying to convince ourselves that this was no dream.

