

The end of the trout season, by Dave Norling

Finished up the 2006 trout season by fishing Thursday, Friday and Saturday. I got out on Thursday with David. He left at noon and I stayed late and had the family worried. There was a modest Trico hatch and the fish were on the duns. About 2:00 PM a hatch of BWO size #22 came off in such numbers that the eddies were blanketed with them. Their dun colored wings looked like a mat of cottonwood fuzz they were so thick. I left at 5:30 PM so tired that I didn't care if they were still rising.

Friday I tried to deliver the Kinnickinnic River Land Trust rod but the office was closed. Fishing was slow but I got a really nice brook trout the second one this year (last year I got 3). Ruff and I made a spiritual connection with a doe that came down to the water. 30 yards away she stopped looked at us and went on point. I then went on point, Ruff went on point and the three of us stood there looking at each other for what seemed like a very long time. She turned and walked back into the woods seemingly unconcerned. I thought Wow! am I St. Francis now? Will wild birds start landing on me? Should I alert the Pope to my new found powers? A neon light light then came on in my head that read "don't call us, we'll call you." Came out rather late again feeling that it was starting to catch up with me.

Saturday for the third day in a row I walked in (at Dusek's) it had rained again in the morning and the road was still wet. The clay on that farm road when it is wet is like wet ice. During the course of the day I stumbled on a rock and made a recovery that I didn't know I had in me. I instinctively threw my rod up into the grass and did a series of Olympic quality gymnastic moves. I was so pleased with myself I could just see the judges holding up their cards with 10's on them. There was a very spotty trico hatch with duns coming off for maybe half an hour. I spent quite a bit of time today with my thermos and cookies just watching the stream; overwhelmed with gratitude at being able to do this with my increasingly creaky frame. Somewhat sad to see the end of another glorious year of trout fishing and already thinking of January 1 and the beginning of another season.

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