

## Fuddling Along or 50 Shades of Pink

**From:** Bruce Murray <drbm@shaw.ca>

**Received** August 29, 2015 10:06 PM

I don't intend this to be a series like Ian Stewart's fine production Muddling Along. If Ian's a Muddler, then I'm more of a Fuddler aka Elmer Fudd. Said otherwise, a Fuddler is a Muddler with a temperament and I am getting some pissed off with the lack of presence of DFO officers when I go fishing, especially when we presently have only 2 well 3 open streams on Van Is. Gawd, has Harper totally gagged and eliminated DFO's existence?

Ya I know the argument, there are more pinks than Syrian refugees running through Europe these days but when English Archie John and Dangerous Dan and I make the trip up island to the world renown fly fishing-only area in the Upper Campbell for an enjoyable, relaxing experience, we do not need to be looking across from the island at some THICK bull throwing bait under a "4 inch red bobber". Like, where do you buy these things, at a Dollar store? This, and teaching his kids the same, then after no success going to heavy metal and trying very hard to tangle lines with us "snotty" fly guys. In addition, there are now no smoking signs along the trail system in these extreme drought conditions and there Thick and kids are smoking up a storm and chucking butts.

With no one answering the phone in DFO office, you just have to suck it up and take control. That is spelled ....**ATTACK**....oh, I tried so hard to sink my fly in Mr. Thick's skull where I'm sure it would not hurt him. First a soft Spiral or Circle Spey to soften him up, then a left and right reverse snake roll and then finish the sucker off with a blistering Perry's Poke...**Yes a whole new meaning to Spey casting** Now I am really having fun...fly fishing at its finest . Bounce your fly off the Thick object on the opposite bank and catch a pinkie right in front of the jerk. Welcome to beautiful British Columbia ya flaming arsehole. and we Canucks are such nice people, so I'm told south of the border. Well this is harper land [hope not] and times have changed. Combat fishing at its finest. In Haig Brown country to boot. And Haig ain't saying much, but you can hear him choking on his pipe...

Totally content out on the Campbell, now time to walk my dog along the Englishman before dark...WTF...a fly fisher with three pinks on the shore....geez so well publicised in the press, ..online and on TV...never before this well publicised....even the idiot poacher neighbour kids know the Englishman is closed to fishing....a fly fisher to boot....kind of makes your knees buckle....

"Hello, sir....surely you know fishing is closed?"....

"No it isn't ....my wife and I checked the regs and it is open from Top Bridge downstream...."

"That's the provincial trout regs gotta go to DFO federal regs.... As in **Salmon** Regs....water's too warm.....only 60 to 80% saturated with oxygen. Fish can not survive the exhaustion of getting hooked"

"OH" he says..."that's why they died on the line... wasn't intending to take any home...but they just passed-on, while I was playing them...on my 6 pound tippet, because I'm a sport.... I'll leave them for the seagulls and the raccoons"

"Sure, good idea....have you notice how everything seems to be starving this year?"

Well time to put down the pen and sharpen some hooks. Hear them poachers are having a field day snagging and draggin Chinooks out of the Big Qualicum these days and my buddy Billy-Bob is driving up from North Dakota for a ...**fun time**...

Oh, by-the-way THICK, you can keep my fly!