

Muddling Along March 22

A hearty lunch at Piper's Pub set me up for an afternoon on the water at Green Lake. I was disappointed that nobody else joined me for the outing, but determined to get on the water in my canoe supported by my trusty sidekick, Geordie, for the first time since September!

The sun was trying to break through the clouds as we pushed off from the boat ramp and the lake was ruffled by the breath of a quiet westerly wind. I fished a Muddler on my sink tip intermediate and a Booby on my type 4 full sink. As soon as I got out of the weeds and headed NW from the launch along the shore, I hit my first fish on the Muddler. It stayed on for a few tugs then was gone. This was repeated 5 times on either the Muddler or the Booby until finally a fish hit hard enough to hook itself and a few minutes later I had a 12" rainbow in the net.



I released it, and continued along the shore. No more bites, so I decided to head to the NE end of the lake and join the fellow who was anchored and fishing chironomids there. I had a few more bites on the way up the lake and also noticed that there were fish picking off chironomid emergers as I travelled along. I switched the intermediate sink line to an Andrew's emerger and tried that for a while. I stopped and cast both lines to rising fish without any success. I paddled near the anchored fly fisher and

he told me “it was all over” (sound familiar!). He said he had brought half a dozen trout to the net but they had quit biting about 20 minutes earlier.

I continued my trip circumnavigating the lake and fished with no luck up the far side, stopping to cast occasionally. When I neared the area where I had caught the fish 45 minutes earlier I had a strong hit on the Booby and a fish took off and started jumping frantically! It was rather uncharacteristic for a Fraser Valley fish, and fought more like one from Panther Lake! After netting it, I noticed how slender and silver it was—I wonder if they slipped some steelhead stock into last fall’s fish release!



I continued to get bites when I anchored and started casting both the Booby and the emerger. In the next 25 minutes I managed to bring 4 more fish to the net (2 on the Booby, 2 on the emerger) including a nice 14 inch rainbow which put up a good struggle.



By this time, the weather was closing in, Geordie had climbed in my lap and was shivering, so I decided to pack it in. I was not sorry that I had stuck with my plan . . . it was a great way to start out the fishing season!