

## **Muddy Waters - John Knoepfel**

The stream was angry that day my friends, like an old man trying to return his unused nightcrawlers at the sports shop. Two friends and I stopped about a half a mile north of the bridge connecting route 18 and route 10 in South Kortright. There used to be a spot to pull off route 10 that has since been closed by a guardrail. None of us were particularly optimistic about catching any fish that day by looking at the milk chocolate colored water on the way there. I probably wouldn't have tried to fish if it were just me going. We carefully made our way down the steep muddy hill to the stream. The hole there is more like a small pond where the water makes a ninety degree turn. I had caught fish in this spot a few times before. My two friends started casting out their worms into the swirling pool, I walked downstream a little and started casting my bait into the rushing water. I cast out my line a few times into no particular spots because it seemed unlikely that I would catch anything. About ten minutes went by when I felt a strong hit. I reeled in a nice fat trout about 15" long. I don't know what kind it was to this day. I can't distinguish one trout from the other. They all taste the same though.

Another ten minutes or so went by when I got another hit. I reeled another trout in that could have been the first one's twin. It really surprised me to catch anything in such murky fast running water. I figured my friends did well in the pool but they didn't even get a hit. It was so cold so we didn't stay long. The lesson I learned was that water conditions didn't have to be perfect to have a successful day on the stream and yes they tasted good.