

Oh Stickbait, Oh Stickbait - Wayne Cerinetti

After rounding the corner, I saw Rob waiting for my arrival at the rendezvous point. I asked him how he did, his fate was the same as mine, a blank on the scoreboard. A large hole was above us on the small river we were fishing so we decided to sneak up and fish it together. As we approached the sweeping hole I told Rob he was up and I stayed back as he slowly snuck up to make a cast. Rob was sporting a 6' 6" medium action rod with a large stickbait tied to the end of the line. He crept up to the tail of the hole with the stealth of a cat trying to catch a bird and threw a perfect cast to the opposite bank and started working the bait back through the hole. Suddenly he turned back to me, face and eyes wide and quietly mentioned that a large trout had chased the bait back to him. After a few more casts, the large trout would not take the large stickbait.

I mentioned to Rob as I snuck up to him to take my 5' 6' ultra light with 416 mono and a small stickbait attached. He took the rod and handed off his rig to me. He then slipped back up, crouched and made a perfect cast. Almost as soon as he worked the bait back to him it was hammered by the large trout and the drag started to sing. The brown trout jumped and made a large splash in the middle of the river. After playing the stout brown like a pro he brought the fish to my net. After a brief celebration and a big high five the fish was measured, pictured, and released to fight another day.