

## A Day too Full to Fix

A day too full to fix with the weekend upon me and I'm closing a week with no sleep and the evasion of stress. A good friend and I headed to southern CT's coast for a business meeting with a fly shop owner that a local guide/ friend set up.

Fish stories and business talk wrap up a new friendship with a group of guys, as the windiest, wettest, and coldest rod casting demo of 06' took place, we finished our business.

My travel companion and I followed a friend and guide a little north up the coast to a spot we were supposed to fish in the early morning on the right tide before anything took place.

Lack of sleep combined with a burnt out body from a crazy work week, broke my will to start the day with good fishing. Causing me to settle for the worst time and conditions the day could present this point near the mouth of the river

My motto: "you can't catch a fish if your not fishing" sometimes you just can't catch a fish.

On water we had never fished. We followed instructions from my local friend and fish guru and began our mile walk to the end of this point near the mouth of the river. With a beautiful 40 degrees, rain, 30 plus mph windy day on our plate, We headed out to fish southern CT. In the past, my luck and skills haven't always matched up to my local waters where I guide. So far work has kept me off the water, and night fishing is not yet rockin' and rollin'. Fearless of the warning that we are fishing the wrong tide and will not catch fish, we charge to the point; "there are schoolies, we'll still get into some fish". It may not be the countless numbers the morning bite produced, but fish none the less.

5 casts and the phone rings, my local buddy asks "did you get fish yet?" "No" "told ya" he says, "wait until 6:30pm when the tide starts to change. It already 3:30 and I have to be off the water at a quarter to 6. As I get off the phone, a few minuets later a hit, and a fish! First Striper of the season. It came much later than I'm used to. Work has also kept me off Martha's Vineyard, and I'm not booked with client until May.

There's a light at the end of this dark tunnel. We are sure to catch more fish. Two hours pass and neither of us have had a single hit.

Meanwhile on the south side of the shore, gulls are working the heck out of this cove. Barely able to fly in the wind, they are a bitter sweet reminder that the fish are there, but not near us. At this time my gut starts to tell me that it's time to leave, not for food, but the small still voice that says "its over, your not getting one more fish" This voice has lead to many great days of fishing, and has also ended some bad ones.

Is this way too much work for one small fish? This is for a guy who spends most of his time throwing 16 inch eels at 2:00 am to catch cow bass. I'm cold, tired and run down. My friend has had a hard second year of fly fishing. No steel heard for him this winter, skunked today. I look over with concern that the crack in the joy of fishing might have set in on his face. All I see is a big bright, red, wet wind beaten smile. "you wanna go or keep fishing?" he said. I've gotta go it's two and a half hours home and I still have to meet this guy about a fly fishing thing.

It's not always about the fish or even the time on the water. It 's about getting out there when the rest of the world is not and beating a path through the jungle of life to get your sliver of escape in. Weather its one hour or a twenty hour hard core run, stop, Listen to Your Passion, its always worth it.

## About the Author

Ryan is a guide along the Connecticut coast, he runs [Connecticut fishing charters](#) there.

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