Waiting for the Sun

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We reach the dark river long before light does and put on our waders. We find a gravel bed where fish lie and converge into the icy water below the dam. Six of us standing along the shore waiting for the sun. Almost as eager for its warmth as for its light. Others trickle in, taking guarded possession of their areas. They force their way toward holes in the river bottom where steelhead spawn. Their lines, each one a long single strand of a spider’s web, have the steelheads’ favorite meals on the hooks: salmon eggs, fly larvae, and other tasty treats which are being thrown and retrieved in a systematic fashion keeping tie-ups to a minimum. Suddenly, I hear the excited cry of "fish on!" The man with the fish begins to move down river to land his catch. Almost instantly, three men take his spot, casting frantically.

David Clark