

ideal

Another sweetly beautiful, calm day off yesterday when I found some Wild Native, and where some Wild Native found me. Trailered a small jonboat to Suisun, my Suisun Marsh, and splashed her on crimson-glass brackish waters where fog sailed the surface. Zoomed her little purring engine over to Peytonia under the cool, absolutely stone-still autumn air. To evade cyprinids' acute senses of vibration and hearing, I was stealthy, silent, myself a stone-still human statue while my rods fished, and my rods fished well. Many silvery splittail, a native, a pure, unalloyed California native, came to my hand at large, deep tidal-creek confluences. And the splitties weren't alone - the Marsh Wrens, the Song Sparrows, even Common Yellowthroats, all flitted and fluttered around my watercraft, at ease with my assimilation into their habitat. I saw not another human for the entire five hours I was out there.

It was some little voyage: the boat worked perfect, the rods were perfect, the cool, calm, stunning autumn of Suisun Marsh - man, what a theater - and the star of the show, a truly wild, native fish.

That was California fishing.