

SIERRA

My family and I have always loved are camping trips, especially the ones the take us deep into the depths

of the Sierra Nevada mountians. There's a very unique and beautiful camp ground near Mammoth Lakes

called Devils Postpile. My is it beautiful, two gigantic crystal clear lakes, wildlife sites that could easily be

posted in any National Geographic magazine, and trout that have enough meat on their bones to survive in

the deepest of any ocean. One little problem I always have had was that my father was a better and more

experienced fisherman than I was resulting in that he would always catch the bigger and more beautiful fish

and almost certainly come home with twice as many fish as I had caught.

This was it, are summer vacation, finally it was time to get out of the intense heat and boredom of

Ridgecrest. We packed are bags, grabbed are fishing poles, loaded the camper and were on are way. Our

drive lasted for four very long hours before we got to the Postpile campground. We hitched are camp and

made ourselves right at home knowing we would be there for a while. We could'nt ask for better weather,

the sun was blazin and the temperature was an awesome 85 degrees for fishing the San Juaqin river. We

found ourselves the trail that lead to the postpile, twisting and turning along the green, damp trail until we

came upon a sight that every human being should lay their eyes on, Devils Postpile. Enormous rocks all

rubbing against one another scalling the sky. Jumping my way close to the river, as I drifted away from

everyone else, knowing I was going to catch the mother of all fish in this sacred river. Competing with my

father and brother, I definetly was'nt going to let them outdo this modern day Tom Sawyer. I hicked along

river for a while, wiping the sweat off my face every other minute, only to find nothing but sheer cliffs and

there was no possible fishing hole in sight. All I could see was a river about seventy to eighty feet below

with one very big obstacle in the way jagged rocks were surrounding me from the river as I just kept on

stumbling along. Soon I spotted what was going to be my home for the next hour or so, an old dead tree

lying in the middle of the river, just where the cliffs had seemed to vanish. I gracefully climbed out onto the

old tree, where below was nothing but roaring rapids crashing into rocks and creating small pools, where I

knew there had to be ten's of thousands of starving fish. I then baited up my hook with a slimy earthworm

and dropped it into the waters below. Jerking and pulling at my bait I began to get very impatient, after

about ten to fifteen grooling minutes of this nonsense, I decided to put on the numero uno bait of them all

the Panther Martin. Probably the best known lure to man. I casted it out far into the depths of the raging

river and before I could say "bite" I had struck gold. That fish was fighting and pulling at my pole like Mike

Tyson. I thought for sure that I was going to bring up a fish worth the price of gold. After a long hard fight

I finally reeled my prize in to the base of the old dead tree, and to my disapointment it was a whole five

inches SMALL. "Unbelievable" I yelled out, throwing my tired arms in the air. These were'nt your

everyday trout I was going for either though, they were the sacred Brown Trout, naturals is you wish to

call them. He sure was a beautiful fish though, with his dark brown back and his light brown belly, with all

those red and orange spots covering his petite body. So I let the little guppy swim freely, and continued

down the no whatsoever trail, bumping into rocks and slamming into trees, hoping to find his big brother.

Well I never found that big, bold and beautiful fish I was looking for, but I certainly got my fair share for the

day. Finding my way through the dense forest I stumbled upon my campground where I was the first of

the fisherman back. Showing my prize trophies to my mom, just hoping that I was

the luckiest on this fine

day, but sure enough my dad came back soaking wet, with his mud dreched clothes, holding a stringer

much nicer than the one I was previously showing off. We had many more great days and night in the camp

ground and on that river before we headed back down south to the beloved heat of the desert. Every

minute closer to Ridgecrest ws also every minute closer to next years camp trip to the Sierra Nevada's.