

What A Rush!

By Mike Parker

Here it is late May 2005. I am out on Lake St Clair trolling for some pickerel. Only a few minutes into our day I have a nice size pickerel on the line and then my line goes limp. I reel up my line to see that I was bitten off. That was weird I thought. I tie on a new worm harness (that I make at home usually from 10lbs mono) and we continue to fish. Later the same day I lose another pickerel the same way as before. This has me thinking, was I getting bit off by a big pike or musky? I go home after that trip with the true fisherman fish stories about the ones that were so big they broke the line.

Now into June I have had a few more trips out and lost 5-6 pickerel the same way. This had me thinking about changing the way I make my harnesses. So I come home from the last trip and tie 12 more up with 20lb Power Pro. This time I know I will have a better chance at getting these fish into the boat.

Sure enough I was out the next day with my father and we got to prove my theory right. I had a pickerel on the line and I was cranking it in when my line stopped and then started heading the other way. I tell dad I think I have a musky on the other end here. I

might have been a bit more excited than I can put into words. Well sure enough we get the big girl to the boat and it has inhaled my 12 ½ inch pickerel right into her mouth. What a rush having this monster with us at the side of the boat. We did not bring her into the boat. She swam away at boat side after letting us watch her for 1 minute or more. You can see the blade and bead below the eye of the musky and the pickerel is all the way into her mouth. Also you can see the damage the pickerel received from this encounter in the pictures I have included.

With the first part of the story told I think I became hooked and had musky fever. I went home pumped to the sky with adrenalin from the day dad and I had, and I started to look up musky sites on the internet. One of the web sites I found had a bunch of great people from my area and they would prove to be friends for life not just people on the net. These people were from the Belle River Chapter of Muskies Canada and they went out of their way to help me out. I know that George and Paul must have been sick of my questions back then. Every time I went online I would ask more and more questions and there was always a reply posted back or a PM sent my way. It took me 8 trips out targeting them here on Lake St. Clair, but when I finally got things figured out I scored big time in my eyes. What a rush to take advice from total strangers at the time, and land two musky in one day. A 47" my first ever targeting them, and a 38" I think she was and then another the next morning I was blessed with a nice 48"er.

That was it. I will never be the same again I was hooked and hooked hard. I go through withdrawals from the lack of slime on my hands over winter months. I have sleepless nights just thinking of the next trip. I can not stop talking about musky and musky fishing. My lure collection is growing daily it seems (just ask my wife). Joining the Belle River Chapter was a great thing for me as the members there are very helpful and have taught me a lot. I owe them more than I can ever payback. The knowledge that is within the club is great and we are not afraid to share it with anyone. I have made many great friends from the area and all over Canada and into the USA. I must say thank you to all who have helped me go from pickerel hunter to musky nut.

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