

can be a help

a punch
Most people have little say
about where they happen to be born, but in
a little luck and the fact that I
happened to have a father who was
also a real gone sho and frequently
prevailer of the trout himself
as his grand son
probably helped plant me in the remote
mining and logging area of Michigan
where I happened to be born and some
trout still live.

And still do
Since boyhood I have chased the
disappearing brook trout all up and down
the Upper Peninsula and half way around
Lake Superior. ^{probably} ^{many of them} The speckled brook trout
I'll omit the Latin name to spare me from
having to look it up and to avoid plastering
my credentialed is not only one of the loveliest
fishes ⁱⁿ all of nature but one of the world's
loveliest creatures.

And the fact
~~The fact that~~ ^{on public} I must reluctantly
hate to admit it but ^{confess} there are
still a few ^{old fashioned} wild brook trout left in
remote pockets of the Upper Peninsula
neither the ^{land} development or genetic

Most people have damn little
to say about where they happen to ^{have been} born.
Occasionally ^{perhaps} a little luck can help,
and I like to think that the fact that
my own father was a real gone ^{bum} life-long
chaser after trout might have helped
plant me in the remote area of the
Upper Peninsula of Michigan where two
fisherman sons were born. Both of us
were born, ^{and things seem clear} but neither I nor I guess my
mother had much to say about it.

Anyway, ^{ever} since beyond I have
chased trout ^{with} especially the increasingly
^{elusive} brook trout, up and down the
Upper Peninsula and ^{I guess} half-way 'round
Lake Superior. ^{And all the while} Especially am I dolly
over the wide speckled brook trout,
which I consider not only one of the
loveliest of ^{all} fishes but ^{also} one of the ~~most~~
loveliest creatures in ^{all} nature.
I'd try to explain why, ^{I think so,} but I'm trying to
spin a yarn not a three-volume fictional
trilogy.

So it is with something of a guilty pang that I reluctantly confess that there are still a few old-fashioned wild speckled brook trout left in remote pockets of the old U. P. Neither the land developers or ^{they} latent species of genetic tinkers, fisheries variety, have quite yet chased them into oblivion. In fact while I'm at it I should probably break down and confess that if ~~the~~ a town's fisherman had the courage to turn off a party-store motel-lined main highway and drive till he wished he had four-wheel drive

timberers (fisheries division) or even the
chased them ^{all} ^{into} oblivion, ^{in fact} and ^{is} a fisherman
has the courage to leave the four-lane
party store and ^{from} ^{maybe} motel-lined highway and walk a few miles
after he parks his ~~car~~ pretty apt to run across a pond
or creek or beaver backwater

that still harbors a few of the
speckled darlings.

Requiem to the Beeg ~~One~~ Swan
that got away

Few are the creatures known to man
that reach the ~~size~~ size and thereafter continue
to expand as the magical big fish that got
away. Fewer still are the ^{prodant} fisherman who fail to
claim ^{at least one} such as epic love and fewer still who
fail to blame it on something other than
themselves.

I've been churning 'bout around my
native Upper Peninsula of Michigan and
specimens yarn ^{and books} about it for longer than I
can ^{recall} ^{imagine} ^{possible} ^{that} ^{treason} ^{being} ^{that}
clearly ^{to} ^{write} ^{before} computers were born

Anyway, the other day I was charmed to ~~read~~
^{run across an} ^{in a magazine article} in a magazine that
~~labeled~~ ^{named} us fishermen as among the ~~the~~
most imaginative "fictioners" (the way
(in I may steal his word) in the world. The ~~the~~
writer ^{went on to} was even more generous in his praise.
"In fact," ^{he} ^{thought} ^{on} "fishermen are
among ^{the} ^{biggest} ^{damn} ^{liars} ⁱⁿ ^{the} ^{world}."

for many years

I've been chasing trout around my
native Upper Peninsula of Michigan and then
running home and writing ^{stories} ~~essays~~ and books about
it for ^{for} longer than I can ^{recall} offhand. One possible
reason my memory is so ^{lousy} ~~weak~~ hazy on how
long I've been fishing and ^{writing} ~~reporting~~ ^{about it} ~~is~~ that
we never been very good at mathematics, including
simple addition, and moreover I learned to scribble
~~long~~ down words long before computers were born.

Anyway the other day at a friend's
house