

Pop

By Steve Scott

One day I was fishing Dick's Creek below the cascade for some North Georgia Trout. It is very noisy there with the water crashing on the rocks. I decided to fish sitting down on one of the boulders just beside the right hand waterfall. It is very slippery on the way to this spot and you had to be very careful not to slip as you would plunge into a deep hole below loaded with years' worth of snagged fishing lines and hooks. As I was being very careful I lost my footing on some loose slate and started to slide towards the doom. I immediately got down on all fours so that I would be closer to the boulder in hopes of snagging some part of it as I slid over the edge. I found myself literally hanging by my fingernails on a crack at the top's edge. My body was glued to the face of the boulder and I was stable. I started shouting for anyone who could hear me over the noise of the pounding waters. I stayed in this position for what seemed a few minutes but apparently was only seconds. A couple of fishermen were at the top of the boulder looking over in fright. They asked what they could do. I told them to grab my fishing rod tip as I still had it in my hand. For a moment I thought I was saved. Then I heard a loud POP which was the sound a 2 piece rod makes when it comes apart. I started laughing as I slid into the water. I did not sink as the current is very strong there so it swept me about five feet downstream and I walked out on the lower rocks still laughing at the POP.