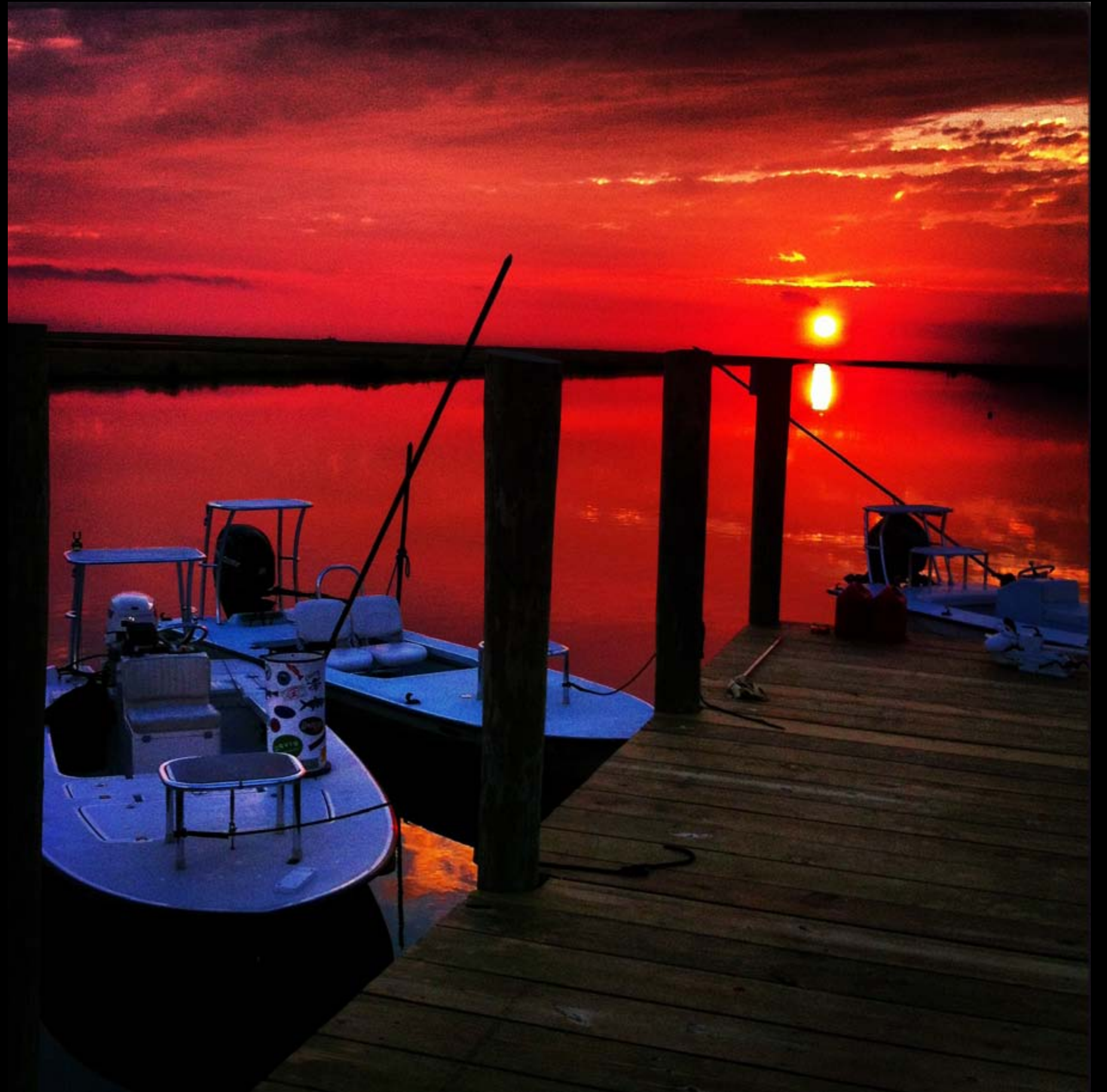
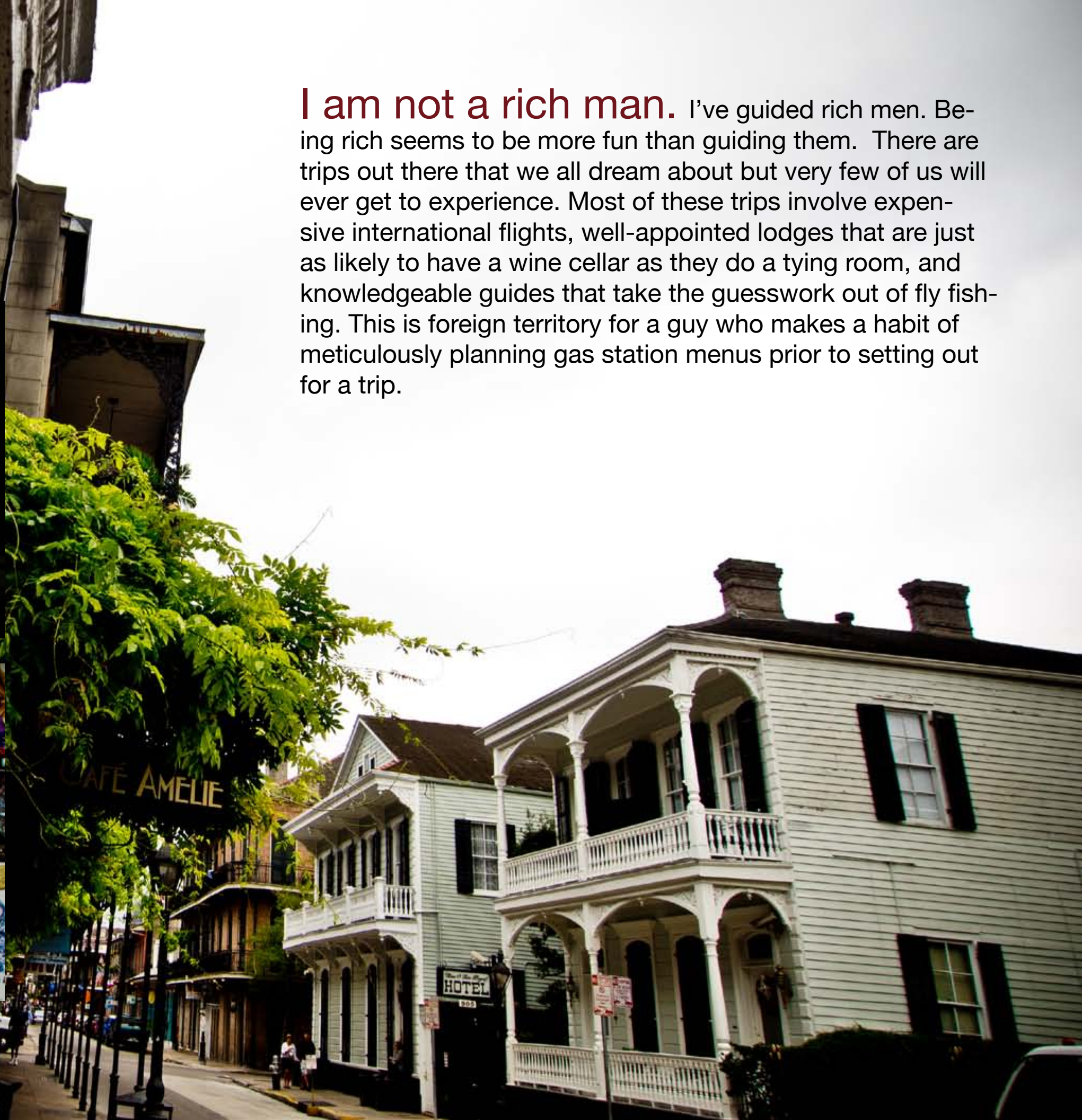


HOW THE OTHER HALF FISHES

By David Grossman
Photos: Steve Seinberg



I am not a rich man. I've guided rich men. Being rich seems to be more fun than guiding them. There are trips out there that we all dream about but very few of us will ever get to experience. Most of these trips involve expensive international flights, well-appointed lodges that are just as likely to have a wine cellar as they do a tying room, and knowledgeable guides that take the guesswork out of fly fishing. This is foreign territory for a guy who makes a habit of meticulously planning gas station menus prior to setting out for a trip.



the Mothership







So when Capt. Gregg Arnold called us up and offered us a three-day trip in the Biloxi marsh we were quick to say yes. When he told us we'd be staying on a 75-foot yacht anchored out in the middle of the marsh, well I'm not ashamed to say that we hugged a little (in a manly way...only for a second). Then we went out and rebuilt a carburetor.

The only way I ever pictured myself walking onto a yacht was in the role of a cabana boy, so when the Captain informed me that I didn't have to take on the duty of handing out hot towels, I finally started accepting where I was and what we were doing here.



The Biloxi marsh is huge in a grand way. As you motor out almost an hour to the Southern Way (aka the Mothership), it is impossible to figure out where you're going and how you get there. When the boat finally materializes in the marsh you've pretty much given up on the mental map and start realizing that everything you just passed through looked real fishy. The fishiness extends as far as the horizon line in every direction... and you haven't seen anyone else since you left the ramp.





*You don't have to go very far
when you're already there.*







Once you set foot on the Mothership, it's all redfish all the time, with a little bit of Cajun food and booze thrown in for good measure. Being out in the middle of the marsh gives you certain advantages over those poor folks who are forced to leave and return to land everyday,

(I believe the nautical term for them is “suckers”).

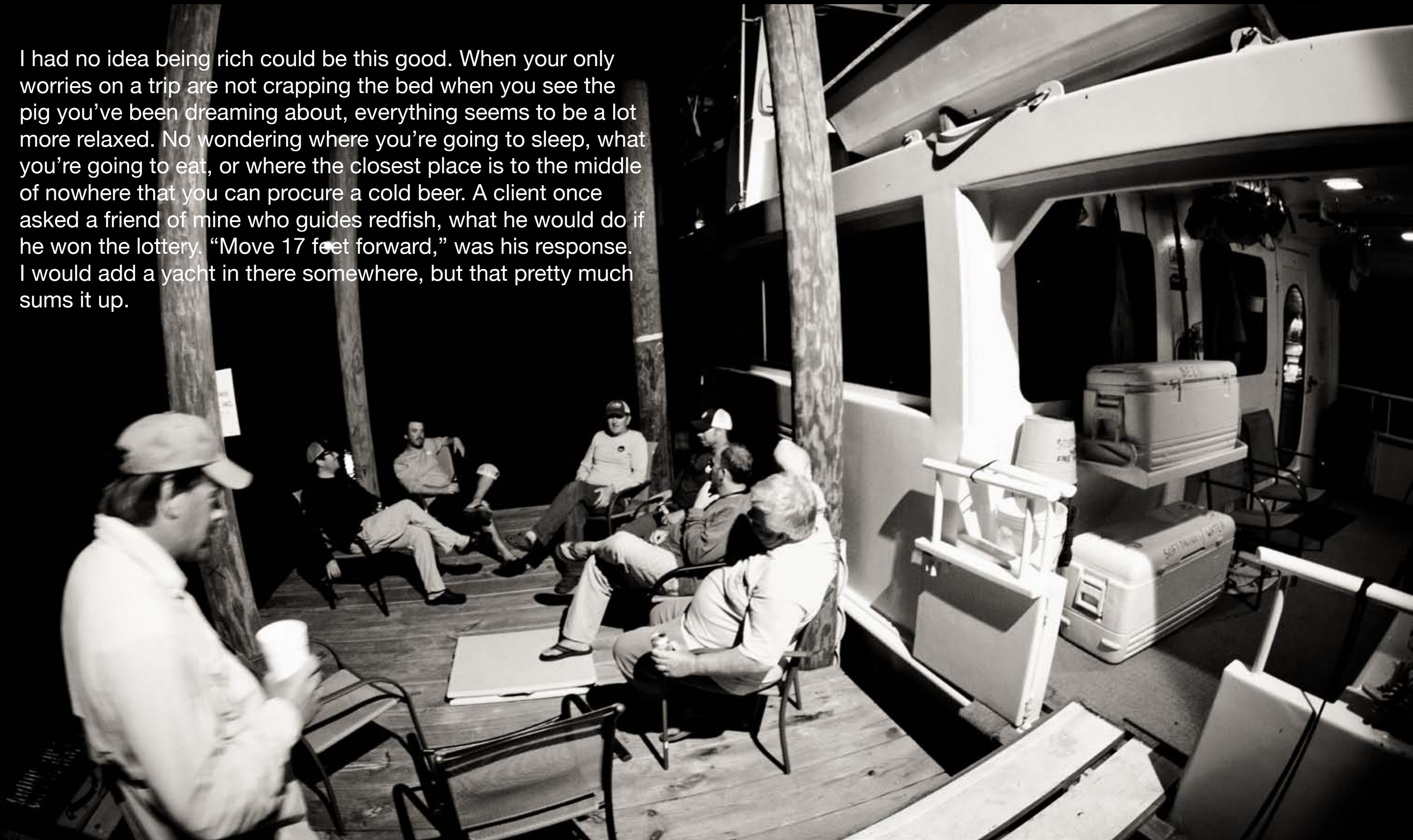
When we left the first morning, we had two reds tailing within 50 feet of the dock, and didn't go more than two miles up the creek from those fish all day. Those two miles produced more shots and fish landed than any of us even knew was possible. You don't have to go very far when you're already there.





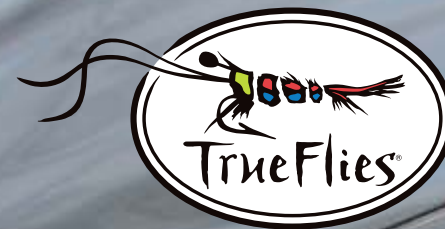


I had no idea being rich could be this good. When your only worries on a trip are not crapping the bed when you see the pig you've been dreaming about, everything seems to be a lot more relaxed. No wondering where you're going to sleep, what you're going to eat, or where the closest place is to the middle of nowhere that you can procure a cold beer. A client once asked a friend of mine who guides redfish, what he would do if he won the lottery. "Move 17 feet forward," was his response. I would add a yacht in there somewhere, but that pretty much sums it up.



We at SCOF have a lot of people to thank for making champagne dreams and red-fish wishes come true. First and foremost to Capt. Gegg Arnald for putting this whole trip together. Also, our guides while we were down there. Al, Rocky, and John thanks for putting up with all the blown shots and trout sets. Last but not least Andy Bowen would like to thank Scott Davis for choosing his woman over us, and canceling at the last minute, ultimately clearing the way for himself.

Pricing includes lodging, meals, guiding and marina-to-Mothership transfers. More on the Mothership at www.fishinginthelandofgiants.com.



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