

Jeff Currier *global fly fishing*

Giraffe Rock!

October 30, 2005 9:02AM

Dear family and friends,



**Granny with her first Tigerfish –
Chobe River, Botswana**

The days are getting long down here. The sun is up by 5:30 and not down till 8. Good stuff! However, by 8 am expect near 95 degrees and by 2 pm you better be tough as nails! I believe I could fry and egg on any metal parts of the boats we've fished on at midday. Touch it and you burn. Fortunately, the ole Granny and I have been on the water 7 days already and the bottoms are's not a bed of coals I wouldn't walk on to cast to I mean absolutely kicking the hell out of fish!

We are back in Livingstone, Zambia. I'm typing off the worst keyboard in computer history and hopefully I don't lose this long version before getting this to you. I have already lost a long letter to the family and the beginning of one to everyone, but my man (I'm at an internet cafe) here thinks he has me fixed up.

We have covered some serious ground since I last wrote. I turned 40 on the 18th.



**Jeff with a Nembwe from the
Chobe River, Botswana**

That same day we bused and crossed by ferry boat into Botswana, and coincidentally stumbled into a nice camp that offered fishing by the hour. Cheap too! One minute after we checked in I had our tent covered with fishing shit and was rigged and ready to go promptly. Unlike most places throughout the world, our guide, Nevin, was psyched to see the fly rods. I knew it was my birthday then, and we ventured out onto the Chobe River and caught about 5 tigerfish and 2 nembwe. Granny caught a huge tiger and wait till you see the shots of the nembwe! If you don't know what a tigerfish is then Google it now. It's a scary fish that flat out wrecks tackle. Not the best fighter I've encountered, but close and by far one of the most dramatic and cool looking! It was quite the birthday. Only thing missing was Sue's chocolate cake!

The next day we traveled 9 hours by hot as hell local bus to Maun, Botswana on the edge of the Okavango Delta. We saw plenty of elephants, antelope and our 1st giraffe along the way. Giraffes are so damn cool!

The next day we were on a bush plane flight into some village followed by a one hour boat ride to a Guma Lagoon camp. This was the only part of our trip that we arranged ahead. Fortunately we got an unbelievably reasonable deal. For the next 6 days we camped and fished for tigerfish. 3 days with guide Guy Lobjoit, and the rest with his boatmen.



Watch your fingers when releasing a Tigerfish

We pummeled tigers 5 of 6 days. One day we went for African pike out of dugout canoes - very cool. We saw lots of amazing wildlife, a scary number of hippos and huge crocodiles. But as you know, I loved every minute of it and Granny is a saint!

Our bus excursion back across Botswana to Livingstone, Zambia was not so good. We ran into some trouble that will scare the hell out of you, especially you Jack. We couldn't get a bus directly from Maun to Chobe River like we did on the way to Maun. So we got a ticket to a village half way and expected to buy another from there to Chobe River. We arrived in this village called Nata at 11 Am. A few locals were traveling with us and expected the bus from



Hippo's are a part of every life when fly fishing in Africa

Nata to Chobe River to arrive by noon. At 6 pm the bus had not arrived and we appeared trapped. This bus stop was merely a gas station in the boonies of Africa. The sun was setting and most locals lost faith in the bus and were hitching rides to get where they were headed. Eventually, we and some lady were the only ones left. The lady, a local, who refused to gamble with hitchhiking in Africa, was getting scared as there are no accommodations in this village. On top of that, some crazy ass folks were showing up at the station as the sun set. You can only imagine the condition we

were in by now after 100 degree heat and not knowing what our outcome would be. Finally at 9 pm, the place got so shady that the lady hitched a ride! No way in hell was I going to travel by road at night in Africa let alone hitch a ride with my wife! That was until 11 pm. I then determined we would be lucky if everything we owned wasn't taken from us by morning and possibly even our lives. Shit was looking very grim. Somehow, traveling always works out and some dude recognized the stress on our faces and offered us a ride to Chobe as he was headed that way also. Seemed risky to take a ride in Africa from a stranger in the middle of the night, but we were beyond desperate and hopped in and went for it. What really decided for us was this huge red scorpion that ripped across the parking lot where I'd been laying on my pack for now 12 hours!

Our ride was unreal. Dangerous, but unreal. First off, it turns out this guy was a great guy. He was simply looking for company for his long drive north to the Zambia border. I say dangerous because the animals on the road. They made Yellowstone National Park seem mellow. We must have seen 100 donkeys, cattle, thousands of impala, kudu, elephant (that would be nice one to hit!) and two giraffes. A giraffe at 2 am under the stars gazing down on you when you step out of the car to admire him is a sight beyond your wildest imagination! It made this whole disastrous day worth it right then!



One of several double Tigerfish catches for Jeff and Granny on the Okavango River, Botswana

I'm getting afraid this lousy computer is going to break on me so to make along story short, we got dropped off by this nice man in Kasane, Botswana at 4:30 am. Yes, the end to a nice 24 hour day of ground travel. We slept till about 9 am on the town square using our packs as pillows and then fished with Nevin, the guide we fished with on my birthday on Oct 18. We banged up a few small tigers and Granny got a nice nembwe.

Today we arrived back in Livingstone, Zambia. We will stay in the region for at least 4 days. While here we will take a 2 day run to Zimbabwe to fish the south bank of the Zambezi River.

Somewhere along the way I will whitewater on the Zambezi, and yes, do THE VICTORIA BRIDGE bungee jump. A 351' dive towards the Zambezi River rapids. Remember, I'm only 40, there's no sense in me yet!

I had 41 emails today - after 10 days in the bush it was great to hear from you all!

All the best till next time!

Jeff