

Jeff Currier *global fly fishing*

Saturday, November 30, 2002 2:13 AM

Mahseer at Last!



Granny relaxing in front of her tent on the banks of Cauvery River in India

We're alive! Miracle with all the crazy stuff going on lately. We just got back into Bangalore after what will go down as one of my top fishing adventures. In India of all places, crazy. It's a fact that most of India is filthy, but the Cauvery River is spectacular! It is completely protected from poachers of wildlife and fisherman's nets. And for that reason it may be one of the truly greatest places in Asia.

The camps were very rustic to say the least. The first camp we stayed at, Galibori had no electricity but we slept in a deluxe type of tent. No one spoke English worth a shit and they had never seen anything that looked like a fly rod. So although there were many communication breakdowns and confusion on what the hell I was doing when I started casting my 10 weight, all things went surprisingly good.

We managed a few good fish on the fly. We also used heavy spin gear and caught some big mahseer. I took 2 over 30 lbs! We saw lots of crocs, monkeys (monkeys stole my banana bunch yesterday morning) and spotted deer.

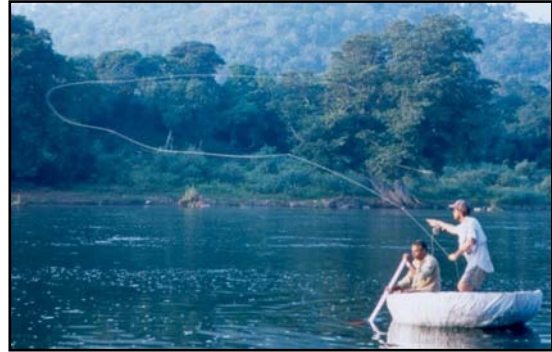
We never saw the elephants but we all had to run for cover one night when a huge bull and a



Snakehead that Jeff caught on a Morrish Mouse pattern

few others came frightening close to our tent in the pitch dark to drink from the river. I say frightening because the bugle the bull let out and then the loud elephant sounds reminded us of T-Rex of the movie Jurassic park, in the scene with the kids in the car trying to avoid being eaten. It was intense in the inky dark night.

We stayed at Galibori camp 4 days then moved to another upstream called Bhemeshwerei. A remote place also, but more popular with anglers and we had electricity. The river was totally different here and we could fish it on our own. In fact, that's why we were late getting back to civilization. We stayed some extra time and fished on foot along the river. I had some of the best Chernobyl ant fishing of my life for one of the truly greatest game fish I've ever met, the carnatic carp. Built on average like a 14-16" smallmouth that lives in fast water behind boulders. Much like rainbows on the Madison. These fish truly put me in a frenzy! Granny too!



Casting from the coracle on the Cauvery River in India

At Bhemesweri we caught more big mahseer on bait and many other species on the fly. Here we had English speaking guide and learned a great deal about the Cauvery River regions history and wildlife.



A beautiful Carnatic Carp that fell for a Chernobyl Ant

In addition to elephants, we had many critters around our tent. First off, there were more ants than you can imagine. We learned to live with them. Then at night there were wild boars that kept grazed outside our tent every night. I'd have to chase them away 5 times a night because the noises they make kept you awake. Sometimes this big dude would let out a squeal and I thought I was about to go down but it never happened. One day while we were chilling out at mid day we watched a tree viper enter our neighbor's tent! Ha!

Best of all though, one day I was working my dry fly while walking up the bank. Not paying any attention to where my feet stepped, just casting my Chernobyl Ant. When suddenly, I literally got swept off my feet when I stepped on the tail of a small croc! Unreal! It's a wonder I have a leg left!



Jeff and Granny holding a 44 pound silver mahseer from the Cauvery River

The Cauvery River is an incredible place. I hope to make it back someday. It's going to be tough to face the reality of trips end here soon.

We heard about the bad stuff going down in Northern India. The bus and the terrorist threats in Pushkar. We actually left the camel fair in Pushkar on the 14th not knowing that we were supposed to leave anyway. I actually remember taking a walk our last morning by myself and when I returned I told Granny that there were police and Indian army guys

everywhere since the previous day. I wondered why. We got the news later in Udaipur.

With the exception of the Cauvery River, we've had enough of India. Tomorrow we head back to Nepal where evidently the Maoist caused turmoil is in a lull. We will spend our last days of the trip fishing out of Pokhara, Nepal. That's the plan anyway. We will get a feel when we get to Kathmandu tomorrow night.

Take care, love Jeff and Granny