



MY DEN

Mike Logan

I just came in my den to make another stab at the duck hunting story. Mostly, stab is a pretty grandiose word for what I do.

I don't know if all would-be writers are like me, but once the urge strikes I always find a multitude of other things that need my immediate attention. Usually I doodle around with these 'til I see I'm not going to get any real writing done.

All that out of my system, on the way out of the house I grab my camera case and a fly rod or a shotgun or both, depending on the season.

It's always seemed to me that if I'm not going to write, the trout stream or the duck blind is a better place not to write than a poorly ventilated den.

The den is what slowed my literary undertaking for today.

My den..... It always looks like a big yellow hook-jawed Kodak swam in and spawned with a giant red female shotgun shell and then they both beached themselves on my roll top desk and died, leaving multi-hued progeny strewn in all directions.

I fought the word "den" for a long time. Always seemed a good deal pompous 'til the Dutchman solved the problem for me.

When he came in, I was sorting the batch of slides we'd shot the week before in the duckblind.

Stumbling over a single leaky hip boot in the darkened room, he muttered under his breath. An audible groan escaped as his other foot crunched into a pile of empty AA hulls mounded on the beautifully feathered carpet. I've never seen another rug like it. A summer's worth of maribou clippings with furnace hackle, deer hair and a generous mixture of peacock herl and many colored thread gives it a certain flair. I think it's a work of art, but I'm not sure the opinion is unanimous around our house.

Anyway, the Dutchman finally fell into the relative safety of

the other swivel chair. It was hard to convince him those number 16 dry fly hooks weren't there as the final intricate touch on a trap set just for him.

"&&-****!&%%\$ BOAR'S DEN, anyhow!!!" he grouched as he sat there in his long johns trying to get the tiny barbs out of the seat of his heavy wool hunting britches.

I allowed as to how he was lucky to be just picking them out of his pants and to hurry up and shut off the lights so I could get on with sorting the pictures.

I've been able to get along with the word "den" ever since. Nobody else knows why, but that doesn't matter.

Thing that bothers me is, I know that other hip boot's in here somewhere.

'Course there could be an elephant in here too, but if he doesn't sneeze from all that maribou up his nose and give himself away, I probably won't run across him 'til spring.

If then.