

## **A Life History Story of a Pacific Lamprey Named 3D9.1**

This is a short story of the life's story of Pacific Lamprey named 3D9.1. Named and known affectionately in the Mid-Columbia River by her full name, **3D9.1C2DC96BFB** she chose to return to the Mid-Columbia River in 2015 to find a spawning place. She also hoped to find a nice guy who cared to share some good R-Reproductive Strategy in a good place for the children to grow up.

On 22 July, 2015, 3D9.1 was traveling happily upstream in the Columbia River on her way up through Priest Rapids Dam. Suddenly, she found herself confined in a rather small space with other lampreys, held by a scary log jam she did not recognize; soon the log jam moved upwards and an animal with strange scent and gripping blue appendages scooped her up. Suddenly, her left side was poked with something very sharp, just for a moment. She was sore and a bit tired later, but fine nonetheless. Afterwards, she was in a little room with other lampreys like her, none whom she knew of course since they had not met prior at the particular Cod-Hake Bars she frequented often at the Big Salt. However, there were some quite attractive guys in this confined space, she thought to herself.

To her liking, and now feeling better, 3D9.1 spent just one day in that rather confined space with the other lampreys before she felt a feeling of being transported. And, to her happiness, just two moons later, she was picked up poured back into the deep water that felt right, with her other friends. It was nice to feel water flowing cool and smoothly against her once again. It was the river she had just been in! She could smell it! "Oh Joy!", she thought to herself. And what first appeared to be a great disadvantage became a great advantage. She was freed at the place much further up-river called Vantage on 24 July 2015. Now having met some good friends in the confined space and as the water became colder, 3D9.1 was happy to spend the rest of that fall and winter with them in a nice quiet, dark Boulder Lodge deep in Wanapum Reservoir. This was a good place she thought, and liked it. And she felt safe there. Besides she reasoned, the nights were getting lots cooler and she could feel that her eggs needed some time to grow before she could find that guy of her dreams and make him like her too. So it was. Time went by.

Now 3D9.1, she was not a lazy lamprey. Quite some time had passed, nearly a year she thought. She had not exercised in a long while, and it felt good to move. Too, the water was warming and it felt right to move. Her eggs were just perfect for her next try at finding her guy, so she checked out of the Boulder Hotel and wasted no time swimming from the Vantage place in Wanapum Reservoir up to Rock Island Dam where she swam into a smaller stream-way in the dam. The date was 25 July, 2016, exactly a year later. Many more of her friends were with her she was delighted to find - many of them even more handsome than before she thought - all swimming up through the small stream together.

Along with her friends that day on 25 July, 2016, 3D9.1 made it easily up through the Rock Island Dam stream way. She was feeling especially motivated to find a final place, with cobbles and gravels, where she could get to know that guy of her dreams. So without hesitation, she swam briskly upstream for 15 more miles and soon smelled a sure promise of a good place. The smell was coming from somewhere on her left. "Awe, the Wenatchee River!!" she thought, as she swam closer. Her friends were excited too; it smelled even better than hake popcorn! What a good place this seems to be, so she and her friends stopped smell it. And so there, on 31 July, 2016, 3D9.1 and the others made their decision to swim into that river to find a place, and for 3D9.1, the guy of her dreams.

Indeed, as she had hoped she would, 3D9.1 found a place and the guy of her dreams. And, in August 2016, she laid some beautiful eggs and made some beautiful R Strategy kids. So the story of 3D9.1 goes.

**The End**