

# **OFF THE DOCK**

**WITH D. A. MANN**

**~ A Pool Party ~**

**1/31/26**

Over the past few weeks, “layering” has become a part of the normal routine when on the water trying to fish your favorite spots. The sun breaks through the clouds and the sweatshirt comes off; so do the sweatpants. Minutes later as you are drifting across the channel in Blackburn Bay, it ducks behind another group of passing clouds; then, the wind changes direction yet again bringing the temperature down slightly. As you stand on the deck trying to decide whether to cast, you are eyeballing those sweats you just tossed onto the seat a short time ago.

Decisions, decisions.

When your fishing buddy wants to move to another location, you have no choice but to put the sweatshirt back on. You throw a towel over your legs for when the pants come off, they stay off (rule #147-B of the fisherman’s code book). Feeling chilly in my shorts upon arriving at the new spot, I began casting. As I’m looking up at the sun trying its best to poke a hole in the clouds, I get a solid hit. First one in a while and I know it’s a Pompano. Proper attire is quickly forgotten as on the very next cast the drag is screaming straight away; and then, makes a ninety degree turn and starts to circle the boat. He’s a big boy and is widening the arc as he comes around to the other side. God, I love this! After a fifteen minute fight, he’s in the net and headed for an ice bath. As I return to the forward deck and pick up my rod, I ignore my pants

who are calling to me. I'll stay with the shorts and the sweatshirt for it will have to suffice. I don't have the time to play the *clothing game*.

Once again the winds increase and we move to the east side of Snake Island using it as a wind-break. By now it's 2pm and we've been on the water for four hours having gotten a late start due to an extremely low tide. As the drift rides the incoming tide, it takes us a hundred feet off the rocks by the Infinity pool close to the entrance to Dona Bay curling around to Marker #16 in Roberts Bay. By 3:30, we had eight drifts and four more Pompano. I put my pants back on.

It's never too chilly for a pool party.