

OFF THE DOCK

WITH D. A. MANN

~ The Blackburn Brothel ~

10/21/25

The snowbirds are flying back to the beach in their annual migration to the land of sun and water. It is evident everywhere – on the roads, the WaWa, and the bays. I can deal with the traffic; I can even deal with waiting in line for a cup of coffee; but, I cannot handle the hookers that take over my best fishing holes. These whores know exactly when the population increases for the winter. They swim into the bay in large schools looking to get hooked-up with a horny northerner out for a day of fun. What is fun for a “John” is a nightmare for a retired guy who gave up trying to get hooked-up when he bought a boat and decided that fishing was more rewarding.

They hit hard, shred your leader, bleed on your boat, slim in your hand, and throw a shit fit if they don’t get their way. If your wife asks for an explanation when you get home, tell her you don’t have one. Tell her that you are just a Ladies’ man. Tell her that you tried to run from them starting at Snake Island, through Midnight Pass and ending in upper Little Sarasota Bay. The most fun you had all day was watching a group of guys in a rental boat keeping every one they caught. Fine with me. Hopefully, they’ll catch them all.

So, if you are going out in the near future hunting for a little action, take some protection. STDs are no fun.

(Slimmed To Death)