OFF THE DOCK

WITH D. A. MANN

~ Trick or Treating ~

10/31/26

This Halloween, I decided to dress up as a fisherman. My costume was well planned complete with rods, tackle box, some Gatorade, a ham sandwich and a boat. My route this year was going to be different. No more cheap condos on the mainland who's retirees pass out Pinfish; I was headed, instead, for the high rollers of Casey Key. Yep, I was going marker to marker in the big leagues and planning on hooking-up with something substantial.

I played the role of a fisherman so well that passing trick-or-treaters (all dressed up like Freedom Boat Clubbers) looked on with envy. My first stop was marker 19. I had to knock a few times but eventually a very handsome Pompano jumped into my plastic pumpkin (I was hoping that it wasn't a Ladyfish in disguise). I stopped next at marker 20 and a very ugly Sail Cat added a bunch of baby Grunts to my stash. I tossed them overboard for the next kid to catch for I don't eat anything that grunts. Mr. Sail Cat must have seen me for he returned to the door with a huge Pompano apologizing for his earlier treat. I decided to revisit these two homes (a no-no in the Halloween game) and they each gave me another Pompano for no others had come calling. Next year, I'm going as a stone crabber.

Blackburn Bay; markers 19 to 20; west slope; 6-8 feet.