OFF THE DOCK

WITH D. A. MANN

~ A One Hit Wonder ~

11/16/26

After being stuck on land last week, I decided to try to get out on Monday. By the time I had a line in the water, it was 1pm. With the tide slack, I started behind Snake Island in the middle of the basin. The third cast was the ticket and for the next fifteen minutes I chased a Pompano around the boat three times before I was able to net him. At 18.75 inches to the split, he ranked at the top of the biggest ones I've ever gotten onboard inshore. Of course, I had the misconception that I'd be limiting out in an hour. No so, Grasshopper.

Two casts later, I had a soft bump followed by a drag puller. Not just any drag puller; but, the one from Hell. Tightening the drag made no difference. It was heading around the island on the north side passing the channel markers in a steady increasing pull as I started the engine and took chase. As I throttled-up it continued to run now headed for the Jetties. I was gaining no ground as I increased speed and then I was staring at a blank spool void of line. Snap. Done. It was over. The whole chase didn't last fifteen seconds.

Up to that point, I had only had two hits; and was scared to cast again. It was a first for me. I'm thinking shark, barracuda, or a huge ray. It didn't matter. 250 yards of line later, I'm looking at a bare reel. The following two hours, I had a minor hit and a small catfish - a very strange afternoon indeed.

The pictures don't lie.



