

OFF THE DOCK

WITH D. A. MANN

~ Preschool ~

6/9/26

Every now and then, you have to resign yourself to the fact that today may not be your day. Sometimes the fishing Gods like to mess with your head and play underwater games with your jigs. Such was the case yesterday for yours truly.

As with any planned day on the water, you start off with high hopes and a good attitude. As you are idling under the bridge and heading for the open bay, your excitement builds. You have learned to expect the unexpected knowing that your skill level will win out in the end. You have learned that through the years you have seen a lot of things; but, there is always something out there that will surprise you – something unexpected. Getting skunked is not one of those things. Not one damn thing on ice when you return to the dock and the birds are waiting to be fed some scraps.

Yesterday, I caught three dozen fish and all were undersized. Pompano, Trout, Flounder and the Ladies were all small (not that I'm complaining). Even the Dolphins were babies. I drifted the channel and the flats from Marker 21 in Blackburn south around Snake Island and down to Marker 12 in Roberts Bay. Not one damn keeper. I did notice that when the tide went slack mid-morning, it stayed slack for almost two hours. Maybe I'm reaching for straws. The clincher was getting poked by a baby channel cat in the finger.

Preschoolers can be cute; but, I'm no babysitter.

