

# **OFF THE DOCK**

**WITH D. A. MANN**

## **~ The Brothel is Back – 7/11/25 ~**

Just when you think it's safe to go back into the water, you hook-up on the first cast with a nightmare. A three foot Lady full of shit, piss, blood, and slim hits your Willy with enough intensity that it almost pulls the rod from your hand. For a split second, you're thinking *Pompano*. No such luck, Bucky; you've hooked-up with your mother-in-law. She's big, mean, and nasty. She'll shit on your new shirt, spray blood on your favorite shorts, and, slim your hand like you were 13 in the shower. It's only 8am and you're a mess. You dip a towel in the ice and try to wipe off the crap before a passing boat sees you in distress. As you are cleaning up, you have thoughts of cutting the next Lady off your Willy with your filet knife. Bad Ju-ju.

The Sail Cat on the next cast was actually a welcomed surprise – even though it was the biggest one I've ever seen. So big, that I could only get its mouth to water level to remove my jig. Holy shit. Is it happy hour yet? Before noon, I had 2 Pompano and 2 Whiting on ice. I tried for some slot Trout in my favorite spot by the Gardens in Blackburn Bay; but, only caught smalls – 20 of them (literally on every cast).

Nothing happening around Snake Island. Although I had fish to clean, it didn't feel like it was a successful day. The "Inshore Game" is a puzzle that has yet to be solved. It all has to do with Midnight Pass. When I figure it out, you'll be the first to know.

Bent Rods & Straight Lines. Keep the Faith.