

OFF THE DOCK

WITH D. A. MANN

~ Sea Hunt ~

7/28/24

102 fish. That's a lot of fish. I started at 8am and headed back towards home at 2:30 in the afternoon. 102 fish. And not a one of them was anything I wanted. Small Trout, small Lanes, small Grouper, small Grunts, and small everything was hitting every cast. I was up and down the Bay a half dozen times working the Intracoastal trying to find something substantial that would put up a good fight – something like a Pompano. The *hunt* – it's all about the *hunt*; but, I was hunted-out. I had not caught a Pompano in three weeks and was slipping into a deep depression. I had gotten spoiled; I know, poor baby.

As I neared home, I decided to try one last spot. The tide was now coming in and the brackish waters were being pushed back up into the bays. Behind Snake Island the water was green and beautiful as I shut her down and just drifted with the current in a slight breeze. It was perfect. If there were any Pompano around, they'd be right here. The first cast, the first pop of the jig, and the first Pompano. For the next 45 minutes, I caught five more and a really nice Permit. I was having so much fun that I barely noticed the two thunderheads circling around and the rain falling in the distance. If I leave now, I'll be back at my dock by 4 – an hour later than usual. The wife will be anything but happy. I could have called, I could have stopped fishing, I could have headed home; but, why ruin a perfectly good stroke of luck? The *hunt* had paid off and I was proud of myself for not giving up.

Don't mess with destiny.