

OFF THE DOCK

WITH D. A. MANN

~ I'm a Believer ~

8/17/26

The fishing fairy wanted to go for a boat ride last Friday. She hopped onboard as they pulled away from the dock and settled into the forward console seat. As they entered the bay, she raised her arms to embrace the morning sun with her long blonde hair dancing to the waves as she swayed to the motion of the boat. Stunning.

Nick did not notice this slice of Heaven for his inability to *believe* made him blind to her existence. Not so with DA for he had enjoyed her company on more than one occasion. He knew that this was not going to be just another good day; but, a great day was on the horizon. A memorable day. The bar will be set higher in forthcoming trips. Nick had no idea what was instore. Not only was he blind to the stow-away, but it could be debated that his lack of “believing in luck” was his Achilles’ heel. As he sat beside him on the helm seat, DA watched her walk both fore and aft with her long lovely fingers caressing each rod playing with the eyelets and holding the jigs in her palm. With her face always hidden, she moved by definitely on a mission to put her magic in our game. DA felt the cool breeze when her hair brushed over his shoulder as she passed by the second time; he took it as a sign of a wonderful day coming his way. Nick’s lack of luck was about to change.

She went far forward standing on the deck and raised her arms once again. They were now several miles south in a neighboring bay dead-center in the Intracoastal close to a local yacht club. With purpose, she lowered her arms quickly and pointed with her index

fingers to the waters off the bow. “Shut her down, Nick, this is the spot! Shut her down now!” DA quickly grabbed a rod as he stepped up onto the deck wanting to be standing next to her as he made the first cast; but, she had vanished. Gone. Her job here was done. Let the fun begin.

Nick thought he was just lucky that day. DA knew better. It was a *destined* day. A day that doesn’t happen to just everyone; but, if you are a believer, it can happen to you.

19 Pompano;

11 big ones on ice;

8 released.

The bay was Roberts;

The yacht club was Venice.

And now you know the rest of the story.