

OFF THE DOCK

WITH D. A. MANN

~ Rain, Rain, Go Away ~

8/29/24

Just when I saw a little light at the end of the “black water tunnel”, heavy rains once again moved into our area. This week, as last week, I was in search of greener pastures. Two weeks ago, I had to go all the way to Big Pass to find good water – no fish in it but it was a good color. This week, I ventured out into the Gulf. A brown river showed the way as far as I could see over the horizon. I stayed within a half mile of shore both north and south. No bait, no birds, and no tugs. I had heard that some Bull Reds were being caught by the rocks on the beach side of the north Jetty and some juvenile Tarpon on the south side. I found neither.

So I came back inside and drifted the out-going tide in Blackburn Bay from #25 all the way south into the slow zone by marker 14 – only little grunts and 12 inch trout by the dozens. A sandwich and a Gatorade later, I was behind Snake Island in the blackest water I’ve ever seen. Nothing doing. I even threw a paddle tail around Lyons Bay in my favorite Snook and Red holes. The only tug I had was from an oyster bed that I couldn’t see because of the water quality.

Granted, the water was horrible and the tide was wrong, but not even getting a decent hit was discouraging. I had to Google “Pompano” to remember what they looked like. I’m not used to being back at the dock in the early afternoon; that too, was discouraging.

I’m considering staying in tomorrow and painting the bathroom.