

# OFF THE DOCK

WITH D. A. MANN

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## ~ Only You Can See It ~

The sun has risen above the clouds on the horizon awaking all that's around you. It's 7am, and you see it. You knew where to look for your instincts had told you. Instincts are never wrong. If they appear to be, it's because we didn't interpret them correctly. They give you sight. They give you vision. They reward you with success.

As you drift in the channel, there is not another soul on the water. You have always avoided casting west into the grass flats for it's way too shallow. The fish are in the deeper water in the channel home to the Pompano. But the water is still too warm and the clarity is still too brackish to sustain them.

Only you can see it. At the edge of the flats snakes a thin thread of smooth glassy water. Cast over this vein and you'll find life. Six casts on the first drift in a high out-going tide produces six slot Speckled Trout. You continue to drift this pattern for the next two hours with similar results. And then, the bite is gone. The Trout are no longer talking. You cannot *see it* now; but, for a while, you were the only one that could. When it was over, you had three 18-19 inch big boys on ice. All the others had been released to be caught another day.

Blackburn Bay. The north end. Markers 23-25 in the Slow Zone.

¼ oz. white jig head with a pink and green paddle tail.

PS: If you can't *see it*, put your glasses on.