

OFF THE DOCK

WITH D. A. MANN

~ New Jack City ~

9/24/26

There's a new mayor in town. He's known as "Big Jack". He came on the scene making a big splash with his followers thrashing the waters all around him. Jack was a big strong contender that ate his way to the top. His appetite was beyond his control. His tiny minions would fly out of the water trying to escape; but, there was no escape. His curiosity, though, would lead to his demise. Jack loved all things pink; especially those little Willies with the short teaser skirts.

He and his pack liked to roam around the seawalls, the docks, and the Mangroves looking for love. All Hell would break loose when they found it. The waters would churn and the air would fill with the sounds of bait fish crying for their Mamas. Your Mama can't help you now.

Payback would come from an unlikely source above the surface that kept his Willies in a box but would put one in play when the time was right. Jack was powerless to resist. He hit it hard and took it for a ride until he ran out of steam. The Willy had an endless supply of Mojo; and in his last trawls, Jack met the master of the Willy. Hopefully, this master was not from Ohio and he would live to thrash another day.

The schools of large Grunting Pompano have been roaming the waters around Snake Island, Roberts Bay, and Dona Bay for two weeks.

Hook one, and it's fun.

Hook two, and it's a pain in the ass.

