

OFF THE DOCK

WITH D. A. MANN

~ Permission to Permit ~

9/30/25

Two weeks ago, I lost the largest Permit I've hooked in over 50 years of inshore fishing. I fought him for 40 minutes and lost him at the net. Lost some sleep, too. Today, I got his older brother; 24 inches overall – 21 to the split in the same exact spot. I decided to drift the center of the Intracoastal starting at the slow zone sign just south of Pop's on a swift moving outgoing tide. It was the middle of the afternoon and the conditions were perfect – not a Freedom Boat Clubber in sight. Drifting the center and casting into shallow water by the Mangroves on the east side, I first hooked a 13" Flounder and released him. 100 yards farther down, my Silly Willy pulled in a baby Goliath Grouper; also released. Impressive. Half way to the Jetties, I had a hard hit in 6-8 feet that was unspooling me to the north. Drifting rapidly to the south, I cranked up Betsy and spun her bow to the north chasing this fish. For the next 30 minutes, this scenario was repeated over and over. Finally, 20 feet from the boat, I got a look at it. PERMIT! Holy shit! Now I was in 4 feet and poled down. I continued to wear him out (talking to him constantly) until netting him was easy. I added him to the ice box to keep company with a large and medium Pompano and a fat Whiting I caught between markers 16 and 17 in Blackburn.

Tomorrow, this fisherman is doing that drift again.

You can bet your Permit on that!



