

OFF THE DOCK

WITH D. A. MANN

~ Working My Willy to Death ~

6/20/25

Being on the water by yourself has its advantages. No boat traffic to dodge, no fishermen waiting for you to vacate your spot, and no restrictions on fishing in or around the Intracoastal. At 7am, I thought it was a bit unusual not to have some company on the Bay. Normally, in Blackburn Bay early in the day, you'll see several boats fishing that you recognize and a couple inshore charter captains whom you also know. But last Friday, there was nobody. By 10 am, the Bay was still empty. By 11am, the Freedom Boat Clubbers were making their appearance plowing the channel and waving. By noon, one Jon boat with three seniors were "corking" by the Mangroves in three feet of water by marker 20 as I drifted the entire length of the channel for the second time while the tide was still incoming.

After getting only a few hits, a Sail Cat and a Lady, and some small Trout, I headed for Midnight Pass leaving the old guys behind. A normal drift of the Bay will produce any number of the following: Spanish Macs, Flounder, Blues, Pompano, Mangrove Snapper, Lizards, Puffers, and the occasional Permit. Not today, not yesterday, not the past couple weeks. You don't have to be a deep thinker to figure out why the Bay was void of fishermen.

With the exception of three big Whiting (17-19") on the edge of the Intracoastal right in front of the Pass, the fishing scene was the same.

Hopefully, next week, I'll figure out what-the-Hell is going on.