



# THE FISHIN' INSIDER

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Lately I've been feelin' more like the fishin' outsider, but that came to an end when I ran across Captain Ronnie Pfeiffer at Harley's aways back. He claimed he had a charter with a good sense of humor that probably wouldn't mind me riding along. Boy was that an under statement. The lass' name was Gretchen and her sense of humor was indeed wicked. She also ain't bad horsin' in redfish which, thanks to Ronnie she got herself a good workout on.

The name of the game was fishin' the turbid water, not the gin clear stuff that resembled the Bahamas on a good day. Being a hardhead I threw topwater plugs while Ronnie experimented. What he found was that the reds liked a clear Tout with a green tail and I must say that the south end of gas well flats was loaded with the critters. It was also loaded with cow nosed rays, a few trout and some rather large black drum. The sea grass that had died off from the brown tide of a decade ago has returned to the pristine condition I remember from the eighties.

It's funny that the less you fish an area the more you notice the changes over the years. Gas well flats is a lot shallower than I remember with some killer shoaling that gives it more structure than in the past. The fish congregate on the flanks of these bars and Ronnie knows them all. You want to learn the area or just have a good time fishin' with a great guide, give him a holler at 956-497-6384.

Good neighbor Brandenburg strikes again, and this being the political season I can't help but pass this along for your entertainment: Senator-

*I.B. Funny*

While walking down the street one day, a female senator is tragically hit by a truck and dies. Her soul arrives in heaven and is met by St. Peter at the entrance. "Welcome to Heaven," says St. Peter. "Before you settle in, it seems there is a problem. We seldom see a high official around these parts, you see, so we're not sure what to do with you."

"No problem, just let me in," says the woman.

"Well, I'd like to, but I have orders from higher up. What we'll do is have you spend one day in Hell and one in Heaven. Then you can choose where to spend eternity."

"Really, I've made up my mind. I want to be in Heaven," says the senator.



Captain Ronnie and a rather feisty red that Gretchen the charter cranked in.

"I'm sorry but we have our rules." And with that, St. Peter escorts her to the elevator. And she goes down, down, down to Hell. The doors open, and she finds herself in the middle of a green golf course. In the distance is a club and standing in front of it are all her friends and other politicians who had worked with her. Everyone is very happy and in evening dress. They run to greet her, hug her, and reminisce about the good times they had while getting rich at the expense of the people. They play a friendly game of golf and then dine on lobster and caviar. Also present is the Devil, who really is a very friendly guy who has a good time dancing and telling jokes. They are having such a good time that, before she realizes it, it is time to go.

Everyone gives her a big hug and waves while the elevator rises. The elevator goes up, up, up, and the door reopens on Heaven where St. Peter is waiting for her. "Now it's time to visit Heaven."

So 24 hours pass with the senator joining a group of contented souls moving from cloud to cloud, playing the harp and singing. They have a good time and, before she realizes it, the 24 hours have gone by, and St. Peter returns. "Well, then, you've spent a day in Hell and another in Heaven. Now, choose the place where you want to spend eternity."

She reflects for a minute and then answers, "Well, I would never have said it, I mean Heaven has been delightful, but I think I would be better off in Hell." So Saint Peter escorts her to the elevator, and she goes down,

down, down to Hell. Now, the doors of the elevator open, and she is in the middle of a barren land covered with waste and garbage. She sees all her friends, dressed in rags, picking up the trash and putting it in black bags. And it's hot, hot, hot. Sweltering hot. Hot and miserable.

The Devil comes over to her and lays his arm on her neck. "I don't understand," stammers the senator. "Yesterday I was here, and there was a golf course and club, and we ate lobster and caviar and danced and had a great time. Now all there is is a wasteland full of garbage, and my friends look miserable."

The Devil looks at her, smiles and says, "Yesterday we were campaigning... today you voted for us."

**We welcome your fishin' photos. Drop them by 2600 Padre Boulevard on the Island, or mail them to I.B. Hooked, c/o Coastal Current Weekly, P.O.Box 2429, South Padre Island, Texas 78597. Be sure to include the name of the angler, weight and type of fish, where caught, and name of boat if applicable. Photos with SASE will be returned.**