



# THE FISHERMAN'S INSIDER

by I.B. Hooked  
Member Outdoor Writers Association of America and  
The Texas Outdoor Writers Association

*PLEASE NOTE: WE AT THE COASTAL CURRENT ACCEPT NO RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE FOLLOWING NOR CAN WE IMAGINE WHY WE AGREED TO PRINT IT.*

Walked into an obscure waterin' hole after being out of town for awhile. My buddy the owner lets out a long sigh as the birds screech and tells me it's self-service this evening. Looked at the boy and he seemed a l'il peaked. He's reading my mind and says "Yeah man, my sons and their buddies just left the Sandspit and I ain't had much sleep". Sooo, I inquired about his main squeeze and he just rolled his eyes. Seems the boys had been out trollin' the previous day and got lucky, real lucky. Like a haul of tuna that caught the eye of some visiting damsels. They have a local grill fix up the catch and one thing leads to another if ya know what I mean and I think ya do. About four in the a.m. one of the boys taps him on the shoulder as he's slumberin' with his main squeeze and inquires if he's got any condoms. My buddy whispers "Yeah man, they're in the kitchen in the cabinet by the sugar". When the sun comes up the boys and their guests had split, the condo smells like a French cat house after a visit from the Foreign Legion and his main squeeze asks him groggily about a dream she had about somebody waking them up lookin' for condoms in the kitchen. My quick-witted buddy says nah, they were lookin' for the condiments in the kitchen. Welcome to October on the Sandspit. This is the month that'll sucker punch ya into movin' here on a permanent basis. The armatures are back where they came from, toilin' away. This is the season of the pros when the fishin' is kick ass in more ways than one.

The South Texas Big Game Fishing Club concluded its season last Saturday and boy was there a shuffle on the leader board. The Bessie Belle team had been the leader cuz of a September from hell. They had released five blue marlin in three days of tournament fishin' and won the Labor Day brown bag with three releases on the last day. The team aboard Producer had been ploddin' along all season releasin' a fish here and there. They released a blue on the last day and won the 2004 championship by 100 points. They also won the tuna pot with a 196 pound yellowfin and the wahoo pot with a 95 pound beast. Oi' Keith Waldman and the Rods-N-Screws thought they had the dolphin pot sewed up so they went golfin' instead of fishin'. Ohh welllll, R C Richards and the boys aboard Tula found the trash line from hell in about two hundred fathoms of water and snatched a 38 pound dorado off it to win the dorado pot for the season, a picture of which may have made this page. Congrats guys, hope to see ya on a weed line next year.



***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.***