



THE FISHIN' 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.

The Polar Bears Are Comin!

It bein' that time of year when my cute l'il editor wants everything in early, (like real early), I was heartened to run across my favorite effluent engineer better known as Doubting Thomas in a waterin' hole. Now Whitey and I been knowin' one another for damn near three decades and I still think the Sandspit oughta acknowledge hisself as the poet laureate of the area. I've run some of his missives in the past, particularly when he's takin' a shot at some new meat cuz the less work I've gotta do the better. He had a pocket full of bev-naps with his usual scribblin's but the fairly new meat he was after had abandoned his butt. I guess that be one of the problems with havin' a wily reputation and being able to string words together in a slur. But it's an interesting missive and though his eyes were rather bleary and his speech a tad slurred the heart was there. He ain't gotta name for it so I'll call it an ode to the real estate hustlers.

I've lost my ball

My tiny ball
Where are you

I can't lose you
I've had you forever
or since I can remember.
Where is my ball

What will I be
Without my ball
It's somewhere and
I'll find it too

And then I'll take better
Care of it

Cause where would I be
Without my ball.

Not exactly profound but the symbolism is definitely there and kinda dovetails with somethin' else that ain't gotta damn thing to do with fishin' though it may well be important to the future and that be the proposed new city government complex. Had a chance to hoist a few off the record with Alex the Printer, Fred the reluctant alderman and the Bearded wonder who's gonna run for a second term down on neutral turf better known as Dolphin Cove Oyster Bar in what is now a part of the City of Port Misrabelle.

These guys really do think that the five million bucks that ya'll will vote on next February is a pretty good deal all things considered. Now I ain't an information services pro like the reluctant alderman who's still got a year to go

on his term, nor am I a construction expert like the bearded wonder who's gonna run again, and ol' Alex, hell he's been around here since Frank the Pole and he made Frank's bidness work much to Judy's relief. I trust these boyz judgment since one of 'em is sportin' new spectacles. Happy Boxing Day.

**L'il Editor's Note: Mr. Hooked was given 2 months notice of early print run.*

