



THE FISHIN' INSIDER

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If it's Friday the 3rd when ya'll read this trash, well this one's dedicated to Margie's late Uncle Johnny cuz over a decade ago he scolded, scalded and berated my happy ass for forgettin' to mention a long ago fish fry on the banks of the Brazos. The event was organized by a bunch of ne'er-do-well, disgruntled immigrants and flim-flam real estate hustlers and other opportunists. Some of my relatives even attended or so the family lore goes.

The year was 1836 and our brown brothers to the south had just figured out how to concur the trail through Diserto de los Muretos or Desert of the Dead to enforce their claims over what is now Tejas. The hustlers rebelled and as they say, the rest is history; the Republic of Texas was berthed, warts and all.

I bring this up cuz next Tuesday is gonna be a very interesting day cuz from school marms to barbers to beertenders and the clergy ya'll are gonna be screamed at to vote in the primaries for a bunch of likable aggrandizers that may or may not get a careless misdemeanor swept under the carpet for someone ya love. Most of these contests are meaningless cuz, especially here where the machines of polttics are still well oiled and efficient, ya just do it for acceptance and the social caca.

This one's different cuz of an insurgent by the name of Kinky Friedman; the boy has had the gall to run as

an independent. He filed his Intentions damn near a year ago and the machine ignored it until the very last minute. Literally. When those that operate the levers and scanners of the voting process awoke after their real confident stupor, well let's just say they became concerned that the founder of the Texas Jew Boys might just gain enough traction to get some attention with the disgruntled mainstream. That is those folks that're tired of capped toothed, pompous bombastic jack legs that feel your pain but are in bed with an entrenched tribe that makes our life hell, and the legislative process unbelievably lucrative. The power folks countered with



Bob Welch of Spickard, Missouri, 26" Redfish, 7 lbs., caught in the Arroyo Colorado. Have had good fishing, caught on D & S fishing boat.

a hell of a gambit, the Mean Ol' Grandma. Carol Keeton-Rylander-Clay-Staryhorn is one of the most entertaining pols since probably Ma Ferguson or the last lass that was our governess, Annie Richards. She is also runnin' as an independent; she filed at the very last minute. I hate to say that I'm a bit skeptical about her jump shift, but I'm five generations native and I and as ya'll probably do, understand the value of a counter-insurgency, especially one as well organized as the lass of many last names. She was gonna run against Guv Goodhair in the repub primary but Kinky got in the way. Rather than beat themselves into a pulp and deplete the coffers of the well connected, they got scared and now we have this scat sandwich.

My publisher, Fearless Leader and my ex-editor, who is now a domestic goddess, which I should add is her well earned reward for her contribution in making this rag what it is, will cringe at what I'm gonna suggest. This Tuesday, don't vote. If you do, the probability of the Mean ol' Granma or the Kinkster makin' the real party will be diminished. These two critters will need to gather over fifty thousand signatures (from only those that didn't vote in the primaries) each on petitions to make it to the bully pulpit, which is all being the guv of Tejas is, kinda like the Queen of England but with far less spoils. Hopefully, much more about this later and yea, I'm a fan of the Kinkster.