



Some of the catch. Kingfish, Hapuka, Bluenose, Terekihi. Pictured left to right. Steve, Simon, JP, Shane, Mykeljon (editor), Dennis, Mike and Rex. Right on!

Jez, I can't straighten My Arm

Story and Pics Mykeljon Winckel Editor

300m Line 30kg Fish, And A Burning Bicep

The feeling of waking up after being tossed off your bunk at least three times in the night because of a rolling sea only to find your left arm isn't working makes you really feel alive! Alive because you had such an awesome time the day before and there is another day ahead doin' just the same thing! FISHING for the BIG ones!

Every man needs a leave-pass at least 52 times a year (yeah right) and if it wasn't for our inner man-like responsibility (mine has a name and she would kill me if I revealed her) we would take it every week end rain, hail or shine. However, on the list at least once a year is a serious charter with your mates, and this should be non-negotiable! Like the Country Road or Smith and Caughey's sales – except less expensive and you bring home something useful... FOOD!...

My story starts months ago when my brothers JP and Shane said "It's about time you came along on a real fishing adventure where men are men and fish are bigger". Now, we all hear the proverbial fishing story where the big ones got away. Well... read on... we are talking HUGE fun and HUGE fish. So my charter date was set. JP and Shane had done this charter many times however for me it was my first time – I had heard the stories, seen the photos but nothing prepared me for the adventure ahead.

Departure time 7:30pm and as luck would have it the weather was great, Lance our charter skipper fired up the twin Detroit

diesels of his 56ft sportfisher 'Enchanter' and Phil (skipper number 2) pushing off, we were off out toward White Island some 40km off the coast of Whakatane (Bay of Plenty). All I heard all the way down from Bombay in the truck from Steve and Simon (brothers also) was last years trip where the huge waves getting out over the bar – some 3 to 4 metres of sand mixed with salt water pounding over the top of the boat and spew flying everywhere... So to see an absolute flat bar with a sunny sky and a 15-20 NE gently kissing the boat I took it as a good omen and a certain peaceful knowingness that I wasn't going to see my lunch once again.

Enchanter is well equipped and there is plenty of room for the eight plus two crew aboard. Our first objective? White Island and fill the live bait tanks. Going to White Island you actually go over the edge of the continental shelf and up again. Apparently this is why there are very few Snapper but pelagic species are in their abundance. Night fishing with two very bright halogens pointing over the transom attracts an array of visitors and one to really watch out for, literally, are the flying fish. Getting dive bombed by

