

Big Cobia

By Doug Hanning

After a hard days work what better than to call into Adrenalin Spearfishing Supplies for a little dreaming. Tim Neilson now the sole owner of the store just happened to be working giving me a chance to catch up on the latest news/reports and to recount a few of our recent and highly successful hunts which only served to make him incredibly jealous. I mentioned to Tim that of late we had gone through an astounding amount of spears more in the past 4 months than in the past 2 years due largely to a fantastic Spanish Mackerel season. Tim suggested we try some of the new Torres Stainless 7mm Spears, he mentioned that he had them tested and the results proved promising he had even started using them himself and was very impressed. Based on that information I said "If the price is right I'll try anything!"

The next morning had Dan and I finishing off a small job, we quickly rushed to get organised hitting the ramp just after 12pm and the reef about 1:30 giving us a few hours to have a little play in the rough conditions and hopefully test these new spears on some monster fish.

Dan won the toss of the coin finding himself in the water first up. The first drift appeared to be non eventful from what I could tell from the boat, I can usually tell from Dan's body language even from there. As he drifted out the back of the reef into the deeper water I noticed his fins suddenly flicked up faster than normal, mmm I thought to myself 'looks like he may be on to something here'. In quick time Dan popped back up and proclaimed 'wahoo!', since the float was stationary it was obvious he had stoned the fish. Dan dragged it up, threw it in the boat and then proceeded to explain what happened. The wahoo had come in on the burley right up the trail when dan noticed it, he had quickly descended but there was no need as the wahoo swam directly upwards to him, Dan actually shot the fish as it approached him an unusual position to strike a wahoo normally it just never unfolds that way. The shot was very good smashing the spine as I had suspected, I suppose that is not too difficult to do when they swim on a death wish straight at you, Dan's spear barely had a chance to leave the gun before connecting with and severing the spine.



Being a nice fish at 23kg's it was stoned so unfortunately it did not have a chance to test the shaft oh well you can't complain about that it looked like we were going to have to spear some more big fish to test the gear its such a burden being us.

We continued drifting and were complemented by a nice trail of alluring burley, sure enough it did not take long before we had another guest this time a reasonable Kingfish. I slugged the fish broadside slicing through just below the spine not a very good shot considering how close I got to him but hey what better way to test out the Torres than a poor shot on a rampant kingie. Running hard he had almost hit the bottom by the time I reached the surface and began applying resistance, the arduous battle lasted almost 15 minutes, that's what you get for a less than perfect shot on these powerhouses.

As I was throwing the Kingie in the boat I just happened to look down through the reminder of the burley trail to spot a very impressive jobfish in amongst it, he looked like he was enjoying himself I couldn't let that continue quickly I took the gun back



and prepared to make my assault. I waited patiently for him to become secure and comfortable then when there were only three visible pieces left I made my slow descent, the jobbies taking one then a second before I levelled out just above the third with the gun tucked well back to assist my non-threatening motionless posture. My body was now in a semi-hyperbaric state but my mind was racing as I analysed the ballet before me, thought such as 'come back, you know you want it!' entered my head. Finally as my body cried for air he turned and swaggered towards the last remaining morsel and his impending doom, my thoughts changed 'I've got you sucker!' as I sent the shaft crashing through his inadequate amour. He came in at 9kg so not a bad jobbie at all and on the very next drift Dan took his chance and secured a 9 kilo fish as well they must have been brothers how ironic, it was a lot of work but extremely rewarding.

The incredibly rough sea was taking its toll on us so we decided to head in to some sheltered water for about an hour to get some R&R also giving me an opportunity to test the new shaft on some parrot fish at max range. Even after being through the chassis of a couple of bulldozers I was still able to bring down a couple of parrots at full range, I was to say the least very impressed.

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After we have rested our aches and pains and recharged the batteries we went charging back out keen for another round. Straight away we could see the baitfish had become more active they were now feeding shallower, we thought surely there would

be something come in it was only a matter of time. As is often the case our thoughts, which really are a series of carefully constructed predictions based on years of observing the ocean and its survival processes, were proved correct.

The burley caused several sharks to make intermittent appearances; this was not unwelcomed as they were behaving themselves. In fact I had been seeing so many sharks down there that when a dark large shape came in deep I did not really take a good look at it on first sight, but something in my mind told me to look back, sometimes I wish I hadn't for it was now evident that the shape was not actually a shark rather a 100 plus kilo Black Marlin. I quickly dived but my opportunity had passed, you don't get many with Marlin one thing is for sure I won't miss the next opportunity.

Just as I was rueing the missed Marlin a monster Bull shark in excess of 3 metres approached from below cruising up past me on about a 45 degree angle the slow yet powerful movements of the shark were being mimicked by an equally impressive cobia! The fish looked huge as it straddled the shark only half a metre directly above it. I made my approach rather quickly I figured the shark wasn't going to give a damn about me and probably neither would the cobia since it was so large. The shark gave me that look like 'whatcha doing punk' but I was focussed and completely ignored him before extending and firing mid body on the stonker of a fish. The moment I stuck the cobia things went a little crazy he tore of down striking the shark on the back which invoked a rapid flight response from the three plus metre monster, with a couple of massive flicks he disappeared interestingly was the sound the shark made when he departed it was like the warning sound that cod often make only about 100 times louder, it was in-fact probably the loudest thing I have ever heard underwater, the noise was more frightening than the shark. After a long fight I finally had the blood soaked fish in the boat, it weighed an impressive 30 kilos but even more impressive the shaft was in perfect condition! It looks like Adrenalin are on to a real winner with these check them out at www.spearfishing.com.au all my team have now switched to Torres Tuff Stainless Shafts.

