

# Flat Rock Magic

By Brett Craik

I have found that the best spearing days are the one's when the conditions turn out better than the forecasters have predicted, this was to prove to be one of those.

The forecast on the Friday was poor for the whole weekend so we decided not to venture out at all, however upon awaking Saturday morning we realised they got it wrong and with haste Dan, Myself and Doug with his girlfriend Rachel, all rushed for the boat ramp. We did not take off from the ramp until 9am much later than we prefer but we were still pleased with the change of fortune. After a pleasant brisk run across the bay we pushed through a lifeless bar to discover the conditions were perfect, clear sky's with a water temp of about 27 degrees and it looked a beautiful blue, just what a spearo wants. We pushed on to Flat rock a favourite diving spot for us off Brizzi.

I leapt over up current from the rock in about 30 metres of water, the conditions were very fishy, bait everywhere and we could make out rocks on the bottom in 30 meters, horizontally we could see even further, good for spotting Wahoo.

With two of us in the water we dropped down a flasher and almost immediately a school of about 30 or 40 barracuda cruised in. I descended to about 15 metres and fired at one towards the back of the school as they passed me. The spear dropped short, maybe the fish was larger than I thought or more likely I had not adjusted to the clear water.

On the way to the surface I noticed Dan who was in the water with me was diving on several mackerel, then bang he had one on. As the Mackie screamed past me gun in tow I could see it was a well placed shot mid body between the two holding fins as we call them, five minutes later it was in the boat. We clambered aboard and headed back up current of the rock where all the fusiliers and sturgeon fish were present.



The second drift began with Dan swimming away from me in chase of a nice Cobia, I stayed with the flasher. I made a dive underneath the flasher which was set at 12 metres, when I turned around I could see the incredible sight of approximately 30 Mackie's fast approaching. The school split either side of me, the hard decision was deciding which way to go and which fish. I picked one to the back of the school, the fish powered off taking all my gear. After a strong run I pulled it up and away from a 2 meter Bull which was beginning to show some interest, fortunately the shark realised it was mine and moved away, another one down!

I placed the fish in the boat and then finned over to Dan who appeared to be struggling with something. When I got over to him I could see he had got his cobia, but the spear was tearing, I quickly descended and dispatched the thrashing cobia with a shot to the head.

The third drift began with three of us in the water we were drifting about 15 meters apart, the middle man (myself) working the flasher. Doug made a dive on my right, I watched the whole dive and as he began his ascent I could see two large shapes approaching in the distance about 2 meters under the surface, Wahoo!. I began pointing frantically to Doug but he did not see me. The fish continued approaching maybe because Doug had his back to them, eventually I caught Doug's attention and he turned to face the approaching pair. He dived quickly and ruthlessly slammed the Wahoo mid body, the turbo powered fish went absolutely screaming off trailing the spear amongst a tracer of bubbles, flying right past in front of Dan waking him up. The second wahoo picked up the pace but Dan and Myself were on an intercept course. I dived, aimed when suddenly Dan cut me off fired and dropped about 30 centimetres short, that was to be the last time he used his 1.2 metre gun he latter upgraded to a 1.5 railgun like ours. Meanwhile Doug is free styling after his wahoo as it began doing large arch's. The rig lines, spearguns and flasher all became tangled, then the fish became even more erratic, Bull sharks!. Two started circling aggressively, at one point I was watching the fish when Dan noticed the two sharks charging up from 20 metres directly at me with their mouths open, he dove just underneath me and thrust his gun at them pulling off a timely interception. Thanks Dan I forgive you for missing that wahoo.

Once Dan and I had had a laugh about the sharks we continued the pursuit of the wahoo, now it was close. Doug pulled the wahoo in before we could get a second shot in, as he grabbed it the spear fell out. I was not worried since Doug is a big guy and I knew he would rather drown than lose such a beauty, so I had little worries about the fish.

Another day that promised little but produced.....Magic, flat rock magic.