

Nailing Noosa

By Doug Hanning

Having never dived off Noosa before we were a little apprehensive thinking the water may be a bit too shallow to catch anything descent.



Crossing the Noosa bar was not an option for us since it is notoriously shallow and requires local knowledge. Instead we launched from Mooloolaba to the south and ran up along the coast in the gentle 1 metre rolling swell. It was strange to be diving mere kilometres from shore after boating for almost an hour.

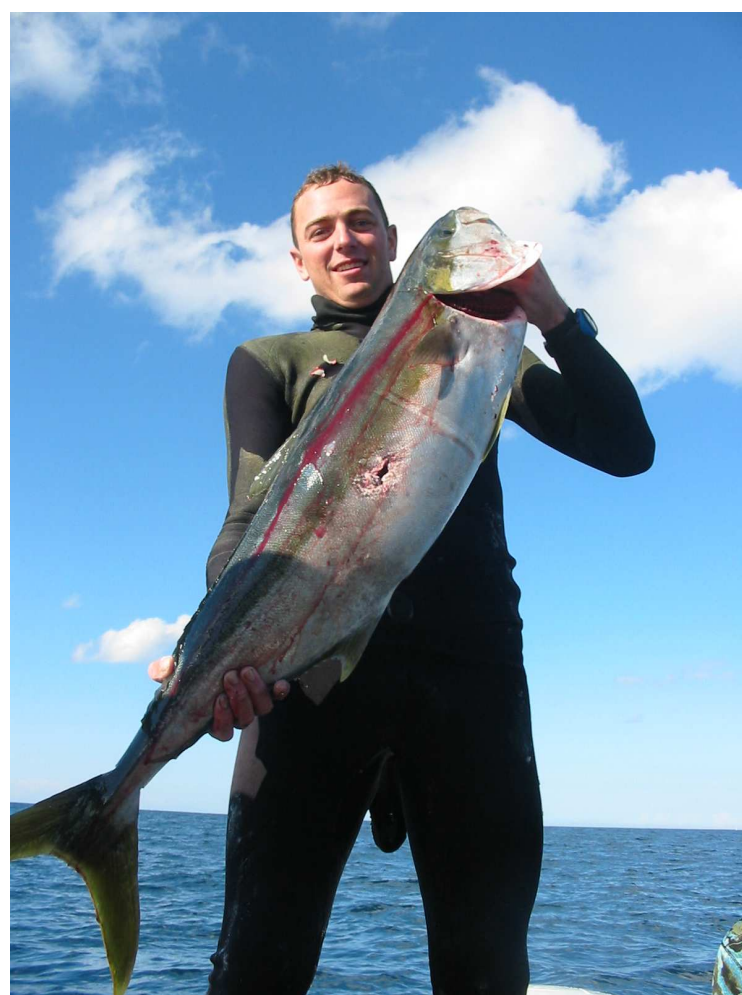
Quickly we located the reef off Noosa we were after discovering it was covered in baitfish. There may have been plenty of bait around but to our dismay no predators in region, the first two hours producing nothing but a couple of Parrot fish.

Even although we did not expect much it was evident that the crew was becoming a little frustrated. The next thing I know my cousin Brett motors the boat over to us and holds up a nice size kingie saying “look what Dan got”. Everyone was pissed, the slight frustration of earlier had now stepped up a level now we were getting agitated especially me since Dan and Myself always have the sibling rivalry factor to

contend with.

Once everyone had climbed aboard we began to motor over to Dan whom had swam a fair way from the rest of us. As Brett closed in on Dan I could see his body language change, he turned to me and in a depressed tone said “he’s got another one”. We all looked in horror as Dan’s spear was thrashing around at the surface while he subdued his fish a Spanish Mackerel.

To vent their frustration the guys began pelting Dan with frozen chunks of barracuda while yelling obscenities managing to scone him a few times, not that it bothered Dan as he took centre stage in the boat mocking us all. There’s nothing like a bit of friendly competition to spur each other on, after all we are Men and we are hunters.



Back in the water Dan happily swam off in his own direction, meanwhile the boys rallied deciding that teamwork was our only hope. Burley, burley, burley was the call as we concentrated our resources. Ten minutes past before anything happened then Brett Missed a very large Spanish feeding on the burley, my senses became more alert.



I descended to the bottom and lay on a nice flat rock becoming mesmerised by the drifting berley above me, then two shapes began taking shape in the distance. I waited as they closed in to my veil of death then I sprung up off the turf slamming my spear through the centre of the closest fish, then sadly realising the second fish was much larger. Oh well 15 minutes later I had a mackerel weighing 20 kilos not too bad but most importantly bigger than Dan’s.

The other guys now chimed in with Daniel Skinner shooting a smaller Spanish and Tappies Joubert managed a small grey macky just so he didn’t feel left out. In the end it turned out to be a top days diving off Noosa.