

The Day of the Dolphin

By Daniel Hanning



Sometimes a small window of opportunity presents itself and when this happens it must be seized or speared so to speak.

My brother Doug and I knocked off work about noon, we noticed the weather was calm so we got thinking, could it be done? A quick call to a fellow spearo and good friend 'Mico the butcher' butcher by trade of course because he never gets to shoot fish these days ever since his better half popped one out. Mico jumped at the chance throwing his gear on the back of the ute before dropping his brother in law at the airport on the way to the boat ramp.

With few daylight hours to work with we hit flat rock straight away, but it turned out to be completely devoid of fish, a quick decision was made to try the wave rider buoy further offshore.

As we approached the buoy we could see dolphin fish jumping in all directions, immediately we began drifts. Every drift in the strong current would produce a dolphin per diver sometimes two, at one point I was driving



the boat back up current to the start of the drift when the whole horizon erupted in a rainbow of bright green & gold colours as hundreds of dolphins leapt simultaneously for the sky, a truly breathtaking sight.

Eventually we reached a consensus of having taking enough so we moved to dive a favoured pinnacle of ours in the failing light.

I jumped in first to a sight I would normally only dream of, 20 – 30 wahoo swimming straight at me then proceeding to circle around me. Quickly I yelled 'wahoo everywhere', Mico the guy who never gets to dive, leapt excited into the water with his gun loaded and immediately fired. The wahoo screamed off underneath me, I was concerned the others would frighten but no they continued to circle. Mico's shot was a poor one and it



pulled out, he would later admit to being a little on the flustered side of things. It was my turn now, I dived about 5 metres then

landed a solid shot from behind between the middle fins near the spine, that's how its done Mico. Off he went slowly at first but it didn't take long for him to hit overdrive, 10 minutes later he was quivering on the bottom in 12 metres on the top of the pinnacle. I attempted to take an easy dive to claim the fish however halfway down I realised that I had forgotten my weight belt, oh well it just made it more of a prize when I placed my hand in its gills, a 16 kilo wahoo and a few hours of pure gold entertainment.

