

been pretty undisciplined when it comes to fishing TOW (time on the water). Basically they fish when they feel like it, and for the week, this is only their third fishing episode. Both poles are baited, lines are dropped, and cold beers are consumed. It gets too cold for the fisherman, so they hold the poles and adjourn to the warmed salon. After a couple beers, Pat goes up to the flybridge for something, and causally says, "I think one of the poles has a fish." Sure she does.

Alex begins to reel, and it feels like the hook snagged the bottom. Then the pole starts a-wiggling and a-bouncing..... it's a big fish that feels like a pile of seaweed. When the fish finally shows its colors, we see about a 4-foot halibut. Of course we can't find the gaff and the net is a bit unwieldy. After a few attempts at netting, the fish "flips us off" and returns to Davey Jones' locker. Oh well, we farmed another halibut! Another day, another fish, so let's go have another beer. Good night and see you in about 6 hours.