

The First Annual Mookie Lewinsky Gefilte Fish Fry – 1st Leg – The Fishin'

No one ever said the life of a fisherman was easy. You have to get up early in the morning in the cold and wet. You spend most of the day on your feet, covered in fish guts. When you are not standing in dead fish, you still smell like dead fish. Your car smells like dead fish. Your friends smell like dead fish. Despite the many drawbacks, we learned a few helpful tips though, that make fishing a lot more enjoyable.

1. Grow a moustache, Fish like moustaches.
2. Smoke Marlboro Reds. This covers the smell of fish.
3. Sing a fun song to help pass the time. A favorite is "Scully the Poisonous Bastard Fish."

We were up early for the fishing leg of the First Annual Mookie Lewinsky Gefilte Fish Fry - 4:45AM to be precise. You've got to get up pretty early to fool those smart fish into eating squid and live sardines. We arrived at the dock for our 6AM departure on the Point Loma, the diesel-powered beauty that would speed us down Mexico way in pursuit of enough Rock Cod to feed an army.

At the wheel was Captain Randy, a seasoned vet with a big moustache and amiable disposition. Captain Randy had assembled a ready crew to show us city-folk the ropes until we got our sea legs. Heather was manning the tackle and the knife, and can fillet a fish faster than you can say: "Scu-ily, Scu-ily, you poisonous bastard." Scott was manning the grill, and was master of creating the delicate "Live sardine inside a dead squid" bait, the most elaborate bait ever used to catch no fish whatsoever. A couple other fellows were around to swab the deck and help out with the Captain's catch.

After a quick stop at the live bait dock, where we took on a few thousand live Sardines (which we named "Little Wallys"), It took about 2 hours to chug down Mexico way, heading due South out of San Diego Harbor. According to the old GPS, we were making way at about 11 knots, in calm seas and pleasant skies. We were accompanied by a half-dozen friendly dolphins that jumped along with our boat. We reached our destination, the Islas Coronado, where we would be fishing for Rock Cod and Ocean Whitefish, in 150 to 250 feet of water. It didn't take us very long to start reeling in some beauties from the bottom.

Throughout the course of the day, we hit several of Captain Randy's favorite spots, and continued to pile up a nice count. Later in the day, we hit a spot of bad luck as Little Ricky the cunning Sea Lion would eat our bait before we could get it to the bottom. Little Ricky managed to gobble a few dozen sardines, but we were not able to catch as many fish as during our prime. After a good 7 hours of fishin' we headed home. Heather filleted all the fish we managed to snag, and the gulls and pelicans followed us home.

Final Tallies:

Merritt (Lunchbox): 15 Fish. Bonus Points for First Fish, Ugliest Fish, and Biggest Fish (Incidentally, all with the same fish).

Wookie (The HJFIC): 13 Fish. Bonus Points for Poisonous fish and prettiest fish.

Wally: 11 Fish. Bonus Points for Poisonous Fish and smallest fish.

Chopper: 10 Fish: Bonus Points for having to cut her line, fouling the prop, and being the only person to have the Captain say her name on the loudspeaker.