



September 22, 2025

I fished at the Packery Channel North jetty today. The waves were small and the water next to the rocks was super clear. The tide was filled in and the current had just started to move out in the channel when I got there.

As usual when fishing this time of year, my first priority was to catch some live Mojarra for bait. I made a bunch of blind casts with my castnet to the submerged rocks on the channel side and got several small mullet and tons of Sergeant Majors, but no Mojarra. I tried several other spots on the channel side while walking out with no luck. Finally, as I was coiling my net for another throw, I saw a tight little school swimming by right in front of me. I got a perfect toss right on top of them and caught about 2 dozen!



*World's greatest bait!*

With bait secured I moved out towards the end of the jetty. Quite a few guys were posted up out there, but I really wasn't seeing any action. I got a bait out on bottom tight to the rocks on the channel side which got bit immediately but didn't hook up. Second cast back to the same spot and I got another bite right away. This time when I set the hook I got hung in the rocks. I could feel that I had a fish still on. I opened my bail to give some slack, hoping it would swim out of the rocks. Eventually it swam free and a moment later I had a nice Mangrove Snapper on the rocks. Score!

My line was frayed from the rocks, so I re-tied. Then I went on an epic run of getting hung up and breaking off. It didn't matter if I cast out toward the middle of the channel or just dropped my bait next to the rocks, I got hung up and busted off.

I went through most of my bottom fishing tackle and bait. After re-rigging for the umpteenth time, I dropped a big Mojarra right next to a rockpile I could see just below the surface. I got a big bite on the drop. When I set the hook I was hung up ... again!

Like before, I could feel that I still had a fish on the line. This time when I opened my bail to give slack, the fish never figured it out. Eventually I tightened my drag and pulled steadily just trying to break loose from the snag. As soon as I broke the line, I felt it tighten with the weight of a fish! After a short fight I had my second snapper on the rocks. Examining my rig, I found that my weight was gone. It must have been the weight that was caught in the rocks.

When I went to re-rig, I was down to my last good weight. I decided to try the surf side to avoid all the snags in the channel. There was one small mullet in the bait bucket so I pinned it on and slung it as far out into the surf as I could. It sat for a really long time and then got whacked by something big! I swung hard to set the hook and felt a good fish. It streaked right and pulled some drag before turning and swimming right toward the rocks. I reeled fast to keep up. Once it got close to the rocks I could see it was a Spanish Mackerel! I reeled my rod tip down as close to the fish as I could and half lifted, half swung it up toward the top of the jetty. The line parted while the fish was mid-air. There was enough momentum going that when the fish landed it slid right up next to my ice chest! The hook was on the outside of the fish's mouth back by the gill.

By this time I was pretty beat up from the mid-day sun and had run out of bait. I called it a day after another good day on the rocks.



*Nice box of snapper and a mack!*