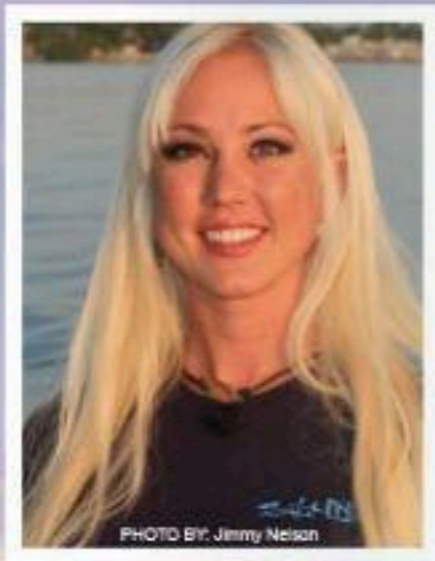


COSTA RICA

Good Things Come To Those Who Wait



by Capt. Lace Allenius

There was a fantastic display of magical radiance as we descended by plane over beautiful Costa Rica. The lights below us were sculpted in both sweeping and geometric patterns, painting the ground in a luminescent glow. Lights on the mountains added rolling dimension to the scene, and I was surrounded by crystal-like beauty. Fishing again out of Los Suenos Marina, we were set to catch blue marlin and whatever bycatch might await us.

Heavy with humidity, hazy grey clouds blended the sky. The weather reports were

stormy, but we decided to make the journey to reach the area just outside the bad weather. We had taken our usual over-night trip at a crawling pace in order to conserve fuel upon arrival at our first spot. We were prepared for five days on the sportfisher and were 100 miles out of Los Suenos.

Grabbing my pen, I decided to capture this moment of anticipation before the first fish had been caught. The sky was dark with rain, but we were committed to catching our billfish. Discussing the screen on the fish finder in the cockpit, it looked like the bait was

deep at about 200 ft. When the bait is this deep, it usually means the predators are not that close by.

Suddenly, crew member Jeremy saw some activity on top of the water behind us. It looked like a tailing billfish, but was far in the distance, and was difficult to tell. Off to a slow start, we remained determined, and kept our eyes focused on the lines in the water. A flash of lightning slashed through the horizon. The satellite images showed rough weather, but the spot we were in was hopefully just outside of the dangerous zone.

Rain or shine, we were on our mission regardless if we ran into a little adversity in the atmosphere. Still waiting on our first fish, the deep rumble of the engines filled my ears, and I drifted off into a semi-comatose yet watchful state. The temperature in the air had dropped as the sky grew darker, and I was grateful for the break from the humid heat. My thoughts turned toward peaceful inner reflection as they often do while waiting for a bite, but I'll spare you the details of those thoughts here.

It's always important to stay alert and on your toes while trolling. A split second can change

the game in an instant, and missing a bite can cause an angler to pull in a "sancocho", and possibly lose a tournament. A sancocho is a Spanish term for describing that you pulled only the head of your bait back to the boat after a missed bite. Sancochos can happen for various reasons, but generally it's because the angler wasn't ready for the bite and was caught off guard. In Puerto Rico, sancocho is known as a beef stew, but on the back of the boat, it's nothing but a head!

Photography By:
Capt. Lace Allenius

continued