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The oama arrived just in time for the traditional period from August to September. Matthew describes how the papyrus bite is cues accordingly. Matthew: Summer finally seems to be picking up. What started as a bad season could turn around very soon. Oama is coming to several places and the papio bite is very hot right now. Oama is young and stupid,
which means they're easier to catch. Perfect papio snack size oama, about 3-4 inches, and also good for oama fries if you prefer to eat Oama. If you find the right battery, many piles at this time do not need palu or super finessy equipment, they will bite the bait without thinking. Understandably, with the arrival of the Oama, the Popes arrived on the ground. My
friends and I received a hot whipped action at different points, but the only thing they have in common is a lot of moving water with a bit of people are crushing Oama right in some piles I've seen, and some decent fish have been pulled up on live Oama. I've also taken these roi, taape
and menpachi whipping fresh dead oama, and I've lost some great homiciles so far. The baits whipped around the piles were also effective. Other piles of halalu and piles of sardines are showing up around the island, but some have been net. Oama is starting to drip, Papio is biting well, we are having beautiful days, it's time to go out! Just make sure you
wear a mask and practice social distancing, out of concern for you and others around you. Stay safe, good luck and most importantly, have fun. ~ Matt Our Middle School Holoholo writer Matthew is distancing himself socially like all of us, and has resumed tying the fly! He also wanted to share how difficult this winter has been for him. These last few months
have been great for a lot of people, but it's been the worst four months in the whole time I've fished. During December, January, February and March, I went fishing a total of 39 times, sometimes going to two different places in one day (mainly because winter and spring holidays fall in those months) and caught only a measly total of 7 noteworthy fish (not to
mention a group of Hinalea, Nunu and Lizardfish), which were a 2-3 pound Omilu, three good-sized Moanas, and a small Kaku. Not counting like a fish, but I took my first ever Samoan crab on the barrel and coil. I tried a lot of stitches, deep and shallow, and tried almost every technique, from flies, kastmasters, larvae, to immersion but still
not much. I had the mentality, If I keep hammering at last I'll have something, but at last that wouldn't be better, so I'll give up until the summer, or until this coronavirus passes, which I hope will happen. On a positive note, pretty much everyone else has captured a lot of things, with more Papio popping up on my Instagram feed. Instagram. hammahs they took
as if it were still summer in some deep places, or wade. In downtime, I decided to resume the ligament of the flies. I'm trying to figure out if I can't catch the fish, we might as well stock up on when the fish is actually biting. At first, I had no idea, and the flies looked horrible. I had no idea what to do, and I used enamel to put flies together in my head. I kept trying,
got a little better, the UV torr buzzer and UV resin came in, and I finally managed to add eyes to some flies. After perfecting the design of flies a lot, I think I'm starting to take care of it, but I still have a long way to go to reach the level that other local fly materials
and tools cost. If anyone had any advice for me it would be very appreciated, from materials to different designs that I could try, everything would help me. Good luck to all of you guys who are still going fishing now, although it seems everyone is doing pretty well. Stay safe and healthy during this epidemic and practice social distancing. Holoholo reporter
Matthew describes how he overcame the slowdown at the end of the papyrus season and found a way to constantly catch fish in the off-season. Matthew: From mid-September to mid-October it was one of my worst streaks ever. I lost a lot of big fish, a couple of whitewashing and a lot of lost baits. At the end of November, everything changed for me, but
before that it was a slow-complete stop bite. Some others were lucky, but I wasn't as lucky as they were and the bite slowed down significantly for me. Many fishermen have had good and steady luck on flies, which could mean that the bait is getting bigger and that I need to increase my larvae from two inches for something a little bigger. Most master
fishermen who use flies fish for semi-turbulent deep waters. I fished a couple of times with a group of fly fishermen and once I was completely smoked by them. A guy took two Papyrus, and I didn't land any on the larvae. They used bubble and fly wagons, and the flies appeared to be oama or light brown in color. I had limited
luck on the pile of sardines somewhere with a Lai and two Kaku, and then a good-sized Yellowspot Papio in a place near my house. The next five voyages passed painfully, with over 15 hours caught with not a single fish landed. On those trips, I lost a big Omilu, about four kilos. He fell while reeled the wall. It was really painful. The next trip, I hooked a howler
on my ultralight and fought it for over 10 minutes at dusk. I could barely see it as it approached the shore, but I immediately recognized it as a large white Papyrus, upwards of 17 inches. He made another run, and I was able to see him again made one last huge run, and I heard the line go loose. The four-pound line had cut. I knew he was coming, but I was
still angry. Probably the closest I've ever had to an attack when I lost a fish. I don't usually get angry, but it was after two trips of nothing and the last trip to miss a great Omilu. I was beaten. I thought for sure the next trip I was going to land a fish, but I was wrong. I hooked something big, and I lost it again. I didn't even see him this time, but I think he might have
been a decent Papyrus. Fed up with all the lost fish and lime, my morale was always low and seriously didn't know what was going wrong. I decided to make one last run in one of my most consistent points with my partner. It has borne fruit. The first cast, I landed what looked like a little Papio, but on closer examination it was a nunu. I didn't care. I needed
anything after that long period of lime. It got even better though. The next cast, I hooked something that worked very hard, and I resisted in the lime for quite a while. He had another run and that's when I realized he was a good-sized Omilu. I had to find a safe way to land, and my partner went down to the sketch area and networked it for me. I was screaming
I don't know how the neighbors didn't think something was wrong and called the police, but I'm glad they didn't. After five trips, my bet had finally borne fruit where I knew I would have to fish the whole time. But the day wasn't over. I proceeded to the ground another good-sized Papyrus, and another, and another. I was quite publicized, and so publicized that I
didn't even bother to change my leader where he was frayed. As it happens, laziness Within thirty minutes, I had landed four good-sized Omilu and a Lai. My partner had also landed a Lai. This was probably the best day I've had all season, and so late in the season as well. The following weekend, my sister had a tennis match, so I got to fish during her tennis
match in a place right next to the courts. The water was really murky and I had a hard time seeing inside the water in places. The fish didn't seem to care though. I was using my ultralight and felt something take it with a lot of power and make a very powerful run to the open sea. It took me two whole minutes to bring it into view, and I landed it another minute
after making some stubborn runs right on shore. To my surprise, it was the largest kaku that seen for a long time on the ground. I didn't measure it, but it was pushing 24 inches or a little higher. In the four-pound ultralight test and a 1/8-sized kastmaster, it was surprising that the very bent hook did not bend or that the line did not touch the Kaku's teeth. I did
more casts, and hooked another Kaku, about 14 inches, on the ultralight again. I landed it, but but fight half as hard as the other. I switched to the largest kastmaster with my success, I let my dad use the ultralight with the kastmaster in the hope that he would catch his first
Kaku, and he handed me the light rod with grub and egg lead. We moved more to the clear water and stayed there for five minutes when I heard a catch, and all of a sudden, the line started too long, because I was really letting him get
tired on his own so that the hook wouldn't pull. I finally took it and it was about 12-13 inches long of the fork. This was the last bite of the day for me, however, I was already satisfied with the action, I decided to go after something I
never take anyway-Moi. I went to a place I heard Moi have, and after a while, I got into a fight with something he pulled hard, but with almost no pulled stamina. I started yelling at my uncle when I realized he was a Moi. I took a picture, and then I measured it. It was half a short inch to my dismay. I released him. The next cast hooked something that looked
really big, and pulled a lot of resistance, when suddenly the hook popped up. I'm 99% sure it was a very legal moi. The next cast, I hooked another Moi, and throughout all my excitement, I forgot to release it into the tidal coil where the other Moi, and throughout all my excitement, I forgot to release it into the tidal coil where the other Moi, and throughout all my excitement, I forgot to release it into the tidal coil where the other Moi, and throughout all my excitement, I forgot to release it into the tidal coil where the other Moi was, and throughout all my excitement, I forgot to release it into the tidal coil where the other Moi was, and throughout all my excitement, I forgot to release it into the tidal coil where the other Moi was, and throughout all my excitement, I forgot to release it into the tidal coil where the other Moi was, and throughout all my excitement, I forgot to release it into the tidal coil where the other Moi was, and throughout all my excitement, I forgot to release it into the tidal coil where the other Moi was, and throughout all my excitement, I forgot to release it into the tidal coil where the other Moi was, and throughout all my excitement, I forgot to release it into the tidal coil where the other Moi was, and throughout all my excitement, I forgot to release it into the tidal coil where the other Moi was a very legal moi.
to the Moi hole, but the bite had already gone off, and the Moi were no longer biting. I'm sure I would have taken a legal Moi that day if I hadn't released the baby. I kept throwing, and on my way back, I was still excited to land such a rare fish again. In any case, we hope that
it will shed light on the next few weeks of fishing. I haven't tried for Oama in the last few weeks, but I've seen a lot while mounting. A lot of Omilu are getting on the sand when the waves hammer it just to eat the oama. Maybe it's time to try some oama-style baits? The nehu are still a little in as well as the mullet. Good luck guys. Soon 8th grader, Matthew,
caught the objective-packed Wai Ala canal with baits and JDM, and fished the bottom and top of the Tidal King on a beach exit. Here is his very funny summary and tips. Matthew: Wai Ala Most people think of the Wai Ala as a stinking, bacteria-filled canal, and that's very true, but fishermen see it as a gold mine for fishing. Some of the the less brave fishermen
do not catch it, so that it takes away most of the crowds. But the fish that stays in there has seen almost every bait on the market, including larvae, spoons and poppers. So you have to change it a little bit. I use JDMs, which are baits that are made in Japan. I took Jacob, other Matthew, Luca and Vance to fish for the Wai Ala. The first hour and a half was very
boring, no strikes, until I turned it on with the JDMs. I tried the Shimano Shallow Assassin Flash Boost 99mm, which is a solid bait, but I had never tested it much. First cast on it and boom, a nice Omilu hits him, but the side treble got stuck in his shields, which made him feel huge. I kept fishing with it for a while, and eventually landed a decent White Papyrus,
and a good-sized Kaku. Editor's note: Shameless plug: There are still 3 Shallow Assassin Flash Boosts left in the Store. Then I switched to lucky craft sammy's transparent JDM model purchased at hawaii nearshore fishing store for $7.50. First cast, and I could see a Kaku following him. I paused the bait for a second and jumped on it and immediately flew. I
tagged it and released it quickly and went back to fishing. I landed another one on the Sammy before deciding to pass it on to the secret JDM bait I used recently. No surprise, I landed four fish there, three of them are Kaku, all violent and exciting attacks, but then I saw a school of baits getting caught in the middle of the canal. I threw away out there and saw
four or five White Papyrus each fighting each other for the bait. They lost it many times, but one eventually grabbed it and blocked it. Immediately he began to peel the resistance. It took 30 meters on the ultralight setup and I started to worry about the huge log he was trying to come across. I radioed to my mother that I had a big one, and I decided I had to
close it and increase it or lose it. Remember, this is the six-pound mainline with a 2500-size coil, an ultralight configuration. I blocked the resistance and muscled her off the register near where I could see her. When I saw it, my heart fell. A treble was in his mouth and hanging from a flap of skin. I eased the resistance, and that's when he saw me and it took
about 30 meters. He continued to resist for about a minute before approaching him again. I knelt down and grabbed the leader, and took him to the mainland. It was the biggest papyrus I had captured in a while, so I was obviously happy, and tagged and released it. This was on a rising tide, and it was about 2.1 feet when this happened. Beach Fishing
Reduced to July 4 and a tide -0.5. This was the tide low that I had ever fished and could walk up to the breakers and retire. I frightened a I oio and scares me to the point of falling from the boulder on which I am. Hit two. I landed hard at the bottom of the
boulder, just above a Wana (Sea Urchin). Dang. Hit three. I pull out the creature but I leave the tips on my foot, and I wonder how I'm going to get to the ground, because if it took me 30 minutes to get out here with two feet capable, how am I going to do it with one? I see my answer soon. I go into the sand channel, which is much deeper, but only around my
life, and I walk all the way. I quickly pulled the thorns out of me, and was careful the rest of the time not to put on that hard foot. First cast since I'm ato and boom, an aggro kaku jumps. He had a tag in it, and it was mine! It had grown by 4.5 inches since April, which is a lot. But that was the only fish on the trip if you don't count an eight-inch Omilu. Go to July
5th and go fishing on the huge King's Tide 2.5. The place looked very different from when it was a bad tide. I've been putting out my dunkers since 6:00. I started whipping but the only fish that came out was a slimy nunu (trumpet fish0, but it was caught on the Shimano Shallow Assassin Flash Boost 99mm. It darkened very quickly, and I started eating my
food. The rest of that night passed terribly quiet until 10pm, when we left. Not a single bell rang or a single belt range. So, we kicked off our informal comparison between Japanese home model baits (DMG) and non-JDM baits. The plan
was to use Erik's aluminum boat to take us to promising coral reefs for wade whipping. While Erik and I were throwing, we saw papyrus blowing up bait fish. We scrambled to put a bait, and Erik threw a micro giga JDM; I threw a Shimano Waxwing baby. In the second cast I hooked a papyrus and was surprised it was a omilu, not a white, in the muddy water
Waxwings are sold in the US and not Japan, so non-JDMs were one! I had another shot that missed the double upside-down hook, and the school swam out of range. We picked Robert up on the way to the waders point, and he made up Carolina-style makeup with a non-JDM shaved soft plastic knob-tailed. Erik threw a JDM popper, threw a JDM hard plastic
under-surface bait, but there was no life in the apartment. We got back in the boat and went back around Nada. Then Erik drifted us into the dry and Robert connected with a omilu on his micro giga Maria, followed by a lizard fish. Officially, the jig is not distributed in the United States, but sold in local tackle shops here, so we considered it a JDM jig. JDM 1 -
Non-JDM 1. The sun was sitting on this day with no action, so we left Robert and returned to our launch site. The low light conditions are when the popper really shines and with 5 minutes to go, Erik pulled out the last inning rally. His JDM JDM was struck as soon as he landed in the water, and the pulled fish dragged like a great papyrus. It turns out that the
biggest fish of the day was a bad hooked, but was released relatively unharmed. Final score JDM 2, Non-JDM 1. We didn't really have enough shots at the fish to make a head-to-head confrontation. We've confirmed that the papyrus hasn't arrived yet. More tests to follow! Matthew's mature and perspicous style of writing of the 7th degree continues to
impress. This time he blesses us with a summary of his latest release of Heei'a Fishpond Holoholo Day. Matthew: Note: I've fished this place six times before and this will be my seventh time trying it out. I've captured Moi, Kaku, Toau and Papio here in the past. There seems to be an abundance of Toau and Kaku mostly, all feeding on Ama'ama or Nehu. In
the past I've had both good days and bad days, and I've found that tide is a key factor. I had signed up for a Heeia Holoholo day, because I thought scott's old heeia story published in 2015 was long obsolete and needed another story to give more information about tin. I arrived at the fishpond at 8:15 am, where before the introduction I took some opae with a
net and put them in our bucket. We made a small introduction to everyone fishing at the event, then went back to fishing. I immediately took my things and walked fast for 1/2 mile to the fourth makaha. I settled in, put on my oama, saw a kaku and, howler! Of course, he broke the line afterwards. I set up another oama plant and went to the third makaha. There
I saw a school of about 10 kaku and some good sized omilu navigated from time to time. What were they there for? I soon saw my answer as I spotted a large Nehu school in the deep section of the area. Everybody didn't bite my oama at all, but that was going to change soon. The current stopped and suddenly, the kaku began to eat everything I threw at
them, even baits. In that short 20-minute period, I tagged 9 kaku and lost many more. The person next to me landed a few papyrus, and some kaku even at that time. Then, like a magic switch, the fish suddenly stopped biting. I could still see them there, but no one was even looking at my baits or oamas. In the end I gave up, and this is where the opae came
in handy. I used the opae and took a nenue, kupipi and many toau on the opae. It seemed that the least desirable fish were still willing to bite, at least. Even my friends I invited, Jesse and Jayden, were having fun with the toau and kupipi, who were also disappointed that Kaku's bite had gone off. We fished for the rest time for toau, and then, unfortunately, our
day ended very quickly. We went back and did some casts along the way, but nothing came out of this last moat effort for a Papyrus. We said goodbye to Jesse and Jayden, as well as the assistant executive director, Kelii. This was a good day many Kaku, and hopefully one of them will be captured. General state of fish: Oama is still here, but take them
before it goes big and moves over the reef. It's better to find a new, stupid stack instead of the bigger, smarter ones. Sardines would work. Halalu is around, but many points have been clear, so keep your halalu points as quiet as
possible. Larger fish are coming to hit batteries and even pelagics in select places. Akule seems to be around the shoreline, so if you see a small pile, it might be a good idea to throw right over the pile and see if a predator is waiting. For all respects, this summer season has been the best in recent memory
for oama and halalu. Both species arrived early and are still around in large numbers. The theories for their respective abundance are: 1) previous seasons of oama have been very good and the increase in adult weke has led to another good egg laying 2) akule grow faster and lay eggs better during rainy years and the last few years have been wetter than
the previous ones. Whatever the reason for such a big baiting season, it's actually been hard to catch papio lately because they've had so many baits to choose from. Kelly had explored some of his SUP's grounds and invited Frank and I on a dawn patrol trip to one of his production locations recommended by Erik, our boat friend near the mainland. It was nice
to share knowledge in our little fishing hui. I don't think I ever got to a fishing spot while it was still dark. Early in the morning it's not for me, but Kelly had a mid-morning date, so the sunrise was. The water was calm glass and remained so until about 10:30. In the stumble too soon I forgot to take my packet of frozen oama, so I bummed 3 frozen halalu and 5
frozen oamas off Kelly and Frank. The boys rowed on their SUPs and kept in touch with Frank via waterproof walkie talkie. They were towing with a small weight on their line and I was using a float. Kelly lost another fish while recovering her line
and suggested I whip instead of towing high into the water column on such a clear visibility day. The boys went out through a great deep channel to fish out of the pause, but opted to fish the edge of the canal itself, carefully watching the small surf wash above the reef platform. Frank reported via walkie talkie that he landed his second papyrus, so I knew they
were hooking up. I left the floating oama outside and rigged the second rod with a sliding weight to drag an oama near the bottom. Something pulled him out and on the next cast I hooked a Well, at least it was more action than I had with the floating oama. Frank called his third papyrus and I asked what he was using. Halalu! I dug and pulled out a 6-inch
halalu. It was big for the size of the Gamakatsu Live Bait hook I was using, but I was too lazy to re-rig. I threw it out and as it was settling down at the bottom the line was moving. Finally, a real fish. He started letting him in and remembered to turn on the GoPro cap cam. Drifting in my trolling line, so I kept the fish on a short leash as I reached the net. You can
see the trolling line in the video. Cardinal error, keeping his head out of the water so that he could shake the poorly placed hook. Well, at least I had video evidence that I *caught* a decent fish. I thought I'd solve the bait secret and look for another halalu. The last two were pretty beaten with their stomachs oozing stuff, but I tried them anyway. Next cast, also
in the channel, I hooked something... arrggh, turned out to be a roi. But the halalu bait was outside the fish, so I tried to net it before the halalu sinking to the bottom. I deeply stabbed the roi with a knife and sent it back to join the halalu. I only had one more halalu left beaten, so I changed to a
bigger Gamakatsu Live Bait hook. I like them when I only use a hook behind a bullet sinker because their stem is short, so the bait fish is thrown near the sinker. I put on a beautiful oama and a sort of shiny papyrus followed him back to the boat. He looked like a little kagami, but he didn't commit. Other fish hit the oama and jumped out of the water but didn't
even hook up. Tired of losing fish, I rigged the last halalu and something like that, I'm sure, I pulled it in the rocks. Just then Kelly was making his way. He said he and Frank found a hot spot over the waves and the bite was really good on the halalu trollato. I could see Frank rowing towards me, and then start fighting a fish just off the break. He called me via
walkie talkie to report his biggest fish caught sup. The 19-inch omilu was still alive with a really dark coloring as if it had swooped out of a cave. Frank was towing a small lai and I followed behind throwing a swimming bait that sank from 1 ounce
With all the action the boys reinforced to have the barrel ripped from my hands. The bait threw well, swam pretty well, but struck him. Hmm... I mistook it for a lint bait that worked on a big white papyrus in the past. Nada. Frank was pulled out and put on an oama. I switched to a little giga of tungsten. Perhaps the hour of the witches of dawn was over, it had
passed 10 am at this point and nothing was interested interested our baits. As I rowed, Frank was bitten on his trolled oama near the side of the canal I had caught in the morning. He landed a murder and lost two more before he called him one day. Perhaps it was because of the extremely clear visibility and proximity to a nearby halalu school that caused
predators to strongly prefer halalu baits to oama and showed no interest in my baits. Frank had his best day of SUP fishing, finishing with 6 homicides from 13 to 19 inches and a lai. I took away a bow tie of mercy from him, and he left the fish with his daughter while he was at home. After proven to be a halalu prodigy, he is now dominating the scene of trolling
sup. Kelly did very well even in the short time he was there and was an excellent host. Winds are expected to blow 15 to 20 miles per hour and the moon was barely shy. It's not the most promising of fishing conditions, but I had an early-season oama that was starting to get skinny in captivity. Kelly invited me to his SUP fishing spot partially shielded by the
wind. The winds were still gusty at times, but we managed to slow down the oama. Kelly let her oama swim without burden while I held mine off the rocks with a float. Kelly approached the waves and was rewarded with the first fish, a scrappy omilu between a pound and 2 pounds. I was fiery to have been dumped in my Scupper Pro and played it safe for a
while, finally finding a stretch of reef that produced a group of 1.25lb homicile without stabbing me with the waves. I hadn't brought my tags, so they were all released. Fishing closer to the damage, Kelly had a much more diverse hit list: omilu, kaku, trumpet fish, and an aha screaming his stamina. The bite was much slower than normal for Kelly, but live oama
exceeded adverse conditions. He was also bitten on frozen oama when the livies ran out. This was my first live oama outing this season. I was hoping for a screamah but was content with a fairly consistent bite in the protected waters. Still dreaming of screams... A friend was planning to troll Oama from his board with the morning tide rising and I decided to
wade out at the break to see that I could get anything to bite a slowly recovered frozen oama. This would be my first time using oama this season since I was so in love with top-notch water fishing. I whipped the narrow raccoon in front of the upper water bait which attracted so much attention during my previous trip, but nothing showed interest on the way out
to Waves. My friend rowed and said the strong winds and rain were making it very difficult to effectively control. He had a legal homicide in his bag and said the would try coastal and more protected waters. With the tide rising and the wind and rain getting stronger, I decided to mount the oama over the reef before conditions pushed me back to shore. I didn't
want to deal with the double hooking the oama since it tends to spin the fish and more inclined to get stuck on the reef cutting off my bait and eventually
pulling it out. Something pulled me down the bait and my hook got stuck. When I ticked the line I broke my 25-pound fluoride. I walked away from the bait thieves and threw myself into a deep channel separating sections of the reef. I let the bait
sit away from the bait thieves patrolling the tallest column of water and seemed to drift against the current, towards me. Then the line was pulled into the nearby edge of the reef and I could hear my line of 15 fluro rubbing. It looked like a big hinalea or roi
and I tried to get the fish out of the hole. A bright blue omilu came out! Instead of running to the sea he swam through the cracks of the reef past me towards the shore. I followed him, freeing the line from the rocks. It was like being pulled by a dog on a leash, running through shrubs. When I reached him, the murder was quite spent. For a decent-sized fish he
had taken away only 20 years in a row, but those 20 years were pretty frayed. I hadn't brought tags with me since tagging in the deep chest water was difficult, so my friend took this photo and bagged the fish. You can see what a gloomy, windy day it was. I still thawed oama with me, so instead of wasting them I went back to the edge of the reef and the bait
thieves found me. After feeding them 3 oamas without anyone hooking to the front hook, I went back to the narrow upper water bait. I was hoping he thought it was another easy meal and pretty sure a kaku touched us but lost repeatedly. Maybe the chop was making it too hard for them to locate the bobbing bait? I switched to waxwing baby oama color and
hooked a submicentomilu on the first cast. The bait thieves got bagged and I went. Frozen oama was definitely more effective than baits on this displaced day, but the bait and gearbox tactics worked for a while. The homicide measured FL 16.5 and was close to 4 pounds. It corresponds to the largest papyrus I caught on the ground last year, also caught on
Oama. Do you think we can capture on the best water baits to rival that size? Captain Wes and I after the journey of a lifetime What an incredible fishing trip at the bottom we experienced this weekend. The conditions were calm and Captain Wes put us on some really productive terrain. Not only did the shallow water masks take the uku I was chasing for a
while, but they caught baits while landing omilu papio/ulua, kagami kagami white ulua, nabeta, moana and random reef fish. Cabela's 3-piece travel rod held against a 30-pound ulua, and Shimano bait caster Curado 300EJ proved once again that bait wheels have an advantage when heavy jigging. Thankfully the blood stains on the brand new Patagonia
Sunshade Crew I was testing came out in the wash that night. Now it can be my lucky fishing shirt without looking like I just slaughtered something. The weighted Tokunaga Challenge was the day after our fishing trip, and Naoki was there printing ulua fish on t-shirts. He warmed up with my Kagami before the weigh-in started and now I have a memory of the
journey of a lifetime. While it looks impressive that my reel only had 15lb fluoride as its main line and landed a fish twice as heavy, it was a serious mistake on my part to be so under the cannons. I didn't expect to hook such a big fish on a small jig, but down in those Big Island dropoffs, big fish lurk. I'm going to take off the fluoride and run the 50-pound braid,
which is thinner than the 15-pound fluoride I had. Top it all off with a 40lb fluoride leader and I can be happy again! I wanted to determine the points that still held the coastal papyrus at the end of the season, so I checked another place I hadn't fished all year. The place was an area I had trolled oama in the past but it was never really good near the shore. I
wasn't expecting much, so I was really surprised when I hooked a 12 murder (fork length) on the second cast, a few meters from the shore. The omilu looked like he had eaten well over the summer. After this surprise fish I didn't hook anything else as I made my way along the shoreline. I worked to get back and took a slightly longer omilu about 5 years after
the first one was captured. This was also much fatter, so there must be a reliable food source nearby. I decided to save my remaining frozen oama for a survey of another place and I fished this morning because the wind had to be less than
15 miles per hour. Contrary to that forecast there were gusts over 20 miles per hour that made it difficult for Dean to get up and paddle. The wind has had less effect on me since I rowed lying on my longboard, but I was still affected by the chaotic bulge. Dean trolled a dead oama behind a float like I used to, and I sat on my board as close as I could to the
waves and threw into the surf. I've had more shots him, but I got stuck a lot more by my prototype oama whipping rig sinks. I suspected that the fish hit the oama and pulled an eel out of the rocks my suspicions were confirmed. Dean caught the first fish,
an unde legal omilu, and and we both started getting hits, misses and cut lines. It looked like other reef fish were taking off their oami and kaku were cutting us off. In the end I stuck a good fish and it ran in a fun way that made me think it was a big stick fish or cornetfish. I was relieved to see the color of a beautiful 2-pound omilu. I eventually made use of my
gaff by lifting the homily from the water by putting the hook hook through the mouth and its gill. The wind picked up and it was difficult to effectively fish the overvoltage zone. My next papyrus crossed the rocks and ticked my line. Dean was receiving occasional blows, but having difficulty rowing in the wind from his knees. It was time to go. I had immediately
crossed 4 whip wagons and 15 dead oamas. It was more fun to hear the shots of the fish while mounting the oama, but I definitely lost more tackle than I do when trolling with a float. I have to work on the prototype whipped a little more. Well, I guess I didn't discover a whole new way of presenting an oama to hungry predators. Looks like others have whipped
oama, alive and dead, for centuries. The great thing, though, is that I'm now able to throw a dead one much further than I'd experience with a living one, and I can get to the points where predators roam. On days like today when the wind is blowing higher than 20 miles per hour, it's a nice option to be able to pull an oama with the wind and not worry about
getting blown on a surfboard. Dean and I waded at 0.3ft low tide today, but since it wasn't lower we had to stop 50 years from the surf line. Our initial casts of fresh dead and frozen oama were hit by a small omilus, but as I ventured further afield and braved the occasional dunking, the shots got bigger. I dropped a fresh dead oama into a deep sand pocket and
something hit heavily and then chewed across the line. Arrgh, had to re-tie line as the waves slapped in me. The next cast produced a half-and-an-inch murder below the legal. Charging with a frozen oama, I went further into the wind and wave vortex and lobbed in the back end of the white wash. As I collected the recovery, something pulled then ran between
the coral heads against the almost blocked resistance. My 7' 11 medium action G Loomis bath rod arched well, keeping the tension on the fish with power to spare. The fish pulled off the road and ran back and forth through the boulder canyons, but never had more than 50 years to go. I was more afraid of being cut off than be spooled. After a few minutes I
could see that beautiful iridescent flash of blue and brought the illuminated murder nearby. She was too pooping to resist grabbing my tail as I took her back to Dean. I was excited to keep the biggest omilu I've ever taken in years, maybe ever, but Dean wasn't too impressed since he catches the older ones that crushed. I tinkered around trying to my rod under
my arm, open my sling bag to carry out my fishing bag, and don't miss the fish I let swim at my feet. I never expect to catch fish when I'm not on my board, so I'm always poorly prepared to pack them. The fins and shields cut my hands pretty well, but I guess I'm willing to get a little pain to land such a beautiful fish. Dean and I went back to the deepest spot
that now had bigger waves crossing. While I was looking for another frozen oama, Dean hooked a howler on to his 6.5ft light action spinning rod. His rod bent over and bounced up and down as he copped the reel to slow down the fish was still
running, but Dean could hear the line rubbing on the rocks and eventually the line fros. Dean slowed down the line and tried to wade out to loosen the snag, it became apparent that the snag was in water too deep to reach. Unfortunately Dean skipped the line
and retired. We started throwing our frozen oama again, but nothing. It was as if Dean's fish was the reef bull and scared the smaller fish to escape. We headed with our last baits. Mine was hit by a large aha that I had dented to the side and that gray had a much higher speed than the papyrus run but eventually got tired. Based on his fish's struggle, Dean
estimated it to be about 5 pounds. When he saw mine on land, he estimated it at 3.8 pounds. Turns out it weighed between 3.8 and 4.2 pounds on my inaccurate scales at home. The man knows his fish sizes. I'm going with 4 lbs! I'm still perfecting my oama lash platform, but like what I'm seeing so far. I can throw a dead oama regarding any bait and the hook-
up ratio is really good. I was tearing up the reef early today, but I made some changes to minimize it. I hope to have a few more tests before the end of the season. I love the small but powerful Calcutta 200TE Note: By request here is the omilu next to a tape meter. new best day ever! Today was supposed to be the light wind day of the week, so I took 6 live
oamas and 4 fresh deaths for a surf troll. I planned to fish a different stretch of the beach paddling in the wind take me back to the launch point. I started with a medium-sized captivity oama recently so as not to waste a livery on the way out to the surf line. Nothing bit him after reaching the break and trolling parallel to it for 10 minutes, so I
was going to wear a livery. Suddenly my ratchet screamed and the rod bent over. I hadn't heard my ratchet scream all year round, so I was scared at first! It was actually difficult to extract the rod bent over, I hadn't heard my ratchet scream all year round, so I was scared at first! It was actually difficult to extract the rod bent over, I hadn't heard my ratchet scream all year round, so I was scared at first! It was actually difficult to extract the rod from the stand; man I I I those howlers. The fish pulled drag in a straight line, then let himself work halfway, then took off again. While I loved the fight, I strongly
suspected that he was an oio who decided he had to add oama to his diet, and I really wanted a good-sized papyrus. The fish started shaking my head, which gave me hope, then pulled the line again. After a tough fight against tight resistance, the biggest omilu I've captured in 2 years flashed on my side. He was hooked to the front hook and somehow broke
the hook that was in the tail of the oama. I was thrilled and had only fished 20 minutes. I thought I'd go back, but I didn't want to waste my oama alive. I put on another livery and this was eaten by a 10-inch Omilu C& R. The next livery hooked a 15-inch
(head-to-tail)omilu that pulled the resistance well and was added to the fishing bag. 2 good-sized homicile make a decent catch, so again I contemplated rowing but I still had 3 live oamas and 3 dead. The next 3 live oamas were crushed and crushed, but I couldn't hook the culprit despite the two-hook configuration. I put a dead oama and saw the float go
under. When I retrieved the line, all I got was the head of the oama. I put the second to the last dead oama and let the wind back to the launch site. The ratchet went away, but the fight seemed a little strange. There was a lot of resistance but the fish didn't pull much line. When he got closer, I figured out why. Somehow a 14 omilu was hooked to the front hook
and a 10 omilu was hooked to the rear hook! And another omilu was swimming with them, trying to join the party. Crazy. I shook the 10-man murder and held the 14-man (head-to-tail) murder. It was more than enough fish for a day, so I dumped the last dead oama and walked in. Darin's oio Darin, which I had met before, was crushing ika from the beach. He
said a lot of undercut papio had hit his baits in the last few hours, with a legal homicide in the mix. I wished him good luck and came across a guy who had hooked the legal white papyrus on his Crystal Minnow from the shore. His C&R baiting action has been in the last 30 minutes. While we were taking he noticed that Darin was on a nice fish. What the
hell was going on? Were all the planets aligned or something? We went to watch Darin's fish make numerous strong runs before being subdued. The oio went to 21 and 4 pounds and Darin packed his equipment for come home the fish feed
aggressively at the break and at the shoreline. I suspect the fish are trying to jump through all that lost time spent down during the stormy, stormy, Weather. The biggest omilu I took went to about 19 (head-to-tail) and did 3 lbs on my not too accurate hand scale. Not
as big as the omilus, but bigger than any omilu I captured last year and this year. With so many papyrus competing for not much bait this season, I suspect bigger than any omilu I captured last year and this year. With so many papyrus are coming to the reef to find food. My off-season oamas died suddenly and left me only two. They were 7 inches long and lean, so I thought it would be better to use them
before it expired. I also took a bunch of 'opae lolo. I was halfway through the break when a SUPer asked me if I got anything. Just like I sat the zippped resistance and that's it. The jumbo oama was gone and that is it. The jumbo oama was gone and that is it. The jumbo oama was gone and that is it. The jumbo oama was gone and that is it. The jumbo oama was gone and that is it. The jumbo oama was gone and that is it. The jumbo oama was gone and that is it. The jumbo oama was gone and that is it. The jumbo oama was gone and that is it. The jumbo oama was gone and that is it. The jumbo oama was gone and that is it. The jumbo oama was gone and that is it. The jumbo oama was gone and that is it. The jumbo oama was gone and that is it. The jumbo oama was gone and that is it. The jumbo oama was gone and that is it. The jumbo oama was gone and that is it. The jumbo oama was gone and that is it. The jumbo oama was gone and that is it. The jumbo oama was gone and that is it. The jumbo oama was gone and that is it. The jumbo oama was gone and that is it. The jumbo oama was gone and that is it. The jumbo oama was gone and that is it. The jumbo oama was gone and that is it. The jumbo oama was gone and that is it. The jumbo oama was gone and that is it. The jumbo oama was gone and that is it. The jumbo oama was gone and that is it. The jumbo oama was gone and that is it. The jumbo oama was gone and that is it. The jumbo oama was gone and that is it. The jumbo oama was gone and that is it. The jumbo oama was gone and that is it. The jumbo oama was gone and that is it. The jumbo oama was gone and that is it. The jumbo oama was gone and that is it. The jumbo oama was gone and that is it. The jumbo oama was gone and that is it. The jumbo oama was gone and that is it. The jumbo oama was gone and that is it. The jumbo oama was gone and that is it. The jumbo oama was gone and that is it. The jumbo oama was gone and that is it. The jumbo oama was gone and that is it. The jumbo oama was gone and that is it. The jumbo oama was gone a
fish wasn't big enough to hook up to the 1 Owner size baitholder hook. The float would be pulled down and a broken lolo would be left. Towing to find a better way to use them when the resistance screamed. It was nice to fight a decent-sized papyrus
after so many weeks of little papio and drag the oio into flames. The omilu registered at 15.5 inches, head to tail, and it will make my parents very happy. By comparison I'm going to fish the same conditions with candles and kastmaster. I hope the papyrus and kaku put on their predatory hats and attack them. (Click here to see how I only did using baits) Pete
from NorCal was back and trying to take another ride on the apartments. That's how we did the last time we went hunting for end-of-season oamas. The tides were less than ideal during this week and the best option was to fish tonight at low tide and throw cut baits and Makata stripes. The tide was falling, unfortunately, not rising. Obake weke on the shallow
apartments Whipping from the shore didn't produce anything substantial recently and we only had a couple of hours to fish so we had low expectations. To make things even more challenging, Pete was using a freshwater spinning without much line. The cut bait was getting all the little papio bites, so we stuck with that and made our way to the surf break. Pete
hooked something that fought like a small oio and had to tighten the back resistance on his little spinner to bring it He was the first Obake Weke I've ever seen in that area and he put in a very respectable fight. If we stopped, it would have been a successful release. We had another 20 minutes to fish, so we started in a sandy canal among the shallow rubble
and then each cast provoked a strike. The 4-inch papyrus swarming our baits, then hooked a sturdy Christmas wrasse that took line, followed by an almost legal omilu. Pete landed a gruelling humuhumu. Pete took the target fish! Upon his next recovery, Pete's reel began to scream. The fish pulled line in long gusts like an oio that really surprised me given the
confusion caused by the previous fish landed. The Oio are notoriously easily frightened. I expected Pete to be spooled on the lightweight setup, but he patiently worked the fish, lost some line and regained some of it. In the end we could see what it was, a 2 lb oio, the premier flatfish. Later I felt Pete's resistance and she was quite tight from the battle with the
obake weke. Pete masterfully manipulated his first ever oio with trout equipment! End of a successful day He turned my camera phone over me as I did my last cast. All in all, our short release was very successful day He turned my camera phone over me as I did my last cast. All in all, our short release was very successful. All fish were released unharmed. ... Not. The hooking of the papyrus once the trolling wagon (main line to float to leaders and two hooks) is
properly deployed is the easy part. The hard part is dealing with two hooks on a wavy surfboard while trying to gently pick up a live oama from the bait bucket and hook it to your nose and tail. Every time they go out i get in tinged almost everything with those hooks including my surf boots, clothes and fingers. And the line coils look attracted to my leash and
ankle boots. Today, with the great surf and wind of 15 miles per hour, it was particularly frustrating. The rip current created backwash against the incoming white wash, so I was bobbing like a cork as I tried to hold the hooks and line up my equipment and body. Predators (papyrus, kaku and aha) were still hunting at the top of high tide and I took a papyrus on a
live oama and another papyrus after an aha shredded and killed the next oama. Then I had such a gnarled tangle near the tip of my barrel I had to paddle where I could stay, to cut the free line and re-rig. When I got back to the point where the predators were hitting, the larger papyrus was gone and I just had my oamas pulled out. landed before the tangles
The landed papyrus was 13 and 14 inches and rather thick. At least I didn't deeply hook any small fish. I tried a deeper patch of water a mile away from where I was tormented by barely legal papios. This new place had deeper channels leading to a 20ft dropoff, but it was also windy than my other trolling points. The wind made him a little a to get out, even on
a slight day of commercial wind. After towing the inner coral reefs over the last couple of months it was a bit scary not to see the bottom and the occasional wave breaking on the outer reef added to my discomfort. My live oama didn't have any action, probably because it was on a 5ft leader connected to a float, so I happily went back to the inner reef. I headed
in the in the of my familiar place and I expected the same kind of hectic action, but bites were rare and less aggressive. Some baits were pulled out of the hooks, a hook was cut off, and the two barely legal papyrus I landed were much thinner than the ones I caught. I guess there's less bait in this area to fatten the fish. There was another strike that didn't look
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like a papyrus. He ran in spurs like a small oio and immediately found the rocks. I didn't feel rubbed, but somehow the fish unhooked the hooks on a boulder and I had to break the line. This had happened to me a couple of times in the last month. I don't know how roi feels when it's hooked, but I guess the roi was lurking in the rocky reef waiting to ambush a rebellious oama. Well, I branched out into a deeper area of water only to end up getting all my hits on the inner reef. I'm still looking for the first fish of the Oama season to scream in line. All hooked fish were released intentionally or inadvertently. getting a little bigger I was able to troll my deepest patch of water because the winds were lighter and the waves were small. I came across some fishing friends who just finished throwing net and were leaving when I connected with the 10.5 inch papyrus (forthead) Nothing like performing for an audience! Something took he next two baits out of my hooked, but rolling run, the 14-inch (head-to-tail) papyrus struck until the first break. I was going to wrap the oama season to scream in line. All hooked fish were released intentionally or inadvertently. getting a little bigger I was able to troll my deepest patch of water because the winds were lighter and the waves were small. I came across some fishing friends who just finished throwing net and were leaving when I connected with the 10.5 inch papyrus (for the looks. An hour after my trolling run, the 14-inch (head-to-tail) papyrus struck until he first break. I was going to wrap the oama season to my trolling run, the 14-inch (head-to-tail) papyrus struck until he first break. I was going to wrap the oama season that the papyrus but, unfortunately, the biggest of the oama season fer a small papyrus but the first break. I was first light they the came and lost were the 5 and 6 inch variety, so those will soon be at sea. Typically, the bages at the morning run, the 14-inch (head-to-tail) papyrus that scratched the back of the oama season ends in August, but

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