

How To Have a Great Time In a Bad Market - Go Fishing; Of Course!

- By Paul Giobbi

After the brutal financial month of October, my best friend and I along with a co-worker decided that a fishing trip to Cabo San Lucas was just what we needed to restore our mojo.



None of us had ever been deep sea fishing before, but undaunted we cashed in some frequent flyer and frequent layer points and headed for Mexico.

We started our November fishing trip at 6:30 a.m., boarding the private 33' Carver appropriately named Bad Market. We had paid top dollar to get the best crew in Cabo, and the Captain, Andres, began showing his worth immediately as he artfully maneuvered us between one tight space after another.

He delivered us to the docks we needed to go to where we jumped off and purchased licenses, lunch, etc. There were hundreds of aspiring fishermen just like us, but we were confident because our captain had just placed second in the famous Bisbee Black & Blue tournament.

If the first 30 minutes of the day were pure excitement, the next 4+ hours were a pure test in stamina, especially for Doug, my co-worker, who was curled up and miserable over the toilet.

Our patience waned as we motored at top speed for what seemed like forever to a point 35 miles off the coast. Bruised but not battered, we finally began to troll. We trolled and trolled, and then we trolled some more. The crew was nowhere to be found - we saw them briefly as we spotted Marlin and made two unsuccessful attempts to lure them in with live bait.



Just when we were lamenting how bad our trip might end up, three lines made the sweetest sound ever. The crew yelled out loud, and we were in business. Andres slowed the boat with precision and the two other crew members had us handling our catch within seconds. Damon and I each muscled a 40+ pound Tuna on board. They fought so hard, but our adrenaline was pumping! The crew was high fiving us, and bringing us cold beers in no time.

Then, minutes later, we picked up three more simultaneous hits - and then two more! In a matter of an hour, the fish storage was so full we could barely close it.

We didn't bring enough ice to keep our Tuna for very long, so the Captain said we should begin the long journey back to port. We had time to troll for 30 minutes more or so, and then it was time to go. We were totally fatigued but totally satisfied.

Then, as we were about to pull the last lines out of the water, it happened. The crew yelled "Marlin, Marlin, Marlin" as they ran down the ladder. Damon and I looked at each other and quickly agreed that he should do the honors since my arms were now the consistency of Jell-O.

Damon mounted the chair and settled in for one more fight. As the fish got closer it was clear it was the

famed Blue Marlin, and a big one at that. The fish jumped beautifully through the air, but Damon kept reeling. It got closer and the crew grew more and more communicative. "250 pounds" they exclaimed!

The crew tied the Marlin to the stern platform so the whole world could see it when we returned. Then they hoisted flags announcing our catch and we paraded back into the harbor much like Caesar returning from the triumph of battle with what turned out to be the biggest Marlin of the day.

The moral of this fishing story is that when life is coupled with good friends and an adventurous outlook, it is possible to have great times even in a Bad Market.

Editor's Note: Paul Giobbi is the CEO of [Zumasys, Inc.](#), a computer systems sales, installation and support company based in Irvine, California.