

# Reader's reports

Release of Pierre's first *pez vela* — a magical moment!



## Costa Rica 6 days on the Pacific

**Winning first place in the Port Camargue Catch and Release Fishing Tournament in the south of France meant my son (16 years old) and I had a trip for two to Costa Rica!**

**A** royal gift: six full days with the fishing charter *Pêche Passion* and Marseille-to-San José, Costa Rica, flights taken care of. Our final destination: Golfito, on the Pacific coast. Some members of our club had already been there a year earlier and their photos had fired up our imagination. After a night spent near the San José airport, we take a small plane which drops us off an hour later in Golfito, after having flown over awe-inspiring landscapes. We are warmly welcomed by Yves and Bernadette, the French owners of the fishing charter. Other guests are already there and chatting about the day's fishing around a glass of wine, the pleasant atmosphere of chatter about the day's fishing inspiring us. We go to bed early, as breakfast will await us tomorrow at 5.30 am, then departure at 6.30 for our first day of inshore fishing. In

spite of a great number of bites, we miss a lot of fish as we are not familiar with circle hooks. Irving, our Tico captain (who speaks French), explains to us the technique with circle hooks. Once we get the hang of it, we're hooking up flawlessly. We're delighted with the inshore fishing, with the sea was very calm every day. The coast, with its deserted beaches and mountains covered by forest, is breathtakingly beautiful. Big roosterfish, Pacific jack crevalle and gorgeous mahi-mahi caught on popper or while slow-trolling live *sardinas*, give us a great deal of satisfaction.

### In the deep blue waters offshore

We decide to spend two days offshore in the hope of seeing the billfish that we dream of. After about an hour-long cruise, all lines are set out with speed and precision that amazes us.

A gorgeous cubera caught with Captain Irving.



We troll at about 7 knots — and find the sailfish. After releasing four sails, it's time to go after the yellowfin tuna that make the surface boil. What a great day! On our last day, we tell Irving we would love to catch a blue marlin. The light tackle for sailfish is replaced by much heavier rods. What an adrenaline rush when our captain shouts, "marlin!" The attack is violent — the fish furiously whacking its bill at the lure, then the sound of line spooling off the reel at an impressive rate. The leaps seem to go on without

end! After an hour, during what proves to be the last jump we'll see, the line goes slack. Hugely disappointed, we see that the 300-lb leader was damaged by the marlin's bill. We caught other sailfish as consolation, but hey, only a marlin is a marlin! That last fish left us with a burning desire to return to Yves and Bernadette. Some of our club members will be in Golfito soon; we wish them a trip as exhilarating as ours!

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Another dream come true: The catch (and release) of a roosterfish.

