



Photography By Gurney Productions

ANGLING

'DIE, JAWS!'

Until sharks are extinct, pirates are only the second biggest ocean menace



In the U.S., sharks attack an average of 32 people per year. So to help save lives, *FHM* is 60 miles off the coast of Point Pleasant, NJ, aboard a fishing boat that recently appeared on the Versus network's *Shark Hunters: East vs. West*. We're here to hunt shark. Here's how...

Track your prey

There are many ways to find sharks, says Dave Schunke, captain of our ship, *Insufishent Funds*. One is to look for structures, whether it's a wreck, a reef or bumps on the ocean bottom. That's where sharks hang out. I also study a lot of offshore satellite charts that show sea-surface temperatures. Our bait fish get stuck in the currents caused by colder water hitting warmer water, which attracts tuna and bluefish. These critters attract sharks.

Bloody the water

Once Schunke finds his spot, his crew rings the dinner bell by pumping the seas full of chum: a bloody cocktail of oily fish guts, which casts a red slick for miles behind the boat. They then bait their lines, goring a fish with two hooks—one in its eye and one through its fish-ass. If the shark grabs the bait but doesn't grab the whole thing, he still gets that second hook, Schunke says. It's like an insurance policy.

Beware of blue

Today, *Insufishent Funds* is after mako sharks, but her gore trail is also attracting blue sharks. If I hook one, I'll unhook him as fast as I can or cut the line, Schunke says. They piss through their skin as a defense mechanism, so you can't eat them. They're nasty filth-whores.

Hook a sucker

When a mako swims away with your bait, set your reel's drag to full strike. That makes the tension on your line as tight as it can possibly go without breaking, Schunke says. And without drag, he'd pull you in. One of the best shark captains in the world, the captain of the *Relentless* down in Delaware, wrapped his hand around his line to pull the fish closer. He went overboard and drowned.

Man your battle station

Once your Ginsu-mouthed opponent realizes you've got missile-lock on his ass, he bolts hundreds of yards away from the boat and the fight is on. The fight all depends on size, Schunke says. My longest was four-and-a-half hours with a 450-pound hammerhead. It's like tug of war. I strap into a harness and pull him in inch-by-inch.

Let it down

When Schunke finally reels the beast in close enough, a crew member pulls the shark up to the side of the boat with a gaff—a hook-ended pole. You stick him in the rear portion so the tail is incapacitated, Schunke says. If you can't get a good shot, hit him in his gills, which will stun him. Anything under 200 pounds is released. A fatty gets roped to the side of the boat.

Slay the beast

Most times, Schunke blasts a shotgun slug into the shark's brain to kill him. But, some tourneys don't allow this. If you drag a shark backward by his tail, water goes through his gills the wrong way and drowns him, Schunke says. Then I use a block and tackle, which is like a pulley system, to get him in the boat. He'll still be chomping two hours after we kill him. It's these muscle reflexes they still have. I once had a dead shark bite a chunk of fiberglass off the side of the boat.

