



Into it



XXXX XXXX XXXX XX
XXXX XXX XXXX XXXX
XXX XXX XXXX XXXX
XXX XXXXXX

shows as Getaway and RBT: The Mocking Of Pissheads. It's a dazzling, crystal morning, the sun burning over the horizon, golden beams shooting rays across fairways, dew twinkling like alien eyes. The day's first putt lines will be ours. Truly the gods favour the golfer.

And so our man Daddo, faced with a fairway wider than the polo fields of the Sultan of Brunei, slices his drive into the swamplands. "Death by Boomba," he remarks and I can find no argument. I take a three-wood and bisect the middle, hit a 4-iron to a hundred out, then take a wedge and two putts to take the biscuit. Good times.

Four hours later and we've enjoyed spectacular times. Barnbougle Dunes has long been my favourite track, just edging New South Wales. But Lost Farm is something else again, taking all that's good from the Dunes – swales, bumps, the salty windswept drama of Scotland – and plonking it among 20 hugely entertaining golf holes. No flat bits here.

But you will need your A-game. I manage a three-putt that's interrupted by a bunker shot. Another putt hits the flag I'd laid on the green which I'd assumed out of range. There are short par-4s to tricked-up greens and monster long

holes featuring blind tee-shots over tussocks that feed out to fairways the size of Liechtenstein. There are postage stamp greens and others with their own post code. Book flights now.

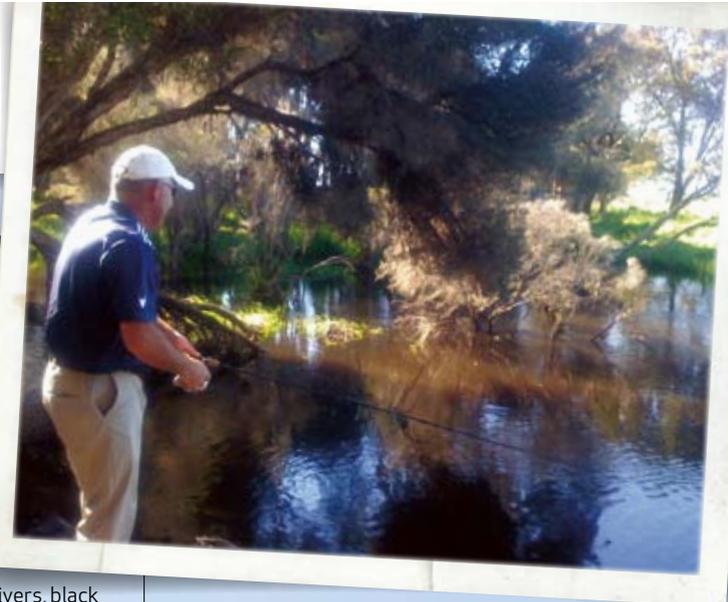
That afternoon, Parto and I head off to Anson's Bay, an hour away on dirt roads through thick eucalypt forest on the east-north-eastern coast of Tassie. Parto hosts trips fishing for trout in rivers, black bream at Anson's and flathead, salmon, skate and shark from the beach at Barnbougle. He doesn't fly-fish much because his wrist is buggered (a reason he no longer plays golf), but knows a few spots if you're keen.

We go through the town of Gladstone, boasting a population of 42. Parto points out the pub. "Few years back I took some Americans up fishing at Anson's," he says. "We pulled into that little pub a bit late, and I yelled out to the lady who runs the joint. 'Hey Josie, four serves of steak and eggs thanks!' She yells back quick as a flash: 'Cook the c*** yourself'. [Laughs] These Yank blokes' eyes were like dinner plates."

Anson's Bay is placid and remote, dotted with beach shacks and wisps of wood-smoke which drifts through the forest which borders the bay. We back the boat in, haul arse out to the middle, and find a spot. Then we bait up, toss in and sit back talking shit.

Soon enough, Parto's on, and in comes a black bream. Ten minutes later my line bends into a question mark and there's a battle with a foot-long leatherjacket. Looks delicious, but it goes back to make more leatherjackets. A mate of Parto's comes by to talk shop while I sit back and feel the serenity. I'm nearly dozing when bang – the tip of my rod touches the water.

"Bream," says Parto, and sure enough a few minutes of rod-straining action later, I haul in a fat black bream [pictured]. I enjoy the fish and the fight, though I do feel a tad guilty, given old mate was just swimming around and now I'd killed it. But Parto says this bream was probably 30 years old, middle-aged in bream years, and



had murdered many prawns.

A few hits and giggles later, we up stumps and cruise back to the world. Five minutes from Barnbougle, Parto wonders if there's not time for one more crack at a trout. There is. We head back to his honey hole, bait up and toss in the jellies, jigging and jerking to replicate injured bait-fish. We gibber about sport and sip beers as the sun goes down. And we're there long enough for Parto to remark, "Well, it's not called catchin'" when my rod shakes like it's possessed of demons. And it's all I can do is hang on.

Jesus. I've hooked Makybe Diva.

"Tip up!" orders Parto, and I lift the rod and lean back and let the beast do its best. It's like I've got an epileptic feral cat on a rope. The rod shakes, the reel fizzes and spume sprays, and the braid line strains flat-line and taut. This fish called Diva has the bit between its teeth and is running and bucking and fighting for its life. Hoo-ha. This is some action.

Later in the airport at Launceston I think of that trout that may have been (there was colour, but the beastie bravely fought free) and ponder that there's a lot to like in Tassie. The waters are cold and pure and fresh and wild. Like that ad for Boag's says, there's something about it. Throw in a bit of rubber, out comes a trout.

Elsewhere you can raft the Franklin, "canyon" Cradle Mountain and go the growl on a bearded abalone. It snows at Christmas, the beer and oysters are like love in your gob, and the fishing and golf is probably the best in the entire world.

The entire world.

– Matt Cleary

