



Issue 32
October 2018



Featuring This Month -
Carp angling Master - Ian 'Chilly' Chillcott
Scott 'Geezer' Grant
Mike 'SPUG' Redfern
Gary 'milky' Lowe





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Hello..... and welcome

Well, here we are already... its October and Autumn is upon us. Time to start thinking about wrapping up in the extra layers of clothing, keeping spare clothes in the car, planning your winter campaign if you are having one... and time to start dropping hints for what you would like Santa to bring you.

This is also the time of year when the carp are on the munch and take on their winter colours, as we are seeing with some amazing catch report pictures.

This month we would also like to congratulate Rob Hughes and Team England in bringing the World Championship bronze medals home from Serbia in a hard-fought competition. Well done guys... you did your country proud. This month we continue our series of “a chat with....” And bring you the absolute carp fishing legend Mr. Ian Chilcott, we also bring you Les Bowers, Scott Grant, Gary Lowe, Andrew Murray, Rich Austin, Mike Madeley and Simon Pomeroy as well as a great selection of catch reports as they come in.

Remember, we are always looking for new writers so if you feel like you have a tale to tell... get in touch. We are waiting to hear from you.

Until next month.... Enjoy your fishing!

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Team Talking Carp

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Barringtons, Carp 19,

Freezer Fresh
for optimum
quality

GALAXY ***BAITS***

Atlantic Salmon & Japanese Spider Crab



This bait has a fantastic amino profile due to the different fishmeals and liquid foods used in its production. The Name suggests it to be a right stinker, but, has the quality, smell and taste, of a restaurant served dinner, so very acceptable to leave in the bivvy.

We searched the globe for Japanese Spider Crab Extract for years and found just what we were looking for 3 years ago and began testing instantly, catching carp to 57.12lb. The bait contains many top attractors including a pure source of GLM, not the usually available product on the shelf, but sourced from a Dutch Animal pharmaceutical company. There is also Oyster shell added for a natural crunch (water snail imitation) and extra source of calcium, to help the fishes bone structure grow, to house the muscle increase gained quickly and healthily from our MC.

This bait, has come into its own in the last year, creating dream catches for some of our testing team, hence why we as a company, agreed to its release in 2018. Its mainly designed for warmer water, but had shocking results with some stunning colder water captures, probably due to the inclusion of our exclusive Medi-Chlorian health booster, which is proving hard for big carp to ignore, on waters seeing regular application !



**ATTIRER...
FIRST TIME
OUT BY SCOTT
GEEZER GRANT**



I remember being at work after my epic session down at Cottington, Lake Christine, and my phone rang it was my mate who owns a beautiful little lake in France. He said he would be going over for a week to fish and did I fancy tagging along!!! As you can imagine I was chomping at the bit, but the only problem was work. I didn't have any holiday until later in the year, so I sat down with the duty book to see what I could muster up. I worked it out that I would have to work a few longer shifts between now and when we go but it's doable. I had a word with one of my fellow managers and he agreed to help me out, so with out further ado I was going to France!!! After sorting work out the only other problem I had was explaining

to my mrs. I got home from work and just casually mentioned that Martin had called me and asked me to go to his lake in France. She said "well go then if you want but what about work" I said don't worry work is sorted thanks luv I am off to France. I called Martin and gave him the good news I only had a week to get everything prepared, I know from being there previously pineapple Butyric pop ups worked well, so I got Micky at Galaxy Baits to make me a couple of pots of pop ups and Micky mentioned about taking a bait he has made for years called Attirer. Now believe me when I say this that this particular

bait absolutely reeks. But after chatting with Micky I decided to take some and give it a try. I ended up taking a 20kilo bag of mixed sizes plus 10 kilos of 22mm & 18mm.

I was also going to take a bait I have absolute faith in and that's the Nutjob. Abait I have used consistently since developing it with Micky some 3 years ago.

Galaxy have recently started doing flavoured pellet, so I took 10 kilos of both the Attirer and Nutjob.





Baitwise that was me done except for my particle, which Martin would be picking up the day before we leave. Hooked On Baits particle is shelf life preserved and pva friendly, a great addition to my armoury. Now it was just the food to be sorted so it was off to Costco's to get the weeks food in. With everything sorted I was counting the days down as I just couldn't wait to get out there.

I have caught a few of the A Team but there's

one particular fish that has eluded me and that's the big girl. She was in my sights and I was hoping the Attirer would be her downfall as it has accounted for so many big fish up to 70 lb plus.

We would normally get the train on the Saturday, but Martin had booked it for the Friday as the Saturday was fully booked. That was fine by me as it meant an extra night, the only problem was we wouldn't be arriving at the lake until 23:00. Friday was soon upon

us and before I knew Martin was at my house loading my gear into the van, our train was booked for 16:00 but we left at 12:30 hoping we could get an earlier train.

We arrived at the tunnel about 13:30 and pulled up to the terminal as we punched in our details it came up on the screen we could board the 14:15 train for a small supplement, so we chose it and went straight round to board the train, what a result this would mean that we would arrive at the lake around 2100 depending on traffic.

Once out the other end it was a 4/5 hour drive to the lake and after hitting a couple of traffic jams we finally arrived at the lake around 21:30, and with only maybe 30 mins of light left it was a mad scramble to get the gear out and get set

up. We had the customary draw and I came out first and chose the right-hand side of the lake and Martin had the left-hand side. My side is around 2 1/2 acres and Martins side is around 2 acres with a 20ft wide gully joining both lakes.

With the rods set up I was going to fish size 4 Ronnie rigs with a Pineapple butyric pop up and either catapult or stick some bait out around them.

I fished 2 rods out in front about 50 yards to an area I had caught from previously and the 3rd was cast just off the overhanging trees down to my left.

The gnats were out in force and I was getting eaten alive!! after a couple of hours everything was sorted, and I was completely knackered.

We sat drinking coffee trying to relax and it was now nearly

midnight, after a few more coffees we both retired to our bivvies for some much-needed sleep.

I laid on my bed and for the life of me I could not get to sleep, I was most probably over tired!! I did finally manage to drop off to sleep around 02:30 and was woken with my receiver screaming!!!

I jumped up out the bivvy and lifted the middle rod and I must say it was the hardest fighting fish I have ever played in my life, it took me over 10 minutes

before the lunatic was in the net, but in the process the fish had wiped out my other 2 rods.

I secured the net and quickly put some trousers on and grabbed the scissors to cut all lines, I didn't need a head torch as it was just getting light. I then had to hand wind my other two rods in. With that done I then lifted the fish onto the mat, it was a hard fighting mirror of 38lb 6oz I was well happy with that. I woke Martin up and he took some photos then the fish



was treated and returned. I spent the next hour re-rigging my rods and now that it was light my left-hand rod was going to be boated out in a gap between the trees, again a spot I have caught from previously.

So, with the rods now back in play I boated the left hand rod into a gap on my left hand margin, the middle rod was cast back to the same area 50 yards out and the right hand rod was boated to my right hand far corner just in front of the snags. With the rods back on the dance floor it was time for a much-needed coffee and one of Martins breakfast baguettes, which I can tell you from experience really do set you up for the day. As the day wore on the temperature got

up to 28 degrees, the fish still haven't spawned as yet and there were no signs they were going to either.

It was weird as the fish weren't showing as they have done in the past, even in the night I didn't hear any crashing which is most unusual.

Later in the afternoon I walked up to the snags in my top right hand corner with my sunglasses on I crept through the trees and when I looked down I could see 6 fish all units and there was one that stood out from them all, I was sure it was one of the big girls. Its hard to estimate a weight but I would say this fish was in the 50lb bracket easy. Knowing I had a bait at the entrance gave me a lot of confidence as the

fish have to swim over it to get into the snags.

My aim this trip is to try and caught one of the 50lbbers that reside in here, they just don't give themselves up easily, but that's all part of the game.

Later that evening we had a lovely dinner courtesy of my mrs, meatballs and pasta with her secret sauce that really does taste good.

After dinner we sat chatting and the conversation turned onto the big girl and her last capture and the size of her, I have literally dreamed of catching this fish and I was starting to get obsessed with her. Just as dusk was drawing in I got a single bleep on the left hand rod, I

walked over the rod and just watched the tip, the line tweaked and as I was fishing locked up that was enough for me I lifted the rod and the fish was on, from that moment it felt like a good fish, it stayed deep and just plodded around after 5 or so minutes the fish was out in front, Martin done the honours with the net and when she finally slipped over the cord I just knew it was one of the A Team, as Martin peered down into the net he said "Geeze you know what fish you have here mate" to which I replied "A unit mate" "Geeze a unit is an understatement you have just caught the big girl" I really thought he was winding me up, that was until I broke the net down and tried lifting her up!!! Between us we got

her safely into the cradle, she was nailed in the bottom lip "Ronnie style". With the scales zeroed we hoisted her up and the needle settled on 55 lb 14oz my new foreign PB and most importantly it was a fish I have not only dreamt of catching, but finally achieved it.

With the light fading Martin done his best with the photos and believe me when I say I got absolutely mauled by the gnats.

With the photos complete she was treated and then returned, for me it was job done and what made it more special for me was the fact that I had caught her over the Attirer a bait I was using for the first time.

As you can imagine I was texting a few good mates and family with the good news, Micky especially was over the moon which was pleasing.





The rod was re-baited and sent back out to the same area, hopefully there's more big fish feeding on the bait.

Martin put the kettle on and I remember just sitting there thinking what the heck just happened!!!

This is what fishing is all about catching a fish you have dreamed of and sharing it with good mates.



I was now thinking to myself this could be a session of a lifetime having banked 2 fish and only one night into the trip. I sat looking

at the photos on my phone and couldn't believe it, all of them were blurry and out of focus!! This was disastrous but with the fish returned I had to make do with the photos I had. Martin should have put his glasses on. I was gutted as I like to take the best photos possible, but I was on the other side of the camera!!

I vowed then that if I catch the fish again I will have some decent photos with it. Martin was still to get off the mark and I was sure it wouldn't be long as he always seems to catch well into the double figures by the end of the week.

We retired to bed just after midnight and do you think I could sleep!! No way I was like buzz light year and I hadn't even had any alcohol!

I managed to drop off to sleep after a couple of hours only to be woken up by a single bleep on the left hand rod, I jumped out the bag and was straight on the rod, I watched the tip and the line but nothing, it must have been a liner I stuck the kettle on as there was no way I was going to get back to sleep. The sun was coming up and the lake looked proper carpy I was hoping to see a fish or two crash out, but it just didn't happen. I made Martin a coffee and took it to his swim, but I had to wake him up to tell him (such a shame).

I then sat watching the water for any signs of activity until it was time for breakfast.

Martin cooked a full English with all the trimmings, if its one thing he is mustard at



cooking is top of the list. By mid morning the temperature was already rising so another scorcher was on the cards. The water was quite murky which tells me the fish are active and feeding but not showing themselves, which is bizarre.

Early afternoon and Martin got his first take, after a few turns of the reel and he knew it wasn't a carp, it turned out to be a very large bream!!!! He was not best pleased and there was me howling with

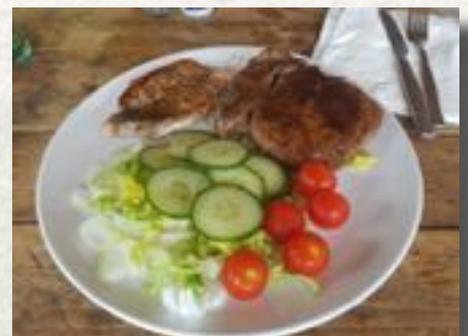
laughter.

Not to be outdone an hour later I followed suit and yes, we did laugh about it, a take is a take but when your fishing for big carp the last thing you want is a bream!

I decided to re-do all the rods and freshen the areas up then sit down to a lovely meal.

The night came and went with no action apart from a single bleep which didn't materialise into anything. The following day saw the temperature up in the

high 20s, later in the afternoon a thunder storm hit us, and boy did it rain only for a couple of hours, but it really shook the place up, I was hoping it done the same to the fish. That night whilst in bed I heard a fish crash over on Martins side and at first I thought he had fell in!! Even he got a tad excited as the fish normally do crash but this has been the first fish since we got here. I managed to drift off to sleep in the early hours and was dreaming of the other 50s on my hit list. At 06:00 o'clock my alarm went off and as I peered out of the bivvy the mist was dancing across the water the conditions looked bang



on for a take. I laid back on the bed and the next thing I knew was Martin waking me up with a cup of coffee! Yes, he managed to get his own back on me. It was 08:00 o'clock and just as I got out the bivvy the rain started, we sat under the cabin veranda drinking coffee and figuring out what we were going to have for breakfast.

With that my right-hand rod burst into life I was on the rod in a flash the fish started taking line and gave a good account of itself, with the fish now out in open water it didn't take long before I guided her over the net cord. A lovely glistening common, not massive but after the last few days it was very welcome. On the scales she went 29lb 4oz and was in mint condition.

With the photos complete she was

returned the bait was certainly doing its job and I wasted no time in getting the rod back out there along with a generous helping of Attirer.

I was now like a drowned rat so a shower and change of clothes was in order then it was business as usual. The rain stopped around 1:00 o'clock then the sun made an appearance and the temperature soared up to 28 degrees, mental weather.

I decided to re-do my other two rods as they had been out for

over 24hrs, with crays present I wanted to make sure my hook baits were still there. Both hook baits were still present but a lot smaller then when they first went out. The crays haven't been much of a problem up until now so before the rods were put back out I decided to wrap my baits as that way they would always be fishing, and I could leave them out for a longer period of time.



Later in the afternoon I saw a couple of fish cruising on the top on both my side and Martins. I catapulted some chum mixers out, but they just weren't interested. The fish were cruising past the mixers like they weren't even there.

As I looked through the binoculars across the water I could see some sort of hatch occurring, maybe the fish were more interested in the naturals than boilie and pellet.

If zigs were not banned here I would have changed all rods over

to them as I have had great success on them this year on my syndicate. But rules are rules, so I just have to sit on my hands and get on with it.

Before we knew it we were sitting at the table eating another glorious dinner then a couple of hours later I was off to bed. I think sleep deprivation had started to take its toll on me and no sooner was I in bed and Martin was in, this time it was a carp and I had the pleasure of netting a chunky mirror of 32lb. This is the longest Martin

has ever gone without a take (4 nights) his blank spell was now over and hopefully it was the start of something big. He didn't want any photos taken so the fish was treated and returned. He then proceeded to get the rod back out and with the frogs in full chorus I went back to bed.

Wednesday morning, I was woken up by the resident Cockerell going for it big time. It was nice just laying there drinking coffee watching the water and vaping like a chimney.

It wasn't long before the sun was up, and the mist started to dance. I just couldn't understand why we had not caught more fish the conditions were absolutely cock on!!





As the morning wore on I could see a couple of fishing cruising on the surface going towards the snags on my far right. I walked up to the snags and there were a good few fish in there.... all units just sitting enjoying the sun rays coming through the trees. Admittedly it was so lovely just watching them but very frustrating at the same time if that makes sense. There was a lot of fry hundreds of them all over and around the fish so maybe the carp were gorging on them? The highlight of the day was the meal Martin served up in the evening, steak with all the trimmings at least we were eating like kings if nothing else. Thursday morning I was woken up with a coffee from Martin and yes no action for either of us time was getting on and with only a few days left would the fish



switch on, we just didn't know but one things for sure you have to keep going and be confident in what your doing and what your using as confidence is the key. To be honest I could have gone home on my second night as for me it was job done and I was more then happy with what I had caught. Martin on the other hand was a little frustrated and rightly so normally he

absolutely rapes this place. A thunder storm was due, and the wind had cooled and before long it was hammering down with a mixture of thunder and lightning I wouldn't feel confident if I had to play a fish in it should I get a take. It rained for most of the day and the lake looked very sombre, very quiet with not a lot going on. An hour before dark I got a take on my middle rod the

fish kited to my left and was trying to get under the trees, it fought hard and after a few minutes the line went slack!! I let out a few proverbials I wound the rod in the rig was fine and had dropped the lead, the hook was still sharp so maybe it was just one of those things. Still gutted as I hate losing fish but that's fishing ,its part of the course.

I wasted no time and got the rod straight back out to the area then sat down for our last dinner.

After a lovely evening it was an early night for me as come tomorrow I would be packing up and driving home. I was hoping for a fish throughout the night but it just didn't happen, Martins rods were also quiet.

Come Friday morning it was the dreaded task of starting to pack up slowly. For me its always the worst part, I felt drained and wasn't looking forward to the drive home.

I was all packed up and loading my gear in the van when Martin got a last minute take it turned out to be a lovely common of 27lb 8 oz and again he didn't want any photos but simply treated the fish and returned her. With that being the last bit of action, the rest of the gear was loaded in



the van and it was a real treat for us until next time.

I had a great week in great company I would just like to thank owner Martin for giving me the privilege of fishing such a beautiful lake with a stunning stock. If you would like to try the ready made "Ronnie rigs" from sharp tackle visit their website for a pack of 4 hooks its £2:99 which isn't expensive at all.

I would like to thank the following companies for their products of which I use

in my fishing.

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Geezer

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A CHAT WITH
MR IAN 'CHILLY' CHILLCOTT

A chat with....
Ian 'Chilly' Chillcott

This month we are very lucky to have a chat with a very special person, a man who has been to places we wouldn't want to go to, seen things most shouldn't and been through personal battles that would finish most... yet, here he is.... And still with a smile on his face. Ladies and gentlemen... we bring you carp angling legend..... Mr Ian Chillcott.

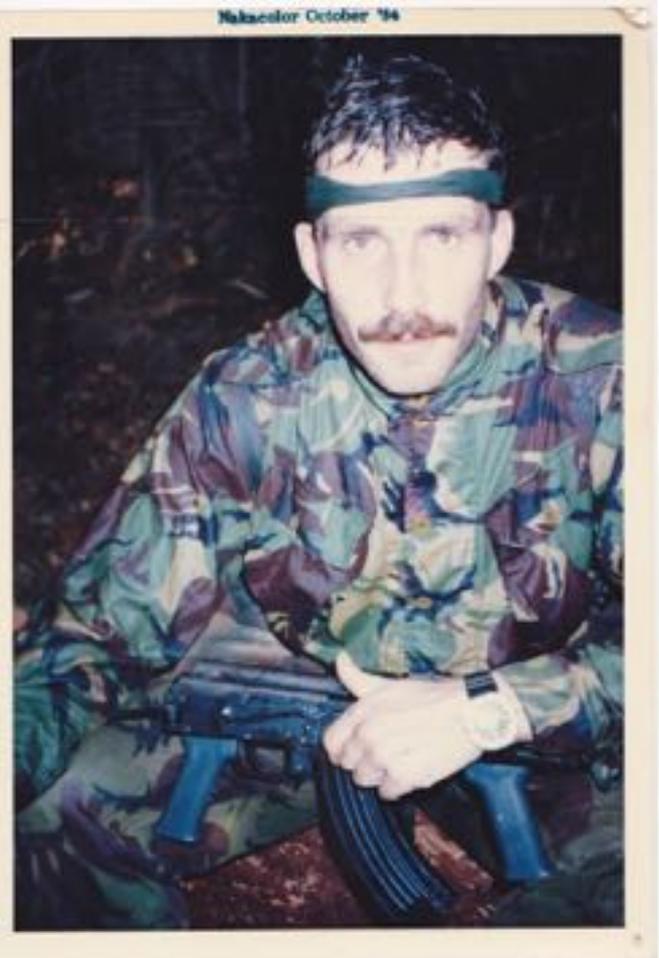
Q1. Welcome to Talking Carp Chilly, it's an honour to talk to you! So, onto the questions... for those that are unaware of your early years, would you like to share how it all began for you?

It may surprise a few people, but I cannot begin to tell you how happy I am that carp fishing didn't enter my life until the late 1980's. You see, I originate from an area of the country where we didn't even know carp existed! Bristol is where I grew up in the main, and whilst dreaming of becoming a Paratrooper, I spent my time learning the art of angling on the River Avon at Keynsham, Bath and Chippenham. Bath also included the Kennet and Avon Canal where the pike and tench were chased around. Lastly, the River Chew which wound its way through Pensford and beyond. Invariably it was all about the trout, which started a great business for me as a 13 year old, in that I sold the stolen trout to my neighbours. A big old lobworm is far more effective than a silly fly!



The Army obviously took over my life when it all began in 1977, but when I reached Aldershot in 1978 my fishing world began to take shape once again.

Yes, there were carp around, but their arrival en masse didn't really start until the early eighties. We had a water at Farnborough that produced a fish of 37.08, the biggest fish reported that year to the press! However, I neither had the time nor inclination to fish for them. My life also changed massively in 1980 when I moved to a very special place, and the next few years I did no fishing in this country. Indeed, I was rarely in it as I



I soldiered in most of the deserts, jungles and also north of the Arctic Circle. I returned to Aldershot in the late 80's and that is when carp fishing started to take a grip on my life. The Army had a lake near to my barracks, Chalk Farm, and that along with the history of Hollybush taught me all I would need to know about carp fishing...things that are as just as important today as they have always been!



Q2. How did your carp angling progress as you learned your trade? Did you go from strength to strength or was there mistakes along the way?

It's very hard to imagine what effect military service can have on your downtime. If I fished a dozen nights in any one year, it would have been a miracle! It makes me smile even to this day that people think I have fished all of my life. If you ever wanted to know about limitations on your time, then join the Army. To this day I don't fish a fraction of the time most think I do, I have other things that I need to attend to.

In all honesty, it was the time limitations that made me a more productive angler. I daren't say better, because I'm probably not, it's just that spending so little time on the bank made me determined to utilise every minute of being there. Carp angling wasn't like it is today, and whilst this may make me sound like an old dinosaur, it's a very relevant point. Lakes are stuffed to the gunnels with carp these days; they aren't the challenge they used to be. I don't say this to make myself or anyone else look good, I say it because it's true! It was almost an impossible dream, you had to learn so much about the fish themselves and the tackle it took to outwit them. It was a massive voyage of discovery



and I feel so sorry for those coming into it today. You can buy all the gear and go to a lake where it's almost impossible not to catch a carp. Hell, you don't even need to learn to cast a baited hook with rod and line (which is known as angling) if you buy a bait boat with an echo sounder! I guess it's called progress, and in many respects, angling has only benefitted because of all the latest gadgets. However, seeing your quarry and understanding the environment it dwells in is still the greatest angling asset we will ever have. I have made hundreds, probably thousands, of mistakes over the years, but it is vital how you learn from those mistakes which matters.



Q3. Do you have any particular carp, or sessions that stand out for you?

I have absolutely no idea where to start. I think every carp I have ever caught is important in one way or the other. For sure, they all make me smile and at the end of the day, isn't that why we go fishing in the first

place?

However, there are a few things which spring to mind. I read Richard Walkers Stillwater Angling when I was six years old, and as much as it made carp angling look even harder, I could never forget about his 44 lb common. The memory has stayed with me all my life, which made my first 20lb common so special back in the early nineties.



It also coincided with my 25-year relationship with Mainline Baits. I had arrived at the Army Lake, Chalk Farm, in 1994 knowing a carp hadn't been landed for three weeks. In a moment of madness, I introduced 9

kilos of the original Grange a bait that, as others have written, had as much impact on carp fishing as the hair rig. On a quick overnighter I landed eleven fish including my first thirty, from the water.

Inspirational indeed!!

Through people I met at Chalk Farm, I landed a ticket for the then extremely difficult Horton. My second session started on the 7th June 1996 and I landed my first carp from there the following morning.

It was called the Missing Mirror; at 20.12 I was the first person to ever catch it...ever! Later that day I took it to a new level when I landed the biggest fish in the lake, Jack at 49.04. It was caught on an anchored floater, which today is called a Zig.



The following day, (my birthday), I landed a fish called the Long One at 28.12. As sessions go, they don't get any better than that. When I left the Army in 2000 I got a ticket for the then hardest lake in the land, the Car Park Lake at Yateley. I was genuinely scared, but when I landed my first fish as Mr Chillcott, the Dustbin at 40.04 on an overnighter, things started to become clear. So clear in fact that I did another overnighter a couple of days later and landed Single Scale at 43.12. Welcome to Civvy Street Chilly!!



Carp fishing has offered me so much, in fact if I kept telling you about how special things have been, I may still be writing until this time next year. My time at Ashmead was unbelievable, as was winning the World Championships with Lee Jackson in America in 2011. There's also the making of copious amounts of TV programmes, but it isn't always about the size of the carp we catch, is it? Surely, it's about what this pastime has to offer on so many levels and the way that carp, whatever their size, punctuate our lives.

Q4 What kind of angler would you describe yourself as? Do you target, set traps, sit and wait or constantly move chasing fish? Which approach works best for you?

If I am anything of a carp angler, then it is because I know when to be patient and when not to be. It's often a case of "should I stay, or should I go". Of course, it is very dependent on the type of water you want to fish. A lake that is heavily stocked may only require you to wait long enough until the fish find you. However, on low stocked waters or larger lakes then you have to be a bit more pro-active.



These are the waters I like best because they test you; they push you on to greater things and ultimately bring the biggest smile of satisfaction to my face. Carp fishing means so many different things to so many different people. Finding the best way to achieve what you want from it is the best way of finding out what you are prepared to do to achieve your goals, and ultimately you find yourself...which is probably the best company you'll ever have on the bank!

Q5 You can only take one rig for your next 12 months sessions, what rig would it be?

Interestingly, I am probably the least rig orientated angler on the planet. If there are a thousand things of importance in carp fishing, then rigs come about 937th on the list! Carp fishing to me is about where you put that rig and how you bait it. Rig “design” has become an ego massaging exercise which invariably doesn't catch more carp. Fashion dictates so much in this game, and because of it everyone starts using certain rigs. And if everyone is using it, then that is all that will be catching the carp.

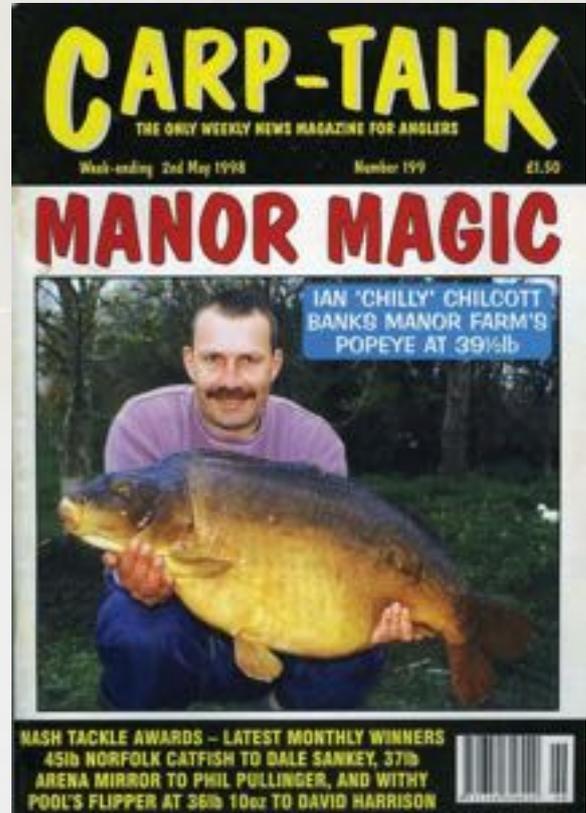


It's a misrepresentation of the carp fishing ethos, and whilst many try and big themselves up with "rig innovation, they forget to remind carp anglers that the one place they will more often than not find the answers, is in themselves. Anyway, my rig hasn't changed in its mechanics for probably thirty years, let alone 12 months, and I shall use it until I spin of my mortal coil! The materials it's made from have, of course, but in essence the rig is still the same. It's a bottom bait rig, but the hookbait is tipped with a Mainline Topper or a piece of plastic just to negate the weight of the hook. A long hair is tied onto an Edges Armapoint size 7 Curve Short hook using about six to seven inches of Camotex Soft 20lb. An Edges Line Aligner is added, and a tungsten anti tangle sleeve finishes off the rig. It is always fished with a mesh PVA bag which totally eliminates tangles and increases the attraction around the hookbait. Simple really!! Now let's move quickly on before rig talk sends me to sleep.....



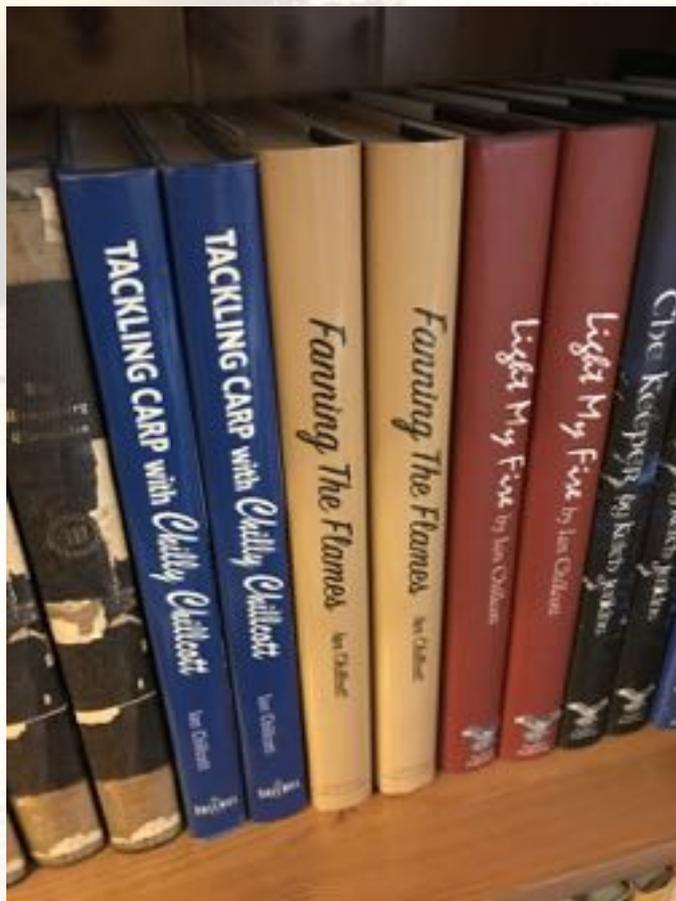
Q6 You have three books already published and available for sale on Amazon, do you have any plans for any more?

Yes, I do. It's kind of sad that the world of carp fishing magazines is dying. For me, the joy of learning is reading from a book or a magazine. Turning the pages is tactile and exciting, as it reveals more enlightening stories, something the intro web cannot do. I'm not saying the web isn't a good thing at times; it just seems to have taken the romantic, atmospheric wonderings of carp fishing and flushed it down the toilet. "Use this rig, use this bait, cast it out and reel them in" seems to be all I can get from it. People seem to forget in the



internet world, the stuff that fits in between those things. The sunrises, the sunsets, the swallows appearing in the mist of dawn, the carp showing in the evening light and the life that surrounds our fishing. The only place I can find that is in the written word. I probably won't make any money from it, but it's what I want to do.... The working title is "Wicked Tumour!"





Q7 What are your thoughts on fisheries stocking big fish to maximise ticket sales?

I have done my political thing many years ago, and ECHO very nearly changed everything, but money was all that mattered and triumphed in the end. In the main, no one cared about how evil, cruel and illegal the trade in foreign carp was. So, I buried my beliefs, and carried on as best I could. The irony of it is that the men with the money are still doing exactly what I just described, and getting away with it. If I mention names then I will be relegated to the charitable soup kitchens for my dinner, as those who do import illegal carp continue their nasty trade. So, in answer to your question; if the carp was bred in this country and didn't have to watch thousands of his mates perish in the illegal trade from Europe, then that is awesome. However, trade with Europe has made life easier

for the carp slayers and in the majority of cases, instant big carp waters have been created by slaughtering carp in their thousands and bringing alien diseases into our country.... only my opinion of course!!

Q8 How did your break into the elite of fishing stardom come about?

I'm not sure I even belong in this scary company. Anyone who thinks that of himself, and unfortunately there are many, should think again. At the end of the day, I'm a stinky old carp angler who enjoys the thrill of the chase. However, I began to write about carp fishing because, evidently, I was pretty good at it. When I caught Jack from Horton in 1996 I was asked by the Anglers Mail, the Angling Times and Carp Talk (RIP) to write the story. I was told by various editors that I had the ability to write as I speak, which evidently is as rare as rocking horse pooh! The pen just went into overdrive, I loved doing it, and just as importantly people liked reading it. And so, it began....

Q9 Do you prefer the social side of fishing, or being left alone to your own devices?

This could sound like I'm some kind of idiot that doesn't like anyone, but I do. Leaving the Army is the most brutal way to change your life and leaving behind soldiers whom my life depended, presented a few problems.



That said, I met a guy called Keith Jenkins on the Army Lake in the mid-nineties and this changed much about my perception of people. He is still the best friend I have on the planet and along with his friendship came Dave Lane, Chris Pearson, Lee Jackson and many others.



The writing, however, brought me into contact with others and Tim Paisley would stand head and shoulders above all of them! He means more to me than simply being a friend. Which may sound as if I like a bit of social fishing...but nothing could be further from the truth. I don't fish every day of the week and normally it is Monday and Tuesday. It's not the amount of time that everyone thinks I do, so as I have said before, I need to make the most of my time on the bank. And I simply cannot do that if I am socialising with friends.... No matter how much I love them.



Q10 Do you prefer to sit and watch for moving fish, or target features before casting out?

A bit of both really. I would describe myself as a jack of all trades, master of none. I incorporate everything which may make my time on the bank more successful, it's just knowing when to do them that counts. I try and arrive at the water an hour before first light and spend my time watching and listening for fish. Looking for signs of carp is the most important thing, and nothing will ever change that. Next up is to discover what they found interesting in that particular area of the lake, and once I have found this out I can adjust my fishing to the situation I have discovered.



Once I have set the traps it's time to start watching once again. The fish may have moved off and I will need to know where they have gone if my traps haven't been sprung. Familiarity with a lake can increase your awareness though, and you may eventually realise they will be in certain areas at certain times. Use that knowledge to your advantage and just don't set up in hope.

Q11 How do you keep your passion for fishing after all these years, especially with what you have recently been through?

I simply love carp fishing. I cannot even begin to tell you the dark emotional holes it has dragged me out of, especially when you

consider my military career and the 27-year fight with cancer that my wife, Lynn, has had to endure. She's also had two strokes and is registered blind, but at times when she is well enough, I can disappear into a world that is only shaped by my thoughts and actions, a world which helps me to forget the bad times.



That's not to say the carp don't drive me mad at times, they surely do!! The last 18 months have probably been the biggest eye opener of all for me, and when you have come so close to knocking on heaven's door, I guess it was always going to be so. I cannot for one second say that carp fishing meant more to me than Lynn's unbounded care over this time, no matter how ill she was, because it didn't. However, along with a few friends, I was able to get on the bank and fish occasionally.

Short sessions to begin with, but they have gotten longer, and the fish have got a little bigger.



I am still very far from a full recovery, and unfortunately have recently become aware of more issues I will have to deal with, but carp fishing still manages to get me out of those emotional mires, and do you know what?

I guess it always will.





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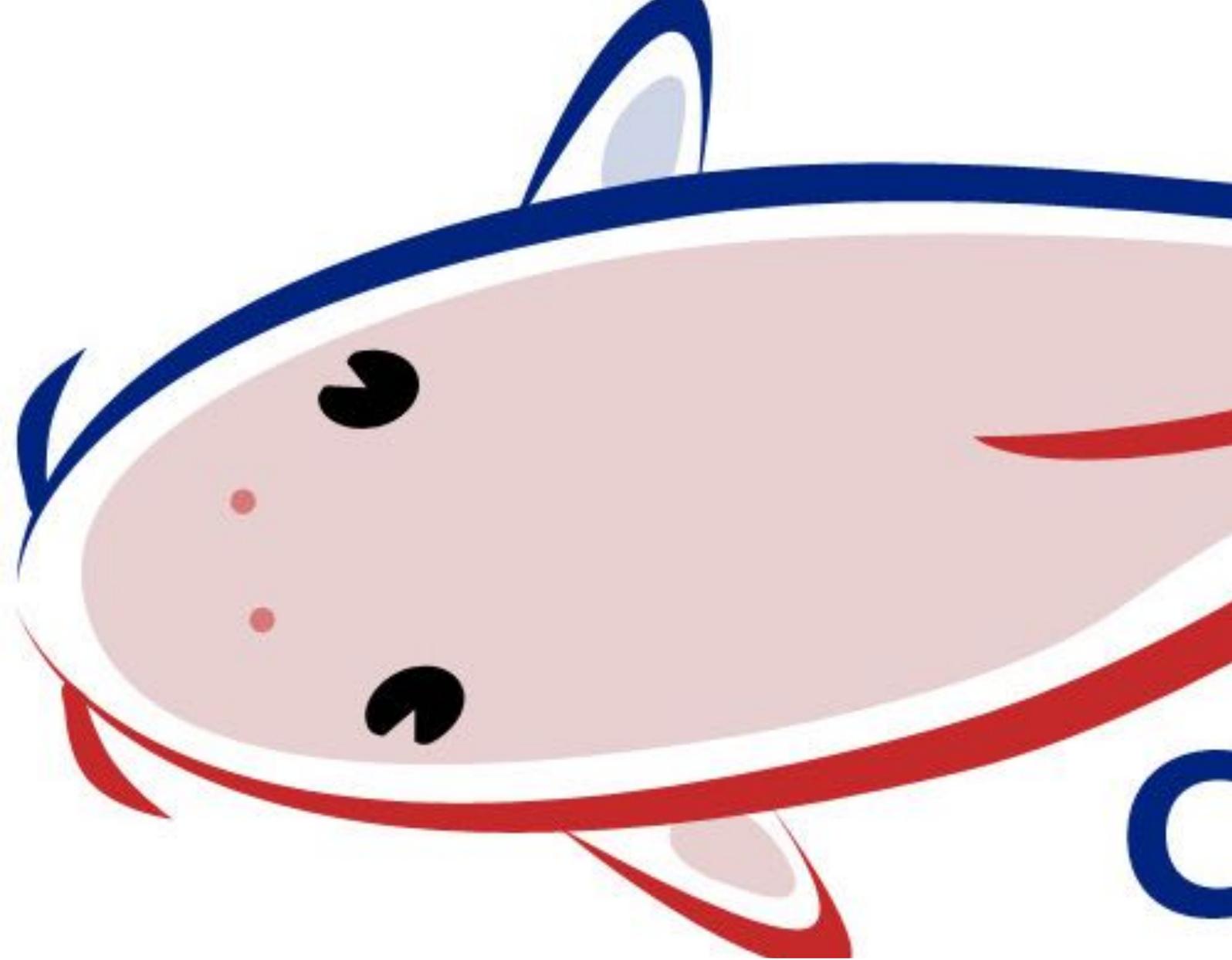
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LADIES BRITISH
CARP CUP

Brought to you by **BCC**



BRITISH CARP CUPS



MIXED CARP CUP

Brought to you by **BCC**

The British Carp Cups

I started marshalling for the British Carp Angling Championships around 2007 when Carp Team England Manager Rob Hughes was the owner.

I first met him whilst fishing the events with my angling partner. Rob eventually sold to Simon Bennie and I stayed on as a head marshal running both singles and pairs events. I continued in that role until the end of 2013 when myself and my wife Belinda started British Carp Cups Ltd. We pride ourselves on forward thinking and started Ladies singles and pairs events along with the very popular Mixed Carp Cup, which is usually our end of year closer. This year all three of those events sold out and have competitors on waiting lists.

I have marshalled in Europe for the European Carp Angling Championships at Abbey Lakes and Ross Honey's Worlds Carp Classic at Madine. This year is the 20th Anniversary of the WCC which I will be fishing myself on the mighty Madine. Myself and my wife are keen carp anglers but also enjoy fishing for other species as well.

Last year I was very proud to be asked to marshal the Home Nations between England, Scotland and Wales on Linear Fisheries and I must of done something right as I have been asked to continue into the future.

We have revamped our British Carp Cup with a new look final at Barston Lake in October.

Anybody is welcome to enter our competitions, Check our website for more information and current availability. There are still places available on most of the qualifiers.

Mick Coxon British Carp Cups
www.britishcarpcups.co.uk





Mixed FINALS



Albans Lake

The 2018 Mixed Carp Cup was an extremely tight match with an exhilarating finish in which there was only 3lb between the top three places. Fourth place was taken by our 2017 champions, the ever consistent Kay Holloway and Nathan Crowder.

New to the carp competition scene, Jennifer Garrett and Craig Hook, in peg 14 got off to a flyer by catching a 20lber for their first fish and carrying on that vein to take and hold the lead for the first 24 hours. Following that their swim slowed considerably and for a time they were out of the top four. By Sunday morning pegs 17 and 19 had started catching and were neck and neck and then peg 14 came back into the reckoning with a mid

morning surge. The reigning champions on the opposite bank were also making steady progress and were now in touching distance of the three pace setters.

Jane Henthorn and Alan Atkinson were in the running on Saturday evening but their catch rate dropped off through the night and morning. However Candy and Lee Bruce in the next peg along had a great Saturday and Sunday morning catching steadily

once the sun came up, but they just ran out of time when the hooter sounded at noon and ended up with a very credible weight just shy of the 200lb

There were lots of other fish out shared between 18 pegs which meant there were only 7 pairs not registering fish.

We had 190 fish grace the bank for a total weight in the event of almost 2,275lb.





The top 4 weights were all in excess of 200lb and the next 4 were all 100lb+, which were made up of mostly doubles and some twenties. Willows Lake is a fantastic match venue when the conditions are right and this is easily one of the best competitions we have held on there.

This event has a popular social aspect to it where

we break the fishing up with a BBQ on the Saturday afternoon. This always seems a good idea as resting the swims for a few hours always produces fish once the anglers return to their pegs.

We usually end the year with this one but this time it's different as we are at Barston next weekend for our

BIG ONE !!!!

*The British
Carp Cup
final.*

*Read the full
report here in
Talking Carp
magazine in
Novembers Issue*



Score Board
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Mixed Carp Cup

Final

Position	Competitors	Albans Lakes	Peg No	Number of Fish	Total Weight
1	Sam Ely / Matt Oakley		19	21	261lb 5oz
2	Miranda Brown / Brian Byford		17	24	259lb 15oz
3	Jennifer Garrell / Craig Hook		14	20	258lb 7oz
4	Kay Holloway / Nathan Crowder		22	22	215lb 8oz
6	Candy Bruce / Lee Bruce		24	18	198lb 15oz
6	Jane Henthorn / Alan Atkinson		23	19	175lb 14oz
7	Natalie Chapman / Mark Wozencroft		8	16	122lb 3oz
8	Theresa Biggs / Phil Biggs		18	10	110lb 10oz
9	Paula Marriott / Darren Pace		20	8	93lb 9oz
10	Jenna Lamb / Jack Lamb		21	7	74lb 13oz
11	Grace Butcher / Jon Butcher		13	7	74lb 3oz
12	Samantha Horton / Mick Webb		16	7	68lb 3oz
13	Linzi Overend / Terry Overend		26	4	43lb 4oz
14	Sarah Davey / Craig Davey		1	2	29lb 7oz
15	Jackie Potts / Mike Ryan		25	2	20lb 2oz
16	Tania Williams / Jason Sandiford		7	1	15lb 6oz
17	Ellen Beedham / Wayne Snodin		11	1	9lb 3oz
18	Becky Sharman / Shaun Sharman		3	1	9lb 2oz
19					
20					
21					
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24					
25					
26					



British Carp Cups Ltd

www.britishcarpcups.co.uk





Here it is.... the list for next years dates and venues, remember to book early to secure your place in the number one carp competition.

Contact Mick or Belinda Coxon at
www.britishcarpcups.co.uk
for more informaion

Bookings open 9am Thursday 11th October for this year's competitors and then 9am Friday 19th to everyone else.
Cost of entry £440.

contact@britishcarpcups.co.uk

Belinda 09791 285864 Office 01159 812791

The final at Barston will commence with a sit down meal in the restaurant followed by the 10pm draw live on stage.

Q1 Branston Water Park 1st to 3rd March

Q2 Orchard, Lake 7. March 15th to 17th

Q3 Todber Manor, Big Hayes. March 22nd to 24th

Q4 Albans Farm Lake. April 12th to 14th

Q5 Berners Hall. April 26th to 28th

Q6 Willow Park. May 17th to 19th

Q7 Poolbridge Q Lake. May 31, 1st & 2nd June

Q8 Kingsbury Pine Pool. June 14th to 16th

Q9 Old Mill Oak Lake. July 5th to 7th

Q10 Thorney Weir. July 26th to 28th

Final Barston. August 23rd to 25th



Highlights from this years pairs final is on BT Sport 2 Monday

22nd October 2018 at 21:00hrs, as part of the Fishing : On the Bank series. Not to be missed



Here it is folks. The one you have all been asking about. It's the British Carp Cup singles.

Q1 Todber Manor, Little Hayes 8th to 10th March

Q2 Branston Water Park 29th to 31st March

Q3 Willow Park 26th to 28th April

Q4 Kingsbury Pine Pool 31st May to 2nd June

Q5 Wetlands 21st to 23rd June

Q6 Newbridge Lake 28th to 30th June

Q7 Poolbridge Q Lake 28th to 30th June

Q8 DDAP's Brooklands 26th to 28th July

Final Albans Willows Lake 4th to 6th October

Brooklands will be 16 places and a max of 11 at Wetlands

All the rest have 12 and the top 3 qualify, top 4 at Brooklands. The final will be an out of the bag draw and it will be decided on a 3 best fish basis. The entry fee is £250.

Prize money

1st £5,000

Runners Up

£2,000 3rd

£1,000

4th £750

Booking opens Friday 12th Noon.

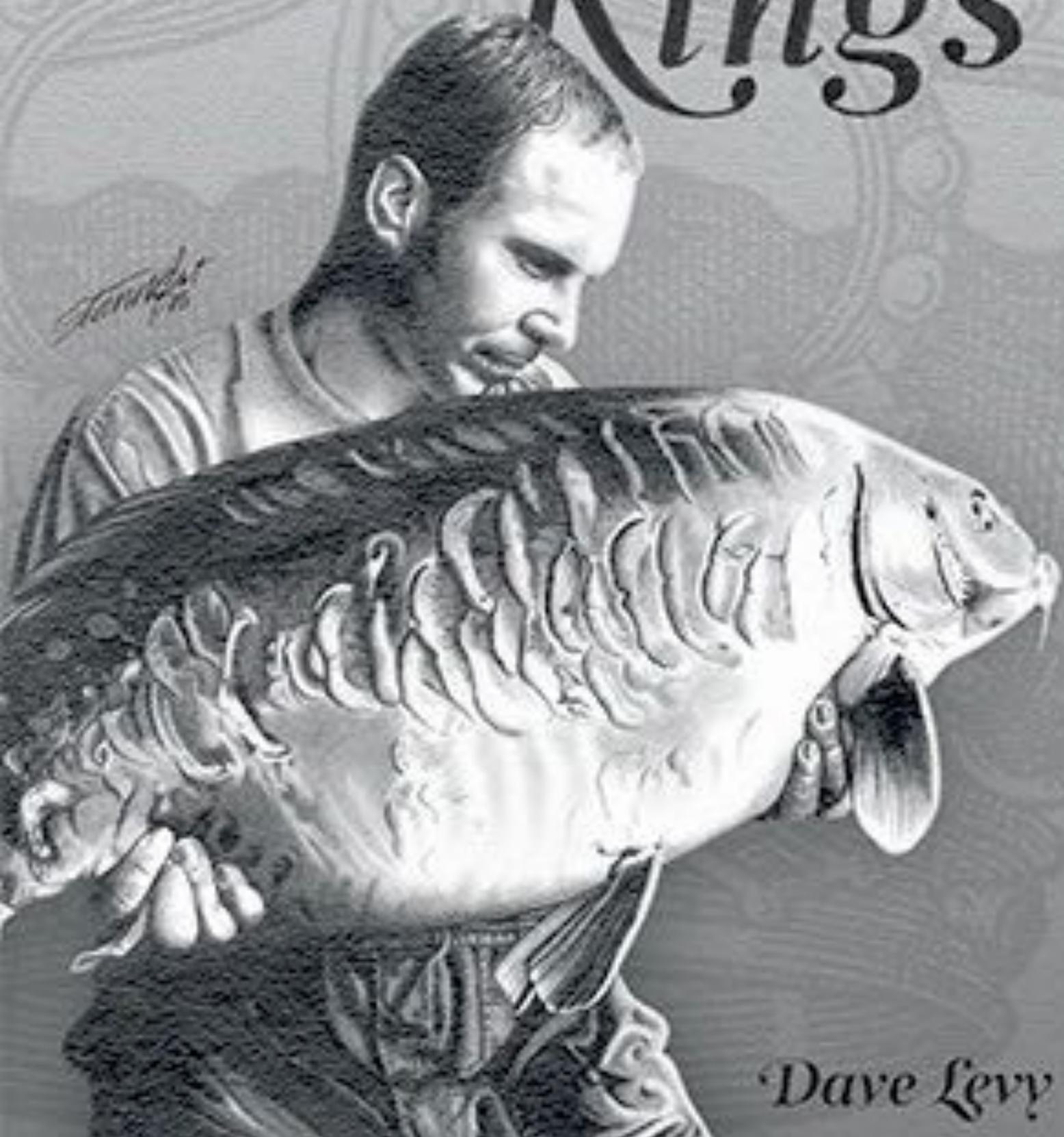
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Fallen Kings



Dave Levy

Dave Levy's Fallen Kings

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Fallen Kings

Fallen Kings isn't just another story about carp fishing. It's an autobiography of a carp angler, Dave Levy, who, like most of us, fits his obsession into every day life, turning dreams into reality. After he first read it Tim Paisley commented to Dave: 'This is one of the most human carp stories I've ever read.'





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VRH150 USB Rechargeable Headtorch

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- Triple High Powered LED output
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- Five beam options to suit all situations

- High capacity 1400mAh lithium-ion battery
- Quad LED power display
- Compatible with all common 5v USB charge adaptors

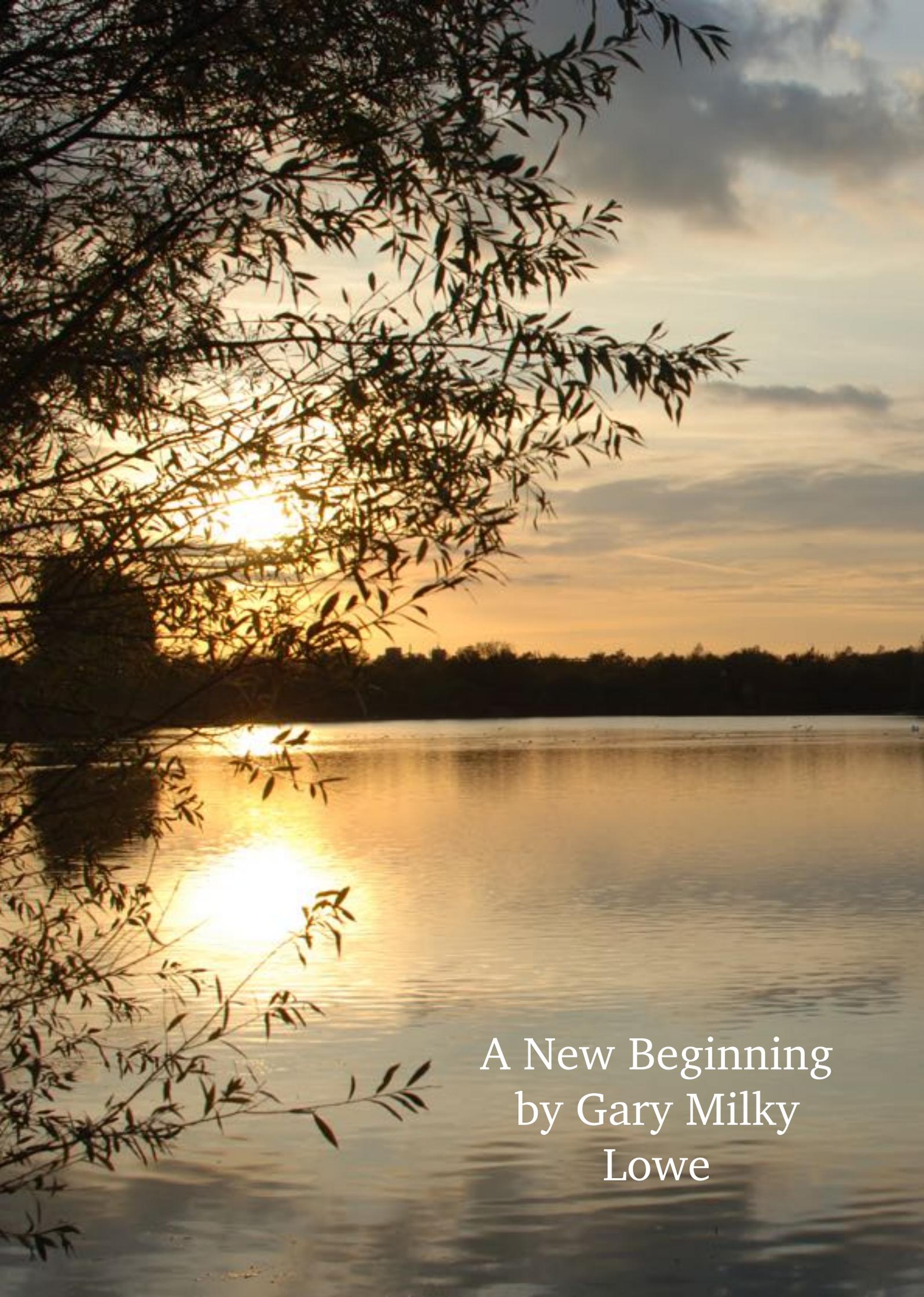
- Simple push button control
- IP64 water & dust resistance
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- Charge time: 3-3.5 hours
- Battery life @ 15C: up to 80 hours (dependent on setting)

PRICE

- RRP: **£34.99**





A New Beginning
by Gary Milky
Lowe

Well after 20 plus years with Mainline baits I've decided to move on, I just wanted to try something different and I've heard of Munch Baits over the years and after looking into what they do bait wise I was really impressed and had a talk with them and agreed to join them. I took the cream seed, it's a bird food based bait and as its coming up to winter this would be a good bait to start with.

The first session using the bait would be on one of my syndicates so a bit of prep before that. I took a bag of the cream seed and poured the bait glug over them and left it to soak in, just to give it a boost to the bait. I would leave this for a few days, and I was going to take some particle as well, that would be the dead reds which they do, is

a mixture of seeds and some maggots. This would get them grubbing around as well. Early Monday morning I loaded the car with everything and off I set for the 3 hour journey. I just hoped that the traffic would be ok as the m6 can be a nightmare at times. I was lucky this time it was ok and after 3 and a bit hour I was driving into the carp park. It looked quite busy there was 8 cars already there but some of them might have just done the night, so I looked the car and went off for a walk round.

I came to the first swim that commands a big piece of water. From here I could see most of the lake. I stood there for a while and I saw a few fish down the far end but by the look of things there was a few people down there and if you get too many down that end they

can move out as it's a very shallow bay. That's where most of the fish spend the summer, down there, but as the weather is going to change and we are going to get wind and rain and it's going to be a bit colder I was thinking of going into the big bay up this end the wind is supposed to change and blow up this way. The bay only has two swims in it and its around 8 acres in size so that won't bother me or the fish so I walked back to the car and loaded the barrow and as I did this one of the lads walked into the car park and after a chat he told me that the fish were on the move and making their way down the lake as they had past him this morning, so were I was going was going to be a good shout. He loaded his car and I made my way to the big bay. I was going to go into a swim called the ghost.

It is named this as some people have said that they have felt that someone was watching them in the night and seen a figure in the woods behind it so this should be fun.

Once at the swim, I sat at the front of the swim and watched the water the wind was lightly blowing into the bay now but I sat there for about an hour and didn't see nothing but I just had a feeling that this is where they would end up so I started to sort my gear out, the house was up and everything was in place but before I put the rods out I decided to have a quick brew. While I was drinking the brew, I saw my first fish, but it was a long way out, but it looked like it was coming in the right direction towards the bay. I sat back in my bivvy and tied up three new rigs.

The rigs I was going to use was the Ronnie size 2 straight point Gripz and Munch Baits cream seed pop up as hookbait. These were all tied to a helicopter rig with an Evolve Shurelink leader and a big 4oz dumpy lead, I first had to find three spots to place my baits on, I took the marker off and was just going to use the lead to feel around. With the first cast I was aiming towards a big weed bed to my left. After about 5 casts I found a small clean patch of silt about two rod lengths off the weed bed, once

the rod was out there I spombed out about a kilo of cream seed and 10 spombs of dead reds to get started.

The middle rod I cast towards a second weedbed that was a bit further out. I found a similar spot but really close to the weed bed and I baited it with the same. The third rod I found a nice silty spot that was in open water at about 100 yards out with no weed around it and again I baited it the same as the others. After I had sorted everything I made



myself another brew and sat there just chilling and watching the water when the bailiff came walking down the wooded path. I made him a brew and we chatted about what's been going on and what's been caught and I found out that most of the fish have been coming out from up the other end, that's why most of the anglers were up there but the wind had been pushing up there for a while now, but it had changed and started to push towards me and we were both saying that the fish would move on it and we even see a couple of fish in my bay just behind the big weed bed that I had two rods in front of, so I was really confident of a bite at some stage. After about half an hour he went, and I was on my own again, it was about mid-day till I saw my next fish and

it was this side of the weed bed so it looks like they are moving in closer. Now I started to think should I have put a rod closer in, but I sat on my hands knowing that where I had put my baits were good spots. As the sun started to go down the wind stopped, and the water went flat calm and looked like a mirror so if anything moved I would see it. A few more people had turned up and gone up the other end, they didn't even look down this end which I was pleased about, and men I had the whole

bay to myself.

I saw a few shows before it got dark then into dark I heard quite a few more shows which I think were over the back of the weedbed I think but as it got later into the night I heard less so I decided to get my head down as I wanted to be up early just so I could watch for showing fish. I had a good night sleep as the bobbins stayed in the same spots as before went to sleep and sat there watching the steam coming of



the kettle when I heard two bleeps from the first rod I had cast out. As I looked at the rod it burst into life and the line was peeling of the spool... I was on it in a shot and as soon as I picked the rod up it was still taking line but after a while I eventually managed to slow the fish down... then it hit the weed bed, and all went solid so I kept pressure on the line and it started to move slowly towards me. I pumped it towards me, then the weed must have come off as the fish bolted off to the right and over the other two rods so i

dipped the rods in the water to keep the fish away from the lines well it went right down the margins so I had to really give it some welly to get it back out in front of the swim then it went back and forth till I finally got the fish on the surface and take a few gulps of air and then I slowly pulled it over the net cord and it sunk into the bottom of the net.

I was well happy with that a fish on the first night and it looked like a good twenty and had a few apple slice scales on the side of it. I made sure the fish was safe in the net

then I started to get my camera and weigh slings ready. On the scales the fish went 28lb 4 oz. The fish was gently placed on the mat and some water poured over it to keep it wet then a few self takes and I then took her back to the water and watched her swim off back into her watery home. I sharpened the hook and then I rebaited the rod then cast it back on the spot and then baited it back up with more cream seed. I sat back and made myself a cuppa and watched the sun come over the trees and see if there were any signs of fish in the area. It got to about 10 o'clock and I hadn't seen any signs of fish anywhere a few lads walked round looking and stopped for a cuppa and we put the world to rights. I reeled the rods in at mid-day and went for a walk



around the lake to just see if there was anything happening. I climbed a few trees down the bottom end and all I could see was bream cruising on the surface. I had a few cups of tea with the other lads and found out that one other fish had been out last night down the end where everyone was fishing but they hadn't seen much down there, so I walked back to my end of the lake which I had to myself. As I turned the corner to the bay I see a fish crash out right over where my rods would have been. I was not

happy, I should have kept my rods in. Back in my swim I tied new rigs and put on fresh pop ups ready to cast out again it was now about 4 o'clock so I really needed the rods out there. All three rods went out first cast and were on the spots, and I rebaited all three spots with a mixture of boilies and particle and then sat down with a brew.

The evening drew in and I had seen a few fish but down the other end I just hope that they hadn't moved down the other end away from me. I had a nice chicken curry

and a can just to wash it down and watch the sun go down over the trees just as the last bit of sun disappeared, a big fish came out right over my right hand rod which filled me with confidence. I decided to get in the bag as it was getting chilly and just listen for any fish that moved out in the bay, but that plan didn't work I must have fell asleep because I was woken up at around 2 o'clock in the morning by a massive liner which had me running to the rod but as I got to the rod I watched the bobbing drop to the floor, I climbed back in to bed and soon drifted off to sleep to dream of Carol Vorderman lol but I was interrupted in that by a one toner. As I scrambled out the bed it was taking line like it was tied to a express train I managed to slow it a bit but the big weed bed to my left must



have helped and it all went solid I kept the line tight and I felt the fish moving towards me, I kept pumping it towards me and as it was getting light I could see a big bed of weed coming towards me and I now had to work out how to get it in the net. I pushed the net deep under the weed bed and scooped it up and dropped the rod and just started to pull the weed out the net. I could see the line going in the net, so I knew it was in there. I slowed down a bit now, the more weed I took out of the net the more line I could see then I saw a back and it looked a chunky one too. After about 10 minutes I had all the weed out the net I saw my prize.

I set up the care and weighing equipment then I transferred the fish to the weigh sling and on the scales she

went 26lb 2oz. I was well chuffed with that, I took a few shoots of her then I returned her to the water, now it was around 8 o'clock I had to leave by 10 so I didn't put that rod out. I packed it away and just left the two rods out and started to pack down my gear and just sat there for an hour on my chair watching two rods. While I was sitting there someone came around the corning with all the gear and wanted to know when I was going he had seen me catch the one this morning and saw me packing down and

wanted to get in my swim, so I said, "now mate." I reeled in my last two rods and left him to it and drove the long journey home, but it was a nice drive as I had not blacked and I was thinking if it would be worth driving back down the following week as I knew I would be able to get back in that swim. Well you will just have to wait until next months Talking Carp to see where I end up.

tight lines

Milky





Beating The Ban
by Mike Madeley

As we all know the use of Lead core leaders are virtually banned everywhere, my own opinion for this is mainly down to the way they were used, and the fact of the matter is, any leader used in correctly will be the rope to a death rig.

There is no excuse for not fishing with a safe set up,

information is so easily found and if in doubt or a newcomer to carp angling simply ask.

There are now so many alternatives to use these days and all claim to have the same property's such as sinks like a brick, or hugs the contours of the lake bottom and with that we are spoilt

for choice which is a good thing, I have used a fair few and it wasn't until I seen and used the LinkteQ leadless leader from Rig Marole that I can't see any alternative beating it. Am I being biased, I don't think so, the LinkteQ is not just another leader and is unique to Rig Marole.



Most leadless leaders have some form of tungsten running through it to give it the weight, so it will sink and hug the contours which is fine, but how about if it was chain!

The LinkteQ leader material is lead free technology at its very best innovative and design, a product which fits in with

new lake rules or legislation, so what exactly is it? it has a micro brass chain with a braided outer and was in development for 2 years before it was successfully released, it is simply a game changer it simply flows up and over contours even over the most challenging of lake beds, with 2 colour

variants Brown/Black or Green/Black on 5m spools in 45 lb bs it is well worth taking a look. I want my leader to sink like a brick and pin down that last 3 or 4 ft, this does exactly that.

Now what if leaders are completely banned, it's then a case of fish straight through or get out some tubing.



I used to hate the thought of using tubing mainly because threading the mainline through a decent length of it used to be impossible and time consuming, however the Rig Marole super heavy micro braided tubing has proved to be a massive hit. This is the only braided rig tubing on the market today and looks and feels identical to braided leaders.

Threading the mainline through couldn't be easier due to the highly polished stainless steel inner core, it has a two tone hi tech braided coating that adds camouflage and importantly offers the ultimate fish care by minimising the chance of lifting scales, just a point to note the inner core has a 0.5mm diameter and comes in Black/Brown or Black/Green in 5 x 600mm

and 3 x 1m lengths.

So there you have it, with so many options available from many companies of a lead free leader the most important point of all is use it correctly and safely,

Good luck

Mike Madeley



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Deja Vu by Les Bowers



I was having a conversation recently with a good friend and I wrote a paragraph about it on my Facebook. Talking Carp contacted me and asked if I'd like to elaborate on it a little.

I've found that carp can be creatures of habit. They know their environment better than we ever will. Certain times of the year the natural food larders will be abundant. They know exactly where and when these larders come to fruition and feed on them accordingly.

If you do your homework on a water, you can begin to suss out where these areas are. You need to take into account weather conditions, time of year etc. Quite often your target fish will get caught from the same general area year after year. This

doesn't guarantee you'll have that fish, but it sure does put you in a better position of catching that fish.

I've had this happen to me and seen it happen many many times. Too many to just be a coincidence. On Yateley car park lake, Bazil's Bush wasn't called that for nothing. Look through old captures and see where and when they happened. I do this on waters I fish and have had some good success doing it.

I'll never forget a couple of years ago on

a social session on a cold winters weekend. About ten of us went up the local Indian and had a nice meal to warm us up and a couple of beers. When we got back to the lake we all stood around a large fire we had got going. Whilst putting the world to rights and having a giggle, one of the lads asked me how I managed to catch a good portion of the bigger fish in my short time on there.

I don't have secrets and am happy to see anyone catch, so I explained about doing





your homework. Yes, it takes a little time to do but it's worth the effort. I said, "Take now, the Big Plated is due out in the next week or so. It will come out between noddies and sticks."

That's 3 swims all in a row together. The very next morning it came out of noddies at 40 plus!

I've found if you can, trickle a little bait in the areas for a week or

so. This just gets the percentages more so in your favour. Every little thing you do that will put the chances more in your favour, the better.

Look at Charlie's Mate on Frimley I've guessed / worked out its favourite haunts. No, I can't say you'll definitely catch it, but I can say you're in with a chance from certain swims and

areas. Where I finally caught it, it had been caught from in past captures. I know Chilly (Ian Chillcot) had had it from there and a few others. It was a cold New Year's Eve. I was down for a social (don't mind a social in winter, most of the time I fish alone). To be honest I'd walked around and seen nothing to go on. I chose double boards because it had winter form and Charlie's

mate likes the area along that bank. I'll be honest, it was so cold I didn't expect to catch. At 5.30am my alarm made 3 bleeps before going into meltdown mode. I knew it was a good fish during the whole fight. When my good mate Paul netted it, he peered in and said 'that's a good un'. I took a look and said, 'that's because it's Charlie's Mate'. On the scales she went 49LB. Had I'd not done my homework, I wouldn't

have had a clue where to fish as I hadn't seen anything visual to go on. So, in this instance, I went on past captures. George Allan was another fish on another lake of 360 acres I dearly wanted. I did the same when I was after this fish. It always came from a certain area, even though it could travel the whole lake. I spent time baiting up that area for a couple of weeks. Would you

believe it was the very first fish I had from that area?

Try a year of fishing this way when you don't see anything to go on. I think you'll be pleasantly surprised. Use old log books if they have any, google, and social media, to glean as much information as you can.

Tight lines and good luck

Les Bowers.

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**SCRATCHING THE SURFACE BY
RICH AUSTIN**



Excitement....
Adrenaline....
Skill.... Stealth....
Passion.... Sense of
Accomplishment....

All of these elements are found in a very under used and under rated tactic of catching our beloved quarry, I also find after speaking with many anglers across the generations and observing many more that it is a dying art, whether anglers just can't be bothered, or are not interested or whether they are just not educated and confident enough, if you are not surface or sub surface fishing for carp straight after the first weeks of sunshine you are most certainly missing a trick, and a fantastic addition to your armoury in hunting out your favourite species.

Obviously, you can pop down to your local runs water plop out a piece

of your sun-drenched floppy sandwich and the odds are one of the hundreds of overstocked fish will take your offering and you will have hooked your first surface caught cyprid. Now that leads me to the Sense Of Accomplishment, you will soon get confident enough or bored enough to move on to your waters that hold those old warty, stunning looking fish that 'never get caught on the top' we have all heard it when fishing a new water for the first time, or walking round a potential water and speaking to those 'accommodating anglers' who have a couple of minutes out of their busy bankside schedules ha-ha. Some will tell you as it is, some will tell you as it isn't, and some will tell you a

certain tactic doesn't work because they don't use that tactic, not only surface fishing etc this could be any tactic. Your sense of accomplishment will come when all your pieces are put together, and it delivers what you are after. The first thing to do in any visit is to walk your lake looking for signs of fish as we all do no matter what tactic we are fishing with. Look for those rising fish, boshing, rolling, cruising, telltale signs of active fish, look for insect hatches, flies, bugs, all give away, where you find those





you will find fish in the upper layers and you can utilise one of two tactics, either by presenting a bait on top of the lake surface, or fishing a floating bait under the surface somewhere in the water column zig style.

If I'm brutally honest I prefer presenting a bait directly on top and watching that bait, I don't just watch the controller which many people seem to do, if you watch the surface float or controller solely you will inevitably lose fish, you want the bait to act as naturally as

possible moving with the wind, current or with other debris that rests on the surface line will go slack behind the controller float so unless you are watching both your split second timing will be off.

The adrenaline that builds up inside is an amazing feat, when you see a fish approach your bait for instance just nose it and swim away the adrenaline with that alone will course through your veins at lightning speed, if you

have introduced a few loose offerings around your own bait and have managed to get a few fish interested that in itself will see your heart rate rise, watching fish compete for the free offerings is what you want in an ideal world, they are more likely to slip up if they think another fish will get to the food before them and almost momentarily switch off let their guard down and bang you have just witnessed a fish suck in the baited hook and thrash the water to a foam as it senses something isn't right and makes for the depths or horizon. You see the big splash and all the line go tight your controller will take off and the ensuing battle will commence, your heart rate is going ten to the dozen, your breathing heavily, whilst all this is going on the fish is shaking

head trying to dislodge the offensive wide gape that's nailed it. Whilst playing the fish you must have your wits about you more than usual as floating surface line is usually 10-12lb and all tackle is scaled down including your hook size so gently does it, you can't bully them like you can with your standard Mono or Fluoro in 15 or 18lb there is not much forgiveness and that's why you never forget these surface battles, skill must play a part in every aspect of your hunt from the start from locating your prey, stalking a target fish or shoal, to being mobile enough to move with them, to baiting up free offerings watching the way the wind blows and the water tows, you need to move with it, being stagnant surface fishing just does not work. I've been fishing a few

different waters over the last few years each one has its own characteristic and offers something a bit different from one another but they all do have one thing in common, they all offer me the opportunity to catch fish on the surface. One water has lots of bays, snags, over hanging trees etc whilst another has big beds of lily pads all these are perfect for floating bait tactics. There is something very special about hooking a fish on the edge of a set of lily pads and watching

the whole patch vibrate and erupts into a white water frenzy. With the snags there is much satisfaction in drawing out the wary fish from their safe haven to come feed on some free-floating offerings until they are far enough from the snags to present a floating bait of choice. Don't think for one moment that it ends there what about the open water venues that don't have any features, how do you approach those? Watercraft, a lot of people are frightened of the word, Watercraft is not some secret



word, or a private club, if you have ever fished any water just once you have started the Watercraft journey, you never stop learning, we ALL keep learn every time we step foot next to a body of water. It's how you put what we have learned on every previous trip in to every new trip, all those signs of fish you have ever seen before utilise those on all future trips and that is your watercraft kicking in, location is key its 3/4's of the battle and that is a factor in every aspect and tactic which you deploy.

Real Food Baits I use when I am surface fishing include pop ups in any size depending on how fussy the fish are being, weather conditions, and what freebies I am offering, if they are being very fussy I will trim down the pop ups to the size I require. Chum

Mixers which I spot glue together usually 2 or 3 to the hook shank but they don't last long so a couple of long casts or a few shorter ones would be the end of those before having to start again it is time consuming so if you have a few fish going it's not the best tactic, floating trout pellets banded on the shank are a great bait as they leak off attraction and fish definitely home in on those. Lake Rules permitting I like to use various plastic imitation baits including a single pop up tiger nut, a single or double fake

dog biscuit, fake bread piece and I also used different coloured foam especially if there is fly hatch or similar at the time.

When introducing freebies I usually fire out one pouch full initially or a spod full if fishing at range, and wait a few minutes to see what occurs, if fish show an interest I'll add more at a trickle pace just enough to keep them interested and competing with each other, but not to feed them off, after a few minutes of active



feeding carp I will introduce the relevant hookbait casting a way past the freebies for minimum disturbance and slowly reel back the controller until the hookbait is either on the back or front edge depending on how frantic they are feeding then the tense moments begin, followed by the adrenaline and all that is because you are passionate, passion is what keeps us doing what we do, through the good times and the bad times, good times when we are catching fish and the bad times when we just can't get any fish to rise and feed or when we lose fish, because believe me surface fishing is far from easy and YOU WILL lose way many more than you bank that's a given. In a successful session of about 4 or 5 optimum hours surface fishing one or two fish is

fantastic, three, four or five+ that's a surface session to be proud of and they don't occur very often. Being a Rig Marole Consultant I have access to all the current range and we have a great product for zig and surface fishing in the Specimon, a specialist floating hooklink material in 10 and 12lb strains.

This is one of the better hooklinks I have used as its very subtle, floats well and is extremely light permeable so helps to be inconspicuous on the surface whilst retaining its strength and abrasive resistant properties. Controller wise I like to use the Korda Surface Controllers and they come in different weight classes for varying distances and are extremely aero dynamic for distance fishing. Hooks wise

in my opinion and experience it has to be a Wide Gape style hook for its hooking capabilities, I've tried all the patterns and a wide gape out performs every time, my most popular choice is a size 8, but I have used a 6 on occasions.

I love to catch character fish, old, wary warriors, distinguishing marks etc they don't have to be big but have to have some character, I love a full coloured common but it's very strange because if I kept a tally of whether I caught more commons or more mirrors whilst surface fishing, commons would be the most species banked. The biggest common I've had whilst surface fishing is 29lb and it was a hugely delightful fight due to the lightened and scaled down tackle a few

times I thought I would lose it, but the angler was victorious in the end.

I can't wait to get the surface gear back out and make the most of the fish in the upper layers

if you have never adopted this tactic I urge you to do so and give it a few goes you will love the adrenaline of it, and if you are accustomed to this way of fishing I am sure you agree in how exciting this

way of fishing is and how much pleasure it gives you knowing all the hard work you have put in to it has accounted for a banked carp.

Rich Austin





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FRENCH ADVENTURES BY ANDREW MURRAY



After several years of featuring in many magazines and prominent carp matches and other carp related events such as the Carp Society Junior Schools, for various reasons I had a few years out of carp-fishing, then started again in 2012-2013. At first it was the odd session, now I'm full on carp mode and getting out as much as I can. Part of this was getting abroad again and I have fished a number of places in the last few years as part of that journey. As part of getting back to fishing in France again, I wanted to try as many different types of lakes/ fisheries as I could. Apart from the drive from here up North to the South Coast, I love the whole thing of fishing abroad, the prep, the journey, the unknown. I tend not to do homework on where I am going as I like the

challenge of working it out when I arrive and then fish.

I had taken a look at The Armfield Angling website as they have a number of lakes in their portfolio. We then booked the Chalet swim for our summer trip to Etang De Brigueuil (formally known as High Mill). This a great and well-known swim, on a very well-known lake. The Chalet swim has a full well equipped two-bedroom chalet

at the back of the swim. Including Wi-Fi and full TV. It's also good shelter when the weather is very hot, which it was! Worth paying the extra for. We had also opted for the food package so as to not have to worry about shopping and cooking Andy and Tracy looked after us brilliantly all week and are well known for their hospitality. Many of the anglers that travel to fish there are regulars. I was still at the stage



where this was a holiday as well. So, it's some quality time out and fishing as well. You will see this change through the next few articles in search of different experiences.

We arrived on Saturday after an overnight drive, to be told our part of the lake had been fishing hard as it had been very hot, with little wind and a lot of carp were holding in the Pads at the far side of the lake. Although our swim covered a lot of water, pegs 8 and 11 were the pegs to be in, right amongst the pads, with peg 10 throwing a few up as well. We still felt confident we would still get a few chances during the week if played it right, which proved to be the case in the end. The outgoing angler who I knew from the UK, had been there for two weeks and confirmed it

had been hard going, he told us about a couple of likely spots which did produce, other carp came from watching the water for showing fish, it certainly seemed that whenever we saw carp we caught, it just wasn't often!

Bait wise I had taken Hemp and tigers along with frozen Essential Cell and Readymade Spicy Crab boilies from Mainline. I always

like to use two totally different types of boilie when baiting up, which gives more options than with the hookbait and presentation. Also, we knew it was going to be really hot, (mid to high thirties), so if for any reason we had trouble with the fresh bait, we had readymade to fall back on, though there was plenty of freezer space, but I always like to be sure. Just to mention at this point,



I have used Mainline baits since the early 90's when I first started using the Grange, which was the first frozen commercial ready prepared bait of its kind. Few people would argue it was a game changer and many companies followed suit. From the Grange through to the Active-8 later on during many of the tournaments I fished, to where we are today. I have total confidence in anything they produce. It's not to say there aren't other good companies or baits, but why change

a winning formula? I had also taken delivery of a new bait boat- the New Waverunner Sport, it has lithium batteries so has a much better battery life for long runs, although a small boat it can cover a lot of distance, which proved to be the case. I had a Toslon 500 fitted as well. For a small, compact boat it certainly packs a lot of power and was still fully controllable at 170 yards with ease (although I did need to use the binos to see it!). The plan was to set up a baited area at 100 yards in the deeper

water just off the shelf and then top this up twice a day, looking for the carp to turn up in numbers (which they did as we were leaving, as the weather started to change), I didn't say it was a great plan! We also had access to the dam wall and the far tree line. The other rods were fished with the use of the boat, as and when we saw a carp show. These spots were baited with a handful of boilies, a handful of tigers and a handful of particles. Hook baits were either 3 tigers on a hair or a single Essential Cell or Spicy Crab wafter (even though we had been told to avoid yellow baits). We had been warned about the crays and the Poisson Chat which is why baiting to showing carp was kept to a minimum, just enough for a bite each time. I would never, ever go to France,



actually anywhere abroad where there are nuisance species and not take Tigers!

I used Free Spirit CTX'S, Shimano XTD reels, 15lb mainline, 10-inch Korda or ESP coated hooklinks, size 4 fox hooks, with Kickers on to accentuate the turning. I mostly tend to fish longer hooklinks when in France as opposed to England, it

just somehow seems to work. I opted for 3-ounce leads, due to using the boat and not having to cast too far. The lake bed was very soft as well, so I didn't want the leads sinking in too much. The rig was fished pendant style.

I ended up the week with 5 carp to 42LBS, not a great result but fair in the conditions, interestingly, not one

of the carp ran off but gave fickle bream like bites, just like they were sat shaking their heads to get the hooks out. It's a must to use the sharpest hooks and change them after every bite.

With hindsight I should have probably caught a couple more on the last night, as they did start to turn up late on Friday night. Also re-setting the rods a bit



more often might have helped due to the boilie hookbaits being whittled away, a little bit of laziness can be costly. There is no doubt the heat made the conditions difficult, but that's what happens when you go in July. We also took an afternoon out to visit Oradour-Sur-Glane, a village that has just been left in place since World War 2, it sees a lot of visitors due to its

story. We always try and see something of the locality wherever we go. It was a very thought-provoking trip. Certainly, highlights some of the horrors of war. It really helps put things in perspective when the fishing is hard as well.

It is a beautiful part of France and we were well looked after by Andy and Tracy. Nothing was too much

trouble from their point of view, and I would recommend the food package if you go, it just takes the time and trouble out of the week. They did a great BBQ mid- week with the odd glass of something to wash it down with. It's a great fishery and well run. We had a return trip in the Autumn, but that's for another time.

Andrew.



CARPING MAD!

Chapter 6



Mike 'SPUG' Redfern



"Open a bottle or two, and smell the grapes"

one hand, with possibly four or five altogether, unlike these days where you often see people grinning behind 50s.

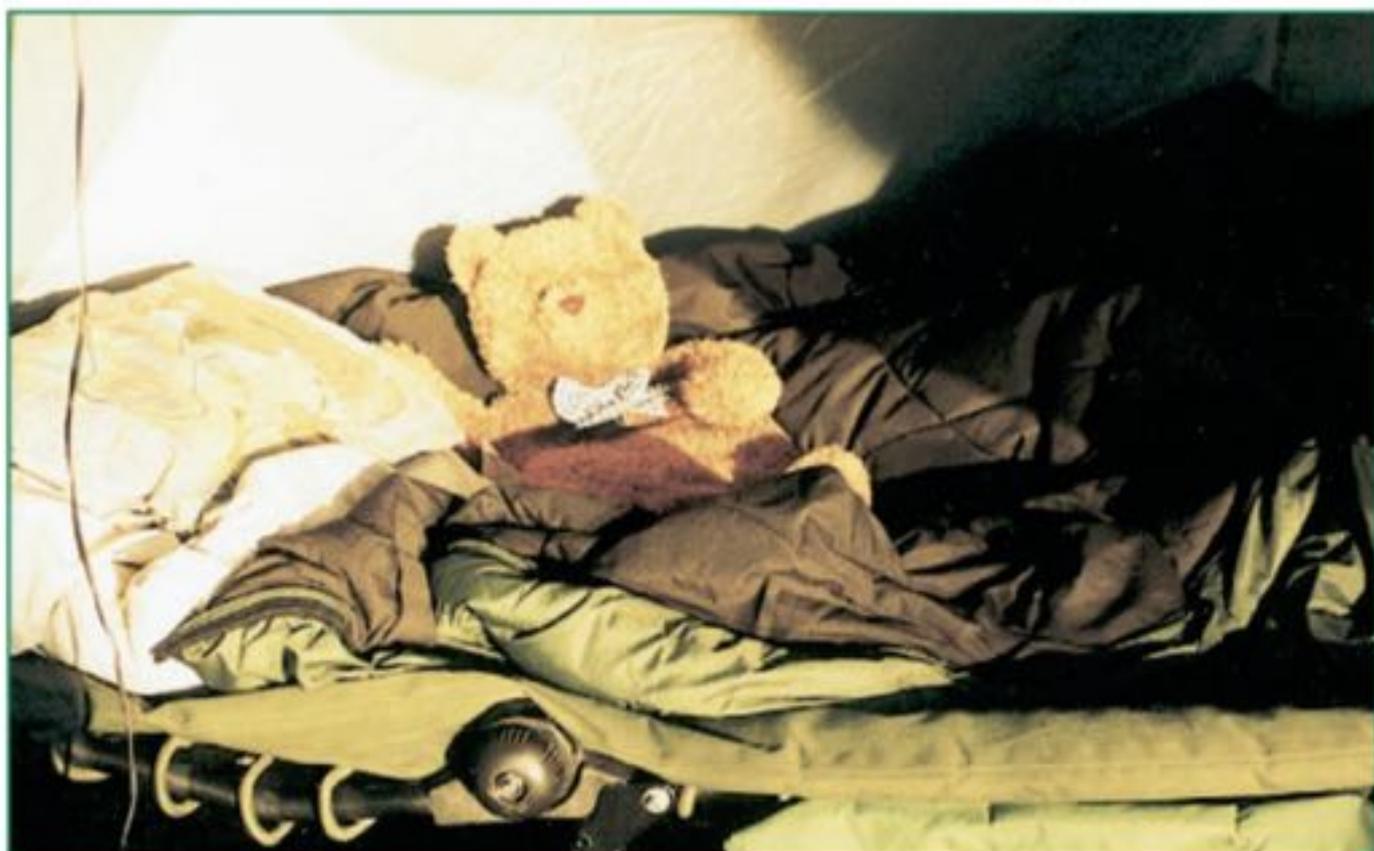
Certainly, the decision to fish the Brook had probably not helped in my quest for a 30. Maybe if I had sat on Chilham for the same amount of time I would have easily caught one, who knows? - but the Brook had got hold of me. I had looked that big old girl in the eye and I was happy with my decision. I had already proved to myself that I could hold my own (reasonably) and I was happy learning my trade. This year and with Mandy well and truly behind me, I was going to have a real good go on there when the weather warmed up.

There is a lake in Hampshire that Lockey has a ticket for. It is very exclusive and has only around 15 members and an enormous amount of 30s. One of those members is a very nice chap called Mark Pidgeley, a dedicated and capable angler, who would pop up in the press now and again. The previous year he broke the record for the amount of 30s ever landed in England in a year. His record was a mouth-watering 41 fish over 30 and one of them being a 40-plus. Obviously this was one of the few prolific 30s waters I was telling you about and when Lockey asked me if I fancied a session up there, I bit his hand off!

It was going to be a weekend jolly at the end of February. I was looking forward to meeting up with 'Pidge', but I wasn't looking forward to the weather, as it was forecast frost and maybe some snow. Fortunately, thanks to Santa, I now had Harvey, my little teddy bear hot-water bottle and he doubles fantastically as a red wine 'warmer-upper'. I have to say now though, that I pretend he isn't a hot-water bottle, and when I pretend, he even whispers to me late at night (especially after his warming up-duties) and he tells me that he is indeed a real bear, and that he has been sent down from carp heaven to bring me luck. As I don't like to upset anybody, (or any bears) I usually nod and just agree.

Anyway, back on planet Earth, the weather wasn't going to put us off and on the Friday we made our way down the M3 full of excitement. Before we got there, Pidge had rung to say that he couldn't make it as he had a bad dose of man-flu and that if anyone wanted to jump in the swim which he had been baiting/fishing/catching from all year, that was fine by him. Now obviously Lockey was not as desperate as me to catch. The fact that he had basically emptied everywhere he had fished for years told the angling world that one. Upon hearing of the absence of our record-breaking hero, he said, "That's where you want to go, Bob." He never was too good at names. "Straight in Pidge's plot."

"You sure?" I replied



Harvey. Sometimes he's a real bear.

"Absolutely, Jack," came the reply.

When we arrived, I must confess I felt confident. It hadn't been that long since Lord Pidgeley had caught some out of there and I couldn't wait to cast out. We had a small problem to get over first, and that problem came in the shape of a boat. In the swim there were conduit markers and with a boat on hand it would save all that energy you would have to expend spodding. I am not really confident in a boat, after once nearly capsizing one on a mere in Norfolk. I had scared myself stupid on that occasion. Lockey was out in the boat with a lifejacket on, baiting his spots. As I stood there smoking a roll-up, it was then that it dawned on me that he had some of his 'under the counter' special baits in his bivvy. This was a good opportunity to 'borrow' some when he wasn't looking. I dived straight into his bivvy and into the plastic bag under his bedchair. With pockets full of goodies I stood there grinning at him. As I stood thinking about my fears of the boat, I said to myself, hell Spug, what are you fretting about? Stop being a wimp and get on with it.'It was time to get on with the task in hand. I didn't mention what I had thought, or indeed what I had nicked, when Lockey returned to dry land. I just grabbed some pellet, put the lifejacket on and carefully made my way out to the markers and baited-up.

On arriving back in the swim I scrambled unsteadily out of the boat and went

about the business of flicking the rods out. With Power Gum distance markers on the line, 10lb mono hook links and small, sharp hooks, I thought I had done enough for a bite. The fact that I had jumped in the going swim and nicked some 'under the counters' had nothing to do with it, whatsoever. That was just good angling.

The night came and I cooked a chilli. Harvey performed his warming-up duties and I went to bed full of expectancy, fully aware of the privileged position I was in. My middle rod ripped off at 2.30 the following morning and I proved just what a consistent angler I had now become, by catching probably the smallest fish in the lake at 7lb! Oh mate, do me a favour. A 7lb common at two in the morning, that wasn't really my idea of fun, certainly not in the middle of February. I got the rod back out (with my new-found Power Gum skills) and as I felt the lead strike the bottom, I knew I was back in with a chance.

That chance came the next morning when the same rod rattled off at 6.30. This was indeed a better time for a bite. It didn't take long to slip the net under the fish and I was really, 'diddy-dum-diddy-dee' when a cracking golden common carp lay in my net, weighing-in at a healthy 24lbs. The sun was only just coming up as we took the pictures and it was still cold, so with the rod back out we jumped in our respective bivvies to warm up for an hour or two. Just as I was back up to full heat, the same rod ripped off again. "You in Bob?" Lockey called.

"Certainly am," I said, grabbing the rod. As the rod took a very satisfying curve and with Lockey pulling his boots on to walk over, I said to him that I thought my time had come. He agreed that you couldn't keep catching like this for one of them not to be a biggie.

"It's going to be close, Jack," he said as he netted a brute of a common. We weighed it at 28lbs. "Close mate, but no cigar!"

I had to laugh, but I was also really pleased. Two 20s in February was the best I had ever done. That afternoon, Pidge came round, all wrapped up because of his medical situation, and he was genuinely pleased to hear of my good fortune. I thanked him for the opportunity and he told me that if I got another it would probably be the one I was looking for. On that point he left, grinning.

Dinnertime came and we popped out for a pub lunch. Obviously I filled my greedy face with as much carcass as I could. In this instance I believe it was pork (with of course apple sauce). With a beer to wash it down and a failure on the fruit machine later, we headed back to the lake and went about re-baiting the spots and casting out for the night.

A Golden common carp.



With the rods out, all that remained was to bring Harvey into life and stick him head first into the bottom of the sleeping bag. With the central heating on it was clearly time for a couple of sherberts.

As we sat there in Lockey's bivvy I received a text from Jacko. "Go on Bruv. Tonight's your night!" Blimey, talk about pressure! I had been texting my good

fortune in and it really felt like everybody was behind me. Well except Harvey. He did say something, but it was a bit 'muffled'.

My rod whizzed off at midnight and on connecting to the fish, which clearly wasn't going to stop before a good 50-yard run, I had a rough idea what might be on the end of my line. After the initial run it just felt heavy and slow, and I thought maybe it might be a 20, which by this point may have picked some weed up. That theory was quickly dispelled when a flash in the head torch beam revealed a large, dark brown flank. I knew my moment had come. I would love to big up what happened next. You know, fighting off tigers, knocking out a few bouncers, : 30 birds at once and then finishing off the whole thing by drinking a bottle of whisky in one go, but the truth is somewhat less rock and roll. The carp rolled straight into the net and it felt a proper one. I laid the fish on the unhooking mat and managed to get a good look at him. This didn't do me any favours as I soon realised my ambition was achieved and I simply lost it and ran off to Lockey's bivvy screaming like a two-year-old the whole way.

With my head torch on full, in his face, I just screamed, "IT'S MAHOOSIVE! IT'S MAHOOSIVE!"



Close mate, but no cigar.





I just took a moment...

"Where is it now?" Lockey said.

"On the unhooking mat!" I replied.

"You Get round there now and look after him!" I sprinted back to the unhooking mat and the fish was safe and sound, still wrapped up in the net just as I had left him. To be fair and I hadn't realised it, but I had actually laid it in such a way that it was quite safe. As Lockey appeared, I excitedly got my scales and sling and hoisted him up in the air. 32.12! HOORRRRAAYYY! At last! Bring on the dancing girls!

We carefully sacked him up and sat there having a cuppa. Lockey was well pleased about it, because now he would get some peace and quiet! As we sat there the snow started to fall. "You jammy git, you're going to get a snow photo too!" I turned round and looked at Harvey. Both his paws were straight up in the air. Happy days. I was completely over the sun!

With the photos done I slipped him back gently, but before I did I just took a moment and thought about everything that fish meant to me. It was an awful lot to cram into a moment. Those two empty spaces in my ambition diary could now be filled and I really didn't know what was round the corner, but just for now I didn't care. I just wanted to get home and hand my film in!

~Double-Hinged Something Or Other~

I was buzzing for weeks after that 30. It even made the front page of Carp Talk, which I was quite pleased about. I had no French trip booked that year so I thought I would use all my holiday up on the Brook, and have the odd excursion with Ben and Mandy. Also around this time of year there are the trade shows so it can be quite busy, especially bearing in mind that they are not all in England. So we prepared for them between diving off here and there and I managed the odd trip out.

Now I fully confess to being not that good at rigs. In fact nearly all my fish were just caught on straight mono hook links with a standard bottom bait or a snowman or whatever. Around this time the double-hinged stiff link was really doing the business and I thought it was about time I tried it, in the full knowledge that my rigs were a little simple to say the least. I popped down the Tackle Box, made the necessary purchases then dived back to the flat and set about making one or two rigs. What a nightmare, but in the end I managed to come up with something that looked half-decent (well to me anyway).

It was mid-March when Ben came down for the weekend and we planned a trip to Chilham Mill. Ben was dropped off on the Friday night and we ordered a



Trade shows.

curry for three. The next day we had so much fun on the way down the M20. Me and Ben were trying to produce the biggest motorbike noise we could, and Mandy was telling us off the whole way because the van stunk so much, but we thought it was hilarious. So hilarious that, when we got into the Tesco at Ashford, I decided to carry on trying to impress Ben with



25lbs on the nail.

farts worthy of at least a '750' or a '1000cc' rating. It was by the fruit and veg counter that the inevitable happened, and I pushed a little too hard. Now you know when you really deserve something to happen and I guess that was just one of those moments. The look on Mandy's face was, 'that'll serve you right, you idiot'. Ben was slightly more impressed, though, and he was in fits. I ran to the toilet, to sort the whole sorry thing out.

Now you would think that it would end there wouldn't you? But oh no, not when it's me it won't and things got worse. I was left with some boxers that I really did not want to be wearing, so I decided to throw them in the nearest bin outside the shop. I folded them in such a way that the clean and dry bits were on the outside, I then popped them down my sweatshirt and made my way to the exit to throw them away. It was just as I left the store heading for the bin, when the security guy asked me, "What's that down the front of your jumper, Sir?" There followed a most embarrassing explanation.

Somewhat bashfully, (well, me anyway) we pulled into the car park and made our way along the railway track side of the lake heading for the One Pole and Transformer swims. As we made our way along the track we bumped into a chap who had obviously done at least one night in a swim I think they call No Hope.

"How you getting on mate? Have you caught anything?" I asked.

"No" he replied. "I bought that Gardner Carpwisdom video, with that Lee Jackson on it. He fished this swim and caught a load of them off a gravel bar out there somewhere."

"Oh right," I said, looking at Mandy, as the chap referred to her brother.

He then continued, "And I tell you what, I can't find that bloody bar anywhere. That bloody Lee Jackson wants to get down here and show me where that bloody bar is!" I suggested we move on a little as I could see him getting a thick ear.

We set up further along the bank and flicked the rods out for the night. With the telly on, chillis all round and a few laughs, we recounted the rather uneventful day. The next morning around 3 o'clock, my double-hinged stiff thingy rig had me pulling my wellies on, and after a very healthy fight I landed a long, dark-coloured common of 25lbs on the nail. That more than made up for the previous day's indiscretion.

~Here Comes The Sun~

The weather forecast for the last weekend in March said it was going to be 20 or so degrees, the first warm day of the year. I couldn't wait to get down the Brook and I phoned Jacko and told him that if I could, I was going to go into Mouldy Corner. "I hate that swim," he replied. "It just feels so small and tight."

"Yeah, true," I answered, "but it's shallow down that end and I reckon they'll be in there when the sun comes out."

"Yeah, I see where you're coming from," he said. And that was my plan really; get on the end of the wind, wait for the sun to come out and catch one in the corner.

I arrived at the lake and there were only a few people dotted about. Smudge was plugging away in The Sedges and Mouldy Corner to his left was still empty, so I trudged through the mud and set up for the weekend. The weather was awful. The wind blew the whole time and it was cloudy and rainy until around lunchtime on the Sunday, which basically meant that I spent the whole weekend hiding from the elements, peering out of my bivy looking for fish, of which I didn't see any.



Mouldy corner.

As things dried out I slowly packed down during the afternoon, with the bad weather front now gone and the sun finally shining, albeit 48 hours late! It almost felt like summer was coming. Lockey turned up to fish the night. As I left for home on the Sunday, he headed off to the bay for a quick overnighter. About 12 o'clock the next day the sun had really come out and the 20 or so degrees had arrived with it, I phoned him to see how he was getting on. "You firing out mixers, Jack?"

"No I ain't," he said, " I'm looking at the new British record, all 59.12 of it!"

"NO WAY!" I blurted. "Who has had that then?" came my obvious next question.

"Terry Glebioska."

"Blimey! Where from?"

"The reeds just along from Mouldy Corner," was the answer I didn't want to hear! Now when we say 'just along', it's basically the same water but from a different angle. I couldn't believe it. If only that sun had come when it was supposed to, I would have had a really good chance of catching it. I reckon I missed her by a day. Oh well, I hadn't caught her, but now we had the record carp in our pond and with a good few mouthfuls she would have been a 60. Top stuff to say the least. A few people got to hear how close I had been and a couple of



As usual.

them asked if I was gutted about it. "Don't be daft," was my reply. I was just happy that I had actually predicted where the fish might turn up.

As the weather warmed up, the two Lees were getting among them almost straight away. I am pretty sure in saying that Jacko had already caught the Friendly Mirror at an all-time high of 38lb plus. Silly Lee was rubbing his hands again. "My time," he repeated, as in the previous year, and again he proved that to be the case, as I think he had caught three already, including the linear at high

20s or low 30. As per usual, he didn't have a camera on him and there was I handing freebie photos to him the week after. Hmmm, maybe not so 'silly' after all!

My own fishing was plodding along in true Brook style, with plenty of curries and red wine, without so much as a bleep! By the time May came I had chalked up quite a few nights, somewhere in the region of 20, since my last capture the previous year. I wouldn't say that it was getting to me, far from it, but it was my longest period of complete failure and watching lads that really knew what they were doing (especially being very mobile) did make me realise that maybe my style of fishing was holding me back somewhat.

The problem is that you can't copy another angler's style of fishing. You have to catch them on your own terms. A weekend trying and failing to chase the fish around showed me how inadequate I was at that style of fishing. Even though I sat there marvelling at how quickly the others would fly



Lucky old Kelly Kettle.

around the lake, it wasn't for me. I just grabbed the lucky old Kelly Kettle and made sure I lit it in as many swims as I could. This was to bring me luck by burning sacrificial twigs to Cypry the carp god, just like the Catch 22 syndicate a few years previously. Most people thought I was a bit mad to believe in all that, but I noticed it didn't stop anyone having a magic brew though!

After my double-hinged success, I thought stalking would be my next skill to learn and when we were offered a guesty on a lake near Brentwood in Essex, I was straight down the Tackle Box to buy a Bruce Ashby 6 foot, 2lb test curve rod, as Derek 'The Don' Ritchie who had organised the trip, said it was good for a bit of float fishing and stalking in the edge. After a long period of blanking on the Brook and watching everyone else catch, it was just what the doctor ordered. A nice little weekend on a lake which was currently closed and the Don suggested I go into a swim he called One A Chuck. It sounded good!

The date was set for the third weekend in May. We were going to collect Ben on the Friday and then drop him back home on the Sunday. I was then going to drop Mandy off at the flat and head straight for the Brook. Then, after a few days of seeing what was going on and where to fish, I was to go back home, collect Mandy and the big two-man bivvy, plus a shed load more grub and wine. We would then fish through until the Monday evening (bank holiday) and return to work on the Tuesday. I couldn't wait, what a plan!



One a chuck.

The weather was good and amazingly we arrived on time on the Friday night. I set up in One A Chuck and within hours I landed my first catfish, all 6lb of it, quickly followed by a 20.4lb mirror. Superb! That was just the start we were looking for. The lake was completely landscaped and looked like an ornamental garden. It was great. There were a couple of lads also having a go and one turned out to be Little Steve from Mainline. I think I probably hollered in his ear about how I had used Mainline for years before going to Solar, but I can't really remember. The clock was way past my bedtime and I wouldn't have been able to pass a breath test, let's put it that way!

The swim didn't quite turn out to be one a chuck for me and I only managed a 15lb mirror the next day. Mandy and Ben had reeled a few in, so for once we had all caught, which was nice. I think the fish were in a bit of a pre-spawn mode and weren't too intent on getting caught, so there couldn't have been a better time to grab my new rod and try a little stalking.

The other side of the pond was quite heavily weeded. Nothing too silly but there was quite a bit in the margin. I went round, chucked a handful of corn in and stood back and watched. It probably took about five minutes when all of a sudden it looked like the weed was being electrocuted! It just shook, and then as quickly as that, it just stopped! Blimey! It was clearly fish doing it, so I put a cube of luncheon meat on, lowered it carefully into the weed, then threw some more sweetcorn all round it. Sure enough five minutes later the weed started to shake. Then without even a polite goodbye, the fish disappeared again.

I stood there and pondered. Hang on you numpty! Put on sweet corn! So I did. The same thing happened again, and I got cleaned out. I went back to base camp and returned with some bread. I carefully lowered it in the weed, chucked in some more sweetcorn and bobbed behind the reeds again. Right on cue the weed started shaking and straight away the float went under. BANG! All hell broke loose and with the clutch screaming, I hung onto my little rod, which was now bent double. I did eventually get the fish back and was delighted with a heavily-plated mirror which weighed-in at a handsome 16lbs! It was a fantastic fish and a great capture in my world, and other than a 7lb mirror it marked the end of our weekend's fishing. We'd each caught four, so that was top stuff.

We delivered Ben home safely and it wasn't long before I was heading down that M20 for the umpteenth time in search of a Brook carp. With a good few days in front of me and a much needed few days off from work, I really was buzzing as I pulled into the car park that Sunday evening.



A handsome 16lbs.

I set up on the island with Mr F to my left. A couple of rods went long, one of them slightly to the right, which although it wasn't my intention (honestly it wasn't...well, maybe a little bit) landed right on a lovely big clear area, smack in line with the chemical toilet to the left of Ghosties. This lovely, big area was a spot that Jacko had got going that year. As my lead struck the bottom it got me thinking.

He's a sly old fox, Jacko. In the March, he was sitting there watching the lake by himself, when he noticed the birds kept diving on a particular spot. So he cast to it and after he had cast he was getting some strange bites, one of which turned out to be something a pike bit at as he reeled it in. Convinced that there was a bloodworm bed out there he marked the spot with his marker rod, which I hasten to add we didn't even know he had! Then in the dark with no one looking, he went out with a flotation tube, armed with a ten-kilo bucket of hemp and proceeded to bait the granny out of it. Seems like our hero wasn't always 'man down' at all, as I know for a fact he would not have pulled such a stunt after a bit of Cyril, that's for sure. Twice he pulled that stunt and then the next session he caught two fish off the spot in a day! One of these fish was the Friendly Mirror, I mentioned earlier and a 23lb common.

The other thing which Lee had come up with was some bright yellow pop-ups,

which he made himself out of his own secret recipe and he had been catching on these big-time. He had given some to Matt Lawrence the year before, who then went and caught the big girl on them. Now Lee being the gentleman that he is had given me the recipe and all the ingredients. I managed to produce some orange pop-ups that smelt nothing like them, even after buying all the syringe things and bait-making kit. I told him of my disastrous attempt and I think, in sympathy if nothing else, he gave me some and it was one of those that landed on the aforementioned spot. So if you put that lot all together I really felt I was in with a chance. Mind you it wasn't all his work on the end of that cast, as I had my new all-singing, all-dancing, double-hinged thingy on as a rig. I think it's fair to say I was getting a bit desperate. Talk about catching them on your own terms! Oh well, a few of them had tried 'the method' after I caught the Little Friendly Common a couple of years before, so maybe this was fair after all.

The night passed nicely with some venison, wine and good company in the shape of Brownny, Mr F and carp dog Jim. Paul left early in the morning for work and upon passing my broolly, he left his rubbish bag behind it. I did of course ring to complain and he laughed, calling me a clown! Oh well, you cant knock someone for telling the truth now can you? Later on that morning Bonzo (Bruce's partner in crime) came round and found some venison scraps. After a bit of chasing him round the island I managed to sit down and take a look at the lake.

The wind was blowing nicely down our end and Brownny was playing around with a super rig, so I popped round to see just what he was up to. He had a 'mohican' of casters Superglued onto some rig foam, and when placed in the water this was critically balanced and only just sank. Now that was pretty impressive in itself. However, if I thought that was good then the next trick he played was simply mind blowing. In the swim he was fishing, The Perfume Bay, there was quite a lot of weed, some lying flat, some standing upright. Among this weed at about 30 yards was a small sandy spot the size of a Frisbee where he had seen a fish grubbing about. He placed his rig in a solid PVA bag and then filled it up, half with casters, half with dissolving presentation foam. With the bag tied with PVA string he then peppered the bag with small holes with his boilie needle and prepared for the cast. I couldn't work out what the dissolving foam was for, until the tiny lead landed in the lake about six or seven yards past the sandy spot. The foam made the PVA bag float in the water above the weed and the weight of the lead just pulled the whole lot down enough for him to skip it across the weed, until he reached the sandy spot. Carefully he edged the lead across the



I wouldn't have to resort to such tactics.

spot until it touched the start of the weed again. This with the bag still upright in the water, then as the PVA dissolved and the nuggets of dissolving foam bubbled up to the top, the casters sprayed out all over the Frisbee-sized area. Then, the critically balanced rig very slowly settled on top of them! It was the cutest piece of angling I have ever seen. I was absolutely gobsmacked.

I went back to my swim and prayed that I wouldn't have to resort to such tactics, as clearly this was for the advanced anglers. I had only just got onto the double-hinged thingy about five

years behind everyone else.

Back in the swim there were no fish to be seen. I looked and looked for hours but nothing gave itself away. I decided that all I had to do was just give it one more night and then unless, anything showed, it was time to move. That night was another meeting with a little Indian man and a brown paper bag of take-out, and by the time I woke up on the third day I couldn't stop farting. Recent events had shown me to be careful, and being short of clothing I carefully made my way round to the lake via the chemical toilet on Ghosties. I actually had a quite a bad stomach-ache and I think three days on the rich food and wine were starting to take their toll on me. I made the decision that my next meal would be a Masala, like Hogg used to eat.

I got as far as The Sedges when I noticed Petfood scurrying round like he had just won the Lottery. It turned out that he had seen the very elusive Long Common and a few others milling about in The Bay swim. He was on them big-time. I moved into The Sedges, which is just around the corner from The Bay and very carefully plopped the rods out, in close so as to not disturb his swim. I put the kettle on and we had a cup of tea. There was obviously a few carp around as we saw the coots having a go at something about 40 yards out. It was a really odd thing to see; you know when you walk past a nest and they seem to jump up and down on the same

spot, thrashing their feet violently? Well, that's what they were doing out in the lake. Eventually, we saw a carp bolt off after one such thrashing and it then became clear what they were doing and why.

We settled into our respective swims and at about 6pm I saw a fish jump right in close next to the reeds near Petfood. I knew he couldn't have seen it because of the reeds and what with his bivvy being well back, he may not have heard either, so I walked round to see him. "Did you see that?" I asked.

"What?" he replied.

"A fish just jumped, right in close near the reeds," I replied excitedly. He got up and I pointed out the spot to him. He quickly reeled one in and carefully placed it in close, right on the spot. He was off the next morning around midday and I had planned to move into The Bay if the fish were still showing.



Did you see that.

Feeling a whole lot better and finally free of indigestion, I was up early and drinking tea whilst staring out at the lake. There were still fish showing at about 40 yards in front of Petfood, and I was sure one of his rods out in the lake was going to go. Wrong again. His repositioned rod ripped off at around 9am and he landed the Two Tone Common at 30lb and ounces. "Cheers for that, Spug," he said.

"No problem. When you going?" I cheekily replied. He laughed, I wasn't

stupid enough to think it was all down to me, far from it, but I had indeed put him on it so I was happy to jump in the swim the second his last bit of luggage hit the barrow.

Lee Watson was down and tearing about all over the place and Cockle had set up in between The Bay and Joe's Point. This was obviously a cue for another curry that night and although I had all three rods on showing fish, I still didn't receive a bleep, not even a liner! Mind you we had got back up to Madras status once more, so it wasn't all bad. We met the next morning for a cuppa and I



Cor that's a better fish...

noticed a flat spot out in front of Cockle at about 70 yards. I took a glance over to see if he had clocked it or not and quickly realised he hadn't, because he was preoccupied doing the tea. "Cor! That's a better fish," I blurted as I reached his broolly. I pointed to where the fish had come out, and he quickly reeled one in and cast to it. "Is that right?" he said.

"No mate, a little more to the right and a little further out," I replied. His second cast was bang-on.

"Cheers for that Spug. Nice one, you are now the official fish spotter! Fancy another brew?"

"Yeah, go on then." It was only an hour later when his rod ripped off, and being the angler he is, he quickly managed to coax it through the weedbeds and into his net. The fish was Whitetips and weighed-in at very healthy 30.10. She looked stunning, one of the nicest I had ever seen.

The fish were clearly on the munch now, and I just prayed even more that one could come my way, especially if it was a 30-pounder. All thoughts of the biggun had well and truly gone, I just wanted a bite and hoped it would be a 30. After the pictures I left the lake as it was now time for me to collect Mandy and our two-man bivvy for the last few nights of my session. I was driving up the motorway when a contraflow appeared in front of me. I have to confess I was daydreaming about the

crackers I had seen on the bank, when all of a sudden I realised that the outside lane I was in was disappearing fast in a blur of orange cones. I had no way of moving left into the middle lane as there was another car right next to me which I hadn't noticed as I day-dreamed my way along. I ended up sending the cones flying and screeching to a halt in the fast lane.

Annoyed with myself, I somehow managed to get back on the motorway without incident or damage to anyone or my car. With Mandy safely collected and a whole new set of wine and food rations, we made our way to the swim, packed down the broly and set up the house. A little while later a police helicopter flew in right above the bivvy. Someone cracked a joke about it being the police looking for illegal immigrants or something. For some strange reason I thought it might have had something to do with the motorway escapade, but it didn't obviously.

The carp were still jumping out in the lake, though. My middle rod on the edge of the weed growth at about 40 yards was my hot favourite to go, as fish were



Right above the bivvy...

consistently jumping out right above it. I had one of Lee's yellow pop-ups on that one. My left-hand rod was a mess of casters in the edge in tribute to Brown's amazing rig I mentioned earlier, and the right-hand rod was a Club Mix bottom bait with loads of groundbait catapulted around it about 60 yards.

It nearly got embarrassing by the end of the session, there were so many shows over my rigs, and I was beginning to wonder if I had any hooks on them at all. I did, as every time I reeled a rod in there they were, all shiny and sharp. It made me feel a bit of a nobby for not being able to catch one. I think I ended up chucking out red herrings to people, saying the fish had done the off and I was just happy camping and eating curries.

Speaking of curries, I had managed six of them in seven nights, which I thought was quite a result, in fact a personal best. Quite an achievement, bearing in mind the indigestion at the start of the week. When you also considered the record amount of red wine consumed by the whole lake, it was actually a good week's fishing with some memorable fish caught. My best memory of the week was Cockle, fast asleep in his sleeping bag (recovering from a party the night before) as the sun got up. By 10 o'clock, it was really hot and he was cooking in the sleeping bag with sweat pouring down his head and we named him Boil In The Bag for a day or two. He looked like a little steaming sausage in a hotdog roll.

Bank holiday Monday saw us leave the lake and I returned to work on the Tuesday. At work, I could not get over the fact I hadn't got a bite and it really let me off. I had now done 71 nights in total and caught three fish, but they were all in the first 45 nights. So that meant the last 26 nights had all come and gone without even a bleep! And believe me, drinking red wine and having a laugh after you had spent up to three hours getting your rods out perfectly was not the reason, either. Nor did it stop us being up at five in the morning looking for fish showing. Well certainly for 95% of the time.

I had to get back down the lake because something was pulling those fish back to that spot. I had reeled some of the weed in and it had what looked like eggs or something in it. I didn't know whether it was that or not, but whatever the reason I had to get back down there the following weekend. I spoke to Mandy about it and she said, "Just go and do it." She had seen what was going on when we were down there together and bearing in mind she could have a weekend with Ben just to themselves, it all made sense. I loaded the car up on the Friday morning full of all the necessary bits and bobs, and at 4 o'clock I was heading back down the M20 praying the swim would be empty.

~Somewhere In Time~

As I arrived at the lake I was pleased to see the swim was still empty. The wind was blowing from behind the back of The Bay across to the Lifebuoy swim. There were a few anglers present but they were all over the other side, fishing into the wind. I could not have loaded my gear onto that barrow any quicker and I was soon on my way round to the swim. Before I got there, I saw a massive flat spot appear at about 70 yards out, straight in front of the swim. It must have been 20 feet across. It was huge! It looked like an oil slick and it was much bigger than anything I have ever seen appear in a lake. Now bearing in mind that there are no submarines in there, it could only have been caused by a fish. I didn't know or care; I just kept my eye on exactly where it had come from as I made my way round to the swim. Before I had even arrived at the swim I had seen another show, roughly where they had been only a few nights before. I quickly grabbed the rod



The Bay.

which had the bottom bait rig on it and fired it out straight towards where I had seen the flat spot boil up. That spot was now slowly drifting across the lake towards the Lifebuoy swim. The lead seemed to find a hard spot, so I put around 50 baits round it and popped the rod on a couple of banksticks.

I decided to get my broolly up before I cast the remaining two as this would give me a chance to pinpoint any further shows. And shows there were! To my right there was a big splash at about 50 yards just as I opened a beer. 'That'll do for the right-hand rod,' I thought and quickly sent another Club Mix boilie on its way. Just as I had that on the banksticks, I saw a mirror pop its head out at about 40 yards, right on the spot they had been showing the week before. That was the middle rod sorted then. It looked like the Friendly Mirror, now that would do nicely, my first 30 out of the Brook at a new PB of 38-plus. Superb! It made your mouth water just thinking about it. So much so, that I had another beer to calm my nerves.

About 7pm that night Silly Lee turned up. "They still here?" he asked.

"Oh yes mate, big-time," I replied. He asked if it was okay to pop in to my right as that would be a good starting point for him, which meant as usual he would be up and gone chasing them first thing in the morning.

"Yes mate, no problem," I replied. With that he was gone to find his barrow as Dave Mallin had borrowed it, I think. Getting Lee next to me turned out to be a right tickle as he had come bearing gifts. Those gifts were great big crab claws and a large selection of seafood, which I think his mate who was a fishmonger had given him to eat as the dates were running out. What a result that was and we sat there and gorged ourselves silly. The beer flowed and then the cork seemed to fall out of the wine bottle, so I poured myself a glass. Smudge turned up some time between 9 and 10 and the three of us just sat there having a nice time.

It was just before midnight when I said, "Don't know about you two, but I'm going to call it a day in about ten minutes or so," and they agreed that we had probably had enough for one night, when all of a sudden the middle rod burst into life.

A night bite! Now this was just about unheard of on the Brook! Lee and I just looked at each other in amazement and then ran to the rods, stone cold sober in an instant.

I picked up the middle rod and upon making contact with the fish, the rod hooped over and the clutch started to spin. I held down on the clutch to slow the fish and I managed to turn it fairly well and without too much bother. I gained

some line only to find that the small back-lead I was using had managed to pick some weed up, only to wedge in the tip ring. I quickly cleared the weed away and we were back in business. By this stage Lee had Smudge's waders on and had just gone a few yards out into the shallow weedy water in front of the swim. The fish charged up to my left and again I managed to turn it fairly easily. Now it was coming near the net. It boiled just in front of the net and Lee saw it in the head torch. He didn't say anything. I did though. "Go on son, get scooping!" I blurted.

"There's no rush," came the calm answer. Now that wasn't what I was thinking I can assure you! The fish came close again and seemed to just amble past the front of the net. "Go on son, get scooping!" big mouth repeated.

"Not yet, son," he replied. With some more side strain applied I had the fish coming back towards the waiting net and this time in it went, first go. Oh the relief! Lee looked in the net and he confirmed what he had seen in the head torch the first time she swam past the net. "Well it's a mirror, son," he said.

"Yee haaa! The Friendly Mirror at 38lb. That'll do me. Yippee!" came my reply.



Lee had become my keeper.

"Err it's not that one. It's the big one," he replied, grinning. I froze solid and dropped my rod on the floor. ".....off, Lee." I replied, happy with the thought of the Friendly Mirror in my net.

"Spug, I'm telling you it's the big one."

"I am never going to catch that one," I replied, now with legs of jelly.

"You are," he said and he swung the net round as he stood in the water. He then lifted it out of the water and shone his head torch on it. "Look, Two Tone," he said. Emotion, fear, happiness and a whole heap of things I didn't understand started to erupt from my feet, and by the time they had reached my waist I felt as if I was going to pop. Two seconds later the eruption happened. My body folded in two and I bent over and just screamed, "BIG MIRROR! BIG MIRROR! BIG MIRROR!" I had just lost it! Thank God Lee had enough sense not to tell me what he had seen roll past the net. He knew me by now and that meant he knew what the reaction would be and he wasn't wrong. I ran to the bivvy, called Lockey on the landline and screamed it at him. "What does it weigh?" he asked.

"Dunno, it's still in the net!" I squealed back.

"Well, get it weighed and then ring me back!"

"Oh yeah, all right then," I said realising that would be the first question that anyone would ask.

I didn't weigh her though, as in a well-oiled and perfected drill, Lee had become my keeper and took control of things. He carefully unhooked, weighed and then placed her in the net in the edge. "Do you want to sack her till the morning?" he asked.

"Oh mate, no way. Let's get the pics done and just get her back," I said, "as long as I get one, just one pic, that shows me holding her, that'll do!"



you ready for this.

"Fair play," he replied. I just stood there and looked as the head torches all came on, one after the other, across the other side and then they started coming round. I was shaking and I smoked one fag after the other, trying to calm myself down. It didn't work. I had well and truly lost it.

By the time Dave Woods, Cockle, Andy Kidd and some of the Bee Gees (certainly Chris and Craig)

turned up, there was some semblance of calm and before we got the fish out, I made my apologies for making so much noise. Nobody cared though and I should have known better. These lads weren't like the silly little green-eyed monsters I had suffered in Norfolk. These were Conningbrook lads, the best of the best and the first thing they did was pat me on the back and then shake my hand. Of course I was playing up a bit, but they knew me better than to react to that. I would have let everyone down if I hadn't come out with something stupid!



He never left my side.

We didn't let ourselves down when it came to the fish though. When I was ready, Lee placed her on the mat in front of me. "You ready for this?" he said.

"You betcha!" I grinned back.

"I want some decent pictures of her this time," he said, "some that do her justice."

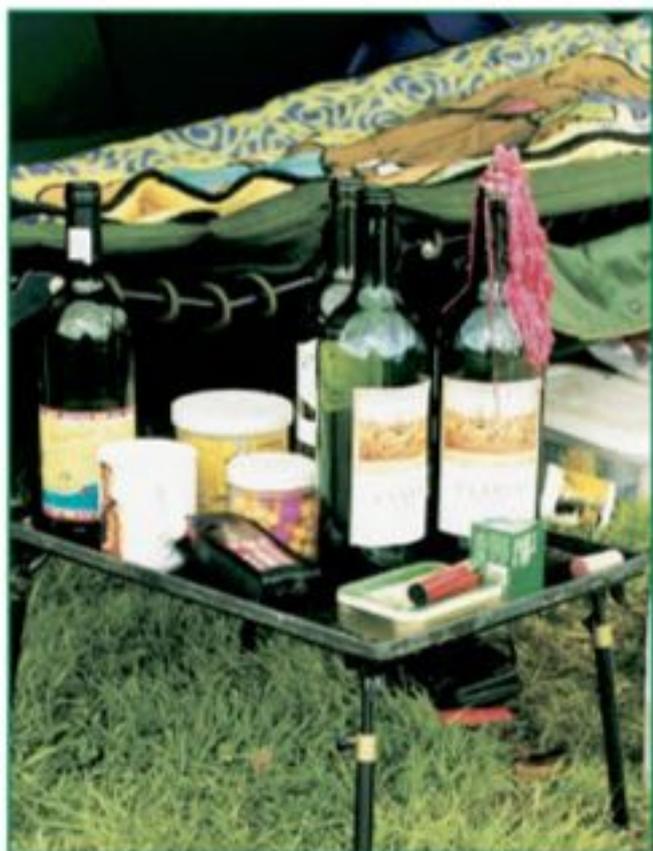
Cameras were snapping left, right and centre, and in the end my eyes were starting to hurt and Lee never left my side, just in case the big fish jumped or misbehaved. Everything went well with me shouting, "Come on tiger! Come on tiger!" It was great. What a feeling! Everyone was cheering and laughing. The only thing that nearly went wrong was that I said I couldn't be to turn her round for the photos. She was heavy and one pic would do. All that mattered was the fact that I had caught her. Someone, I think it was Cockle, said "Fair play," under their breath, but Lee said I had a couple of minutes yet and repeated the 'do her justice' bit. He was right. So I quickly spun her round and did as he suggested. We took pics of both sides. I have to say I am pleased I did now (thanks Lee). After just a few minutes we quickly had the fish back into the lake and she swam off strongly into the depths, no worse for wear.

Everyone gathered round my broly and we sat there drinking red wine and lighting candles well into the early hours, and I was on my way back to getting again. At one point someone said, "What next Spug? You going to have a go for Mary?"





SOLAR



The next morning.

Doo sleeping bag! In fact I just had to take a picture of it as a picture speaks louder than words sometimes. There were of course missing friends I would have loved to have been there, but one of those, Jacko, appeared the next morning with a bottle of Champers and a big smile. "I don't know whether to cuddle you, or strangle you," he said, as I had put his desire momentarily one step further away, but he cuddled me and that was fine by me! I wish Mandy had been there too. She had been a real trouper on the fishing front and her backing and support, certainly played a part. The other absent friend was, of course, Andy, looking down from the sky and keeping an eye on me. I looked up and whispered, "That one's for you, son," and the emotion of the moment nearly got the better of me.

But that was no good! No, not me! Not the hard drinking, fart-igniting, party animal. We had a celebratory Magnificent Seven fry-up to devour in Tesco so I pulled myself together. Lee, Smudge and I went in and ordered our feast. It was funny really, here we were celebrating catching a fish that beat Yatesy's record capture of The Bishop and Terry Hearn's record capture of Mary, and yet all these people around us didn't care one jot! They had never heard of anyone, or any fish in the whole story. It puts it into perspective doesn't it? Get off the lake and the world doesn't seem that bothered.

When the three of us returned to the lake, Lee and I had a cup of tea and went

that!" I replied, "I've just spent three years trying to catch this one. I need to catch some 20s and 30s!"

This was a moment, somewhere in time, and I say it from the bottom of my heart that, Woodsy, Smudge, Cockle, Chris, Craig, Andy and of course Lee, all made that evening so special, and I thank you guys so much. A cherished memory and to be honest, one that could never, ever, be beaten and neither do I want it to be.

My bivvy table the next morning told the story in itself. There were empty red wine bottles, melted candles, Jacko's yellow pop-ups, camera film, mobile, tobacco tin and of course the Scooby

over the previous night's escapade. It was then he remembered that, as he unhooked her, he had pulled some strange rig out of her mouth. At that point he walked over to my middle rod, picked it up and said, "What the _____ is that thing?" pointing at my rig.

I said, "It's my double-hinged something or other," and he burst out laughing.

"Oh is that what it is. It's no wonder you caught her in the dark, no fish would pick that _____ rig up in the daylight!" We looked at each other and just fell about laughing. Point taken.

The weight was 56.8lbs and I phoned everyone up and told them so! The rest of the statistics, if you want them that is, were - at the time it was the biggest fish in the country, and still is; it was the second-biggest carp ever landed in England; it was the biggest carp caught on a boilie in England; and I was only the fourth British angler to get a 50 home and away. All that on one capture! Of course this pretty much applies to every time she is caught these days, but surely I should be allowed that little indulgence!

The thing I didn't realise at the time was that most people thought that the next time she got caught after Terry G had her, that she would be Britain's first 60- pounder and Jacko told me years later that he thought if I had caught her a week earlier she would have weighed that for sure. Fortunately, she had just spawned out when I caught her so her weight had dropped somewhat. You may not believe this but I'm glad she wasn't 60lb when I caught her, as it would not have meant any more to me anyway. Also, I would not have deserved or wanted that accolade.

The whole of my fishing on the Brook had been geared up round getting a bite and hopefully a 30. All I ever said was, "If I only ever catch one more carp in my life, then I want it to be that one," and I was hoping to catch some more yet! I had indeed gone full circle though, because that day (June 2nd) there I was, standing in the same swim, almost exactly to the day three years previously, when Lee Watson had caught her and he caught her off exactly the same spot!

Uncannily, she tripped up again a fortnight later, just like she had the previous two years and this time it was the enigmatic Dave Woods that caught her, this time half a pound heavier. We decided that we would have a joint barbecue to celebrate and as he stole the show that night, I will hand this tale over to my good friend and the keeper on my night, Lee Silly Watson.

~Six Of One, Half A Dozen Of The Other~

by Lee Watson

Firstly, I would like to thank Spug for pestering me into doing this. He knows full well that I am not interested in anything other than going fishing and having a good time whilst doing so. By that I mean writing articles just isn't my thing. I don't mind reading them but have no desire to be in them. I also enjoy collecting carp fishing books and I have been told that if I get off my butt and make a contribution, that I may, and I emphasise this, 'may' get a free one. Now bearing in mind the amount of money that the author cost me in those three or so enjoyable years, it makes me shudder at the thought of having to pay out again to read those stories. That greedy sod could always drink my beer quicker than his. Then after some loud burp or fart he would just sit there, grin and say, "Got any more?" All this just prior to hitting my sweets. He was a complete nightmare at times.

There was always some type of catastrophe just around the corner and invariably it was me or Jacko that had to pick him up and set him in the right direction. Someone recently commented that you are not actually a friend of Spug's, that it's more of a carer role. Never a truer word said! I have to add though, that we did laugh our way through it all and I think everyone agrees that those days with us all on the Brook were special days indeed.

With a joint barbecue for Woodsy and Spug planned for the 22nd of June I made sure I had extra beers packed, as I knew it was going to get messy, or indeed silly as Spug keeps reminding me. Oh by the way, I think I should mention the fact that he is the only person who has ever called me, silly and it started on day one for him. Now don't get me wrong, I don't care at all. I knew he was only messing about; it was just that everybody else always did (and, I hasten to add, still do) call me Watto or Lee, but no, not silly bollocks, he makes his own things up, usually as he goes along. Now that we have cleared that up, I had better get

on with the job in hand or the pestering will start again.

Our two partners in slime were set up next each other in Ghosties and it didn't take them long to have the old spare ribs on the barbecue, each with a glass of wine in hand. So not being one to be left behind, I cracked open a Stella on my way past them and then made my way to the Long Lawn, which is just round the corner and set up for the night. I didn't spend long with the rods, as my plan was to enjoy the proceedings and then get fishing in the morning properly. As Spug has mentioned before it was extremely unusual to get a bite in the hours of darkness, and by now we all know the only person who was actually stupid enough to manage that particular feat! I just cast them all out at about 50 yards and made my way back to the barbecue area.

On my arrival, I noticed there were now a few of them filling their faces. There was Barry, Gary Rochester, his mate Terry, Woodsy, Spug, Mandy and Petfood Paul. The large pile of gnawed bones showed me things were going well, so I quickly dived in before greedy boy lemon (Spug) finished the whole lot off. You don't have to be Einstein to realise that once the food was gone everybody's attentions turned to the drink. And boy did we have a drink-up that night. I can remember lots of empty bottles of red wine, which then turned to empty bottles of Newcastle Brown Ale, followed by Champagne being drunk out of cereal bowls. It was starting to get messy when Spug decided to give it to some people on the other side of the lake. Has he mentioned the couple from up North? I bet he hasn't. Oh he loved them.

It all started when the female side of the equation caught a fish from the Long Lawn, two rod lengths out on a known hot-spot. Now they didn't know it was a hot-spot, but we all did. Unfortunately, the male concerned had proudly exclaimed that in all likelihood she was probably the first female angler to catch one from the Brook, but not only that, he also added, "And I'll tell you what, I bet no one has ever put a bait there before!" Now these two weren't the most popular people on the lake, as everybody else had to obey a 48-hour rule, unless in the odd exception that they had a week's holiday and asked permission. These two fished a whole week on, then went to another lake for a week, then another, and came back to the Brook on a four-weekly cycle. This in itself wound some people up a little bit, especially as these two were camped up for a whole week and stopped people getting on swims. So, a comment like 'I bet no one has ever put a bait there before' didn't go unnoticed, especially for Spug. "Cheeky. What does he think? That we don't know what we're doing!" was his reply. "He's got to have it!"

As I sat there nice and quiet, Spug let rip. "AAYYEEEE UUUPPPP! I bet no one has ever put a bait there before!" I am sure you know by now, that Spug can make himself heard without shouting, and there is no doubt that he got his message across on this occasion. We didn't help the situation by bursting out laughing and this fuelled him even more. "AAYYEEEE UUUPPPP! I bet no one has ever put a bait there before!" he repeated. You could here some grumbling coming back across the lake, so clearly Spug thought it was great. I was quite pleased about his behaviour really. Not because the couple in question deserved it particularly, it was more the fact that he was grabbing the attention and no one had noticed just how much I had enjoyed the party, quietly supping one after the other.

It was around midnight as we were sitting there with a load of empties around us, when all of a sudden the unthinkable happened again and a rod ripped off somewhere in the darkness. "Whose rod is that?" someone asked. We sat there and listened. Whoever's rod it was they certainly needed to give it some attention as it was going flat-out. It was then that it dawned on me; it was my rod! I stood up to turn round and run, when I instantly realised that I had got Lee J's legs on. I fell over straight away and everybody laughed. I tried again and this time, managed to sprint off in the direction of my rods. The only problem was that the top-left half of my body, seemed to weigh more than the rest and as I ran I slowly but surely leaned to the left, then changed direction to the right, only to end up in a big heap on the dirt track. Again, all I could hear was laughing. This wasn't good at all and I looked up and I could see the tribe walking towards me. Off I ran again, only this time the top-right side of my body seemed to weigh more and slowly but surely I drifted off to the right and then landed in another heap, this time to the right of the track in the grass. Now all I could hear in the darkness was gobby Spug shouting, "Man down! Man down! Do it again! Do it again!" and his conspirators laughing with him, at me! This just wouldn't do.

I brushed myself off and continued the sprint. It was my left side that went this time, except this time there was a small rise in the bank to the left, which I managed to climb whilst running sideways-forward, just before I landed in my final heap. Covered in grass and with more cries from the assembled bunch, I decided to walk the remaining 30 yards to the rods. I noticed at this point that they had all walked there and I had run, but we all arrived at the same time, me out of breath from running, that lot out of breath from laughing. I struck the still screaming rod and it instantly hooped straight over. "I'm in!" I announced to the crowd with a strange new slurred accent.

"Are you really?" Gobby sarcastically replied.

"Yep and it's a pike!" came my answer. The fish was stripping line off the reel at an incredible rate of knots, and I just couldn't stop it.

"Oh that's a pike then is it?" came more sarcasm, peppered with laughter from the goon squad. I had to come back with something good.

"No...it's a crocodile!" I proudly slurred back. By this point half of them were on the floor absolutely in pieces and it didn't help the fact that I had my left hand on my hip, with the rod straight up in the air in my right. I must have looked a right mincer. Then it happened. Ping! The line fell slack. After all that, the bloody thing (probably deservedly so) just slipped the hook! Stunned, I turned round and shouted in amazement, "It's fell off!" Well that was the final straw of my let-down. All of the assembled crowd roared with laughter, and of course Gobby had the last words to say on the matter.

"No Sherlock!" and they turned round and faded away into the darkness once more, all ready to sleep off another uneventful night's fishing on the Brook!



Crocodile Watson!

~Murder On The West Warwick~

The phone rang at Solar on the Monday and it was Chris Logsdon. "I have had a few complaints about the noise made on Saturday night, Spug." I knew straight away where they had come from.

"Chris, I take full responsibility, it's all my fault. If there is any trouble send it my way and if that means I lose my ticket, so be it," I replied. Don't get me wrong, I didn't want to lose my ticket, but it was our northern friends who had complained and it was me who had upset them, of that there was no doubt.

"Don't be daft, Spug. All I am saying is, just keep a lid on it. I'm happy to let you guys get on with it, as long as you observe the rules and don't upset each other."

"Okay fair enough," I replied and that was the end of that!

The West Warwick reservoir on the Walthamstow complex was consistently throwing up good 30s. Lockey had been over and done really well fishing day sessions, which is of course, the only way you can normally fish there. Unless the British Carp Championships are rolling into town! Lockey was well up for the match as he had a feel for the place already and asked me if I would like to join him. I jumped at the chance. "Bloody right!" I replied.

I can't do day sessions because it's all too much work for me, getting up early, fighting at the gate, running round with your barrow, and packing down on dusk completely knackered. Screw all that rubbish. I had tried it on CEMEX Sutton at Hone and failed miserably! But this was different, I think it was the first time they had let people fish on the West Warwick at night for years, and it was an exciting prospect bearing in mind the amount of 30s swimming around in there.

Lockey had it all planned. He made a weed rake out of stainless and attached a rope to the end of it. The plan being to send me and my waders in to clear all the marginal weed, and then fish in real close as the fish would probably come in when they thought everybody had gone home. Good angling.

We arrived on the Friday morning and after the draw we set up round the far side, on top of a bit of high bank. Behind us was a little grassy hill thing that led down to a fence. The other side of the fence was a canal, next to that was a

towpath where a block of flats started just behind. With the brollies up and my waders on, I launched the rake straight out into the lake as far as I could and then proceeded to clear the weed. Instantly this got some people complaining to the marshals, saying we had broken the rules. Sorry boys, we knew the rules stated that you had to be within two metres of the swim, which we were. So after a quick inquiry we carried on. This played right into Lockey's hands. "Time they're worrying about what we are doing, they ain't worrying about what the fish are doing. That's as simple as that, Jack!" With all the marginal weed now cleared, we both carefully put one in close on slack lines, and one out about 40 yards, again on a slack line.

The further out rods were just to make sure all our eggs weren't in one basket if the plan completely failed. It didn't. My left-hand rod flew off on darkness and I was connected to a real headbanger of a fish. It fought like a demon but in the end we managed to net a very angry 26.8 mirror that put us into second place. We had a few beers that night, like you do, and we turned in around one in the morning.

I am not 100% sure what the time was, but it must have been before 4am because it was still dark, when in an instant I was awoken by an odd noise, 'What was that?' I lay there thinking, unsure as to what I had heard. Then I heard some sort of groan in the distance. Blimey, that sounded odd. Maybe someone was in the flats with a window open or something, I didn't know, but it wasn't a run, so I went back to sleep.

It became quite clear the next morning just what the noise was. There were coppers everywhere! I stood up and walked to the top of our little grassy hill and there was a group of anglers pointing at the towpath. On the towpath, only 150 yards away, was a scene of crime tent, you know, like the ones you see on the news. 'Wow, how exciting,' I thought. I went and had a look. It was hard to work out what had happened, but then when I remembered what had occurred in the night, the penny started to drop. The police were working their way around the lake talking to everyone. I actually thought it was quite funny because you could see some people scurrying back to their bivvies, and then frantically moving things



26.8.

about. It looked as if they were hiding things they didn't want the Old Bill to see. Perhaps it was porn mags...or something.

Anyway, as they arrived in our swim they informed us that someone, who they thought was a heroin dealer, had been shot in the head, twice, on the towpath and asked us if we had heard anything. Wow, how exciting! I couldn't wait to tell them what I had heard in the early hours of the morning. They took all my details and said they would be in touch. Unbelievably, this was only one of six shootings in the East End that night! It felt like civil war to me. Lockey was more interested in the fishing though. I guess these city types are just used to that sort of thing.

With the police gone and my name taken, we channelled our efforts back into the fishing. Lockey caught one and we were then back into second as we had slipped a place sometime during the civil war outbreak. As the match went by, we slowly slipped into 4th place and we stayed there until the match ended. So without further murders or mishaps, I returned home on the Sunday and told Mandy all about it.

Now around this time Me and Mandy always used to answer the phone by giving it the old, "Wwaassssuuupppp!" which I think came off an advert. Anyway, about three weeks later the phone rang as I was having a shave, early one evening and Mandy, thinking it was Ben, answered it in the afore mentioned manner, "Wwwaaaassssuuupppp!"

"Erm, hello is, um, er, Mr Redfern there, it's P.C. (whatever his name was) I would like to speak to him regarding a statement he made on the 14th of July." Red-faced, she called me in and I grabbed the phone, wondering if I would be on the telly on a reconstruction or something similar. He asked me a few questions in an effort to try and pinpoint the time, but I couldn't really help him any more than I already had. He asked me to quickly go over again what had happened, which I did and then how I could account for the noise.

"Well," I said, taking the whole thing not anywhere near as seriously as he obviously hoped I would. "Where I come from in Norfolk, if you heard a noise like that coming out of a field late at night, you would probably see someone standing rather too close to the back of a cow, if you know what I mean."

When I had finished that statement he replied, "Well thank you very much for your time, Mr Redfern, we won't be needing you to help us with our enquires anymore." That was my one and only chance of a guest appearance on Crimewatch, thrown straight out of the window because of a flippant comment. It's serious, this murder lark, it really is.

~Silly Boy Lemon~

"Hey Bob, look at this torch. It's the _____," said Lockey, "It's a million candlepower." He held a large yellow torch up, grinning. "Feel how hot the beam is."

"Ouch," I said, retrieving my hand from the beam. _____ that is bright!"

"Take it down the lake and try it out sometime and let me know," he finished.

"Oh, okay," I said, and put it in my rucksack ready for the next adventure down the Brook, which was to be a few days later on the Friday, with Mandy, just



He had really earnt one.

at the tail end of August. I had only fished a couple of times since the crocodile incident and there hadn't been many fish out at all. Smudge had landed his first carp and finally broken his duck, and that was pleasing news, as he had really earned one by this point. Friday came and we arrived with a portable barbecue, a good amount of red wine and some Newcastle Brown. We ended up in The Bay

swim and had a quiet first night. Watto (as I guess I had better call him now) was due down on the Saturday and we held the barbecue back till then. "Just get yourself some meat and beer," I told him on the phone during the week. Contrary to what he might have said, he wasn't that organised on the food front, well except for sweets!

To be honest, after catching Two Tone, most of my angling had been geared around barbecues and wine and it wasn't really the greatest surprise that I had not received any action at all. It was business as usual for me. Silly Lee arrived on the Saturday, the sun was high in the sky and it was warm to say the least.

"Fancy a cold beer, son?" he asked upon entering the swim. "Why not, eh?" came the textbook reply. So we all had a cold one and felt the better for it.

"I'll go in next to you for the night," he said. "Here look after this lot, I'll be back later." He left his beer and meat in the shade of our two-man and trotted off to set up in the swim next-door.

Opposite in Lifebuoy was Gary Bayes and he was minding his own business, just getting two of his rods out. He spent ages getting them out, probably taking at least an hour, maybe even an hour and a half. He was going through the Lifebuoy routine of carefully wading them out in the shallower water and painstakingly threading his line through the weedbeds, just like I detailed previously, although he looked as if he actually knew what he was doing, unlike some of us that were just posing in our camo waders. Gary then sat on his last rod until he saw a fish show. He placed the baited rig right on the spot and sat back happy and convinced that he was on for a bite.

It didn't seem that long at all, when Lee arrived back in the swim. "Shall we have another cold one?"

"Yeah, why not," I repeated.

"Be a shame to let them get warm in the sun, now wouldn't it?" he said. The three of us all nodded together. This continued until about 6pm, when I suggested that I light the barbecue and Mandy suggested she opened the wine. At roughly this time a load of Canada geese came and settled down for the night, right in front of Gary. I was sitting there hoping one would land on his lines so I could shout, "It's a willy wipeout!" in a loud voice. This was something that had been said to me previously when I got wiped out by a swan, and it tickled me somewhat. Mr Bayes had his lines out better than that though and although the geese were all around him, they had caused him no discomfort at all.

With the wine now flowing and all the meat eaten, the sun fell away and the

three of us just sat there recounting previous events and stories, as we slowly drifted past sober. It was good fun. Then I remembered my mission, which I had accepted of course and that was to try out this great big, yellow torch.

"Hey, should we say hello to Gary?" I blurted out, going through my rucksack. Now those two had no idea what was coming at all. I had a rough one, but even I was surprised when I pointed it at the swim opposite, shouted out, "HELLO GARY!" and pushed the 'on' button. I kid you not, the whole of the Lifebuoy swim lit up as clear as it was when we turned up at midday! "Wow, look at that!" I did it again, "HELLO GARY!" There was a massive commotion as the whole flock of geese, scared by the event, decided to do the off! "He, he, he!" Oh how my guts were aching. "How funny was that!" I laughed. It wasn't long after that when we crashed out and went to sleep.

Bleary-eyed and hungover, I got up the next morning and saw Lee on top of the mound, just sitting there, as usual looking out at the lake with his kettle next to him and a cup of tea in his hand. "Gary is well off with you mate."

"Why?" I asked without much recollection of what had happened. Lee recounted the story "Oh mate, I've dropped a _____," I said upon departing to Gary's swim. I knew just what I had done wrong, and this wasn't actually funny at all. There would be no trying to swerve this one. I had broken one of the unbreakable rules and maybe done someone out of a bite. 'It's not my fault' wasn't going to work this time and neither should it.

"Oh Gary, I am so sorry," I said as I walked into the Lifebuoy swim. "I will do anything you want bar a _____ to make it up to you. I am sooo sorry."

"_____ hell, Spug! What were you thinking? That's _____ day ticket mentality, that is. It shouldn't happen on a place like this," he said.

"Mate, you're right. That's why I am here now. I know that I am out of order and I'm so sorry. What can I do to make it right?" I almost pleaded with him. Being the lad he is, he kept it together and accepted my apology. He also informed me that he still loved me (a little bit) and that I should never act like such a _____ idiot again. He was right with every word. This was the only time I have ever felt remorse about anything that went on at the lake. It really got to me at the time. I will always apologise if I am out of order, as that usually clears the slate. An apology didn't do that this time. I needed to get a grip, I really did.

"You two in love again?" Lee asked as I returned. I told him Gary had been cool about it and I had nearly offered him a _____ to make it right. Lee suggested it might be better idea to wrap my lips round a mug of tea instead. I

"HELLO GARY!"





Thanks for the memories.

agreed. That afternoon I sheepishly returned home feeling somewhat ashamed.

I returned to the lake for a quick overnighter the following week, but my heart wasn't in it now. I realised that all I had done since I caught the biggun was to get drunk and act like 'Silly Boy Lemon' and certainly I wasn't trying hard enough to fish there properly. In the morning after the quick overnighter, just as I was leaving the car park, I decided to stop the motor and take hold of the situation. I sat there looking back at the lake and I thought, 'thanks for the memories, but it's time to move on'. I had done someone out of a bite and like it or not, that was as simple as that. I never returned, true to my word. That was the only time I had ever broken one of our three rules and I never have since and I never will.

Footnote: Obviously for Gary there was a happy ending as two months later I was delighted to hear the news that not only had he caught Two Tone, but at a record weight and it was England's first 60-pounder. I couldn't text him fast enough. 'Aye up you Northern monkey. You've got me to thank for that. If it weren't for me you would have caught it in August and at a lower weight. I reckon you owe me a beer!' He rang, laughing. "I will buy you one at the next carp show then," he said, and he did. Top man!

~Fugazi~ (All Up)

September the 11th 2001. What a sad day that was for me, and for all of us really. I don't need to tell you all what happened, as I am sure you know, but it did affect me quite deeply. As I sat there, glued to the TV that day, I could not get it out of my head that we had stood on top of those buildings only the year before. It really got me thinking about things, life in general and in particular me. I didn't really feel as if I fitted in down in Kent. Yes, at the lake fine, and bar one act of silliness, it had all gone well, but there is more to this world than the lake, as those two crumbling towers had painfully showed us all.

I was struggling financially with the extra burden of sending money home to help cover my ever-increasing mortgage payments, which had been going up and up in order to bail myself out of trouble. Me and Mandy weren't having a great time either, which wasn't helping my frame of mind. In truth, I had had enough of how my life had become down in Kent, with all the habits which seemingly came with it. It wasn't the people down there as 99% of them are the salt of the earth. Most of those fantastic friends I made down there are still good friends today.

Before I had gone to Kent someone in the trade had told me that it wasn't quite as rosy as it appeared to work in the fishing trade, as there was a lot of back-biting and _____ going on, coupled with the fact that when the fishing is at its best you are at your busiest, which isn't good. You end up not being able to get away from it at all. Those words of caution had turned out to be true and perhaps I should have taken a bit more notice of them. I had by this point, overdosed on all things carp fishing and now I needed to get away from it. It was time for me to get out, go home, face my demons and get back to a normal life on my home turf.

At the time I was staying at Andy Clement's place during the week and only going back home at weekends, waiting for my own house to become vacant, as I had given the tenants their notice and wanted to move back home as quickly as possible. I got offered a job by an old boss of mine and took it with both hands. Generally speaking, I knew I had some _____ to get together and going home would

be my opportunity to do it. I gave a month's notice at Solar Tackle and prepared to move home.

It wasn't long after this that Lockey and me fell out. Other people had got involved with stirring things up to do with his personal affairs and to be quite honest, with the information Lockey had at the time, I don't blame him for getting angry. In fact I probably would have been equally as

off, if I had been in the same position. It was three months later that I found out what had actually stirred up all of the trouble and by then it was far too late for me to correct it. As the saying goes, 'a lie is half-way round the world, before

the truth has even got its boots on', and there were plenty of lies going around at the time. The thing that really hurt, though, wasn't Lockey's reaction, as I can understand that, it was those that had jumped on the bandwagon without even giving me a chance to defend myself or hearing my side of the story. They just stuck the knives in, which made me feel like a leper, destroying my soul and taking away all of my confidence in one fell swoop. Shame on you.

I swore that I would never, ever get involved in the trade again. At the time someone we all know asked me, "Why didn't you stand up for yourself and let all of those on the bandwagon know that you hadn't actually done anything wrong?" In truth I just felt alienated by it all and I was mentally exhausted. I just replied that in my opinion, if anyone in the world thought I had actually done anything sinister, then I didn't care about them any more and they could just off, I didn't want or need them. After all, I was angry too. It was going to be far easier to just disappear and let the truth come out, and that was exactly what I planned to do.



What a sod day.

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Looking From The Inside, Out ...

by Simon Pomeroy

To some the series of features I will be writing for Talking Carp going forward might prove to be contentious but there is not a lot I can do about that as these are the honest writings of just a normal angler, though a tad obsessed, of his journey within modern angling and the trade that drives it. All I can ask is that you will read on and believe that my 'scribblings' are not some contrived drivel but actually the real deal and written from the heart.

I have ended up creating my own path having learnt and experienced so many aspects, from owning my own fisheries, fish farm, tackle shops, run my own angling show, filmed for Sky TV and written many previous features, through to developing a bait and tackle company myself, and all the trials and tribulations that accompany that. Over the last twenty years I have made the trips to China and other countries experiencing both the business and the sport and developed products and tactics to enhance my own angling to be consistent and as safe as possible. From being invited onto Dragons Den through to be given International awards for the development of Stonze and Gripz it has been an exciting, though sometimes rocky, journey to date. The truth is the journey has just really started!

Certainly, much of what I believe goes against the grain of what is accepted but only because I have been given the opportunity to investigate and then draw my own conclusions, supported by facts and not being given over to flawed assumptions. My business is classed as a 'Disruptor' by going up against the brand leaders and all that they have developed over time but if I am to be believed you will quickly understand why!

A Pariah, by definition, is a social outcast, and a label that was once attached to me by one of the 'Carp Stars' of the modern generation of fame hungry anglers that have influenced our sport and many of its participants over the past three decades.

To be honest I could see where he was coming from and could never disagree, actually I am proud to be different within an industry that focuses on so much of what I find distasteful within the modern angling scene. I'm happy to describe myself as 'Old School' and was brought up in an angling world so far removed from what we are faced with today. A world of remembering that first session where I caught a few tiny Stickle Backs from a miniscule Scottish burn at the age of five that has set me on an angling journey of nearly fifty years. A journey where I have embraced the thrill, the atmosphere, the friendship, and the fun within my own fishing. A history that encompassed so much that our fantastic sport has to offer the angler, from fly fishing on tiny chalk streams to deep sea fishing off my own boats in Bermuda. Whether it was match, sea, game or specimen fishing I have dipped my toe to test the water and enjoyed each and every discipline I've sampled, and then I entered a new era, moving away from being the angler, to the angler on the inside of the trade and hence the label – Pariah, as I will never forget where I came from and who I am in this sport – just an angler like you!

Twenty years ago, I was medically retired and outside of work all I had ever done was fish and though, as the majority in the tackle trade, I had zero qualifications to get involved in this industry I 'fell' into it by buying a three-lake fishery, Pallington Lakes, in deepest Dorset. The point about qualification is an interesting one because there are few trades that you can become so deeply involved within without some form of training, credentials, or experience. Tell me a trade where you can just walk into the higher echelons without degrees or lengthy experience – because you can in the angling industry and I am proof absolute.

Cast your eyes around our sport and the associated industry and you will see a plethora of individuals not unlike me who have become involved in the business through friendships, contacts, luck, and manipulation, but not through qualification - and that can come with some serious downsides as I came to realise.

So, I bought a 'complicated' fishery with no experience and over time a lot of things went very wrong, and when the book comes out all will be revealed, but I must not digress so early on! The dreadful 'highlight', and something that has scarred me for life, was in year two and suffering a serious fish kill, rest assured trying to burn the corpses of 180 plus beautiful carp seriously affected me and was to change the course of my life. To be fair, here I was running my own stunning fishery with its shop, café, fish farm and beautiful stretch of river and I thought I had it all until that first fish died, and the next and the next! With no real experience I rang a local fishery where the manager there basically said, dig a hole, and bury them as admitting to a fish kill would hurt my profits as anglers would stop coming, that was really helpful – not! Stupid advice so I called in the EA and CEFAS who were quickly on the scene but to this day we cannot pin point why this kill occurred but the one thing it did was to question some of the basic assumptions I had made and with that Pallatrax was born – but as a fishery management tool and with no expectation of where I am today!

So what assumptions had I made, an assumption being belief without proof? One thing I did appreciate very quickly in fishery management is that water quality is king and with good water quality you tend to have a healthy fishery and biomass. So here I was with a major fish kill and with no answers and had I in some way compromised my water quality? Outside of an 'Act of God' you can only really screw up by allowing pollution going into your water somehow, but I couldn't have been that stupid, could I? What was I doing that I had no control of and wasn't

regulating that could be entering my water courses at an amount to cause a negative impact – and it hit me like a sledgehammer, the baits! Just think about it, where in live stock management does the keeper of such livestock allow unregulated ‘food’ to be fed, by strangers, to their animals. Does a farmer let a stranger rock up and start to feed their cows (worth significantly less than a large carp if you are monetarising!) unknown product from glitzy bags – don’t think so! But even more worrying is that your fish live in a delicate environment where if you pollute the water you pollute the ‘air’ they breathe – and it’s not just the fish being poisoned but every life for that your water supports, and all part of the life cycle contained within.

Now, before you detractors get on your high horses (though you’re welcome to question everything I write), I am in no way saying all bait out there is rubbish – what I am saying there is no regulation to angling baits and even if there was the mix of so many varieties result in a ‘witches brew’ of the unknown. My fishery was a prime example with upwards of FIVE HUNDRED kilos of baits being fed into my waters across a busy week made up of all manner of bait format; particles, ground baits, pellets, naturals, boilies etc.

Pop across to Wikipedia and fishing bait is described as ANY substance used to attract and catch fish. The ‘Any substance’ part goes a long way to highlighting my concerns as to be honest where I had failed was to think bait actually meant food and the assumption was that it could only be good for my waters, actually the more the merrier – how wrong and how stupid could I have been! I’d just taken it as read that someone, somewhere had oversight on the whole bait trade and I was soon to discover that was not, and still isn’t, the case and by questioning this whole sector was not going to win me a lot of friends within the industry, hence Pariah!

My upcoming book of my experiences gives greater detail but let me just cover some of the more salient points which I was to discover and the conclusions I was to make. I think what this leads into is that we are all making some huge assumptions and leaps of faith by not really knowing what is in our baits, what their ingredient and therefore their nutritional profile is and where and why they are manufactured. From a fishery management point of view what is the research done and the conclusions made on the mass introduction of these products into such a delicate environment as fresh water ways. Do we not, as both anglers and industry, have a duty of care to ensure what we are using is not causing issues – I believe we do on all counts. It is right that we factor on fish care with unhooking mats, weigh slings, antiseptic gels and so on but what if we are doing some serious damage, out of sight and in blissful ignorance – the evidence suggests that we are?

I'm not into the dramatic, the gimmick or contrived so if you are like me, just a caring angler then I'm sure if you have not thought of this before it could open your eyes to the huge problem we could be facing with water quality issues. But there is also the second aspect and that is if these 'substances' are not of the right mix are we therefore not also kidding ourselves by potentially using inferior baits that fish are turning their 'noses' up to and therefore lowering our catch rates? Back in the 'day' it was all about HNV (high nutritional value) as we appreciated well thought out baits with high grade ingredients caught us more fish. With profit impacting on the ingredients within the modern boilie some can only be described as NNV (NO nutritional value!). Only recently I saw in the trade a manufacturing offering to make boilies for @ £1.20 a kilo – come on, can these 'substances' really be a good bait and good for the environment especially when you think that with all of the logistical costs to manufacture the ingredients must amount to pennies. Obviously, you can tell by now that I am

well versed on this subject and to be fair some of the stuff I've discovered is nothing short of horrifying and it all comes down to profit – profit above the environment, customer satisfaction and basic morals! Fortunately, I am no longer alone now with my concerns and more accredited manufacturers are highlighting some of the woeful practices our industry is now seeing.

What needs to be done is a full overview of the bait industry from boilies through to pellets and everything in between to where the whole sector is regulated for all the right reasons. Yes. It will cause some pain for all of us but who cares when we are talking about the environment and the fish we hold in such high regard. Those who voice a different opinion, well I suggest they can only have another agenda! For instance: High oil content pellets – everything from Trout through to Halibut. Not a lot of anglers I've ever met appreciate that Carp don't have a stomach but a digestive tract and as a species should we 'feeding' them pellets designed for other species, especially with an oil content above 15% that can be detrimental when used in large amounts. In essence does a farmer feed his cows pig feed or his pigs horse feed, so why would we feed Carp, Trout or Halibut feed – they are pellets with an ingredients content specifically designed for other species and certainly not carp? What happens to a carp when it feeds on such and what is the waste product that then passes through the Carp - those are just some of the questions, with my fishery management head on, that I continually ask myself.

Boilies – again we suffer from the assumptions made of generic terminology where there are huge assumptions made from marketing spin through to the flawed 'sniff test' made by many i.e. it smells nice, so the fish are going to love this! Now we know carp react to flavours but again, like any life form, whatever they eat needs to have a nutritional value to keep them eating. Being the case if a boilie has no nutritional value

then a fish may pick up out of curiosity but if what they pick up has no food value the fact is they won't eat on a regular basis – it's not food but a lure at best

There is documented and scientific evidence about tanks of carp that were fed on certain shelf life boilies over a period of time. Each and every day the fish were fed these baits and at the end of the testing period what do you think happened? 85 of the 90 fish died and do you know what they died of? Starvation, because though they were eating the 'baits' as they contained no food value they starved as there was nothing else in the tank for them to feed on. To make matters worse when autopsied they found that the preservatives loaded into the baits to stop mould had seriously damaged their organs, or as the scientist described, they were shot to pieces! Don't believe me well just check out this link and it will take you straight through to the on line report <https://www.anglingtimes.co.uk/fishing-news/2008/presevatives-are-they-killing-our-fish/> Be warned as the contents will shock you with what these accredited scientists discovered – really shock you!

I'm optimistic that what I have written over these past few pages will be an interesting taste of things to come. I truly have had an exceptional and unique journey so far and by sharing my experiences and my beliefs I genuinely hope you can see there is no gimmick or 'smoke and mirrors' just some very thought provoking words on subjects that are close to all of our hearts.

Until next time stay safe, catch more and if you ever have any questions please always feel free to contact me through my e-mail address at: simon@pallatrax.co.uk

Cheers, 'Pom'.

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Serious Carp Socials (SCS)
– Orchard Farm by Dave
Bennion

The tenth Serious Carp Social of 2018 was held from 14th – 16th September at Orchard Place Farm complex in Kent. SCS had exclusive use of lake 7, which is the largest lake on the complex. The lake is around 12 acres in size and has many islands and fish holding features with a stock of carp up to 50lb and Catfish up to 100lb. SCS sold 24 swims for this social and they sold out very quickly as this is always a popular venue.

Everyone met early on the Friday morning for breakfast in the on-site café. Pegs were drawn out of a hat as usual and then there was opportunity for people to swap if they wanted to. Everyone was setup and fishing well before midday on the first day.

As usual there was the legendary SCS BBQ on the Saturday, starting at lunch time and lasting for a few hours. This is always a good time to meet other anglers and exchange tactics and stories of fish caught and lost. At this social the anglers were also joined by Terry Dempsey of Urban Baits (and his young son) who spent time chatting with the lads.





Well onto the fishing!!! What a marvelous weekend the lads had with over 40 fish landed and 4 personal bests.

Gavin Lambert had the biggest fish of the weekend and a new PB at 38lb.



Alan Marsh had a new PB at 33.5lb



Neil Bates had a new PB at 23.8lb



Derek Speck had a new PB at 24.2lb.



One regular attendee at all of the socials this year is Mike Preedy who took up the offer at the beginning of the year to preregister of all of the 2018 socials and get a generous discount. Mike has been consistent in catching at all the socials this year, and this was no exception, with 8 fish ranging from 12-24lb. All caught on 12mm pop ups white and pink fishing from peg 20 fishing to island and margins.



There is always a good mix of first-time attendees and repeat attendees at the socials. One first timer was Elliot Smith and this is Elliot's views:

“Well, after hearing Mark Aughton’s stories about the socials I thought you know what I’m just getting back into carp fishing, so I’ll book it for his birthday. Orchard farm was my first social and I was not disappointed. The first day from my swim was very slow, nothing much happening and I thought it may improve over night. I woke up after an undisturbed sleep to Mark Aughton having caught a 22lb common, but nothing for myself. Mark being the good friend he is, invited me onto his swim and that’s when my luck changed. After a couple of hours, I bagged myself my first of the weekend, a lovely 17lb mirror. It didn’t stop there between us we had over 22 fish (losing at least 10) with 10 worth talking about (Mark having 7 including a 27, 22, 19). An overall fantastic weekend, a great laugh, a very good BBQ and a cracking place to fish. We will both be returning to the social very soon, Mark sooner than me, on the Dreamlakes trip to France. Thank you to all the lads especially Tremayne and Gav for all the hard work put in organising it. A belting weekend.”

Well that sounds like another angler converted to the fun of these socials. Here are some of the fish caught by Mark Aughton and Elliot Smith.

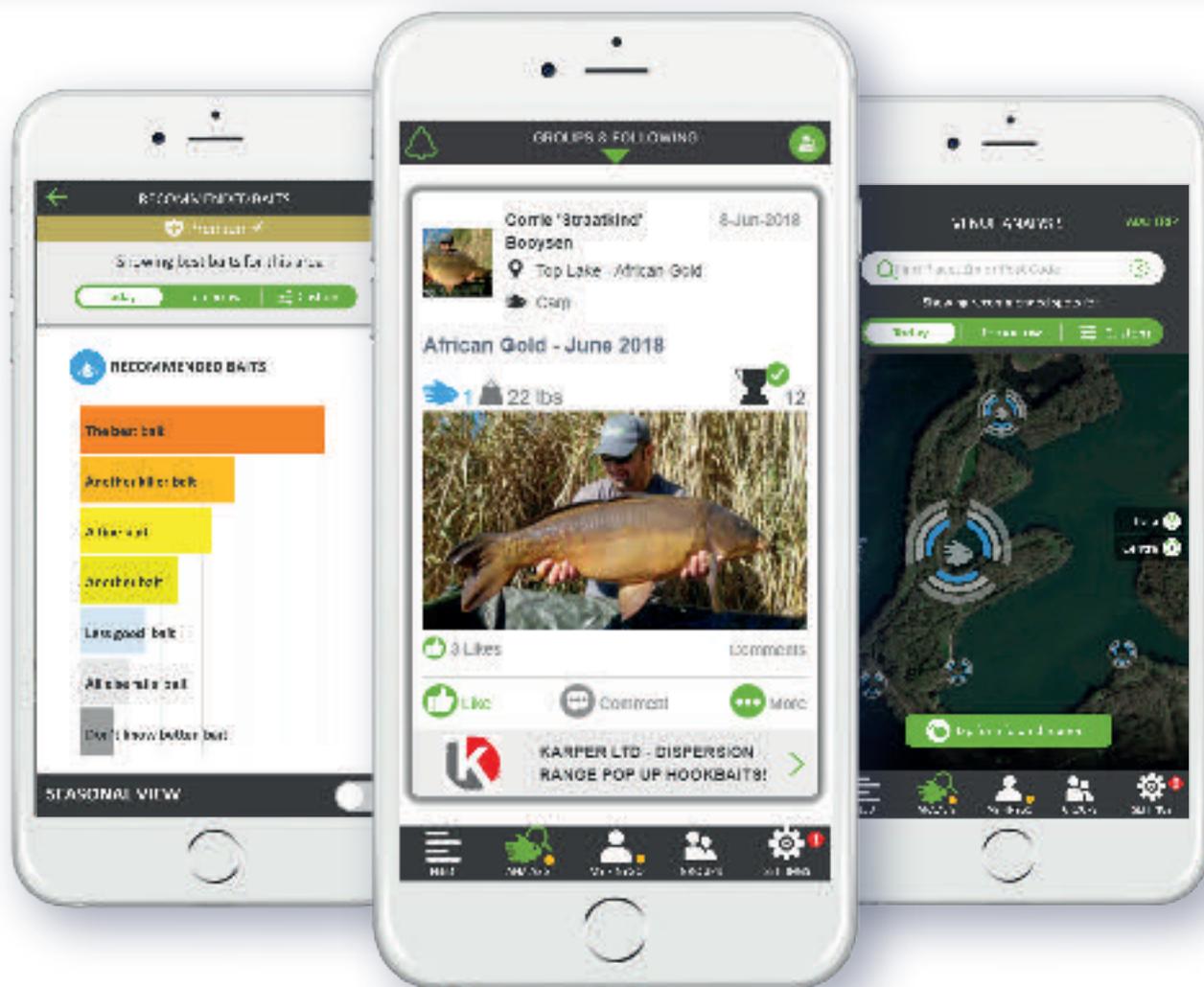




So, a brilliant weekend with over 40 fish and great weather. The next social is the trip to Dreamlakes in France on the 6th October.



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*Featuring -
Josh Row*



**A New PB.....
By Josh Row**

From the age of 12, Josh has been a keen Carp Angler and at the age of 16, he joined the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers (REME) and became part of our Armed Forces. He fishes Socially when he gets the chance but also fishes as part of the REME Carp Team too, taking part in the QE's throughout the year, work permitting....this is his Catch Report of his very recent New PB....

One of the lads, Alan Furness, was moving Regiments so for his 'Leaving Do', as he is a keen Carp Angler, it was arranged that we would fish Ratfyn Farm Specimen Lake in Wiltshire, and he invited a few other mates too.

The day before we were due to fish, I had a walk around the Lake and as I did not know

which swim I would get I pre-baited a few 'likely' spots....

As luck would have it, out of the six of us, I came out of the draw first and picked one of the swims from the old side of the lake, in the knowledge that this swim was good for producing.

I quickly found two spots, one next to an old tree, and one about a foot from the far margin, between some Lilly's and a tree.

The day passed by uneventful and I re-baited my rods and the spots before last light ready for the

night. My far margin rod was on a nice clear hard spot, and to make life easier, I could cast my lead on to the bank, walk round and clip on my rig, which was a simple short blow back rig with an 18mm bottom bait that matched the freebies.



After placing the rig using my Baiting Spoon so as not to disturb the spot too much, I put two spoons of Pukka Squirrel Baits SS4 16mm and 18mm over it, which I had soaked in the SS4 Secret Oil a few days before and I then followed this with two spoons of Pellet...!!

The night proved to be an extremely quiet one, with only a single beep from that spot, so the next morning I was undecided whether I should move the rod to check the bait after the beep in the night or simply wait it out.....My decision was to put the kettle on, have a brew, and then move it.....

.....About 30 seconds after putting the kettle on, my alarm went into meltdown....

Luckily for me, the fish kited towards the tree and out into a bay and

after a short battle it showed on the surface, and that is when I got my first glance and I knew I had hooked something a bit special.

Thankfully, a short time later and without too much of a fight or drama, it glided over the net cord into the net, and that's when I realised that I probably had a new PB.

The scales pulled round to 34lb bang on

the nose, smashing my last PB by 10lbs, which resulted in me getting the obligatory New PB Soaking....!!

I was well chuffed as the Lake owner informed me that it was only 4oz off the Lake Record so it wasn't a bad way to save a blank and a great way to join the 30's club..!

Regards Josh Row





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Catch Reports

Featuring -

Brooms Cross, Clear Water fishery, Adam Done,
Adam hale, Alan Beacher, Chris Durbin, Graeme
Andrews, Kirk Worthing, Laura Moninier, matthew
Baker, Nathan Pedley, Przemyslaw Kucharski,
Steve Gilbey, Tom McKenna, Tom Parker, Tomasz
Slotwinski



Alan Beacher has been having great success on his local canal taking these 2 beauties on a ronnie rig with Rod Hutchinson Coconut Crush pop up boilies

Brooms Cross Fishery

Specimen carp and coarse



Paul Bates
with Sue at
33lb 2oz



Carl
Pearson
28lb 6oz
Upper Alt
lake

carp

Brooms Cross Fishery

Specimen carp and coarse



Ste
Whittaker
20lb 5oz
PB



Terry
McGarry
with
Shoulders
at 27lb
12oz

Adam Done

common 27lb 4oz.
 Lake record!
 Hags lodge
 Accrington
 The lakes been hard going for weeks and weeks, but with the pressure drop and colder nights coming in it was inevitable something was going to get caught. First came a 22lb mirror to good old sweetcorn. Then the following night this 27.4 common, caught with a waffer on a German rig and a few free offerings.

Adam Hale

Linear carp
 Liverpool park lake
 I caught this fish on a C C Moores live system with a mainline topper on a blowback rig with a small pva bag of crumb to mask the hook point and a scattering of boilies around it



Chris Durbin

Common carp 16lb 3oz
Reservoir
Had a day session
down the local reservoir
and had this lovely
common, not massive
but in absolutely pristine
condition.



Graeme Andrews



Mirror carp 38.08
Whitesprings
lake South
Wales
It's a fish called
Rambo caught
on a BBR white
banoffee wafter
on a size 6 blow
back rig on a
4oz Barton cog
lead over 2kg of
matching baits.

Kirk Worthing

37lb 14oz mirror

Blackthorn fishery

The fish came after along 48 hour wait with not a beep then I had a 25lb mirror but seeing movement in the swim which I had been feeding often with complex t

and pellets I got the rig back on the spot and an hour later off it went I knew it was a big fish but was surprised and overjoyed when it slipped in the net and was recognised as a fish known as the warrior and lake record not to mention a UK pb for me



Laura Monnier

Mirror 34lb 12oz

Deux Iles lake near
Rouen, France

4am wake up call,
caught using CC
Moore Live System
18 mm boilies on a
KD rig





Matthew Baker

Mirror Carp 16lb
Hazel Court Fisheries
The carp was caught by pre-baiting the margins and leaving them for an hour, I then casted a rig out to the margins next to the water outlet and within seconds the alarms screamed a one toner and landed this beautiful fish

Nathan Pedley

Mirror carp 17lb
Fishwick lakes runs water
Fell to my home-made bait but caught with the stone lead and had plenty of more action but this one stood out the most





Przemyslaw Kucharski

Mirror carp at 42.1 lbs

Baden Hall Fishery, Quarry lake

Fish was caught on Pallatrax Stonze system with multiworm squab and matching paste over a large bed of scattered multiworm squabs and crustacean cocktail boilies around

Tom Parker

Mirror carp 29lb

Baden hall fisheries

Cracking 29-pound mirror from Baden hall on a single Mainline Cell bottom bait



Catch Reports

Tomasz Slotwinski

34 lb

Linear Fisheries,
Brasenose 2

Just came back from the most amazing session ever. We went to the Linear Fisheries and we were fishing Brasenose 2 lake with my son David. We were lucky to get some Covert baits from very nice man from Carlisle and we used it to bits. About 15 kg off boilies and 20 kg of particles was enough to take with us. Start was very slow, only one double figure mirror in the



first evening fishing 27 wraps. Then whole night went very quiet so started thinking. Pulled out a marker float again any managed to find silty very smooth feeling spot. 19 wraps and the rods were out followed by 20 spombs spod mix with boilies. Two hours later everything started, rods were screaming like crazy and we bagged a few nice twenties, middle day quite quiet. Afternoon 22 lb common for David, and when we were making photos one of mine rods started screaming and first ever thirty at 30 and half pounds. Then a couple of twenties and few doubles through the evening and night. Morning pretty much the same and the biggest fish of the session came in to the net, beautiful mirror at 34 lb. Middle day quiet again. Afternoon started with another twenty and about hour later third thirty saw our mat at 32 pounds. What a moment it was 24 hours to go and three thirties, we were living the dream. And then weather condition has changed and clouds appeared on sky followed by strong wind who pushed the fish away from us and anglers from the other side started catching. We knew we have to keep putting bait to pull them back, so we did. Another double through the night any another four twenties in the morning. Middle day has come, and it was time to pack up and go home.

We finished the most amazing session in our life.

Fluorocarbon leader made from 20 lb Berkley fluorocarbon line about 3 rod lengths done a trick followed by a back lead as well pinning down everything. Hook link from fluorocarbon as well with size 4 curve hook.

All together we managed to catch 3 thirty pounds fish, 9 twenty pounds fish and 8 doubles through four nights session.



Steve Gilbey

a quick report on a short five hour session at Barway Lakes near Ely. Five carp taken the biggest being a mint common of 22lb.

Bait of choice Rod Hutchinson Ballistic B 15 mm pop ups fished on a multi rig tight to an island with a scattering of Ballistic B bottom baits.

A further smaller common fell to half a Ballistic B pop up and half a bottom bait fished on a German rig with a scattering of squashed and crumbed Ballistic B.



36lbs 2oz, 20lbs 4oz, 19lb and 18lbs

ST.Johns Lake Oxford, Steamies Individual baits Social ST.Johns trip.



I came out 9th in the draw so I wasn't really expecting to get the swim I did, I walked round in the morning and saw 10-15 carp swimming round in the shallows from swim 29 to the bowl, I checked the weather app I had for the weekend and it was overcast with high pressure so I kept my fingers crossed the swims I wanted stayed unpicked. Thankfully swim

29 did as I love snag fishing, I spent the first 2 hours having a lead about and found 3 areas I wanted to fish, firstly as this is the Korda swim I choose to ignore the korda spot entirely as this is probably hammered every day, instead I found a nice spot on the edge of a tree 19 wraps out with a hard drop but when you brought the lead in some slit weed on the bottom perfect for me, I chose to feed hand full only as I didn't know what the person before me put in, so hemp mixed nuts and maize with a few Coconut and orange steamies bollie, where thrown in on all spots, the next spot was a gravel area 15 wraps out and the next 5 wraps out to the left into an open bay, 2 rigs where the same 10 inch ESP boom with a 360 chod topped off with a washed out pink pop up coconut and orange and a high vis yellow ice breaker both dipped in chilli oil, the last one on the gravel spot was a D, ring rig with a 8 inch ESP boom and a Coconut and orange wafter with a matching stick mix. All set for night, at 12.00am the long rod when screaming off didn't even have time to put my shoes on, when I got to the rod it was well under the tree, I applied steady pressure to get her out with the grinding on the line we all hate but after 2 mins or so she was in open water and kiting right to be honest as I don't use a head torch in the night fights she came straight in and didn't really kick on until she hit the block bar but by then it was too late, 36 lbs 2oz in the net. The next night was a little bit more hectic with a 20lb fish coming from the same long rod, 19lbs coming from the gravel spot and an 18lbs coming back from the long rod. All in all made it a long night with the runs coming at 12am 2am and 4am, with constant topping up with hand full during the day and after every fish capture, the fish defo found the bait on the second night, I think I was there for 3 or 4 nights this could have been and special trip as they were still in the swim when I left on Sunday, great trip, good friends, great bait.

Clear Water Fisheries

Kellet Day ticket lake:

Paul Cutts just smashed his PB on Kellet Lake with this at 20lb 8oz. A fish he's nicknamed "moon piglet" due to its shoulder scale, matching our resident complex record Moonscale AKA Moonpig. The gaffer himself Mr Mollart gave him the traditional Clearwaters PB soaking.

Ben Groovier 22lb common caught using Nash scopex squid over a spodded area of pellets and corn.

Chris Park & Jamie Chester both having nice fish 2lb Mirror and 25lb Ghosty, both fishing small clear areas in the weed and presenting small amounts of bait.

Kellet has fished very well over the last 3 weeks with many fish coming out from mid doubles right up to 28lb, best tactics being 3 rods on a tight spodded area of pellets, corn and small boilies. Generally fishing small popups over this.

Keer Syndicate Lake:

Adam Clarke on a 5-day week session managed 2 of the lakes big fish over a large spodded area of boilies and pellets. Bullet at 38lb and the football common at 2lb.

Chris Froggart fished a quick over nighter baiting lightly and has 2 x 26lb fish one a common and one a mirror.

Bailiffs Adam Foulds and Paul Curwen (ME) fished a 48-hour social session in the teeth of storm Ali, Adam had 2 fish up to 20lb one of them being a stunner. Paul had 5 fish, 12, 16, 18, 22 & 28.8, all from long range over a heavily baited area of scopex squid pellets and corn.

Other notable captures are the owner of the fishery Alex Mollart having a stunning 21lb grass carp, Nathen Pickering with a 21lb stockie, Kenny Harrison had one of the big stockies at 30lb 8oz and one of the big cats made another appearance at 52lb to Jamie Stamper.

Cheers Paul Curwen
Clearwater Fisheries





Telephone Enquiries

01524 745848



Keer Lake -
Adam Clarke
38lb bullet



Keer Lake
- Adam
Foulds 20lb



Keer Lake
- Alex
Mollart 21lb



Keer Lake
- Chris
Froggatt -
26lb



Keer Lake -
Adam Clarke
32lb Football
Common

Clear Water Fisheries

Keer Lake
- Chris
Froggatt
26lb



Keer Lake
- Nathan
Pickering
21lb



Keer Lake
- Paul
Curwen
28.8



Keer Lake
Kenny
Harrison
30.8



Kellet
Lake
- 25lb
Ghosty



Keer Lake
- Jamie
Stamper
52lb cat





Telephone Enquiries

01524 745848

Kellet lake
- Paul Cutts
- 21lb PB
soaking



Kellet lake
- Paul Cutts
- 21lb PB
soaking



Kellet lake
- Paul Cutts
- 21lb PB
soaking



Clear Water Fisheries

Link to fishery video

<https://www.facebook.com/clearwaterfisheries/videos/1201588969974946/>

Intro to fishery

Clearwater fisheries is the North West's premier specimen carp fishery, offering a mix of day ticket and syndicate fishing across 3 mature, otter protected gravel pits as well as a stunning fully licensed Bistro, offering food delivery's to your peg.

Kellet lake is our premier day ticket water with 13 comfortable pegs around 5.5 acres of crystal clear water. The lake holds around 180 top quality carp from the UK's best suppliers and has a current lake record in excess of 33lb.

24hour fishing tickets are 3 rods - £25.00

Kents Bank is currently a mixed course and carp venue with fish into the 20s, Kent's bank will be transformed into a prolific carp runs water in the next 6-8 months, stocked with the finest fast growing carp around.

24hour fishing tickets are 3 rods - £25.00

Day fishing on kents bank only:

Full day – 1 rod - £8, 2 rods - £10, 3 rods - £12

Half day – 1 rod - £6, 2 rods - £8, 3 rods - £10

Keer Lake is our 21 acre syndicate water. Unrivalled stock of fish anywhere in the north of England. The lake holds carp to in excess of 46lb, has at least 15 fish over 30lb and has recently been stocked with hundreds of top quality fish from a carefully selected number of UK stockists. The syndicate is currently full but as places come available they will be offered to regulars from our day ticket waters.

Opening times

1st April until 30th September - 7.30 until 19.00

1st October until 31st March – 8.30 until 17.00



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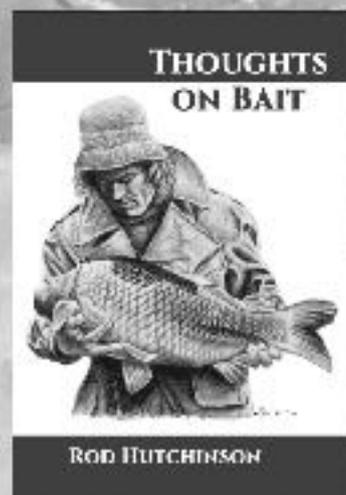
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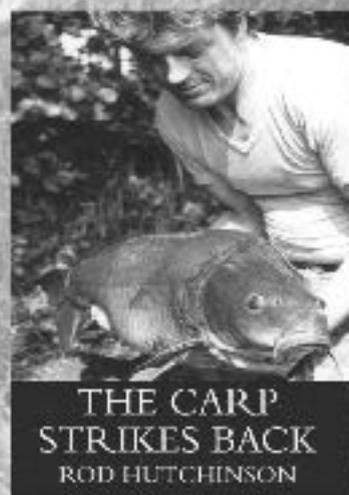
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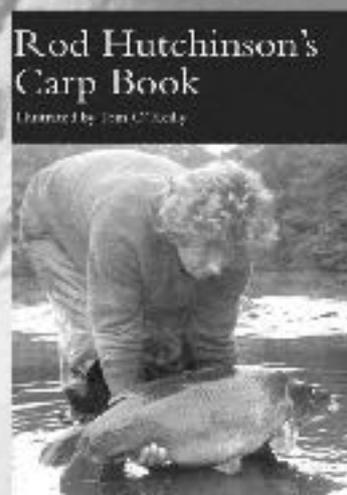
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Barringtons
&
Carp 19



Barrington's lake France

'During the last week of September, Paul and Beccy returned to Barrington's for their third year and Paul fished again from swim 2. During the day-times they visited swim 5 to give their swim a rest and for Beccy to sunbathe. We all had a BBQ

and champagne on Wednesday evening to celebrate Beccy's birthday. The weather is definitely cooler now and quite chilly at night although the carp are still mostly being caught during the evenings, night and early mornings. Paul landed 10 carp to 30lb5oz, including a further 30lb carp and lost 2. The smallest carp was 23lb. He was delighted to equal the quantity of carp that he caught last year.'

'Ivo and Gert from The Netherlands and Daz and Byron from the UK landed 17 carp to 37lb6oz. New personal bests of a 37lb6oz(17kg) common for Gert from swim 5 and a 31lb12oz common for Daz from swim 3. There were 7 twenties to 29lb8oz and 5 thirties to 37lb6oz. The water level is the lowest that it has ever been since we opened, due to the long hot summer with no rain. There was a good rainstorm this week which put about 2 inches in the lake. The majority of the fish were still caught between dinner and breakfast. As Ivo and Gert told us on their feedback form "very beautiful carp in this lake, they are in good condition and really strong".'

Gert 17kg



Byron 31lb
12oz





28lb 6oz



30lb



30lb 5oz

RESIZED FOR 2018

SEE WEBSITE FOR FULL DETAILS



MASSIVE



 **GARDNER**
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GARDNERTACKLE.CO.UK



CARP 19



Stephen 40lb

Daryl



Tommy
with a
53lb 12oz
mirror



Gareth



CARP
19

**Thankyou for reading and as always
your continued support**

**Please send your articles and catch reports
by the 28th October 2018 for next months
magazine**

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for Carp anglers written by
YOU !!!!!!!**

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