

# Talking Carp Magazine

ISSUE 15  
May 2017



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Gary "Milky" Lowe  
Chris Kirk at 'The Avenue'  
Keith Moors  
Catch Reports  
Plus Much more.....

**Competition  
Time!!!!!!**  
5 KG of Fresh  
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## Hello and welcome....

Can you believe it is May already? Where is the year going? Anyway, as we can see from the world of social media that most, if not all of you, have dusted down your gear and you are back on the banks fishing. Great stuff... let's get out there and do what we do for the reason we do it. To be there, at one with nature, taking in the full beauty of Spring as the world around us blossoms and blooms...and of course to get our strings pulled, our wets net and have some pretty pictures taken with our latest captures. Excellent stuff!!

Enjoy what you do, take pictures and leave nothing but footprints.

Now, we have a great competition inside this issue! Your chance to win 5 kilos of freshly rolled bait from Galaxy baits and delivered to your door... Simply read Scott Grants article and email us the answer to a very simple question at the bottom of Scotts article!! Boom!! That easy!!

Have a great month ladies and gentlemen and see you in the very next issue.

*Team Talking Carp.*

Email us at any time with catch reports, articles, advertisement enquiries or any questions you may have.

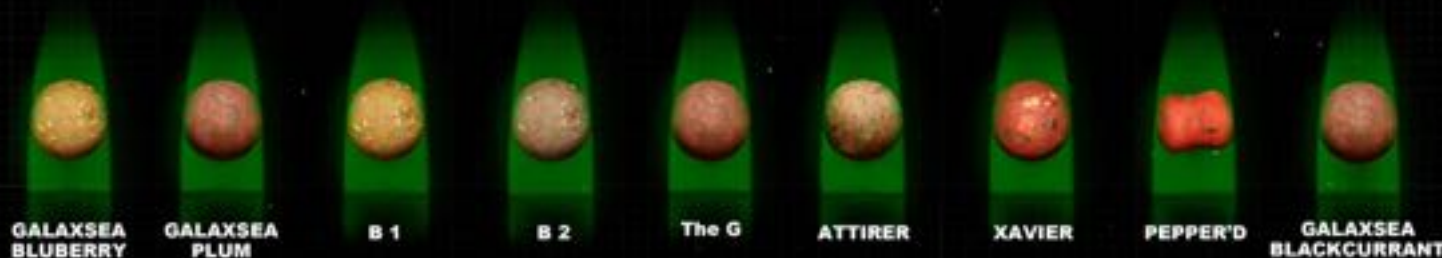
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In Search of "Bubbles" Part 2  
by Scott "Geezer" Grant





## In Search of “Bubbles” Part 2

I got home from my session and what a great session I had considering the weather. As I was not due back at work until Thursday I was itching to get back over Churchwood in search of a special fish. The lake would be free on Sunday which would give me another 3 nights. I saw myself back over the lake Sunday afternoon all restocked and ready to go.

With the groundwork already done it was a simple case of re-rigging the rods and getting them out to the areas that produced the previous week. With everything set up and the rods waiting to go, I walked round to where I would be fishing and

introduced a couple of handfuls of 10mm nut job boilies along with a couple of scoops of both the Blitz and R9. I then went to see Nick who was finishing his session on Jenkins. I was in no hurry to get the rods out if they were out before dark. Unfortunately, no fish graced Nicks net but with a baited rig in the water you've got every chance. I sat chatting and drinking tea with him until he was all packed up and off home.



Once back in my swim I got the rods out to the areas then it was just a case of sit back and wait. The owner Steve Sands came down to see me and wished me luck and to keep him informed. Steve was feeling much better after his illness and was back to work the next morning. I did chuckle to myself as he will be doing battle with the rush hour on the tube and I will be sitting at his lake catching his quarry. The weather

had changed and the following days would be bringing daytime temperatures of 11oc with the warmest day of the year expected tomorrow with 16oc. The wind had also changed and was going to be a west/south westerly

as opposed to the east north/easterly winds I endured last week.

So, all in all I was excited that the fish would wake from their winter slumber and get their heads down.

As I went to sleep that night I was hoping to wake up to a screaming receiver, but never the less I woke up early Monday morning just before sunrise to static alarms, the kettle went on for my morning coffee whilst watching the water for any signs of life. The wind had



really got up and was blowing straight into where I was fishing, the pressure was reading 1018 and dropping again another positive sign. As the sun came up it seemed so much warmer and I was sure the fish would respond. Around midday as I was watching the water a fish poked its head out right over the baited area!!! I was

in Shock I couldn't believe it, then another fish all in all I saw around half a dozen fish showing over and around the area I was fishing. This lasted for a couple of hours while the sun was shining then the weather changed and it became overcast, the fish seemed to of just disappeared. I walked around the lake trying to find if they had moved to another area, but couldn't find a single fish.

It was like they had just vanished!! I left the rods where they were as I was more than happy that my rigs were presented and fishing. I did trickle in a little more bait as I was sure the fish were eating it. That evening I had a lovely home cooked curry, followed by a nice hot shower (As Steve stayed in my



swim looking after the rods). I was shocked at the fact after all the shows I had witnessed the rods stayed motionless.

That night after watching a great film I drifted off to sleep dreaming of “Bubbles”. The next morning the weather had changed again it was cooler only 12oc with a touch of light drizzle, pressure had only dropped to 1017 and the wind was still hacking into the areas I’m fishing.

As I sat drinking coffee and watching the water I started to think that maybe a change of rigs was needed. I grabbed my tackle box and started making up a few different rigs and as I finished the last rig, I had a single bleep on the middle rod. I jumped out the chair and sat right next to my rods, eyes fixed on the rod and bobbin.

Then another beep as I looked at the end of the rod the slack line started to tighten up, wallop I lifted the rod and walked back immediately as I didn’t want the fish heading for the snags.

It felt like a good fish and was fighting hard and staying deep, after a few minutes the fish was out in front, then as I lifted the rod again a large head popped out of the surface, a real dark mirror. I slid the net out and eased the fish over the cord and as it did I let out a sigh of relief.

I lifted the net and peered inside and what I fish I was staring at, a huge framed chestnut mirror. I knew it wasn’t Bubbles but I was happy anyway, a fish from this place in the winter is an achievement in itself. I got everything sorted and gave Steve’s wife Helen a ring as she

is mustard with the camera. Helen came straight down and once the fish was in the sling a weight of 24lb 4oz was recorded. Helen took some cracking photos, then the fish was treated and returned. I sent Steve a couple of shots and he said it was the same fish his cousin Nick caught last winter, from the swim I just vacated so she obviously likes the bait. With the fish back I rebaited the rod and sent it out to the baited area, the only free bait I was going to put out was what I put in the boat as I felt there was enough bait out there already to get another bite at least.

In winter, I always favour a white hookbait over any other colour, simply because I have caught so many fish on white as opposed to other colours. My choice on this rod was a barrel shaped popup

rather than a standard round one as the fish find it harder to deal with.

It was still early morning and with another night left It felt good for another bite. The mrs turned up at midday and we had a romantic meal, bacon sandwiches!!! That’s how I roll.

The sun made a brief appearance and as I was watching the water a fish just broke the surface, then another popped its head out. The fish were still there hopefully feeding on the bait, the lake seems to come alive when the sun comes out but with the forecast of more drizzle I didn’t hold much hope it would be out for long. An hour or so after the mrs had turned up and the right-hand rod was away, a one toner I lifted the rod and the fish started to kite



towards the snags. It felt like a good fish and the only thing that was going through my mind was “Bubbles”.

I managed to steer the fish away with a little pressure and once in open water it wasn’t long before the fish was in the net. I could see it was a common but knew due to the size that it wasn’t my target fish.

Never the less I was more than grateful and on the scales she went 19lb, with a little coaching the mrs took some great shots, then

the fish was treated and returned. I wasted no time in getting the rod back out and topping the area up with bait.

The adrenalin was now in full flow and after a blank couple of days the fish were now starting to feed and I was sure they were more fish to follow, I was even trying to see if I could get out of work (no luck there though) just so I could do a little more time, we’ve all been there at some point in our angling career.



To my amazement, the fish went to ground as the weather turned overcast and the temperature dropped, the wind was still hacking into the area but no more fish showed.

After a quiet night, it was time for me to pack up and head home ready for work in the morning. This place really is something special, the fish are stunning and the originals are old

and Wiley. Unfortunately for me “Bubbles” didn’t make an appearance but mark my words this winter I will be back and hopefully land her. For more information on this stunning day ticket lake visit

[www.churchwoodfishries.co.uk](http://www.churchwoodfishries.co.uk)

If you would like to get your hands on the newly awaited nut job

boilies visit

[Www.galaxybaits.co.uk](http://Www.galaxybaits.co.uk)

and for end tackle (including the Ronnie rig package) visit

[www.sharptackle.co.uk](http://www.sharptackle.co.uk)

If you’re out on the bank be safe have fun and remember its only fishing. All the best

*Scott “Geezer” Grant*



## Competition time!!!

This month, with thanks to Scott and Micky at Galaxy baits you have the chance to win 5 kilos of freshly rolled bait delivered to your doorstep!!

All you must do is tell us the weight of the biggest fish that Scott caught from Churchwood Fishery in this 2-part article you have just read in this and the last issue... simple!!

Email all answers to [brian.dixon@talkingcarp.co.uk](mailto:brian.dixon@talkingcarp.co.uk) and pop “galaxy comp” in the subject box.

**Good luck everyone....**







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A CHAT WITH....  
TREMAYNE SERGENT



This month we catch up with Tremayne Sargent, a character known to most around the North-West region. As well as the usual circuit waters, Tremayne likes to sometimes go off the beaten track, taking carp from just about everywhere he goes... including some absolutely stunning specimens from the difficult River Ribble.

**1) Welcome to Talking Carp. Tell us a little about yourself, how you got into carp fishing in and around the North West.**

Hi. I'm 36 and work full time, I also run "Serious Carp Socials", I'm a bailiff on a private syndicate too. I love carp fishing and seeing others getting involved.

For me it all started years ago from pond fishing and then as I grew older my friends had been going carping.

I used to stay in the back of the bivvy and one day I had my chance to get one ... my mate went to the toilet and his rod screamed off. The rest is history as they say... from then I fished all the North-west waters from the age of 16.

Learning from others watching and asking questions also learning my water craft.

**2) Where do you like to fish these days?**

Generally my syndicate and day ticket waters around my area in between socials every month. If I do get time it's where I feel the vibe ...

**3) What's the story behind carp fishing on the river Ribble? You seemed to be quite successful at it...what's your secret?**

Again, when I was young I used to fish ponds and rivers and learnt my water craft fishing with friends and catching big barbel and seeing the carp then days it didn't click but as I got into carp fishing it all of a sudden clicked in to place for me. There's no secrets, just apply yourself and it will happen.



**4) Anyone who follows you on Facebook will be aware of a little venture you started ... the Serious Carp Socials. How did they come about?**

The socials came about over 3 years ago when 7 lads booked a lake for a 48-hour session with a BBQ. After that we decided to expand and it went from 7 to a thousand followers on Facebook very quick. It started off as Northwest Carp Socials then outgrew its name and Serious Carp Socials was born.

**5) The Serious Carp Socials seems to have become very popular very quickly... why do you think that is?**

Errrrrm lol no idea. It started off with a good network of anglers and it just went from there. I've always put the carp angler first ... and made sure they have enjoyed themselves

**6) On top of some great northern venues, you have taken the Carp Socials on the road too, travelling around the UK. Where have you been to so far? And where would you like to take the socials to in the future?**

We've been all over ... Wyreside fishery on lakes sunny 1 and 2, Pendle View, always be a lake close to my heart ... Baden hall, Cromwell, Merrington, Trent view , Orchard Place Farm, Cavendish Dock , Clearwater, Drayton and by the time you read this the new Foxes lake at Wyreside

**7) What does the future hold for you? Where would you like to fish, for yourself, that you haven't already done so yet?**

Err good question... the futures bright. I've a few ideas we are going to be developing more in the way of tuition for the individual angler





who wants it. I have an excellent network of professional and high profile anglers willing to help.

I want to fish Eric willows soon as I get time it's on my list.

The size of them in there are massive.

**8) What advice would you give to somebody just coming into the sport?**

Do plenty of research. There's loads of vids online stuff about these days ... and above all fish care ... unhooking mat, hook hold and sores treatment, decent landing net. If you can start off with good fish care then learn as you go on. Also, don't take it too seriously. You don't have to be a field tester to catch fish... too many anglers put pressure on themselves just go out and catch fish.

**9) Finally, give the readers a little insight into the set ups and rigs you are favouring right now.**

I basically use a running lead set up, preferably on a tungsten leader with a buffer bead and some putty... my rigs are always a box standard hair rig with a bit of shrink tube . I've never ever over complicated things... simple and very effective.

Thank you Tremayne for that little chat, we wish you the best of luck with your future fishing, and look forward to seeing more of you as you travel the country with your Serious Carp Socials.

For anyone wishing to get involved simply contact Tremayne on his Facebook page, or join the Serious Carp Socials Facebook page, and follow the going ons and keep up to date with the socials, as we are sure there will be one NEAR YOU....SOON.

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# Electric Avenue

## by Chris Kirk



A fortnight had passed since my last visit to the Avenue which had ended with a blank so I was very keen to get back down as the end of the season was approaching with only five weeks left. A visit to Clearwater Fisheries in-between gave me two carp one of which was Choco Orange at 25lb, very pleasing, what a beautiful fish that is, so my confidence was still high.

Pulling up in the car park it looked quite busy so barrow loaded and through the gate I went. Looking across the lake off I went for a walk round. It was very warm with a steady SW wind blowing towards peg 3. Mike Dagnall in peg 4 was leaving at 11ish and had caught an upper 30, and as it looked good for more with the conditions suited to the area so I decided to wait for the peg.

Rods off the barrow and wrapped up to distance out they went. Both on singles, one popup and one waffer and in minutes I was fishing no disturbance. Brew on with eyes on the water studying. An hour or so passed and peg 3 landed a thirty pounder, then further to my left around 5 o'clock another good fish was landed called Black Scar at 50+ so I was feeling optimistic with only another two anglers left on by 7pm. An hour before dark I introduced some feed over the top of my rigs through the spod, a mixture of whole, chopped and crumbed MeatyG plus particle and MG liquid. I like to soften the boilies by boiling up lake water then just covering for about 15mins this makes them active so release attraction as soon as introduced in the swim. No attractants are lost as

I pour the warm water and boilies all into the mix. Night passed with nothing and I was up at first light with a brew and saw two fish poke their heads out on the House bank at the other end of the lake and with the wind now blowing a strong cold north westerly right into me I decided to move by the time my cup was empty round on the back of it into peg 12 putting me in reach of the fish. I just wasn't feeling it and felt like the fish had moved away as it had gone so much colder. Casting half way but away from the central bar in open water I placed multi-rigs with Retrobaits E5 pop-ups either side of the area I had seen the shows, not straight on top of them, and then set up nice and quiet. The day passed I kept watching and about 4pm subtle signs of





On the scales though she went, and **banged the needle round to 50lb 4oz my new pb** known as Captain Scarlet and I was blown away. With another day left of the session I was hopeful of more action, but the alarms stayed silent but I wasn't too bothered to be honest.

End tackle was 7" Multi-rigs tied in PB products 'Skinless' in silt with their Chod hook, Inline leads with PB products Downforce. How am I ever going to beat that day? Over 90lb with just 2 fish....

***It really is 'Electric' Avenue.***

*Chris.*

Absolutely incredible feeling!

fish could be seen. Little flat areas here and there between both rods, the odd ripple looking out of place and then a fish turn over only just breaking surface, I was tempted to move a rod closer but resisted the urge and just sat tight. At 6pm while tying a couple of fresh rigs up the left bobbin jigged up and down a

fish shaking its head, I lifted into it, fish on and it felt decent but they all do in this lake. Swimming towards me I kept up with it then when 20yds out stayed deep using its weight plodding about till I surfaced it and quickly scooped it up, yes!!! Identified as Moonscale, an original fish, she went 42lb 8oz and I was buzzing!

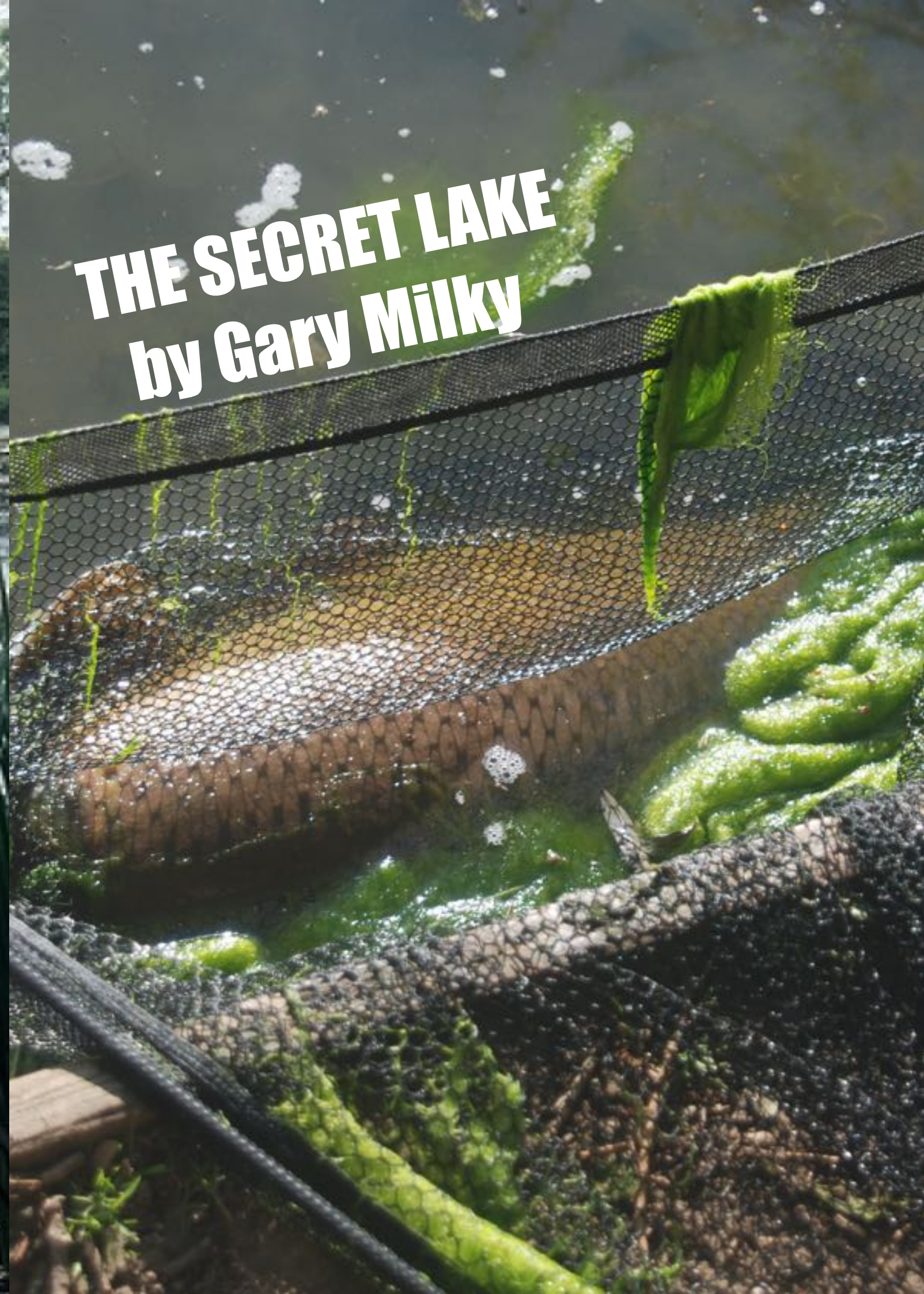
Photos done and back she went, rods re-wrapped back to the same area. Then 45 mins later the right rod signaled a take and what a good scrap that was, powerful runs in and out till she tired and netting her on the second attempt. Looking into the net I thought "wow a brace of forties, unreal."







# THE SECRET LAKE by Gary Milky





# THE SECRET LAKE

After a few months of writing about my old exploits, I hope you enjoyed them it was time to get up to date about this season fishing exploits. I had a ticket on the lake for a few years but I had never fished the lake, this year I was going to give it a go. I had walked around it plenty of times so when I did decide to give it a go I knew a fair bit about the lake and the habits of the fish in there. I'll give you a little insight of the lake. It's about 110 acres and tree lined all the way round, the lake is very shallow, the deepest part of the lake is only 10ft and the shallowest is around 2ft and the lake bed is mainly silt with the old gravel patch but they are very hard to find. One side of the lake has swims but on the far side of the lake you had to boat across to get to the few swims that are there as you couldn't walk all the way round, on all the visits to the lake I had not seen many people fishing the far side so I thought to myself I was going to pick the last swim on the far bank and concentrate on that and keep the bait going in that area, the lake didn't have loads of fish. maybe 100 max, there are four 40s that we knew of, three mirrors and 1 common. I decided to use Mainline Cell as I had total confidence in this and then use some mixed particles to keep them grubbing around.

The first trip was going to be a four day session, so the car was packed with everything I needed and I was off down the road towards the lake, I soon turned down the muddy path that lead to the carp park of the lake. I pulled into the car park and was surprised to only see a few cars as the lake had down o couple of fish the week before, I locked the car and walked through the small gap towards the lake, and as soon as I did I see the first angler so I had a chat with him to find out where the others were and after that I new that there was no one in the swim I wanted ,so I was off back to the car and loaded my barrow up and was of down the path to the boat house where there was three boats for the anglers to use. Once everything was loaded and my life jacket was on it was time to row down to the far end of the lake, when I reached the swim I could see that the massive lily bed that is normally down there had started to grow which I was pleased about as I wanted to fish one rod up close to these. I unloaded the boat and set about setting up all the gear once this was done I put the kettle on and sat back to drink it and watch the water, after about half an hour I see a fish, a good one as well, you can only use the boat to get to the swims not placing rigs so this fish was well out of my casting range about 200 yards out but I could put one as close as I could towards the spot.

The other two rods I was going to cast towards the lily beds, one either side, so if any fish moved past the lilies I would have a bait waiting. I tied up two mainline pineapple pop ups and they were mounted on chod rigs ,I was using chods as the area was think with silt and I knew

fishing this way the bait and rig would be active all the time ,the third rod was going at range with a helicopter rig as close as I could to where the fish showed. All rigs were cast out and around 100 baits were put out with a Taska Venda throwing stick then I spodded out a mixture of particles over each rod, now that everything was done it was time to sit back for the four days I was there, peace



and quiet no one can get to me without a boat and I won't see anyone as I am right down the far end.

For the rest of the day I sat there on the edge of the swim drinking tea and watching the water for signs of any fish but I had only seen the one fish earlier in the day so going into the night I was not too confident of a bite but you have always got a chance as long as your baits in the water. During the night I heard several fish out towards the long range rod but by morning nothing had happened, I sat there watching the water drinking a brew when I see a really good common show over the dead pads which was close to two of my rods and a big fizz of bubbles came up, so I was up and sitting on my hands just in case something happened and yes your right... nothing happened, so come mid-day I thought I would reel in and have a walk through the trees to see if I could see any fish down the lake. As there is no path it was going to be a struggle so after being cut to bits trying to see any fish I gave up and went back to my swim where I tied on new baits and got them back on the spots, then decided to put some more bait out in case some had been eaten then sat there on the end of the swim watching the water. While I was sitting there I see another angler in the boat with his gear half way down the lake, looks like there will be another angler on this side of the lake... at least if I get one and I need a camera man there will be some on my side to come and do the pictures.

Well as it got dark I see the same common clear the water in the pads again and two more fish in open water as the wind was pushing down my end the fish must have moved on it, all I hope is the big shoals of bream don't visit my areas tonight. I had sat there watching the water in to darkness just to see if any more showed but nothing did so I got settled down under the brolly





ready for the night. I soon found myself nodding off sleep but I was woken in the early hours by an absolute one toner so I was out of the bag and pulled into a very hard fighting fish that had torn through the growing pads and I could feel the line grating on the stems of the pads so I kept the line tight and it was soon cutting the stems and I was back in contact with the fish which tore off down to my left so I had to really give it some side strain to make sure it didn't reach the tree roots that were in the edge. I managed to get the fish in front of me after about 5 mins and it was tearing up and down the margins, the problem with fishing shallow lakes is the fish can really only go one way and that out as it can't go down as it's not deep enough, well after what seemed like ages I finally net a good mirror, I made sure that the fish was secure and set about getting everything ready as it was just starting to get light I thought that I would put the fish in the retainer and get some good shots when it was light. I got all the gear ready for a self-take as I didn't want to row up to the other bloke as it was still bite time and didn't want to spoil his chances. I had the fish in the weigh sling and up on the scales she went 37lb 4oz I was over the moon with that and the first fish out of a new lake, so after a good few snaps I returned the fish and watched her swim away, after I cleared everything up I tied a new rig and cast it back to the same spot. I didn't want to put any more bait out just yet incase I spooked any fish that were around, so after a few hours the sun was up and it was getting really warm and I had not seen any fish so I decided to scatter some more Mainline Cell out around the rod that I had the fish on, after I done this I sat back to do myself a good full English before I reeled in. I had decided to rest the swim for a few hours to see if more fish would move in as the wind was really blowing down my end now, after I had finished my breakfast and washed it down

with a cuppa I decided to climb up one of the trees that were on this side of the lake some lads had put a platform near the top of one of them so you could stand up there and watch the water and be comfortable, as I got to the platform I looked out to where the pads were growing and just behind them the water was a totally different colour to the rest it was a brownish colour the rest was a greenish blue so there must be fish feeding there or they have been feeding. Had I made a big mistake by reeling in? Well I can't change what I've done, I sat up there for a good few hours watching the water and while I was up there I had seen two shows and watched a big shoal of bream come up into the area. as it was getting to mid-afternoon I decided to get back down and get the rods back out.

I decided to not cast the rod that was at long range back on the spot but cast it to where the water was a different colour and place the other two back near the pads, after this I scattered another few hundred Mainline Cell around the area and I spodded some of the mixed particle around the spots then sat back listening to the radio and drinking tea, thinking to myself if they are feeding during the night everything is spot on and I was really confident of a bite tonight. As I was sitting there on the edge of the swim the big common swam past the swim about 5ft out... it was one of the A team, I watched it as it swam off up the tree line then it turned and swam back. I sat really still as it swam to where the swim was then it dropped down and started feeding on the spod spill that I had dropped in the edge. I couldn't believe it as it cleared it all up and swam off to the right well about 10mins later it came back and stopped where the bait had been it was looking for more so I watched it and then waited for it to swim off then went and got some spod mix and threw it in the area that it was visiting. Well about 10mins later it came back and went straight down on the spot and cleared the lot up then swam off into the tree line. By now it was getting really dark and I thought I'll bring in one rod that was near the pads change the rig to a bottom bait and place it there, I used a Cell dumbbell as a hook bait and then baited up with a bit of the mixed particle but I was still watching the water to see if it came back and it hadn't so I thought I'll give it ago it might come back, I placed the rig in quietly and then sat back in my brolly for the night.





Well nothing happened so I drifted off to sleep but couldn't sleep well as I was on edge in case the rod in the edge screamed of well it was getting light and I thought that the fish was not coming back when I had a few bleeps on the close in rod something was there it kept bleeping so I was up and had my shoes on ready when I see the rod bend round and the buzzer screamed into life. I was on it in a flash as the fish tore of down the left had margin it was taking line all the time and I hoped it didn't get snagged in the trees, but then it decided to head out into open water, what a bit of luck that was!! I could finally get a bit of control of the fish... well how wrong was I? It was like a train, it kept taking line, it was now heading out towards the pads and there was nothing I could do, all I kept thinking is please don't fall off as this could be the common I had been watching, the fish started to slow down and I began to gain some line when it all went solid ,it had found some weed or the pads ,I kept the pressure on it for a good 10 minutes but nothing was giving so I decided to take to the boat and get above it this might move it. Life jacket on and landing net in the boat I reeled my way out to where the fish was and it had found one of the many big weed beds so I thought the only way I'll get this out is try and handline it and when it started to move pull the weed out the way, well after a few minutes it started to move and the fish was coming, well when it did it shot off and I had to grab the rod! Now the fish was off and I was being towed around my end of the lake well the other angler could see this and shouted to me that if I wanted help he would row over. I thought I would be ok, but after a good 10 mins I was still being towed by this fish so shouted over to him to help well he got to me and anchored my boat to his so I could get some leverage on the fish, and this seemed to work and I started to gain some line on the fish.

After a few more minutes the fish was near the boat and I saw the golden scales so I new I had one of the commons but which one was it? It rolled and it was one of the big ones! Once I knew that I went to jelly and started to panic and I played it a lot softer so it now had the upper hand and was now taking line again. I had to clamp down on it so it didn't get back in the weed bed eventually I had the fish near the net and with one big scoop she was mine. I let out a massive scream and a couple of other blokes down the other end came to the end of their swim and looked up. We both rowed back to my swim so we could see which common I had, and after we sorted the boats and made sure the fish was safe I put the kettle on so we could have a brew and try and settle myself down as I couldn't believe what I had in the net, after we had drunk the tea and got everything ready, and as I lifted her out the water and onto the mat we saw she was big and golden. We looked at her and tried to make out what one she was, it wasn't one of the big three commons but this was big which threw us so we decided to weigh her



and do the photos were then time to work out which one it was. On the scales, she went 41lb 9oz!! That will do for me! A load of photos taken and she was soon on her way back to her home, we sat there looking at the photos and through all the photos of fish that were in there and the common I had was one they call the silt common and hadn't been out for two years and was up in weight. It was last out at just under 40lb. I can't believe it in two nights I had caught two fish, a 37 and a 41 and I still had a few nights left. Once everything was done and I was on my own I could sit back and just think about what I've caught. I reeled in the other two rods and climbed the tree to have a look out over where I was fishing. I sat up there for a good few hours and I could see nothing even the cloudy water had gone from the other day so I climbed back down and put the rods out for the night on the original spots. That night I had a good sleep apart from a few rats running about under the bed.

For the next few days that I had left I saw nothing up my end of the lake, the wind had changed and blew down the other end so I think the fish went with it. It was soon the morning that I had to leave and I had a few kilos of bait left so I decided to put it out on the spots that I had been fishing ready for when I came back next week, once I had done all the bait I loaded and rowed back to the boat house one happy chap. Once in the car park I met up with a few of the lads for a chat and I found out that one of the lads had had one of the big commons from down the other end last night at a massive weight of 49lb 4 oz, I was well chuffed for him and couldn't wait to get back down so I loaded the car and drove of down the country lane. Let's just hope that the lake is as kind to me next week.

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**Away to Bluebell lakes I  
Go...  
by Nathan "Snowy" Sharp**

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# Away to Bluebell Lakes I Go...

These days there are so many great waters with some stunning fish, many of these are day ticket and although I don't prefer these waters due to how busy they can be, some hold some stunning fish that really float my boat!

Over the last couple of years, most of my fishing has been based around my family life, having a young child and work. However, the 2014 season saw me getting the rods out more and with the extra hours there was some success.

At the start of summer, I had a couple of trips to the famous Bluebell Lakes. Having fished it a couple of times on socials, I knew a little about the lakes and the fish they held, but was a little out of touch with the place.

So, after a quick lap of the complex, the only lake where I could get on the fish was on the runs water, Mallard Lake. Following a quick night and a fish under my belt I packed away to go and get the lowdown on the fishery. After a few hours chatting to the other anglers I had more of an idea of what was what following previous winter's floods.

I now knew that, because I'm a weekend angler, I was best to try and find the fish on any of the lakes and jump on them, rather than settling on a set lake and not being

able to get on the fish due to the Friday rush! My next session was a Friday night after work and after a mad rush my mate Alex and I managed to get to the fishery. Now I'm not trying to make excuses but those lakes get busy. When we turned up at last knockings, darkness was closing



*TalkingCarp*

in and we had to get a serious shift on! We arrived at Kingfisher Lake, which again only had a couple of swims free and, as we stood pondering what to do, a big humped black back pushed out and crashed back to the shimmering surface with a resounding doosh! Within 10 minutes the car was unloaded and after a quick chuck about with a bare lead it seemed there was a silt strip

at 30 yards, so three rigs were wrapped up and flicked to the spot, followed by 50 freebies.

By morning it was obvious that the fish had moved and were boshing and cruising opposite along the lock bank. Following a quick brew and a packet of digestives (well I've gotta keep my figure) it was time for rods in and a mooch about.

After speaking to a few lads, it was clear that

no swims would be coming available and with all the anglers on the lock bank being on a social and generally enjoying themselves, all boating there rigs 50yds past the fish! The fish were under no pressure to move from there safe home that end. I noticed that a swim called The Winters was free. Although this only controlled about 20 yards of water, there was the odd fish getting in there



*TalkingCarp*



so I virtually ran back to my swim. I say 'ran' loosely because a man of my size can only go so fast! I grabbed an unhooking mat, net and the floater gear and I was off, hoping that no-one else had seen what Alex and I had just witnessed. Luckily, by the time we got there the swim was still free and, better yet, there were fish in the zone! After flicking floaters out for a while, a couple of fish started taking the odd pellet at the back of the freebies. So, with a very light flick off my large Nash bolt machine I had my trimmed-down pop-up sat nicely at the back of the last pouchful of pellets. Just as I put the rod down to grab the catapult, I noticed two dark shapes drift into the zone, so I dropped the catapult just as the bigger fish approached the freebies. Within

seconds, a big set of lips opened and with a slurp all hell broke loose. The fish tightened to the bolt machine and I was suddenly holding on to the rod with a solid weight stripping line from the clutch! Luckily, I was tackled up heavily because I was aware that there were a few overhanging bushes in the near corner. When the fish decided to turn, it knew exactly the set of branches that it wanted to hide in. However, with faith in my tackle I put the pressure on and I could feel with every thrust that the fish was tiring. The fish was

looking close to being netted when it made a last bid for freedom burrowing down hard towards the branches, I knew she was one of the two scaleys and my heart was pounding as I begged for her to wave the white flag, as I applied the pressure her head turned.

Within seconds a big, scaly mirror was wallowing on the surface, resigned to the fact that the battle had been lost, and with Alex manning the net the fish was mine.



*TalkingCarp*

As soon as the folds were opened it was obvious that I had caught one of the lake's most prized and oldest characters which turned out to be The Small Scaly. This is one of the warriors of the lake and with its unique shape, mouth and scale pattern it's not hard to see why it's such a character! With Alex reading the scales we settled on 31lb on the nose. I was overjoyed. Although it wasn't one of the forties or fifties, the way that I caught it and the character of the fish more than made up for it. After a few shots, I released it to its watery home to make someone else smile like it had me.

The next morning, I added another fish to my Bluebell tally with a nice common of 20lb 10oz, again

on the floaters. This fishery has the fish to over 50lb but its fish like this that give my photo album colour and gives me a buzz, it's now the time of year when the floater gear is being brushed off and the riser pellets are in the back of the car, floater fishing is surely the greatest buzz in carp fishing, watching as your quarry pokes its snout out the water slurping in one pellet

after another until it get sight of your hookbait and heads straight for it before sucking it in and nailing itself against the weight of the float, can you think of any greater buzz?

Keep praying to them carp gods

Snowy.



*TalkingCarp*





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**Double Bubble Common  
Trouble!**  
**By Tom Nixon-Taylor**



Well here we are again, Tom (Obsessive Carp Disorder) Nixon-Taylor fishing a seventy-two-hour session on Jimmy's Lake at Clear Water Fisheries, Carnforth April 2017.

Since the new owner has taken over at Clear Water there is much work being carried out on every aspect of the fishery. A lot of the small Carp, which escaped into Jimmy's during flooding, have been moved into alternate lakes. The main lake, Jimmy's, has nine thirty-pound Carp and one exceeding forty pound.

As I arrived at Clear Water Fisheries Carnforth I could see that the wind was hacking into the Café bank. It was dry, and the wind was cold, but there had been a

few fish caught from that bank recently. I chose to make a gamble and fish the opposite bank, on peg sixteen, on the back of the wind, as I felt that it was warmer and would possibly hold more fish.

I started the way I always do and flicked three singles out at no distance, hoping for a quick bite. A few hours had passed, so I decided to put three rods on a spot. This was done quickly as I know the peg very well, so my three rods were put tight at fifteen wraps, with six large Spombs over the top.

My Spod mix for the session was a mixture of corn, hemp, crushed boilie and pellet, with some of my home-made boilies in ten and eighteen

millimetres and a large percentage of ten-millimetre CC Moore Live System boilies.

The first twenty-four hours were very uneventful for me but the anglers to the right and left both caught a fish, which made me feel like I was doing something wrong. So, I brought all three rods in and took off the pop ups, as I thought that they might be a bit too obvious to the fish as the spot was so clear. I clipped on three snowman rigs and re-casted to fifteen wraps again, but as six hours passed I was not rewarded anything for my efforts.

With my marker rod I cast a lead around, this time further out than where I was fishing, and found a relatively clear

spot at twenty wraps so I put one rod on it, with 3 large Spombs over the top.

By this time, I was thirty hours into my seventy-two-hour session and had caught nothing!

Eventually after four more hours, the rod at twenty wraps was away with a very slow take. As I struck into the fish it stripped about twenty yards of line off me, which made me feel as if it could be a decent size fish. I played it in but

about thirty yards from the bank it kited severely left. I played the fish all I dared, and to my surprise it then came back in front of me! The fish plodded around the margins for around five minutes and then it eventually gave up. I then slipped the net under a decent size Common. At this point I thought to myself that it was only a low twenty. I put the fish into the retainer and got the rod back on the spot immediately. Adam, the bailiff was soon round to help me

with weighing and photos. I hoisted the fish out of the water and onto the mat and teased the sling back. Adam straight away said that he recognised the fish as "The Big Common", which had been the lake for over fifteen years. We then weighed it and it went thirty-six pound ten ounces, which is a new English Personal Best for me and a top weight for the fish. We then got some cracking pictures and I slipped the beast back.







I will soon be back to Clear Water Fisheries to hopefully catch more of their thirty pounders.

My target fish for 2017 being the biggest in Jimmy's Lake, Moon Scale at more than forty pound, not caught since September 2016.

With fingers crossed.....

Regards Tom.

All was quiet for the rest of the day until around half eight that night when my middle bobbin pulled up tight and stayed there. I shone my headtorch at the rod tip and saw that it was bouncing ever so slightly. I decided to hit it anyway as I wasn't sure if I had a fish on the end. I reeled it in to about thirty yards from the bank and then it started to pull back slightly. In my head,

I thought that it was probably a mid-double. I played it all the way to the net and slipped the net under another common. I looked into the net and saw that it had a patch of scales missing on its side, I instantly recognised the fish as "Patch", another one of the A team in Jimmy's Lake. I then put her into the retainer while I got the rod back out and got my camera and scales sorted. I then got her

out of the water and weighed her, I was over the moon, when she went thirty-two pound ten ounces on the Ruebens, which is a top weight for her also. Brad, my mate who was fishing the peg next door, came to help me with the pictures. I then slipped her back into the lake and was ecstatic that I had caught two thirty commons, both at their best weights, in one session.







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# *Living The Dream by Keith Moors*



## *Chapter Nine - Hard Work Pays Off*



The beginning of 2009 was eagerly awaited and we opened in late March. The weather had remained very cold with major areas of the lake still frozen only two weeks before we opened. We were concerned that the fish would not be feeding heavily enough with the water remaining cold and it was even less likely that they would be back on the boilies.

Our opening week only saw one angler pitting his wits against the fish and it's fair to say that he struggled. However, the second week saw two couples decide to fish from the Oaks and Royal Box swims and Rob in the 'box gave us all a massive boost by landing a brace of mirrors of 46 lb plus. We heaved a huge sigh of relief and looked forward to the rest of the spring.

Our expectations continued when, during the next few weeks, Chris decided to fish the Southern arm and, while struggling to land numbers of fish he did manage to land a huge mirror at 49 lb.

We were now really beginning to believe that we had overcome the reasons for the slow growth rates and that we would see a new fifty very soon. The weird spring weather continued with major thunder storms and, with Jan

and I having a pleasant meal at a local restaurant one evening, not only did the power get knocked out but my computer was terminally fried.

Even more annoying was the fact that I had installed a surge protector which was totally ineffective. The fishing continued to be good with some more upper forties coming regularly and then, during early May, I had the pure luck to be fishing while shooting some "rig-tying" videos.

Ian Newstead was filming whilst I sat in The Boneyard swim and explained how to tie the rigs that I use. Having finished the films we both returned to our fishing and I was lucky enough to get the first bite. It immediately felt like a heavy fish and I wondered whether it could be a catfish because of the strength of the thing.



Eventually I managed to land a large mirror which I recognised as "Clover." On the scales she turned out to be our first home grown fifty at 50 lb 4 oz. Unfortunately the carp then spawned a couple of times and the weights reflected their loss of eggs.

Good numbers of forties continued to be caught each week but now these were low forties with numerous upper thirties but another problem began to show. We were using a fairly hard and fruit flavoured bait but it was noticeable that anyone trying to use a fishmeal bait would suffer numerous twitches and bleeps and would often wind in without any bait on the hair after a few hours. Surely our hard work to remove the poisson chats couldn't have already been proven a waste of time? We had seen shoals of very small carp fry in the margins but were convinced that these couldn't be the bait robbers.



There was no other decision to be made - we would have to drain the lake once again and it was planned for November. Pleasingly, some of our customers, who were now very good friends, had agreed to travel out and help us with the final weekend of the vidange.

It was pleasing to see that the fishing continued at a high quality throughout the summer and resulted in numerous customers re-booking for 2010.

As we got into the beginning of the autumn we began to see the carp weights climbing into the upper forties again but not as high as I had hoped.

The late summer also held another difficult period for us. Our youngest daughter, Sharon, was pregnant with her fourth child and arrived at our house one morning, extremely distressed.

It turned out that she had found a lump under her breast and was obviously worried sick. A trip to the doctor resulted in a hospital visit to have the lump examined and it was confirmed to be a tumour and needed a biopsy.



A horrendous shadow descended over our family while we waited for the biopsy to be carried out.



With Sharon being pregnant, she had to suffer the large needle without any anaesthetic and then found that the diagnostic machines were out of action so we would have to wait for a week. I tried to live as normal a life as possible and decided to fish for a couple of days while we waited. In hindsight it was my way of trying to convince Sharon that I wasn't worried and that everything would turn out fine. In reality I wasn't sleeping and now had severe pains beginning to "burn" into my right ankle and shin.

During this fishing session I was lucky enough to land a few big fish and was playing, what turned out to be, another new forty, when I heard Jan scream. As soon as the fish was in the net I phoned her to find out what was going on and was told that Sharon's results had proven to be benign. I am not too proud to admit that I sat on my bed chair and sobbed with relief. Alan Brown was fishing alongside me and suggested that the new forty should be given a name to suit the situation and so she became "The Benign."



***Benign The Fish***

I'm fairly sure that there won't be many other lakes with a fish of that name. With that period out of the way we could concentrate on the drain down and life returned to normal for a while.



As we went into the work of preparing the holding pools once again, I became more and more aware of the pain in my leg and it then burst into a sizeable ulcer just above my ankle. A trip to the doctor resulted in bandages and cream and a daily regime to pack the ulcer. The pain didn't seem any less but there was work to be done. By late November we were well into the vidange and most of the big fish had been moved from the emptying lake and transferred into the holding pools at the end of the Eastern arm. Robin, Len, Justin, Steve, Chris and Rich were sleeping in the lodge and the basement and the days were long but much more enjoyable than could be said for the previous vidange, which we had carried out alone. There were some memorable moments along the way, with Rich getting completely stuck in the mud and resulting in Robin and I having to drag him out. Everyone was amazed at the numbers of thirties and forties that we had moved and, as the water dropped, we were interested to see, and get rid of, the small fish. The final weekend saw the extent of the previous summer's problem fish with thousands of baby carp stranded in the last remaining puddles. There were two size groups, one was the previous year's fish which were already in the 5lb to 8lb range and then the more recent spawning which were palm sized but extremely pretty fish. However, the more amazing sight was that we had thousands of crucian carp and they were all about 2lb in weight. We had not been aware of these fish as none had been caught and we couldn't remember leaving any of these in the lake during our previous drain down two years earlier. Luckily, we had someone who wanted to buy all of our unwanted large male fish and the two-summer fish so these were sorted and Steve left with his tanks bursting with baby carp and topped up with 30 larger males of up to 28lb plus some small catfish. Our reason for removing some of the males was to try to reduce the spawning melee and thereby reduce the time taken over the ritual as well as allowing the big females to get through the spring period with less damage. With the drain down complete we closed the gate and prayed for rain so that the fish could soon swim out of the holding pools and back into the main lake.





Luckily, we didn't have long to wait but the winter turned out to be one of the longest in memory. With the pressing work completed, it was time to get my leg checked out again so I made a promise to my lovely wife that I would visit the doctors again straight after Christmas.

The doctor's visit led to a series of events that I hadn't planned for. Even with the slight language barrier I could tell that he was extremely worried just from the look on his face, as he unwrapped the bandages from my ankle.



An appointment was made for me to see a specialist and, luckily, this gentleman spoke perfect English. He was able to explain that the ulcer was caused by a lack of blood flow down my right leg but that the cream that had been prescribed for packing it was causing the flesh to eat itself away and we were now able to see the bone at the bottom of the sore.

To say that I felt ill would be an understatement and he explained that I needed surgery very quickly, because the skin around the area had turned black "because gangrene had set in."

I left that meeting in a state of extreme shock but with an appointment with a surgeon already arranged.

That next week was a blur. I saw the skin specialist on the Monday, the surgeon on the Tuesday, anaesthetist on the Wednesday, blood tests on the Thursday and Friday, and was in hospital on the following Monday.

I'm pleased that it did happen that quick because the surgeon explained the detail of the surgery on the Tuesday with the added comment that we only had this one chance and if this failed "the only option was to amputate my leg."

The most difficult week of my life was spent hiding that from my wife and praying that I would wake up with both legs.

I say wake up but the truth is that it was planned that the operation would be carried out whilst I was connected to an electronic pain control machine.



I remained conscious until the point where they needed to cut the main artery and my blood pressure dropped, bells and lights began to flash and a nurse appeared and placed a mask over my face.

I'm pleased to say that I did wake up with two legs and that the pain gradually faded as the scars healed. I was just about fit enough, with the assistance of Sharon driving, to take Jan out for a St Valentine's dinner and was then able to tell her the secret that I had been forced to keep from her.

Another memorable step in our lives.

We waited for the first anglers of the spring of 2010 with great anticipation and it wasn't that long before we started

to see some upper forties being banked.

It probably sounds strange but I was disappointed with the fish weights. They hadn't packed on the weight that we had hoped for and we could only put it down to the effects of the longest winter for a long time added to the stress caused by the vidange.

It appeared that the carp had just about maintained their pre-winter weights but were in extremely good condition and fighting fit.



**Clover**

With the early season disappointments behind us it was very pleasing to see one of our regulars bank Clover at 50 lb 14 oz.

Several of the other big carp were also seen to be creeping their way towards the magical fifty barrier before a very brief spawning period saw their weights reduced once again.

The biggest memory of spring 2010 was the amount of natural food visible in the lake. With the reduced numbers of bottom-feeding fish,



following the drain down, the water had cleared sufficiently for the lake bed to be easily visible from every swim and, by looking into the lake, myriads of daphnia could be seen swimming around.

On top of that there were also thousands of cadis larvae and millions of tiny snails. Because of this influx of natural food items the carp were sometimes difficult to catch but once they began to return to feeding on boilies we saw some amazing catches of big fish.

We became aware that the numbers of Crucian Carp in the lake during 2009, of which we were generally unaware, had been mopping up this bounty before the big carp could get any benefit.

We were now able to fish without the constant “bleeps” from small fish and bites were much more positive.



Over the past seasons the spawning had lasted for several days and the carp had come out of it looking lank and almost sorry for themselves. This year the spawning lasted for just 3 days and, whilst the carp were down in weight, they seemed to remain in

good condition.

I hoped that our removal of the young male commons had had the desired effect and we should soon see the benefits.

Throughout the summer we sat and waited for the autumn to see whether things would improve and September seemed to produce a “sudden” surge in growth. Two new fifties were landed at 50lb 8oz and 52lb 9oz and the bigger of the two had managed to put on 11 lb in as many months.

At last it seemed that things were going to plan. As the autumn continued we saw more and more massive growth rates from some of the fish with some more fifties being the icing on the cake.

The weather deteriorated rapidly through October but a trickle of big forties and fifties continued to be caught, although a couple of the fast

growers managed to avoid capture for a few weeks. As the season drew towards a close and the numbers of anglers reduced, I was able to do some short angling sessions myself and late October and early November still held a couple of surprises.



My fishing was for short, two day, sessions but these were spread over a period of eleven days in total. The first of these produced some smaller fish in the thirty pound bracket and was then crowned by my landing of the “Half-Linear” at a new lake record weight of 56lb 12oz.

My next session was generated by Jan seeing a couple of large carp roll and suggesting that I should bivvy up in the area.

I always try to obey my wife and set up in front of where she had seen the fish. The short session produced three fish which were a common of 43lb 15oz and mirrors of 49lb 6oz and yet another lake record at 57lb 14oz.

My season ended with fantastic results and the lake had produced 12 different carp of forty eight pounds or bigger.

As I began some of the autumn cutting back around the lake I became aware that the dying lily leaves were still holding strings of snail eggs and, even more importantly, that there were now hundreds, possibly thousands, of very large snails on the lake bed.

These were now the size of your thumb print so would have been offering “boilie-sized”, live protein packed food parcels for the carp.

The live protein is the most easily utilised protein and will produce the biggest and safest weight gains and must be the reason for the late season surge.

It now seems obvious that the amount of small snails being eaten by the Crucians during previous years resulted in there being very few left to mature into proper food for the big fish.

We now head into winter without the need to arrange another vidange, but the coldest December on record has buried the UK in snow and has seen our lake frozen over far earlier than normal, so we can only pray that the natural food continues to bloom under the ice to keep the carp in prime condition.





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French River Adventure  
by Matt Velamail





## French River Adventure

Almost a year in the planning, we decided we wanted to go carp fishing in France, however, not to one of many, well publicised, more 'commercial' venues, but somewhere wild and relatively untouched, a river adventure. Much like our UK fishing, where we thrive for venues that few others fish, requiring an immense amount of effort, this trip would take that to a new level. Once the stretch had been found, the logistics were planned, a boat would be needed to reach the otherwise inaccessible peninsula and the ferry was booked. With 4 days for the bank holiday, this would be a research trip, before we return later in the year, with a better idea of what to expect and further venues on our target list.



Following the ferry and a grueling 5 hour drive through France in the early hours, sharing the driving to maximise our time on the bank, we arrived at what could only be described as our most idyllic river location just as the sun rose. Nestled at the foot of lush mountains, aqua green, crystal clear water poured over a rocky river bed into a deep back eddy. Fish were topping all over through the rising mist. We proceeded to unload the van and load the boat up, after 2 trips and a momentous effort hauling the laden boat over shallow gravels, sinking into the fine gravel with every step, we had accomplished our mission, knees and backs much worse off.



By mid afternoon, in blistering heat, we had chosen our swims, set up camps and started placing our baits. We could see what looked to be small carp boshing in the flow on the far side, so we boated the first rod out over 150 yards away and got a firm donk as the 60z lead hit the hard bottom. 4 handfuls of bait were scattered over a large area to tempt any passing carp and we rowed back. However, by the time we placed the rod, a huge bow had developed in the line caused by the back eddy





and stretch in the mono. Several attempts later with a variety of methods tried, we resigned ourselves to casting at 80 yards, not an easy feat with 6oz leads, long rigs and heavy baits. For this trip, we had brought 30kg of the ever-faithful Redemption test bait from 3FT in 18mm and 24mm as there was a heavy population of bream, chub and barbel present.

The first bite came to James in the early evening, an immaculate 2lb barbel slipped over the spreader block with an 18mm bait firmly lodged in its mouth. From now on it would be 24mm only, although the barbel would have been great sport, they weren't what we were here for and not so sporting on 3lb carp rods. An hour later, James' right hand rod, placed at the bottom of a 16 foot shelf, melted off, he clamped down, only to find the fish was making a mockery of his clutch and powering away. He shouted for the boat, and we made chase after what felt like a leviathan. With head torches off, the sound of the screaming clutch and the moonlight illuminating the water, this was exactly what we had come for. The fish surfaced and James called "catfish!", due to the length of it, however, upon further tiring the river monster, a long, deep bodied mirror was sulking in the net. We couldn't believe it, this was beyond our dreams. We had to save this immense fish, for the morning light to do her justice and she was in the retainer, in a deep pool of oxygenated water until the early hours. To cut a long story short, what followed, can only be described as the finest few hours of fishing we ever had. Neither of us had slept properly in 48 hours, but sleep was the last thing on our mind. With only 3 retainers with us, landing nets had to be used and light broke to 5 captured carp. James landed an Immense 45lb mirror, a 32lb 14oz almost identical fish and a 26lb common, I had landed a 33lb 8oz mirror and a 31lb 8oz football shaped common, with not a scale out of place. The Redemption had selected the big fish in a river stuffed with doubles and they had mopped it up, the retainers were full of the excreted bait. We had a great hour or two taking pictures of our quarry amongst the amazing scenery and we're relishing the next few days.....





The 3 days that followed unfortunately we're not comparable to the first night, the river level dropped almost 4 foot and the water almost stagnated, it was evident the main group of fish had largely left the area. We tried heavy baiting to bring them back, but ultimately the lack of oxygen, and cooler temperatures moved the fish to pastures new. There were still odd fish in the area however and James proceeded to land a 29 and 24 common with a small mirror for myself also. I also ended up losing what felt like 2 big fish. The latter of the two came when we we're making dinner, one bleep, two bleeps and then a one toner, a sure sign of a big fish, I ran to the rod and tighten the clutch gently, the 3lb rod buckled over, and the clutch sung its song before the line parted. Absolutely gutted does not describe it. Having discussed this, we think it was due to the back leads, washing the line up against the side of a snag, as the slack had been taken out of the line, it contacted the snag and parted. In the future, we may have to use the bubble float or balloon method often used on these snaggy, French venues such as Rainbow. James also spectacularly landed a 57lb catfish following an epic boat battle, which had hoovered up between 2-3kg of redemption. This fish was small for the area where 150lb 'Silure' are ever present but I still managed an even smaller fish of around 10lbs.

We had planned to do a full video of the trip, however we never really got the footage we wanted to put out, due to the lack of day time action but there will be a few highlights of the fish we caught. All in all, following the immense effort of packing away we can reflect on an extremely successful 'exploratory' trip. If someone had offered us a 45, 3 x 30's, 3 x 20's and 2 catfish we would have bitten their hand off, however, it's hard not to feel there is unfinished business and there is already planning underway to return and fish some of the other areas of the river and the large natural lakes where carp up to 80lbs reside. We have learnt an immense amount and this will be the first of many in our quest for massive, natural, wild carp. A brilliant adventure.



## Anglers

### **Matt Velamail**

26 years old

Rehabilitation Trainer

Rotherham

Rods - Nash Entity 12ft 3lb

Reels - Ultegra CI4+ 5500

Line - Ultima XR Power Carp 18lb, Avid 25lb leader

Safety Clip set up

6oz gripper leads

Gardner Longshank Mugga tied to 30lb Korda Semi Stiff N-Trap fished blowback style with rig rings

33lb 8oz Mirror

31lb 8oz Football shaped common

Small mirror and small catfish

### **James Morley**

24 years old

Site Engineer

Rotherham

Rods - Fox Horizon X 12ft 3lb

Reels - Daiwa Castizm

Line - Nash D-Cam 15lb, Nash leadless leader

Safety clip set up

6oz gripper leads

Fox Edges SSBP Size 4 tied to 20lb Korda Semi Stiff N-Trap fished on simple hair rigs to 24mm bottom baits

Bait - 30kg of 3 Foot Twitch Baits Redemption in 18 & 24mm bait straight out the bag





# Talking Carp Has A Sneaky Peek!

(taking zig Rig fishing to another level?)

## Coarse Chum Net and Coarse Chum Methods



When long range casting is required the Chum Net should be tied tight around the middle using dental floss with a standard granny knot and then tied to the hook, hair rig or hook ring.

Image shows a Coarse Chum Net tied to a Korda Chod Rig ring with no goo applied.

Once tied Korda Goo or similar should be applied. The goo nozzle should be pushed inside the Coarse Chum Net before squeezing the goo. This should be applied to both sides of the knot then all over. This makes a negative buoyant goo ball of pure scent.



When targeting large carp and long range casting is required the **Big Mouth Coarse Chum Net** should be tied tight around the middle using dental floss with a standard granny knot and then tied to the hook, hair rig or hook ring.

Image shows a Big Mouth Coarse Chum Net tied to a Korda Chod Rig ring with no goo applied with a size 4 hook.

Once tied Korda Goo or similar should be applied. The goo nozzle should be pushed inside the Big Mouth Coarse Chum Net before squeezing the goo. This should be applied to both sides of the knot then all over. This makes a negative buoyant goo ball of pure scent.



When short range casting the Coarse Chum Net can be attached on a hair rig. Care should be made to make sure the stop material is longer than the net hole.

Image shows the same Coarse Chum Net used in the underwater footage after being dried. No goo has been applied

Once tied Korda Goo or similar should be applied. The goo nozzle should be pushed inside the Coarse Chum Net before squeezing the goo. This should be applied to both sides of the knot then all over. This makes a negative buoyant goo ball of pure scent.



A hook can be hidden inside a Coarse Chum Net. The hook should go through the Coarse Chum Net and hook round a strand of the net and back inside. No weights are required just free line fishing. This method is ideal when Carp are sucking biscuits or bread off the surface

Image shows a size 12 Raptor Wide Gape hook on a Coarse Chum Net.

Once the hook is hidden the Coarse Chum Net should be dipped into or soaked with Coarse Chum and flicked out to the waiting carp. The sodden scented Coarse Chum Net will slowly sink, due to the hook weight.





The Coarse Chum has been developed to act as a surface attractant for free line fishing and close quarter fishing. The weight of the chum will enable to chum net to be flicked out and the chum net will slowly sink, which acts like sodden flavoured bread. This method is perfect for the times when Carp are feeding off the top. The Coarse Chum comes in the two flavours Bubble Gum and Bacon - the sweet and savory differences.

The Coarse Chum Net has multi purposes:-

- to act as a scent disperser;
- to act as an imitation for sodden bread when in water as has Neutral buoyancy and when fish are mouthing potential food;
- is extremely lightweight so when sprayed with flotation spray will float on top of the water.

The Coarse Chum Net was specifically designed to catch specimen or very cautious fish such as Chub or Carp by holding attractant and slowly release it into the water directly on a hook or hair rig.

A method of catching specimen cautious fish is by floating The Coarse Chum Net past specimen Chub lying in ambush. To make The Coarse Chum Net float flotation spray should be added. Alternatively catching Chub or Carp by inserting attractant into The Coarse Chum Net which slowly sink and release it into the water directly. The Coarse Chum Net is designed to slowly sink, imitating sodden bread flake. For areas where bread is banned this is the perfect bait. The Coarse Chum Net is totally maneuverable as the weight is minimal once attractant has been added when in water. The movement of The Coarse Chum Net acts as though the free food has been in the water a considerable time - see video on home page.

Carp, like other fish, are attracted to different attractant on different days so The Coarse Chum Net comes in packs of 10 and 20 to enable no mix of scent, unless that is your preferred method.

Patent Pending

Whilst we are providing the opportunity to purchase our products from the website we ask that you support your local tackle shops and buy our goods from them. If you are unable to purchase what you need then please do use our online shop or ask your local shop to stock the item.

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## Southern social by Emma Smith.

### Southern social

Picking up from my last article on here – I was hoping to have a piece about my winter fishing on a little private lake jack and I joined for some “quiet, relaxing fishing” together between work commitments

A lovely little 2 acre lake nestled in Oxfordshire, with a stock hold of roughly 60-70 fish comprising of a mixture of selected stock fish as well as a dozen proper originals from the lake – average stamp of fish is currently around high doubles/low twenties – with some of the new arrivals growing fast.

Knowing the lakes quiet and somewhat tricky residents, we chose to try and get over as often as possible to put in a little bit of bait around the lake in fact, every

time we were heading home from the workshop or going out to see friends/family, we would stop at the lake for half hour, just enough time for a quick lap around the lake – getting the fish used to a little bit of bait going in. Another one of our friends also got a winter ticket for this lake, which was good as if ever we couldn't get over for a look round, he would almost certainly have had a wander over before work.

Due to work and family commitments we were not able to put in as much time on the lake as we had hoped for – although I did manage one of the pretty stockies added this year, I really wanted to try for some of the originals. Our friend had a little bit better luck still on limited time himself but, managing to snare a couple of

20s as well as one of the trickiest residents of the lake “cut tails mate” and a PB fish for him at 31lb 10oz The winter strolled on without us seeing any bank time through most months until April where we had been invited to a “birthday social” for my friends 50th – “of course we will go”!

April 7th and we are heading towards Stanstead (late as usual) to fish Black Lagoon – a 3.5-acre old estate lake now ran as a private/ bookable venue. As we had arrived very late compared to everyone else, swims had already been picked – so we got our gear together and headed down the lake to our chosen swims. Whilst walking down the bank, the water surface was alive with black figures mooching up and down the far





bank and into the cluster of pads in the middle of the lake. With no signs of birdlife, we felt we had to just try a little bit of bread flake – just to see if they would be interested in taking off the surface. Over an hour before just one carp would cautiously take a piece, but moved off very quickly. Watching the fish from the other side of the lake, they were moving relatively quickly around a specific patrol route, the lake our end was pretty shallow with some clear spots amongst

the weed. I chose a couple of different spots in the weed which I baited with a small amount of chopped boilies and pellet which had been left soaking in Deep Blue Particles hydro wheat liquid. As well as a close, marginal spot. I could easily keep an eye on this throughout the weekend. That evening my right-hand rod produced a lovely little mirror – the take at first, was a little glitchey with just a few slow single bleeps until the line was tight, then it just sat there. I knelt down to my

rods, and just held the line between my fingers for a minute, to see if I could feel any movement. With a little jolt, I tweaked the line, then gently let go – the line again, slowly rose to tight, and then stopped. I tried the same, holding the line for any movement, then giving a short jolt before letting go. – for a minute, there was no movement at all and I was thinking to myself that a recast would now be in order – as that thought entered my mind, the rod jumped into action – currently sitting on the floor, I pick up my rod and start winding. This spot was not out far at all – literally only 10-12 yards off the bank but the scrappy little mirror still played hard to get for a good 5 minutes before I was able to get the net underneath. Nailed on the bottom lip, I was happy to have a bend

in the rod on the 1st night. The rest of the night was quiet so I reeled in around 10am to go and chat with the birthday girl (I also got a cooked breakfast for my troubles too!) Whilst having a chat, it seemed the fish were active but not interested to a great extent in feeding. Karen had literally tried a bit of everything from surface fishing, to bottom baits, wafers and pop-ups and feeder styled with no joy. the other swims were becoming just as frustrating with plenty of fish being seen, just none seemingly interested in getting their heads down – apart from the tench, I think everybody caught at least 1 tench each throughout the weekend. Come midday, Karen was rewarded with a 22lb2oz common, and the middle swims started to produce

some fish from the far margin too – one of which was actually the same mirror I had the night previous from the other end of the lake. Birthday evening meal and we all reel in for a social takeaway. Lovely warm weather, chilled atmosphere and great company as the light faded and the stars came out. Once back in my bivvy I was happy that my rods were on some good spots and hopefully have a run through the night – but nothing, then, just before sunrise my right-hand

rod again – this time it was Mr Tench, again nailed in the bottom lip and full of gusto when released back into the lake. The last morning and we were packing down to be off the lake by 10 – we hadn't seen anything on our side of the lake all morning, so we got the gear together so we could see everyone before leaving. Katy and Rick were amongst the fish now, the last morning and the fish finally decide to get their heads down for a munch Katy had a





couple during the night/early hours including a 24lb common, but true to form – leaving the rods in until the final second, she managed to snare a couple more before leaving.

It was a great weekend away, and long overdue to have a little bit of a social with some of the girls and their partners – everybody caught, everybody had a laugh – just the way it should be really ☺

If anybody would like to unwind and enjoy some time on the banks of black lagoon, take a look at their Facebook page - <https://www.facebook.com/groups/971391452880834/?fref=nf>



*TalkingCarp*





# ANGLERS CHARITY AUCTIONS



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# CATCH REPORTS

**Brooms Cross**  
**Fishery**  
Specimen carp and coarse

Ryan Taylor with  
a 25lb 6oz







**Chris Dobb  
with a pretty  
21lb**



**John Thompson  
with another 22lb  
carp under his  
belt**



**Guy  
Yeomans  
with Eclipse  
at 26lb**



**Paul Moor  
with a  
cracking  
upper  
double**

**John Daley  
with Deeboat  
30lb and Tony  
Sumner with  
Eclipse at 26lb**



**Tony Gledhill  
with a 22lb**



**and co**



# Ben Fenner putting Sharp Tackle through its paces and winning





## FIRST TIME FOR EVERYTHING

31st of march came and I was heading off to Swansea to White Springs fishery for a simply baits social for 48hrs. We set off on the 3-plus hour drive down to the lake not knowing what to expect as never fishing here before. We headed off to the pegs we had booked and began to unload the van and set up camp.

As it was only a 10-acre water and max 65-yard cast I opted to take my Nash scope 10ft 3lb rods coupled with Daiwa ss2600 spooled with 12lb line which were all new and unchristened. I started off with all my rigs the same with the Ronnie rig tied with 15lb vardis fluorocarbon about 4in long to a vardis size 8 gripper hook presented with a Simply Baits white 12mm Rock Lobster pop ups with each rod casted out to my spots 30 or so freebies were scattered around each rod.

Within the first hour I had two bleeps on my right rod and the bobbin stayed up and the rod tip was slightly bouncing so without any hesitation I lifted the rod and was into my first white springs fish, my first fish of the year, and my first fish on the new rods

As the tip bent round I new I was into a large White Springs lump an after about a 10min battle a very large bar of gold was looking angry in the bottom of my net.

Jarrold the head bailiff came down as all fish over 30lb must be reported day and night and weighed on the fisheries scales. The scale smashed round to 40lb 13oz smashing my pb by 11lb with a fish called Bruno that came out last year at 37lb then being told by Jarrold the bailiff this was the first 40+ fish out in over 3 years and a new top weight for Bruno that was in immaculate condition.

I finished the session with another two mirrors of 17lb and 19lb and lost 2.

I'm still on cloud 99 and in ore of having my first uk 40+ and still sinking in as I type I would all so like to thank my Vard-is team mates Matthew Harris for the netting and Royston Butwell for the photos and landing my new pb and first 40+ in the company made it that more special for me.

First time for everything it was this session

first time to White Springs

first fish of the year

first fish on the new rods and reels

first uk 40

in the first hour of the session

Tight lines

Gary walker





# Sharp Tackle



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Carl Pearson  
20lb 5 oz



Lee Walsh  
22lb 14oz



Chris Jervis at Baden Hall





Shaun Atkinson with  
The Mug at 31lb 8oz.  
A true Cheshire gem  
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the toughest Cheshire  
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Martin Wiffen with a couple of  
belters. Sharp Tackle never failing



23lb 2oz on Sharp Tackle size 6 Curve hook and coated braid  
hooklink and Crafty Catcher hookbait



29lb14oz on Sharp Tackle size 6 Curve hook, coated hooklink and Crafty  
Catcher Peanut Pro hookbail



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Please send in your articles and catch reports by the  
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