



Talking
Carp

Magazine

Issue 14
april 2017

EXCLUSIVE!!!!!!!

The California
Ghetto Carpers



Also inside this month :

**Scott "geezer" Grant, Rich Austin, Gary "milky" Lowe, Nathan "snowy" Sharp, Keith Moors
And more.....**

Inside this months Issue.

In Search of Bubbles by Scott Geezer Grant

California Ghetto Carpers

Spring Tales by Rich Austin

The Reel Estate by Nathan Snowy Sharp

Living The Dream by Keith Moors

Talking Carp Reviews... by Matt Akery

The Art Of Escape by Robert Gibson

Ask The Experts with Paul Hobbo Hobbs

In Search of my P.B by Gary Milky Lowe

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Hello.....

And welcome to the latest issue of Talking Carp magazine. Your favourite online FREE magazine... yes, we are still FREE and still doing it for the love of our sport.

Our cover shot this month is of Enrique, or Eddie as his friends call him, with an amazing 50lb 1oz common carp caught from MacArthur park in Los Angeles. What an amazing fish to be swimming around park lakes!! Well done Eddie!!

It's that time of year again... rod licence time!! You can still get them from your main Post Office or get them online as always.

The clocks have gone forward... and Spring is truly upon us. Easter is around the corner so dust off those rods, get yourselves booked onto your local fisheries, tie up those zigs and go catch a fish!! Remember to send us your pics and we will get them in for all to see.

For another month....enjoy your fishing!

Team Talking Carp

Email brian.dixon@talkingcarp.co.uk
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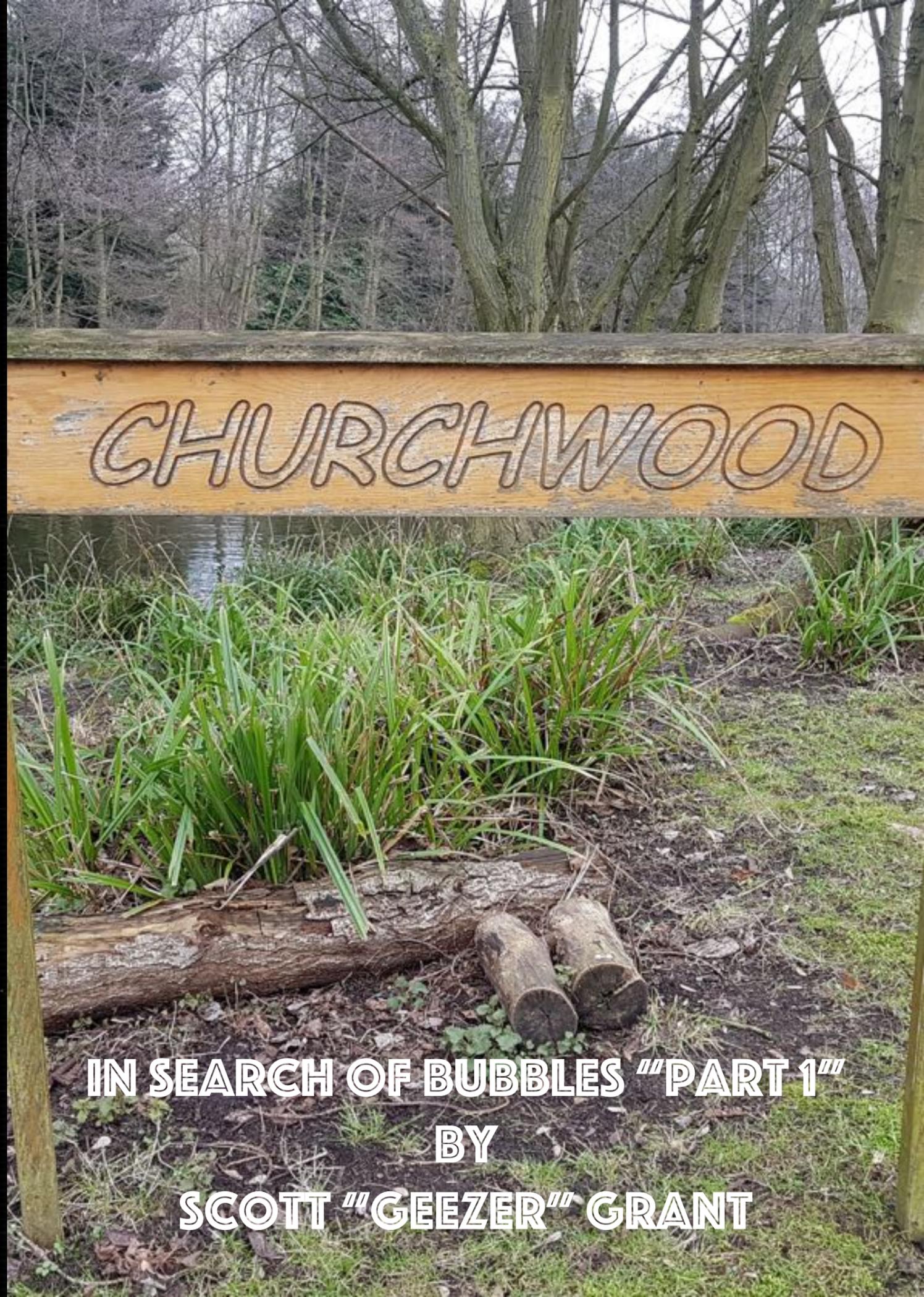


IN SEARCH OF BUBBLES "PART 1"

BY

SCOTT "GEEZER" GRANT

CHURCHWOOD



In Search of Bubbles "Part 1"

Last February I had a great session on Churchwood fisheries in Brentwood which is one of the best day ticket waters in Essex, facility wise there is nothing that compares, the swims are immaculate as are the grounds surrounding the lakes. There is a purpose built lodge which houses a large shower and flush toilet, plus a kitchen area with fridge, freezer, microwave oven plus sink etc to wash your dishes up, also lots of electric sockets for charging phones, bait boats etc.

My session consisted of me catching 5 fish which included 2 of the "A Team" with the best being the Long Common. This year I booked the same dates off work hoping history would repeat itself. The weather was a lot colder than the same time last year which really dampened my chances, but as always, you've got to be positive as on the other hand I could be at work.

It was a week into February and I arrived at the lake around 10:00 o'clock on the Friday morning, I was met by the grounds man Mark who incidentally is the bailiff and all round top bloke, who would do anything for you (within reason). Steve Sands

the owner was ill so was house bound for the rest of the day, and the only other anglers on were Steve's mate Neil who was in swim 1 on Churchwood with all the other swims free. Steve's cousin Nick was coming down later that evening and was fishing on Jenkins, so I decided to fish the double swim on Churchwood, **for some time now I have been in search of the biggest fish in the lake "Bubbles"** and I was hoping to catch her on this trip.

With the bivvy was set up and all my gear sorted, I sat watching the water for any signs of activity. I didn't see a single fin, so I decided to fish the same areas I fished last year and then go from there. It was a great starting point and its where the fish like to be in the winter months, but as Steve had drained the lake down in November/December for maintenance work... had the fish found a new sanctuary? This was the question I kept asking myself, but I had nothing else to go on, so I went with my gut instinct, I fished the "Ronnie rig" on all rods with a Nut Job white pop up, in the winter months' white is definitely my favourite colour, and has caught me plenty of winter fish. As I was fishing under the

canopies I dispatched the rigs with my boat, this way I could make minimal noise and deliver the bait exactly on the money. With the first rod, I used a scoop full of crushed boilies, with a little helping of the awesome R9 glugged with a bottle of Blood Glug (which contains real bloodworm), once the bait was dropped I sprinkled a handful of 10mm nut job bottom baits over the area, a feast fit for a king. I repeated the same on the middle rod but this time instead of using the R9 I used the Blitz which is my favourite as it complements my boilies perfectly, on the right-hand rod I didn't put out any crushed boilies just the blitz along with a scattering of 10mms, with the rods in place it was time to relax and have a bit of a social with Neil, who is a good angler and all round top bloke.

Weather wise, as I said at the start it was cold with a daytime temperature of 2c but because of the wind it felt more like -1 according to my trusty weather app, going up



as the weekend wore on, and come Monday it was going to be 8c in the daytime!!

Nick turned up after work and began setting up and in no time had all his rods out and the kettle on, Nick had had a good winter so far catching a few crackers along the way... Jenkins is the smaller lake but still has the same quality of stock as Churchwood. As the night drew in we all had an early one hoping action would come our way, but come morning the ducks were the only thing waking me up.

As I was sat with Neil having a coffee his left-hand rod gave a couple of bleeps which got both of our hearts racing. His hanger went up then just held firm, then another bleep, Neil wasted no time and lifted the rod and was into a fish, not only was it his first fish of this year but also the first fish that Churchwood has threw up this year. After a tenacious battle a lovely plump mirror came across the net cord and nestled in the bottom of the net. It was freezing but the smile on Neil's face said it all, Steve the owner came down (as he was now feeling much better) and when he saw the fish he couldn't quite believe it... it was the last fish to get caught in 2016 and the first to get caught in 2017!!! Neil wasn't complaining he was chuffed to bits. With the

photos complete the fish was treated then returned, Neil wasted no time in getting the rod back out to the same area hoping another take would come quickly, as in the winter months the window of opportunity isn't open for long so you need capitalize while you can. I spent the rest of the day watching the water and walking round the lake hoping to get a glimpse of a fish.

Later that afternoon Neil treated us all to a pukka BQQ, which I can tell you was the absolute dogs dangles, the meat was just melt in the mouth and to top this off with a juicy steak, potatoes and veg was simply divine. I know you're thinking they must be mad having a BBQ in winter but let me tell you standing next to it was a god send, the warmth it threw out was welcomed by us all. With our bellies full and the beers flowing (tea for me) a great night was had by all, shame no fish made an appearance. Sunday morning and Nick was cooking a full English breakfast and I mean everything, how he managed to cook the breakfast he did and the amount... keeping it all warm

was applaudable. I started to think what I was going to do when both Nick and Neil go home!!!

I will just be cooking for one no fancy breakfasts or BBQs. The weather started to look on the up with a daytime temperature of 3c but the biting easterly wind still present, but due to turn southerly on Tuesday. Neil and Nick were both packing up just after 13:00 when Neil's rod was away again, this time he landed another upper double mirror just shy of the magical 20lb mark, he was definitely in the zone. The fish was in mint condition with no leaches present just like the first fish, which led me to believe the fish were active and not laying on the bottom dormant.





Zigs did cross my mind but due to the lake having a water pump in the middle this creates an under tow so the zig would just get pulled around all over the place, so I wasn't confident in putting one out. I decided to stick with my plan as none of the bigger fish had been out, and with the weather due to warm up slightly my chosen areas will throw up a fish or two. Monday soon came around and the lake seemed deadly quiet with no other anglers on, so it was just me against Mrs Carp. The wind was still blowing strong and had an easterly bite to it, but on the plus side the daytime temperature was 8c... WOW!!!!... I had a play around with one of the rods and changed the rig to a KD style fished with a bunch of Grubbs doused in the Flava shots (worm being my chosen flavour), maybe this will tempt a bite who knows,

if nothings working then a change is in order. Monday night I had lovely hot shower then straight into the bag and had the best nights' kip, I woke up Tuesday morning and it was like a spring day, it was 9c the wind was blowing south easterly and it felt as if something was going to happen, every day I was topping the areas up with a few 10mm and a tiny amount of the Blitz and R9. I watched the water all morning and just after midday a fish popped its head out a rod length to the right of my right-hand rod. I immediately reeled the rod in and changed the bait, dipped the lead and flicked it right where the fish popped up, I slackened the line off then set the rod on the buzzer and watched the water. I sat with a coffee in hand when all of a sudden, another fish popped its head up right over where I had cast!!! After 4 days without a single bleep I was sure it was just a matter of time, twenty-five minutes had

passed then all of a sudden my right hand rod rattled off and I was soon up to my chest, I lifted the rod and the fish kited right trying to take me into the marginal snags, I applied a little pressure not too much but just enough to steer the fish away into open water.

After a few more minutes the fish was laying safely at the bottom of the landing net, I was ecstatic, just so relieved that finally perseverance has paid off, she was in immaculate condition with no leaches on her at all. On the scales, she went 21lb, with the photos done she was treated and returned. The rod was rebaited and cast to the same area, I sprinkled a few 10mm and a couple of small scoops of the blitz as there was definitely more fish in the area. When Steve drained the lake down in November/December time the fish had moved only a rod length from where they were last February.



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I just sat watching the water and throughout the rest of the afternoon I saw at least half a dozen fish, as there was activity I decided to leave the rods as they were, and come the morning if nothing has happened I would have rebaited them, and try other areas. That evening I had a lovely Indian meal and was all snug in bed by 8pm. The alarms stayed silent and a good nights kip was had. As the sun came up the following morning it really felt like spring was here. The temperature was 10c slightly warmer than yesterday, the wind had eased off slightly, and the odd fish was now showing itself. I was having my first coffee of the morning when the middle rod went into melt down, even though I was fishing with slack lines the takes were really vicious, as I lifted the rod the fish didn't really do much, and at first I thought it was a tench, then as it got a couple of rod lengths out the thing exploded!!!... Taking me all over the place until I managed to slip the net under it. I left the fish in the margin for a few minutes to get its breath back as I needed to do the same.

A few minutes later she was on the mat and again the fish had no leaches anywhere and was in mint condition, she went 20lb 2oz which I was over the moon with, the bigger fish definitely seem



to be at this end and I was hoping the "Bubbles" would be one of them. The fish was treated and returned the rod went back out and a little bit of bait too. The days had just flown past and I didn't even feel like I had been there for nearly a week!!!

Churchwood is such a lovely place and with the facilities and hospitality you get makes your stay that much more comfortable. Nothing more happened for the rest of the day and I spent most of my time walking round the lake looking and introducing small amounts of bait. Thursday morning was upon us and 2 lads had turned up to fish Jenkins for 24hrs. I was going to do another 24hrs and leave the following morning.

Just before 12 o'clock as I was tying a couple of rigs up the right-hand alarm gave 2 bleeps, I jumped out my chair and as I looked at the rod the bobbin started to rise, I lifted the rod and whatever was hooked wasn't mucking about, it headed straight for the snags and as hard as I tried to hold it I just couldn't. I put the rod under the water and slowed applied pressure I could feel the line grating but I was gaining, and was hoping I wouldn't get cut off. I kept the pressure on and after 5 or so minutes the fish



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was out in open water.

Mark the bailiff had seen me playing the fish and made his way down to me, he arrived just as the fish was ready for the net and being the gentleman he is, he netted the fish like a pro.

Mark stayed with the fish whilst I got the camera etc ready, and by now the 2 lads that were fishing Jenkins had also come down, with everything ready, I lifted the fish into the mat and when I pulled the net away

I couldn't believe what fish it was..."

The Old Linear" the oldest and most stunning fish in the lake!!!!,

Steve reckons the fish is over 30 years old.

Mark was ecstatic and the lads who came down have wanted to catch this fish for some time, one of the lads Jason said just seeing her has made my trip. Both Jason and Gem took great shots which I really appreciated, the old girl was then treated to some antiseptic and returned to fight another day. I was totally made up and was grinning from ear to ear.

No more fish graced my net

and come Friday morning it was time to pack up and say goodbye. There were anglers booked on Churchwood from Saturday morning for 24hrs, so come Sunday afternoon could see my return as I still had a couple of days off of work. Sometimes you get obsessed with a certain fish for whatever reason and "Bubbles" had definitely lit my fire. I did return to Churchwood in search of Bubbles, but did I manage to slip the net under her? Find out in part 2.

For more information on this stunning venue visit www.churchwoodfisheries.co.uk If you would like more information on the bait I used visit

www.galaxybaits.co.uk

also

www.hookedonbaits.co.uk

and for end tackle visits

www.sharptackle.co.uk

they are doing a "Ronnie rig" package which works out good value

for money.

If you are out on the bank take care and remember its only fishing.

All the best

Scott "Geezer" Grant.



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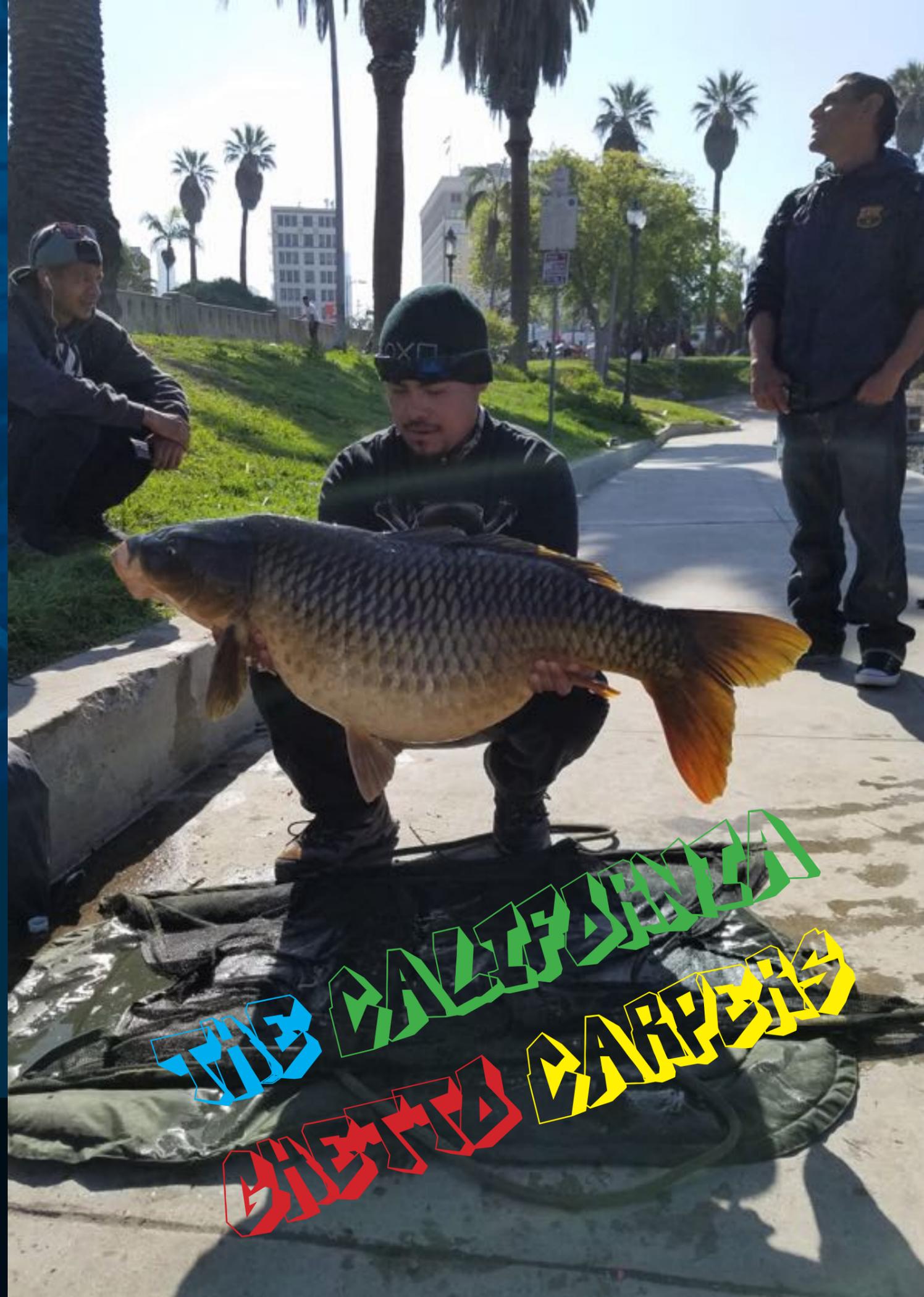
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The California Ghetto Carpers

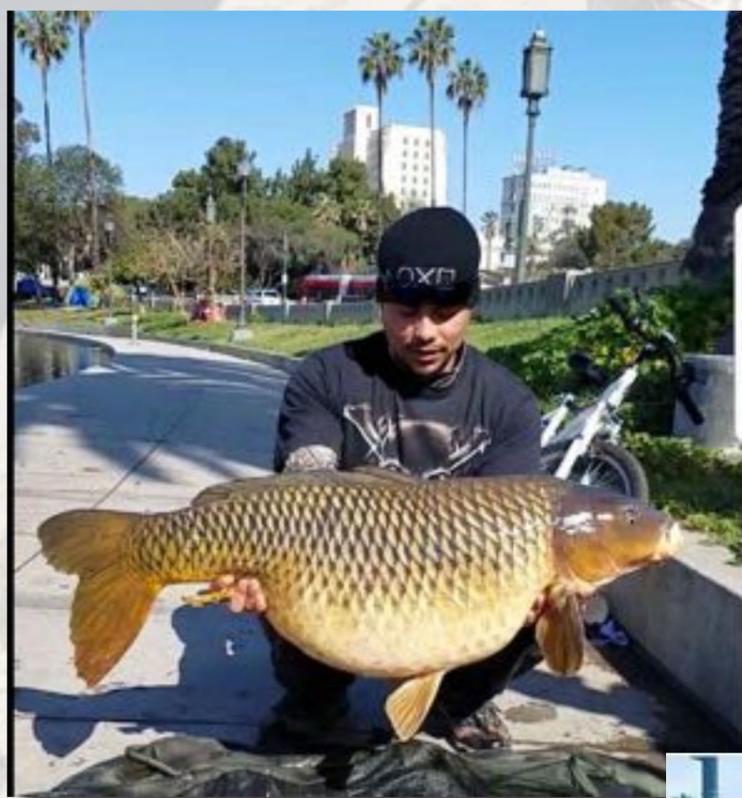
inner city areas fishing inner city park lakes and spreading the gospel according to carp!! Hailing from such places as Compton, and Watts in Los Angeles, they go out of their way to fish the inner-city park lakes and take time out to teach "catch and release" style fishing to children in the area, or any passers-by

Armed with rods, reels, alarms, homemade boilies, unhooking mats, slings and all the latest end tackle they take urban carp angling to a whole new level. Recently Enrique "Eddie" Salmeron landed that 50lb 1oz common you see on the cover this month. Add to that these great pictures they have sent us of more 20s and 30s in that great sunshine.... you can't help but be a touch envious of their exploits.



This month we are giving a shout out to a great bunch of guys over in America calling themselves the California Ghetto Carpers... The C.G.C. The group, founded by Sergio "Big Serg" Tavalera, along with his pals Rafael Valencia, and Enrique "Eddie" Salmeron are growing quickly with more anglers from

that take an interest, promoting our sport to the highest level they can, whilst demonstrating how to play and land carp correctly, and the safe after care required to put the fish back as quickly as possible.



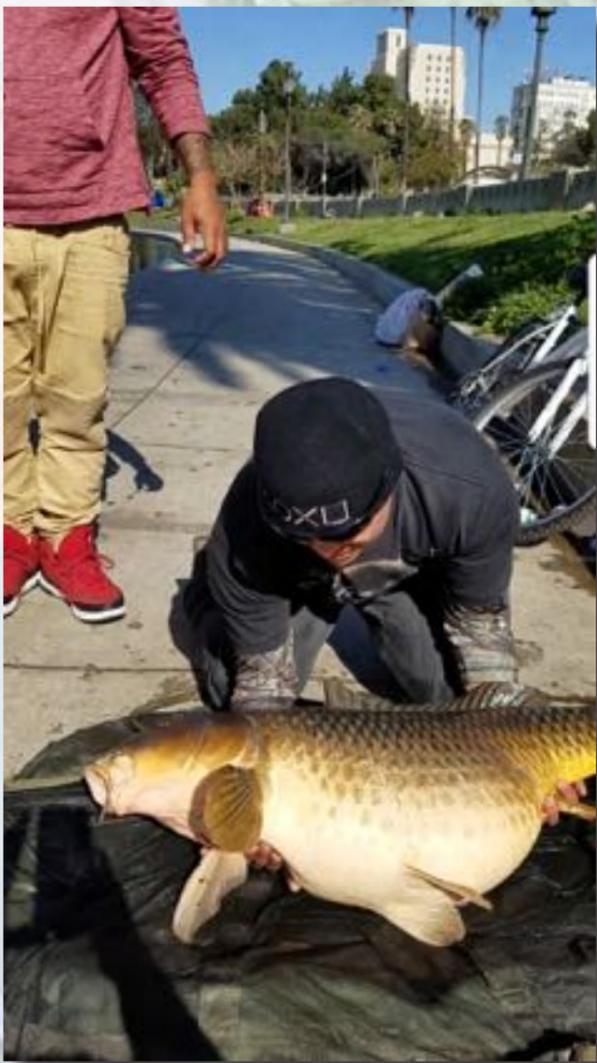
THE CALIFORNIA

GHETTO



CARPERS





You can catch up with the guys on Instagram and follow their fishing journey as they catch, teach and have fun.

Instagram names

big_sergg (Sergio),

i_b_catchin (Rafael)

and

mimik137 (Eddie).

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*Spring Tales
by
Rich Austin*



Spring Tales

Yep the Daffodils are out, the Sun is shining, the Skies are clear blue and the mornings are showing the last signs of old Jack, that can only mean one thing Spring is here and I do love Spring.

The flowers, the weather, and the fish are waking up and looking for that initial feed to kick start their yearly cycle and open that monstrous metabolism account that us anglers have been waiting for.

Don't get me wrong I love venturing out in the cold wintery weather, less anglers means less pressure and less pressure should mean more chance of a Cypri or two but it certainly is the reality check of all seasons, you cannot take your efforts for granted and just because you have braved the elements and approached your target water and species in the correct manner does not guarantee your efforts will be rewarded, in fact it can't be further from the truth and can hit you like a ton of lead pushing you straight back down to earth with a thud, no fish, no confidence, no results. That is the time to reflect from the session and take all the positives you can as there WILL be some, a blank doesn't mean

a bad session, it means an element or two were missing from the jigsaw that would complete the wintery puzzle, have you picked the wrong swim, have you over fed the swim, have you got the depth or tactics wrong, are the fish still lying dormant and just plain and simply NOT interested even if a 10mm enticer hit them on the nose! Frustrating times but just that one fish is all the reward you need so never give up, never quit trying new things and chopping around your tactics, but DO NOT over feed from the off and you can take that through to any of our seasons. As I mentioned last week I was very lucky to have been invited to a water that isn't open to the public until the end of May this year, Windsor View Lakes a venue in Old Datchet that hasn't been fished for years, and

holds a few gems, around 40 old wiry carp that don't give themselves up easy at all, and on my 48hour guest invite it didn't change that status. I saw one fish on my initial walk around to the back of a reed lined 50 yard margin, it was only possible to fish to one side of it so I opted to fish the opposite side of the lake and cast to the reeds from there, from my chosen swim I could fish a huge portion of the lake, using 3 rods I positioned them over various spots I'd found amongst the silky weed which didn't give me too much trouble and certainly didn't inhibit my approaches as on one rod I started with a 3 inch J Precision Hooks choddy, and the other 2 rods were using a JP Ronnie Rig popped up with a 12mm washed pink dairy supreme from CC Moore and a PVA

bag containing a 3.5inch hooklink with a JP size 8 wide anchor harnessing a 14mm white CC Moore pop up through a rig ring. The bag mix was CC Moore Live System mix with boilie crumb and freshwater snails. The wind was a very strong cut that was pounding across the lake so was making settling the rod and line somewhat tricky although not impossible. 24hrs passed with spots being checked, changed, topped up whichever was needed, but the 30-40 year old carp were not showing themselves and even when gaining a height advantage up the climber tree no vantage was given, not one fish was seen this was definitely not going to give up one of the stunning old residents very easily, and any catch from this lake was one that would be worth its weight in gold and a just reward for maximum effort.

This back lake has reeds, snags, deep margins, weedy veins, gravel spots and shallows so you could say it has everything that a lake has to offer and a challenge for any angler wishing to pit their wits against some smart old fish. Opposite this lake is the front lake a long stretch of water that would be great for the match angler, or an angler that is looking for an easier session, or if you wish to bring a young angler to learn their craft. Most of the

fish in this water are around 8- 15lb mark with some 20's thrown in and the odd 30lb gem so fish for all types of angler to have a go at. On the last morning, I ventured over for 3 hours armed with a couple of rods and some CC Moore pop ups, and it didn't take long to get in to a few fish and what stunners they are immaculate Commons and Mirrors that graced my net and I will definitely be taking my 5 year old daughter Scarlett over for some fun. Only one niggle I had about the place was its right under I mean literally right under the Heathrow flight path and is noisy but you soon tune out of it and get in to your fishing zone, there is a huge amount of wildlife around and it was great watching the Red Kites gliding on the thermals and looking for their next tasty morsel. Great venue which has a lot of potential I can

see it becoming very popular with the day ticket angler and the specimen hunter. They have a charity open day at the end of May which you can keep track of through their Facebook page at Windsor View Lakes.

British Carp Angling Championships Qualifier Willow Park 2017

Well what can I say about this one, I was absolutely gutted not to qualify for the Semi Finals in this heat it was a very tight tense affair and a couple of times I thought my partner Terry Clayton and I had done enough to clinch a spot. When we arrived at the awesome run complex we went for the obligatory pre-draw walk around to see what we could see moving,



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and if we had changed our minds on where we would choose if we came out the draw in good order. We saw a couple of fish which were in the areas of our top choices, so back at the onsite cafe and over a great fry up we mulled over our selections and juggled a couple round to accommodate what we had seen that morning. It wasn't long until draw time and low and behold we came out the hat 1st, I've never been out first and to be honest it's not a great place to come out ha-ha as soon as our names were called we looked at each other in disbelief and almost changed our first choice peg but we stood fast and called our first choice out we could relax straight away and watch other competitors go through the agony of not getting called as the pegs dwindled away, the stress is immense in these situations and you go through all the emotions, stress, pressure, contentment, joy, excitement they're all in there. After the formalities, we got to our swim and chose sides accordingly to our strengths and tactical approaches, we agreed I would fish the snags and Terry would fish the open water side. It was quiet all-round the lake with only a couple of fish coming out and the first night we had our first, our 2nd choice peg was already opening up a little lead but nothing that put them out of reach in the early

stages of the match. The next morning proved fruitless for us and 80% of the other guys in the match the lake had definitely switched itself in to slow mode, a few fish were picked up open water towards the plateau with or 2nd and 4th pegs catching a few, the 2nd night saw us nail another one and lose a decent fish which would be our undoing to qualify for this match, we were always playing catch up and for a long time were 5lb behinds 3rd spot until about an hour before the hooter was blown when 3rd place banked another good teen to put them almost out of reach in the time that was left and the way the lake had been fishing as we were packing down and less than 10minutes before the hooter my rod tore off and we managed to land a good 15lber but it wasn't enough to pull us to 3rd it was a very enjoyable close

match and that is what you want and that is one of the reasons we choose this type of water instead of the huge runs waters where 4/500 lb weights are common it's not our cup of tea, so huge congrats to the guys who qualified and we will be back next year that's for sure.

Next.....

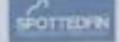
UK Carp Championship at Farlow's 2nd week of April so I will report back on that next month.

Next week is school holidays and I have promised to take Scarlett for a night as the weather is warming up and she keeps nagging so hoping we have some quality Daddy Daughter bank time to report back on.

J Precision Hooks, who I am a consultant for, have announced that our new Range of precision Point Hooks will be available before the summer and is set to take the market to another higher level in a genre where we already have raised the Hand Sharpened Bar. My syndicate water has a stocking program going on from Monday 27th March a few 30's have been mentioned so ears to the ground for this one and I will hopefully have something to tell you in the next issue.

Til next time

Rich

Venue: Water **Scoreboard**   

Date: 17-19 Mar **REUBEN HEATON**

Position	Names/Teams	PEG	Number of Fish	Total Weight
1	RYAN GARDNER & ANDY KNIGHTS	4	7	89.03
2	KEVIN CLARKE & STEVEN SHERWOOD	2	4	61.12
3	ROB BURGESS & MARK CAVACUTI	11	3	49.14
4	RICH AUSTIN & TERRY CLAYTON	7	3	46.09
5	SCOTT BEASLEY & MATT EATON	12	2	29.10
6	JASON GUTTERIDGE & TERRY DONALDSON	5	1	25.12
7	BRUCE LARG & MARK STREVENG	9	1	16.04
8	NIK YOUNG & JOHN TADGELL			6.05
	JAKE LUND & TOM WEYMOUTH			
	JAMIE RINGER & STEVE PURSEY			
	JAMES DAWS & JAMES RIDGLEY			



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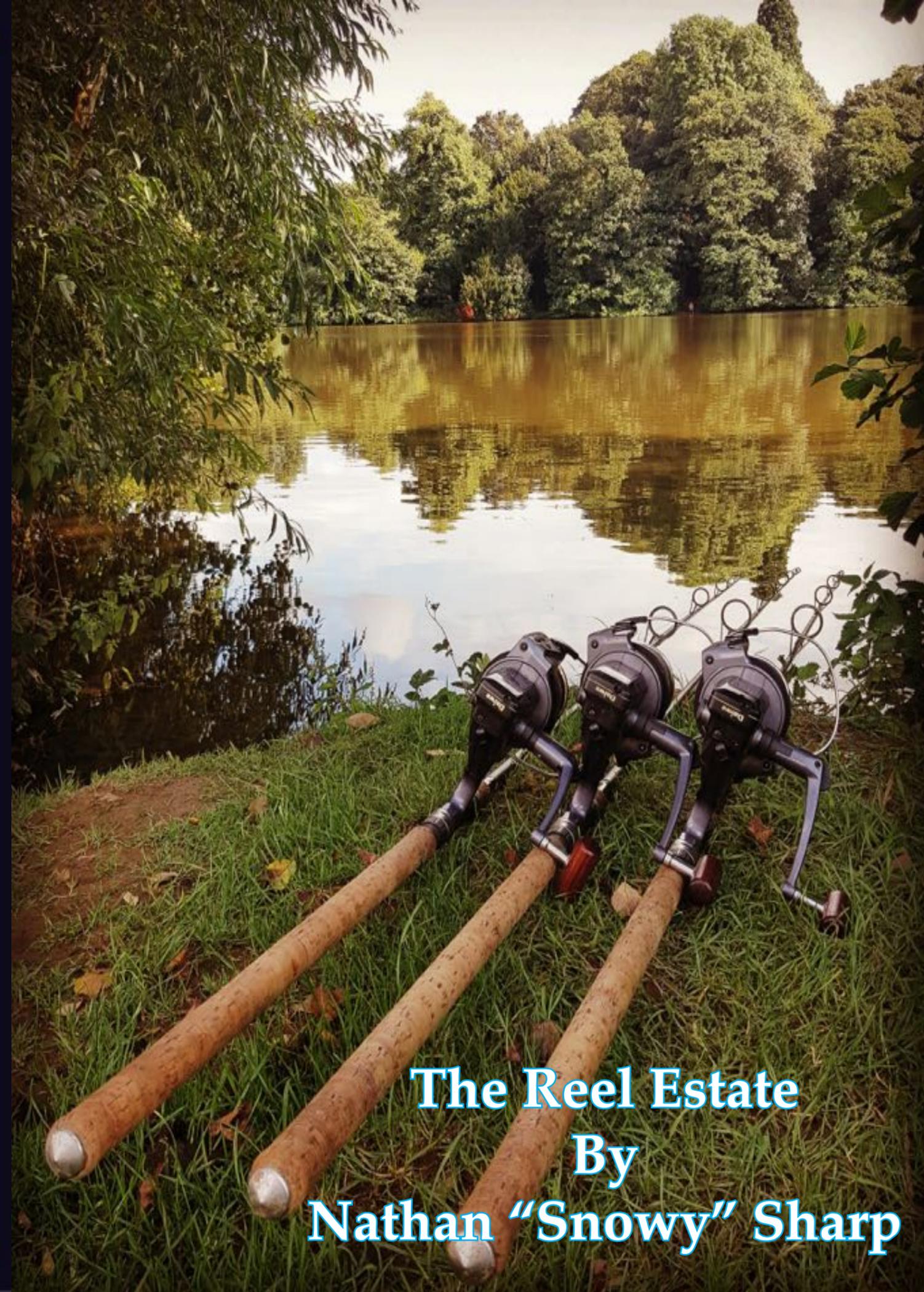
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The Reel Estate
By
Nathan "Snowy" Sharp

The Reel Estate

The season was starting to come together, after part 1&2's success with fish coming more consistently and the average stamp being fairly high for the lake, I knew I had to keep the ball rolling.

This was to be easier said than done due to a busy home schedule from June to August, the one saving grace was it gave me plenty of time to get the tackle serviced and in good shape to go again.

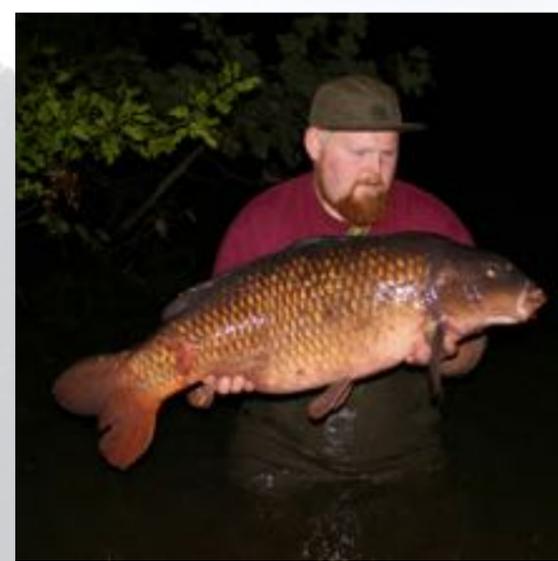
The biggest problem I find with any break away from a water is fitting back in, as you lose touch with the

goings on of the lake and what has been caught in your absence. The day before my

next trip I gave Dane the bailiff a ring, he told me there had been fish coming out with a handful of better fish to 25lb, the only trouble I had was I couldn't get to the lake until well into the evening. When I did arrive it was bang on dark around 8pm and all the swims my gut feeling told me to look at were already taken which was no surprise. So I made the decision to pitch up in a swim nearby ready to pack up and move when one became free the following morning. By the break of dawn, I was half packed away ready to move, after seeing no signs of fish in the swim I was in

I knew a move had to happen, thankfully another member named Joe was due off in a hour or two, which would leave one of my favoured swims free. Once into my new swim I soon had 3 rods out at 16wraps over around 2kg of bait. Within half an hour the pesky bream had moved in with me bagging no less than 10 by 11am! After every bream, I topped up with 4 spombs of TG-Active just so the spot could keep ticking over, thankfully at 11:15am the middle rod pulled up tight and a fish powered off across the surface. As soon as

I picked up the rod I was immediately forced to give line with the fish giving all it had to escape my capture. This battle was



one to remember with the fish making 40yrd runs several times, once in the margins she carried on giving a good account of herself with attempts to get into the near margin snags. Eventually she was beaten and a beautiful common of 22lb 10oz was photographed (unfortunately the pics do not do it justice!). My next session was a couple of weeks after this and I found myself right at the opposite end fishing to the back of the island, I was able to again get amongst a few fish bagging another 3 to just under 20lb, fishing in the same

manner, plenty of the TG-Active and snowman hookbaits over the top. I was now buzzing to get back, but I had a social arranged on another water that I'm

a member of which ended in success again, as I bagged 7 fish to mid-20s, I now had the confidence I needed. I was chomping at the bit for Sunday to come as I had a rare couple of days off work in the week to angle. I arrived on Sunday and after a walk around I soon knew which area I needed to be in, but had to make the decision of which swim to choose as there's 4 swims which cover that section of the lake. I whipped

the leading rod out and spent the next couple of hours walking between each swim trying to find the best spot I could, I eventually found a spot that was hard and smooth in amongst a very choddy bottom, I'd also seen a few fish show in and around the area, confidence was now at a high! I'd now decided to put 2 rods with the snowman setup onto the spot followed by 2kg of glugged and salted freebies, and the 3rd rod was cast to a showing fish followed by 15 stuck freebies. The rods were now ready to rock, so dinner was prepared. The time was now





clear she was in and around the 30lb mark. This is when I noticed the mark on its tale wrist which told me it was the old warrior known as "The Long Common", needless to say I was buzzing! I knew she had done 35 the previous autumn but with this now being

6spombs of TG-Active, the problem now was after the buzz of bagging another target I found sleep very hard to come by, but I must have managed as the next thing I knew the same rod was away which resulted in a bream! After this the

there were of a smaller stamp at 14&7lb, it was great to know the spot and tactics were right. Throughout the following night, I managed a couple more fish, both doubles including a cracking old fan tailed warrior of a mirror. The session had been another great success but I knew my time was drawing to an end on the lake, I had one more session planned at the beginning of September and again I knew I'd have to slot in where I could late on a Friday evening, when I arrived at the lake I noticed the majority of

anglers were bunched up all on the wood bank, this suited me as it left a chunk of the shallows free. With the light fading I made the move of jumping in the swim off the main snags as I had noticed the fish taking a certain route out of them in previous sessions, with 2 rods on a spot at 10wraps and the 3rd on a different spot at 6 wraps and with all treated to the normal dose of Nashys finest fish food I was fairly confident of some action. This confidence was again proved right but sadly over the next 34hrs I was to land

quite late and light had virtually gone, when the rod cast to the showing fish was away. This fish was moving at pace and all I could do was give line, when I got that sickening feeling of slack line as the hook had pulled, I was gutted but I also knew the spot was good for a bite so soon had a fresh rig and bait on the spot followed by another 15 baits. I fell asleep feeling fairly confident of another chance, these feeling were proven right as at 1:30am the right hander was away, this fish thought completely

different, whilst still taking line, was quite sluggish. Once in the near margin it tried to bury itself into the overhanging bushes but with abit of side strain I was able to steer this yet unseen creature away and straight towards my waiting net. This was to be the first time I had seen the fish and as its head got to the spreader block I lifted the net and saw its tale hanging out before flopping back in, it was at this point I knew she was of a better stamp and possibly an A-teamer. Once I hoisted her out and onto the mat it was



mid-summer it was great to see that the scales showed 32lb 10oz. After the picture where done I slipped her back with a kiss to say thank you, and to get her to tell her friends I was nice. I managed to get the rod back on the spot followed by another

swim went quiet until around 10am when the same rod ripped off this resulted in a cracking common of 20lb 10oz. I could see signs of fish in front of me so soon had the rod back out, throughout the day the same rod did a further 2 fish and although



around 25 bream!
With little more than an hour left I was well in the swing of the dreaded pack up when the middle rod slammed up tight and a fish bolted across the surface on a tight line, this was no bream I was sure! Straight away I knew I had to get in as the shallow margins were littered with mussels so I didn't want to risk being cut off, this fish really did show me who's boss with several hard runs that flat rodded me. Eventually I saw her

roll in front of me and I could see she was nailed but my knees were still knocking. After another few tense minutes, she laid on the surface beaten, she was mine. I could tell she was a half decent fish but it was the pure beauty of her I was impressed with, on the scales she went 26lb 4oz, the plan had again come together. I had one last overnighter in late October which ended with a repeat capture of a small scaley mirror, my time on

Willesley had come to an end and although I hadn't had a couple of my target fish, I was more than happy with what I had achieved in the time I had done, and felt I had held my own. I hope you have enjoyed this 3 parter of my season on a truly beautiful lake with even more stunning fish. Thanks for reading and as always, keep praying to them carp gods.

SNOWY



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The advertisement features a large background image of several distance sticks in various colors (green, orange, blue, purple) lying on a grassy surface. The sticks have a textured, grooved section near the top. Inset images show a stick being used in a field and a close-up of the Isotope head. A list of features and a promotional offer are also included.

Living the Dream

*By
Keith Moors*



Chapter Eight - Characters Wot I 'av Met

Chapter Eight - Characters Wot I 'av Met

The previous chapters have been based on our purchase and development of Moorland Fisheries and they have provided plenty of pleasure and excitement. However, it would be wrong to end this book without mention of some of the people and "happenings" that have added to this period in our lives.

I have personally experienced the best fishing that I have ever had, both on the lake and on the nearby River Saone, and I will gloss across some of the most memorable sessions but this chapter will actually be a conglomeration of sub-chapters about other people's memorable sessions and most of them will not relate to their biggest fish.

I have already recounted, in another book, the session that produced a huge hit of big carp including several thirties, three forties and a new personal best by nearly eight pounds at fifty six pounds and seven ounces.

It would take a long time to better that session and I don't want to go back over ground that has already been covered.

2008 has also allowed me to add a further five forties to my total so everything in my angling life is progressing nicely.

However, in order to show how fickle this carp angling can be I will briefly recount a short trip that I made to spend an afternoon on the mighty River Saone.

In our early years in France I had put in an enormous amount of work into trying to find and catch some of the huge carp that the river held.

I had been relatively successful and had managed to land numerous upper thirty pound mirrors and commons, including some thirty nine pound plus fish of both strains. Because of the amount of work that was now needed on the fishery my angling time away from the lake was limited so it was with absolutely no confidence that I pinched an afternoon in November 2007 simply to relax.



In order to get the best out of the river it is necessary to pre-bait long before fishing and to be prepared to spend quite some time waiting for the big fish to arrive. On this occasion I had done no pre-baiting at all and simply turned up at mid-day and launched three rods, baited with fishmeal boilies, as far as I could.

I followed this with firing out about a kilo of freebies via the throwing stick and then simply drank in the atmosphere.

By the time the light began to fade I had landed three chub and just as I was beginning to think about packing up my phone rang.

It was Jan asking how I had got on and wondering what time I would be home. Before I could answer, my middle rod folded over and the alarm let out its war cry.

“Gotta go” I shouted and threw the phone onto my chair before leaning into the rod. It was obviously not a chub and after a dour fight in the cold water a large mirror came to the surface and slid into the net.

On the scales she showed 40.02 lb. My first ever River Saone forty.

I phoned Jan to tell her and was amazed when she said “That’s exactly the same weight as your first ever forty in England isn’t it.”

Behind every man there’s a good woman.

THE DAY THE COCKEREL DIED

Most of our memories of our time in France have been good ones but there are also the occasional bad ones which teach you so much about people.

One such occasion occurred when I walked into “The Oaks” swim on a Friday morning to see how an angler had got on during the night. He had spent the week fishing with his family as guests and was due to leave that morning. I couldn’t believe his reply to my “Any luck last night?”



“I lost a big fish last night Keith.”

“Why, what happened?”

“Well you know what it’s like. I had an absolute flyer during the night so I dashed out just in my boxers and hit it. I immediately knew it was a big fish and that it was going to take a while to land and I was freezing, so I tightened the clutch and pulled out of it so that I could go back to bed.”

The fact of the matter was that I didn’t “know what it was like.”

I would never have dreamt of purposely pulling out of a fish and I was livid. I did try to explain that he had probably ripped a hole in the fish’s mouth but had to walk away before I exploded.

As soon as Jan saw me she could read the signs and knew that she needed to get me away from the anglers for a few minutes.

“Be a love and go and feed the chickens for me?” she asked and then added, as I picked up the feed bucket, “Be careful of the cockerel. He’s evil.”

I walked through the orchard in silence and then into the large chicken run. I spread the grain around and the hens, and cockerel, clucked around quite normally.

By now some of the red mist had evaporated and I was beginning to breathe normally so I decided to collect the eggs. As I bent into the hutch doorway the cockerel took his chance and pierced the back of my legs with both spurs.

With a quick squeal of pain I swung the empty bucket round in an attempt to knock him out of the way. At exactly the same time the cockerel flew over the bucket and aimed his second strike at my throat.



The bucket was let go and my years of slip fielding resulted in me catching him perfectly around the neck. With the immortal words “you picked the wrong bloody person on the wrong bloody day.” His body and head became separated in one movement. At exactly the same moment, a young female voice shouted “Grandad, what have you done. I’m telling Nanny.” My young Granddaughter, Bethany, took off running towards the house.

Jesus, I thought, now I’m for it. I pushed the body of the cockerel into the bucket and then placed the eggs on top.

By the time I got back to the house Bethany was stood at the door trying to tell Jan what had happened. With hands on hips she started “Grandad’s ff..... , Grandad’s ffff.....”

My God I thought if she says what I think she’s trying to say that’ll be my fault too. Suddenly she blurted out “Granddad’s pulled its bloody head off.”

We will never know what she had originally been trying to say but I’m pleased to say that the atmosphere dissolved into uncontrollable laughter from all of us and the bird provided us with two superb breast portions for dinner.

THE DISADVANTAGE OF USING BROLLIES

This is not the first time that this will have been done but it is still a classic. A very well known angler and I had been celebrating the capture of a special fish so by the time the light began to fade we were both feeling the effects of the celebrations. After a short time the other angler was fast asleep and I could hear him snoring from fifty yards away. I simply couldn't sleep and a plan began to develop in my mind. Quietly I crept up to his broolly system and gently pulled the pegs. By lifting and walking slowly in a circle I managed to turn it round so that the opening was now pointing in the other direction and away from the lake.

Despite him stirring slightly I managed to get the pegs back in and return to my swim. The problem then was that I began to realise that I would probably be asleep when he woke up and wouldn't see the fun. So that I didn't miss out I unclipped the float from my marker rod and launched the lead out in front of him. A gentle pull resulted in a couple of bleeps from his alarm. I heard him stir and then gave it the biggun.



The alarm burst into life and I heard him undo the zip of the sleeping bag. He rolled out of bed towards his rods but now found himself between the bed and the back of the bivvy. In the moonlight I could see his fingers pushing through the fabric and then a booming voice echoed "Where the @*@* has the door gone?" I could control myself no longer and burst into fits of giggles. A pair of eyes stared back at me and the booming voice simply said "Bastard". Quality.

THE RESPONSE

I knew that the above prank would be repaid but I didn't know how or when. In fact it had been so long since I had carried out the deed that I had been lured into a false sense of security until the middle of one particularly dark night. I was using tournament 5000 reels which meant that it was necessary to fish off of the front clutches.

In so doing it was necessary, after casting out, to slackening off the clutch, to act as a "baitrunner" and then, upon getting a bite, it was a case of grabbing the spool, setting the hook, tightening the clutch gently and then playing the fish. At silly o'clock in the morning one of my rods absolutely melted away. I leapt out of bed, picked up the rod, grabbed the front of the spool and leaned back into the fish. Somewhere out in the darkness came a massive and almost silent swirl and the rod hooped over. The clutch on the reel began to tick as I gently tightened down. Once I

felt that the clutch was set right my hand moved to where the handle should have been but some bastard had removed it during my slumbers. I didn't need to shout he was already at my shoulder spinning the missing handle with the words "Something missing is there Moorsey?" We both burst into laughter and with a bit of light on the subject, managed to fit the handle well enough to land a mid thirty common. I must admit to being well and truly 'ad.

TWO TALES

I would like to recount two stories that I was not involved in but which were told to me and which I found so funny that I want to share with you.

One came from my good friend Clive Humphreys who was working as part of a supply team for the North Sea oil rigs when this happened. Apparently there were three of them working in the same office when, one Monday morning saw one of their number enter the office with his arm and shoulder in a plaster and scaffold harness. The other two stared and then asked the obvious "what happened to you?" The initial reply of "I was helping my dad with his allotment" gave absolutely no clue to the cause of the, obviously severe damage. When pressed further the whole story gradually emerged. Apparently this lad had been digging over his dad's allotment in really wet conditions and by the end of the weekend they were both caked in mud. He had cleaned off the tools and was then left with the extra weight of mud clinging to his Wellington boots. In one corner of the allotment was one of the legs of an overhead power pylon and he used this to lean on so that he could "kick" the mud free from his boots. Just as he began doing this his father walked up behind him. He suddenly saw his son grab the pylon and then start shaking violently.

Thinking that he was being electrocuted he used his own shovel to hit his son, as hard as he could, across the shoulder in order to knock him away from the suspected current. Result, several fractures and lots of laughs. Thanks Clive.

The next tale is actually a story from another very good friend in David Pougher. He explained a sort of "initiation" into a group or club within which he had been involved. It relies on the existing members knowing pretty much what is going to happen next and is called "Lancaster Bomber". Although David did also explain that he had also been the victim of a sort of "double whammy" while taking part, so beware. In order to understand the nature of the wheeze it is essential that you know the basics of said Lancaster bomber. It was a very famous World War II heavy bomber with numerous gun positions and 4 engines.



Basically when someone suggests that the group involved should play “Lancaster Bomber” it is necessary for members to choose their preferred positions and then, while carrying a full pint, place their chair in that position.

Once this is complete there should be the basic shape of an aircraft with people sitting in a line to make up the fuselage. For instance, the “nose gunner”, “pilot”, “mid gunner” and “rear gunner” would sit one behind the other. At right angles to these would be another four members, seated two each side, as “port inner” and “port outer” engines as well as “starboard inner” and “starboard outer”.

During the seating arrangements it is normal to persuade the “victim” to sit as port or starboard outer engine. For this example we will seat him at port outer and gradually all will become clear.

Once everyone is seated the pilot will start the evening and the following sequence can be dragged out for as long as you like but should basically go something like this:

Pilot “Prepare for take off. Start port outer.” Port outer “brmmmmm brmmmm etc.”

Pilot “Start starboard outer.” Starboard outer “brmmmm, brmmmm etc.”

The pilot then moves on to the inner engines and everyone sitting at engine positions continues to make engine noises while he then goes into a suitable take off routine and crosses the channel. Eventually he will engage the enemy with the typical “bandits at one o’clock, all guns engage, fire at will” and at this point each of the gunners takes up the effect with a “yack a dacker, yack a dacker” plus the occasional “tally ho, got one skipper.” Until someone puts up the shout, “skipper I think we’ve been hit. It looks like it’s the port wing. I can see smoke.”

At this point the pilot again takes over with “sorry chaps, looks like we’ve ruptured a fuel line and the port outer is on fire. OPERATE FIRE EXTINGUISHERS !!!”

At which everyone throws what’s left of their pints over the gentleman seated at port outer and he should be soaked in beer.

Apparently victims have been seen leaving the scene uttering “bloody Germans.” Class, thank you David.

PERFECT ENTRY

This next couple of sub paragraphs actually happened right in front of my eyes and it is possibly going to be very difficult to do them justice with the written word, but here goes. During our early years many of our anglers were targeting personal bests in the upper twenties rather than today’s forties and above.

Stuart was one such angler and was over the moon when he landed a twenty eight pound mirror. His capture left him unable to concentrate properly on what he should be doing next so two of us rushed round to help out and do the obligatory trophy photographs.

Once all of these were complete it was time to return the carp to the lake so Stuart carried the unhooking mat, with the carp safely inside, to the edge of the swim. Strangely he didn’t position it so that he was also adjacent to the lake, with the mat to one side, but put it so that to put the fish back he needed to lean over the mat. This is not totally unusual and is something that I have also done but it does generally mean that you end up kneeling

on the mat and getting your knees wet.

Somehow Stuart seemed to want to lean over the mat without kneeling on it. He lifted the fish and gazed at it for one last time before leaning towards the lake while attempting to maintain a “squatting position.”

As if in slow motion, as the fish moved closer to the lake, the centre of balance, of the combination of angler and fish, got totally out of sync.

Eventually the fish dipped into the water and Stuart had passed the point of no return.



As the fish slid back into the lake he seemed unable to let go and followed it back into its home.

As if he had planned it he maintained total composure and grace and slid beneath the surface with barely a ripple. In fact my overriding memory of the action is seeing the soles of his boots, with his toes still hooked over the swim boards as though he was determined not to get his feet wet.

Obviously the only way to get back out of the lake was to stand up on the lake bed which he did and then re-appeared with strands of weed hanging over his head and coughing out mouthfuls of water.

James and I were in hysterics and despite Stuart’s pleas for us to shut up and help him, the best we could do was to hold our hands up with palms outwards, as if marking “Simply Come Angling,” and chorused “five point seven,” “five point eight.” Stuart did see the funny side, eventually and after calling us all the bastards imaginable he trudged off to the shower. Another personal best was the precursor to another soaking.

Steve managed to land his first ever catfish at seventy two pounds and again was over the moon. Having completed the normal set of pictures we convinced him that he should get into the lake for some “water shots.”

No sooner had we made the suggestion than Steve simply stepped off of the front of the swim as though he was going to walk out onto the surface of the lake.

The water in front of the swims is actually three feet deep so by the time his leading foot had found the lake bed, with his other foot still planted on terra firma, his torso was horizontal and about to enter the water.

There followed an enormous “belly-flop” type splash as Steve disappeared beneath the surface, only to re-emerge completely unfazed and asking for someone to pass him his “moggy”.

THE AYATOLLAH

Somehow we became the proud owners of an alarm clock which had a recording of an Imam calling the faithful to prayer as its alarm sound.

This was too good an opportunity to miss and just had to be set up to destroy someone’s sleep.



A suitably unsuspecting victim was chosen and the clock was secretly placed between the bivvy skins and set for 3.00 am.

Most of the rest of the anglers were aware and prepared to see what would happen. At three sharp the booming voice of the Imam could be heard wailing across the lake.

A sharp “what the” came from the victims bivvy and then he rushed out and ran round the back and into the hedge.

With laughter stifled we watched as he returned and beat the fabric until the noise stopped and then gradually returned to bed.

I went round the following morning and he was still laughing about it. I pointed out that his head torch was still switched on and he explained that he had been frightened to turn it off because he was certain that something else would happen before dawn.

I then asked him why he had run round the back of the bivvy only to hear him explain that, in his half asleep state, he was convinced that a van load of Iranians had pulled up behind him. Another classic.

BEWARE OF WILD ANIMALS

I have saved the best for last and this will probably remain the classic Moorlands moment of all time. A group of anglers had spent the week with us and, on Friday evening, as the sun set, they were stood on the Boneyard swim discussing the week. The angler in the next swim, about fifty yards away, was “Scouse” and he, unknowingly, was the target for this week’s wheeze.

The next swim further round from Scouse was where the trip organizer, Kevin, had set up and it was Kevin who suggested that he should go and make sure that he had locked the van before it got too dark.

Nobody questioned his remark and off he went into the gloom. What nobody knew was that Kev’ had smuggled a full fancy dress bear costume into his bivvy.

Once fully dressed in the bear suit he crept back round to Scouse’s swim and knelt down between bivvy and rods. It now being dark meant that he couldn’t be seen by any of the gathered anglers in the next swim but a gentle tweak of one of the rods sent a signal to Scouse’s remote.

“Blimey, the number one rod” said Scouse as he headed back to check his rods.

As soon as he was within ten or so paces of his swim he was suddenly aware of a huge head with big ears and glowing red eyes peering at him around his bivvy.



He froze and as Kev’ saw him stop he lurched forward with a deep throaty growl. Scouse’s scream alerted us all to his fear and as he sped back along the path and past us he was screaming “It’s a f...ing bear” over and over.

By now Kev’ was crawling along the path and a barrage of headlights lit up his costume and then mass hysteria set in and nobody could speak for several minutes.

Hearing our howls of laughter, Scouse made his way back to the group and was mercilessly ripped to shreds. When someone asked why he hadn’t worked out that it was a joke his answer, in a strong Liverpool accent, of “It had big ears and everything and I could hear its hooves on the gravel” just turned all of us back into gibbering wrecks.

As if to sign off on a high Scouse was last out of the shower the following morning and as he walked down to get in the van to leave he was met by a large group of carp anglers singing “If you go down in the woods today you’re sure of a big surprise”

Pure class.

Be luckyKeith Moors



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Talking Carp reviews....

The Waterhog powerbank and light unit by Matt Akery

I have been testing the Waterhog bivvy powerpack and light on a 48hr session this weekend on Near Gatten fishery. I feel it important to say that I have used both this and similar models on the market to compare on several occasions so went into this with an open mind.

The powerbank

The powerbank has a 14ah@12v 45,000mah battery which delivers an incredible performance and has a great purchase price with the r.r.p being just £119.99.

The Waterhog pack is also smaller and lighter than other packs and comes with an in built white / red light function.

Between 2 of us we charged our Samsung galaxy S7 phones 4 times and also used the pack to run 2 Samsung tablets for a total of 11 Hours and in this time, we used approx 40% of the battery power. I have to say I was also very impressed at the speed at which the pack charged my phone, taking it from 11% to 100% in just under an hour.

Overall, I'm massively impressed with this powerbank and it is definitely a challenger for the market leader top spot.

Main features include

Lithium Polymer internals

Simultaneous triple voltage output

16-18 charges of a phone

24hrs dvd runtime

6 charges of a tablet

175mm x 105mm x 40mm

960g weight

It also comes with neoprene carry case and charger.

I am that impressed I've bought one!!

Waterhog Light

A light is a light I hear you say, well not when it's the Waterhog Illuminator light.

I own other lights and I have to be honest, after using the Waterhog light this weekend I'll be changing over. This light has some serious power to it! During testing, the light was left on for 7 days and was still going!! That takes some beating!

It also has the excellent feature of a usb port so it can charge a smartphone up to 3 times.

Comes with 3 white light settings and 2 red light settings and also comes with a built in blue led battery meter. The light is also totally waterproof and very robust and comes supplied with a bivvy and bankstick adaptor bracket.

Again, another massively impressive product from Waterhog and another one which I will be buying at the Northern Angling Show this weekend.

Matt.





The only limitation is your imagination



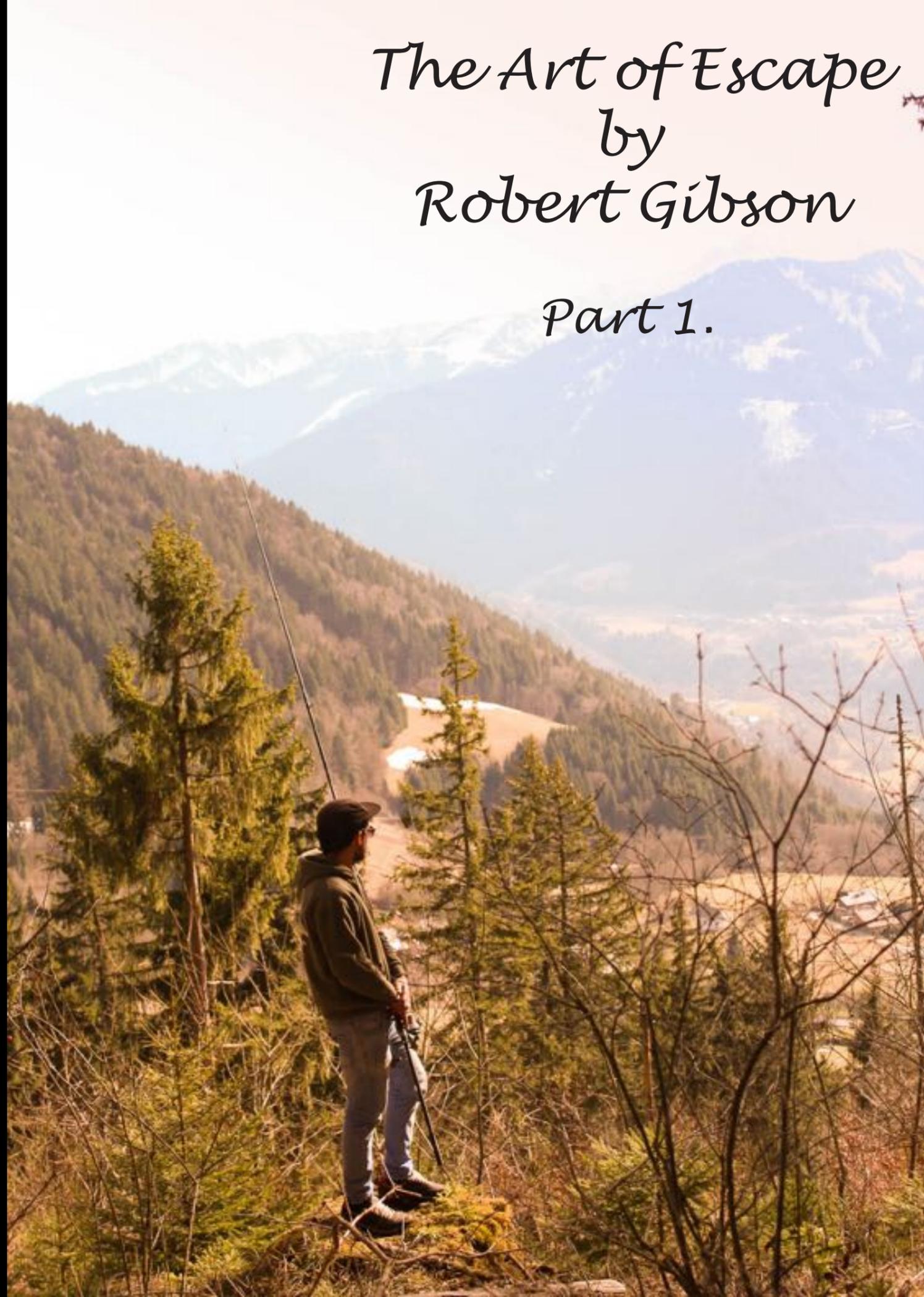
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The Art of Escape by Robert Gibson

Part 1.



I stand on the balcony watching the sun's rays dropping down through the pine, illuminating my surroundings and casting shadows from the huge mountains across the valley. I bask in the sun's warmth, my body heating. I guess I'm lucky to be able to experience all this only a few yards from my bed. Thoughts continue to race through my mind of my upcoming adventure spurring me to continue in building my van. I have fitted the lining and the carpet and a few living essentials acquired from a mixture of sources including charity shops and very kind friends and family. In these situations, everything counts, all the little things that echo inside my head when trying to sleep promptly get written down to prevent me from forgetting. Of course, these things are very important although I don't know it yet I'm sure I will in the months to come. Following talks with Ben Francis I have managed to set up a deal with the mighty Nutrabaits, Taska and Kryston, something I'm obviously extremely excited about! the feedback I

have received from the guys has been truly brilliant, they are fully supportive of what I'm doing and working alongside them will be fantastic, I can't wait. In reality I only have 4 weeks until I set off, I've decided upon my first destination although unfortunately I cannot disclose the location what I can say is that it's a mind-blowing location in the French alps. The backdrops and scenery are simply breathtaking and as for the fish.... well I cannot even begin to put that into words. For now, I sit in Beanies coffee shop in Morzine with an ice-cold milkshake, the weather is really warming up, the snow melts as I absorb the double figure temperatures. Not fishing for this long is slowly eating away at me, I long for the quiet life, sitting under a shelter, embers from the small fire flickering as I watch for any signs of my quarry. I don't think I've ever spent this amount of time away from the waterside! I find myself walking down to the stream just to

listen to it. In other news, I've regained my Mac book, honing my film and editing skills, I aim to make a number of short films to share with you my experiences and show you my humble home and way of life. also, showing how beautiful our surroundings really are? After some more recent purchases I can now film and carry out time lapse work without too many problems. So, in all its pretty exciting really, the sun is out in force with regular temps in the double figures. Spring is in full swing now, manifesting in the small blooms of flowers and changing colors of my surroundings. Today it's 18 degrees and nature is positively glowing, I've been out this morning fixing some vans for a chalet company to make a little money to take with me. I'm taking all the work that I can get at the moment. My brother and I took a walk up to the woods yesterday to film my introduction video which I hope to share on my pages soon if possible. I'm

gradually finding my way around the infinite possibilities of final cut pro. Its quite fun sitting on the balcony in the sun whiling away my time editing, the contrast of lifestyles is very different to at home, the French seem to take a few mid-day hours to themselves closing up shop from 12 until 2, the laid back approach to life over here suits me and everyone around seems to be happy and relaxed. I believe the quality of life over here to be second to none and I think anyone who has the time or option to escape and do a ski season should jump at the chance. It's been the best time of my life. In other news, I'd like to say a huge thank you to the team at Sharp Tackle, my new gear all arrived and the quality is fantastic, down to the finest detail. Which further re enforces my point of paying the most isn't always the best! The prices are fantastic and I urge you to check out the website or just pop over a message on Facebook. I recently had the pleasure of reading an interview with Terry Hearn in Carpology, and Terry

mentions how he uses Google Earth to check out where he is going to be fishing, beneficial for seeing gravel bars and plateaus but most importantly in my opinion is for working out areas to fish with regards to wind direction. Wind direction and temperature can be a key feature in fishing, I like to follow the warm winds and then try and fish the back of the cold winds. It's always worked for me and is hopefully something that you can use in your own fishing. Reading waters this way is an invaluable skill. Print off a photo of the lake and take it with you, and mark out any features you find. Watch the water and work out where fish are showing in what conditions, make a note. the next time you turn up I can guarantee you'll be on the fish in half the time. Stay mobile and don't be afraid of change, if you fish light moving is made so much easier. I like to move around a lot, even on the longest of sessions, no matter what time of year. I always begin by baiting light,

if fish are present and they start to have it, that's when I begin to build on my area. Stay accurate and the rest will fall into place. That's about it from me this month, next month's article will be totally different as I will hopefully have a few tales from the bank and maybe a few fish to go with it, being amongst nature is what this sport is about, not who has the best of everything and who catches the biggest fish? Stay humble and I believe nature will reward you with some special prizes. Tight lines Rob





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ASK THE EXPERTS WITH
PAUL "HOBBO" HOBBS

Hello there.

As we step ever closer to spring, the days are getting longer, and so are the lovely, long, warm evenings. Speaking of spring we have a question in from Debra. D. in Lancs. Her question is about rig lengths. She has been using 12 inch rigs this winter. She would like to know if she should shorten her rigs now Spring is on its way to hopefully get a quicker bite. That is the million-dollar question Debra!

If you are after a quick bite then I would always recommend solid bags. It has a short rig contained within the bag. Take a look at volume 12 from February 2017 of Talking Carp. I go into depth about solid bag fishing. This is a brilliant tactic to use at this time of year (and at any time of the year this can be deadly!) You can use this rig for casting at showing fish because it will always be effective over any and most lake bottoms. I tend to use 12 inch plus rigs over soft lake beds i.e. silt, sometimes low lying weed, fished on a helicopter set up because the lead tends to plug or sit in the weed. As far as hook baits, a pop up or slow sinking waffer is ideal. 12 inch rigs are also an advantage if lots of people are using shorter rigs i.e. choddy or small stiff hinged rigs. Sometimes these tweaks can make all the difference. For me, if you are finding success on your rigs I wouldn't change much at all. 'If it isn't broke, don't fix it!' The key to success is to keep things simple and effective.

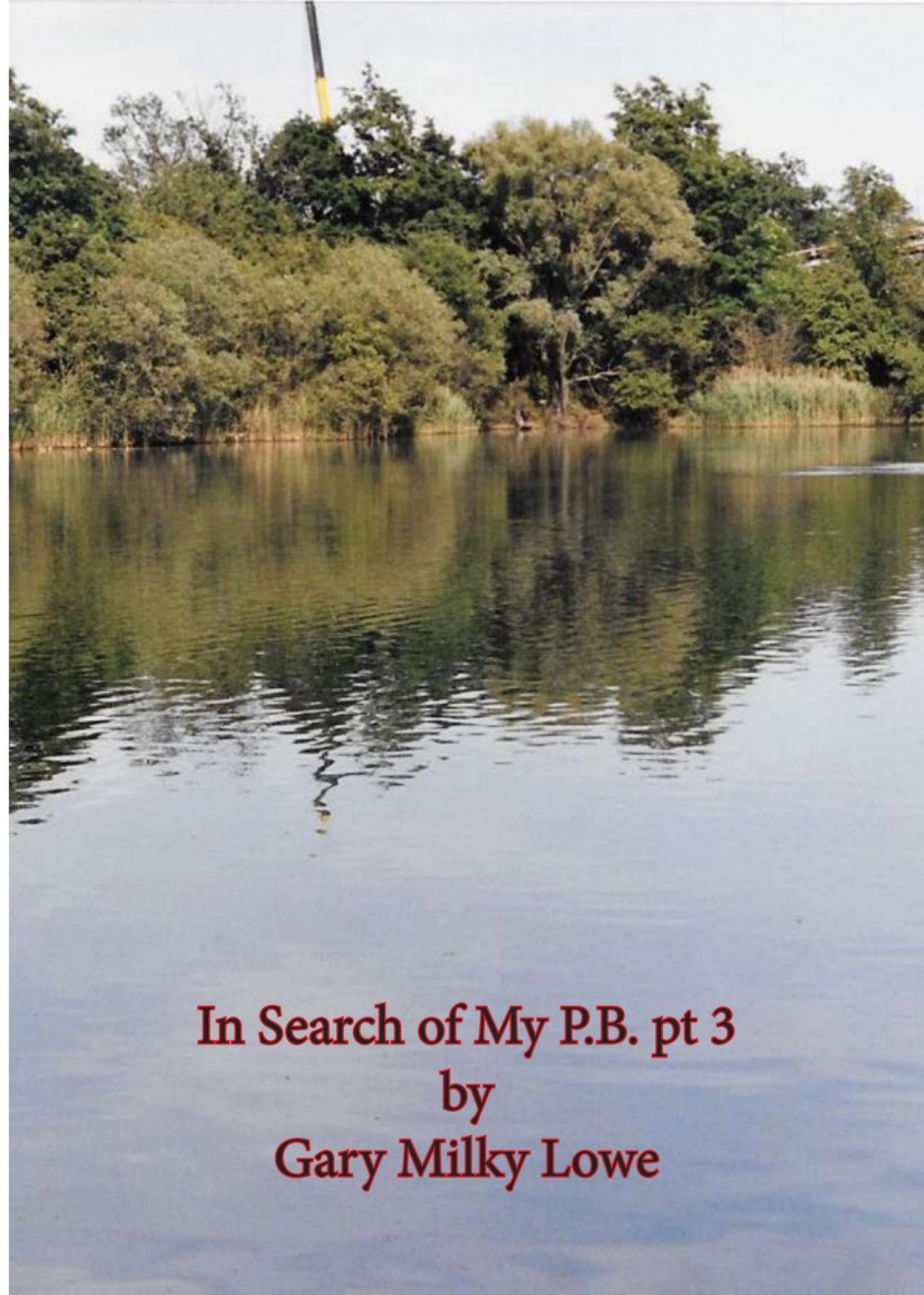
Thanks for your question Debra, I hope this helps.

Until next time, keep your questions coming in to Talking Carp.

Be lucky, Paul.



TalkingCarp



In Search of My P.B. pt 3
by
Gary Milky Lowe

In Search of My P.B. pt 3

Well. the alarm went off, and I was up and guess what... the kettle was on again as I sat there drinking my second cup of tea I started to get liners on the left-hand round. So, it looks like the fish are back, then I see one top over the bait, then another so there was a few here this morning, well as time went by I was thinking it wasn't going to happen. The liners had stopped and I had not seen any more fish I was going to give it till about ten then re-do the rods. Around nine without any warning the right hand rod went into melt down, as I picked up the rod it was taking line at a rate of knots, after a few minutes I managed to get

control of the fish that was staying very deep and doing powerful runs. I was thinking to myself this is a good fish so I took it easy and my brain was going into overdrive thinking that I hope it's the big mirror. After a few minutes the fish rolled about ten yards out and it was a big mirror but this one had to many scales to be her so it was one of the other mirrors. After a while she went over the net cord, another good fish in the net. I couldn't believe what a season I was having but really the goal was the big mirror. I made sure that the fish was safe and then got Andy from the lake next door to come and do

some pics. Once he was here we weighed her and on the scales, she went 31lb 6oz, I was well chuffed with that and a few pics she was back in her home swimming around, I rebaited the rod and cast it back on the spot, for the day well that day I had a few visitors and got through quite a few tea bags and not a lot happened on the fish front. I had a few walks around the lake to see if I could see them the only place I found fish was in the snags where I had seen them during the week, so that evening I decided to just put one boat load of bait out there just to



loads of photos we let her go back into her home, I congratulated him on the beast he just had and I made my way back to my swim that was about 50 yards away over a causeway well once I was back in my swim I changed the hookbaits and recast them back

top it up as I had had two fish the night before. Fresh baits were on and I sat back for the evening, when I got a text asking if I fancied a Chinese? Half hour later he turned up with it and we tucked in, time was ticking on and we had eaten and put the world to rights when he went back to his swim for the night. Same as last night the fish started to show just on dusk down my end again so they hadn't moved all day by the looks of it so as they were doing the same as the night before I knew it was only a matter of time till I got a bite ,well I got in my bag feeling really confident but when I woke at first light I had

not even had a liner and it looked like the fish had done the off as I could see them rolling down the far end, I wasn't going to move as I new that what I was doing was right and there would be fish up here plus every capture of the big one was up this end ,so I thought sod it I'll go back to sleep for a change well I was woke by Andy a short time later asking for some help no problem mate what you got all he said was a bloody big mirror well the lake he was fishing was no publicity so you never see any pics of the fish but let's just say it one of the best lakes in the country and has some of the biggest fish in it, well after weighing it and

on the spots and sat back to do myself some breakfast.... a big one too. It was Friday and people was starting to turn up and most of them were heading down to the bottom end of the lake were there was a few fish showing which is good angling but I had a plan and I was going to stick to it. There was the odd fishing sitting in the snags down my end of the lake so I decided to bring the rods back in and rest the swim as there was more people turning up so the lake was really busy so I thought that if the lines were out the water that as everyone was casting markers and leads about, the fish might turn up on



my spots if the lines are out the water, so for most of the day I spent it walking round the lake chatting to people and looking for carp, well evening come quite quickly and I thought I better get the rods back out well both rods were back out with fresh hook baits and I had some food on the go when I had a fast take on the left hand rod that was quick look like the plan had worked leaving the rods in all day well that was short lived, the hooked pulled shortly after I picked the rod up, I was gutted. I hoped it wasn't a good fish but these things happen. I rebaited the rod and cast it back out, hoping that I get another chance... well the night went and I didn't even get a bleep or any liners. The whole lake had not done a bite looks like the lake might have shut up shop because of the amount of people on the lake. I thought I might have a better chance of a bite as nearly all the other anglers on here were fishing the edge so it might push the fish to the middle where I was. I made the decision to do

exactly the same thing as yesterday and leave the rods in for the day and just walk round the lakes chatting to people and drinking tea as most anglers do. The day went quickly and I thought I better get back and sort my swim out on my way back to my swim I stopped at Kens swim and he said to me that he had seen two fish show over my spots about an

hour ago so leaving the rods out must work when the lake is busy, so I carried on back to my swim, once there I decided to send one boat load of bait out there just to top up the swim in case they had eaten the lot that was there. Two rods were baited with fresh bait and cast to the spot, about an hour after this as I was tucking into some dinner that I had made and I see



a very large mirror head and shoulder over my right hand rod that built up my confidence for the night I sat there at the front of the swim watching the water well into darkness and I never saw another fish so now I was thinking that they had either done the off or were on the bottom feeding, so I decided to call it a night and get some sleep so I could be up at first light. I woke at first to the bobbins in the same positions as they were when I went to sleep, so the fish must have done the off. After a few hours and not seeing a fish I decided to call it a day and go home as. I knew I had even longer on the bank the following week. I was coming down on the tuesday till the sunday so that gave me five nights on here so I was sure that I would have a few before the weekend anglers came on, so I drove off after saying my goodbyes thinking about how much bait I was going to bring as I had two days to sort everything out. The next two nights were spent sorting out tackle, bait

and a trip to Tesco's to sort food out, the Tuesday morning came and I was loading the car it was full to the roof with stuff as I was there for a good few days. On the way there I was just hoping that there was no one in the swims that I had been baiting. Well I was in luck, there was only one person on the lake at the time and he was right down the far end of the lake so now I had to think which swim I was going to go in I thought the best one to go in would be the one I fished last week as it gives more water to myself, I started off by putting 5 boat loads of bait out there to begin with and cast both rods out on the spots just like I had done last week. Just after I had done that someone walked round the corner into my swim and said he had seen quite a few fish out there this morning and he was thinking of moving in there but I turned up. I thought to myself that was lucky and the fish are here, I said I had a few fish from there until the lake got busy last week! We had a chat for a few

minutes and he walked off, I carried on sorting my stuff out, bivvy was up, radio on and the kettle was just boiling and I saw one head and shoulder over the spot, well there still here I had not pushed them off by casting and baiting up, well as the day went past a few people turned up and were spread out around the lake. Ken had turned up for his evening session and plotted up next to me in a corner swim that he had been baiting up over the last few day and not many people fish there as its very tight. We put the world to right that evening and it was soon getting dark so Ken was off and I went back to my swim to get my head down. During the night I had a fast take on the left hand rod and it was a very fast and dogged fight so I knew I was not attached to a big fish and I was right, when it surfaced near the net it looked a low double but it's a carp so I was happy after weighing it and a quick photo she was released back, and I rebaited the rod and cast it back in the spot.



got a very good common in the net down there, well he said let's sort it out now then so I turned the kettle off, got everything ready before we got the fish out. As I pulled the fish out the water it seemed to get bigger and bigger. On the scales, she went 35lb 6oz, I was well chuffed

with that! A good few pictures were taken and we slipped her back. Well the kettle was put back on and we were chatting about everything, we see another fish show just to our left so there still in the area. Andy drunk his tea and made his way over to the other lake where he had been fishing all year. I sat back to watch the water I was going to leave the rods in as there was not much activity on the lake so they were not being spooked around the lake, during the day the fish were still showing in the area and I got a few liners on both rods but no fish in the net so was thinking they must be feeding at night so

that evening I sent one more boat load of bait out there just to top it up as I had two fish last night, so that evening I was very confident that I would get a fish tonight so I sat there at the front of the swim, well into dark just watching the water. There was three of us on the lake tonight so it wasn't busy and we were well spread out and not too close to each other. I went to bed thinking that a fish a night would be good, I soon fell asleep and into a very deep sleep. I was woken at around 4 o'clock by a very slow take which was different to all the bites that I had had on the lake, I lifted the rod and straight away I knew that there was something different about the way this fish was fighting. It was really slow and staying deep but taking line. I finally started to gain some line very slowly, this fish just hugged the bottom till I had it about ten yards out when it hit the surface with a massive swirl and it dived down again this fish was just using its weight and I couldn't do anything to stop it as it went on a

run towards the reeds on the left, it slowed down after a while and I started to gain line, my mind was going into overdrive about what I had on the end, the fish had hit the surface once but I didn't see what it was but now the fish was going up and down the margins in front of me, but very low, all I could do was just hold on and hope it gives in. It slowly started to come up and as soon as it did I turned on the head torch as I needed to see what this fish was and all I see when it hit the surface was a very big plain looking mirror. Now there was only one fish that could be that was that size and it was the big girl! Well, I went to jelly and eased of which I think was a bad thing to do as she went back down and for another five minutes and she stayed down near the bottom. I had to do one thing to get her up I placed the net as far as I could out in the lake as I was going to net her as soon as she came up to the surface near me, and as soon as she surfaced near the net I scooped her up and

she was mine at last. I let out a massive shout and sat down to just think about what I had in the net, well as I was sitting there taking it all in Andy came running into the swim saying "what's up? what's happened?" All I said was "look in the net", he said "you have got her, haven't you?" I said "I don't know how big she is but she looks massive." We sat down and I put the kettle on. And we had a couple of brews and then I decided I better see how big she is. I sorted everything out Andy went and got his mat so we had loads of protection for her. I lifted her out and into the sling and up on the scales... I couldn't believe what the needle settled on!! 47lb 6oz of massive Essex mirror, one of the biggest in the country.

I placed her in a sack and made sure she had plenty of depth in the water and then we both sat down and I went through about what had just happened and what I've just caught. I didn't even

Well I thought I'll have a quick cup of tea then I'll settle back down again for some sleep. I woke just as the sun was coming up and just laid there watching the water when the right-hand rod bleeped a few times so I got up and was just putting my shoes on when it burst into life. Now this fight was different to the last fish this one stayed low and was moving very slow to my left so a bit of pressure and she started to come back my way, after a good few minutes she was going up and down in front of the swim but still staying low down, my legs were shaking as this was a very good fish I thought. She finally

came to the surface and it was a very long golden common that will do for me I thought as she came over the net. She was mine and I knew Andy would be down in about half an hour for his session so I made sure she was safe in the edge and put new bait on the rods and cast it back to the spot. Andy text me and asked if I wanted anything from the shop and would be down in 10 minutes. I didn't tell him that I had a goodun in the net, thought I'll leave that till he gets here, well he turned up and sat himself down and I put the kettle on. He asked if anything had happened? Yes mate! I had a small mirror last night and I've

put the rod back out I was just so hyper it didn't matter. I texted a few friends... well loads of them to be honest, Ken turned up just before light and shook my hand and said "what took me so long?" A few other people turned up to help with the photos and just to see her in all her glory. Well we decided on a good safe spot to do the photographs with a few good mates around all I had to do was pick her up for the photos they did everything else well after a good few shots of both sides I put her back in the sling and slipped her back

in to her home. After all the fuss had died down and every one had gone home or back to their swims I had time to reflect what I had caught. All day there was text messages coming in congratulating me on the fish, I still had a few day left to do and I couldn't really get myself back in to the swing of things if I had. I probably could have had a lot more fish but that week I ended up on 6 fish topped by the big girl. After I had caught my PB and target fish and some good fish along the way, I started to look for my next challenge. I knew of a big lake out

near Chelmsford that my mate runs and it had fish to high forties so a quick phone call and I had secured a ticket for the following year. This lake was really going to be a challenge and totally different style of fishing, this was going to be all long-range fishing 140 yards plus and I couldn't really wait to get my teeth in to it. I hope you enjoy the story of my search for a PB.

Until next month

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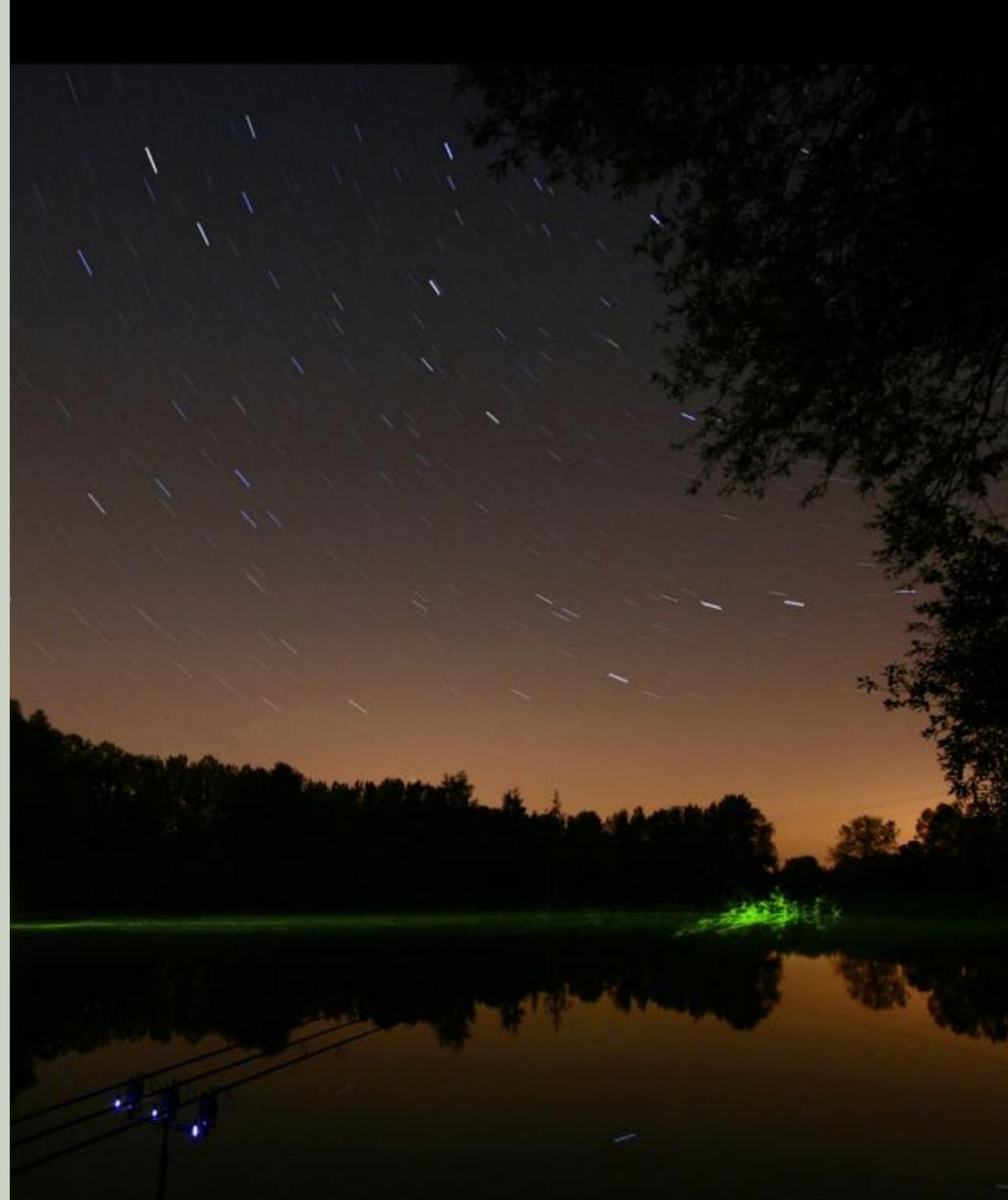
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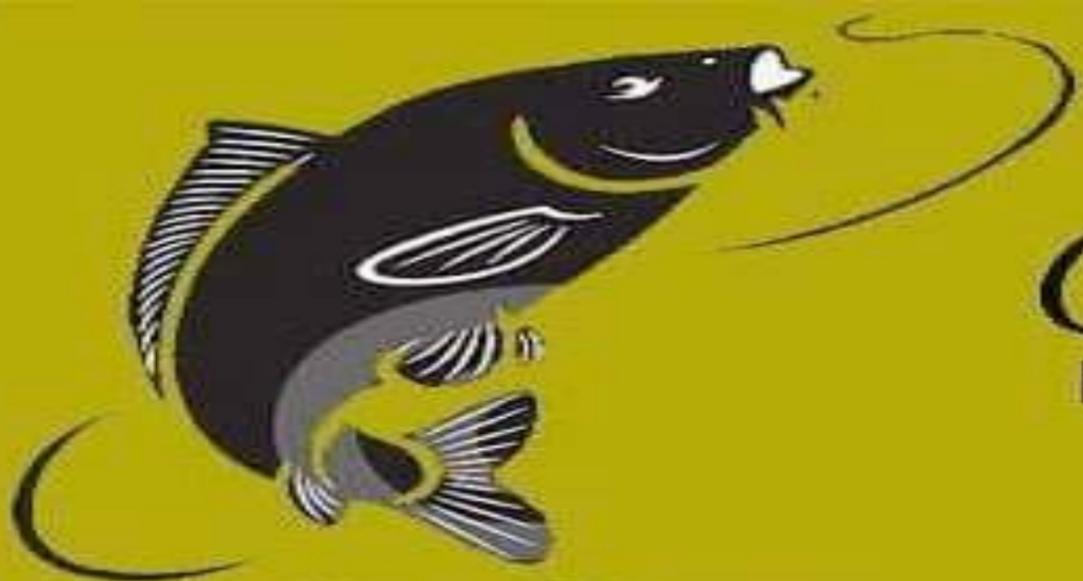


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