



ISSUE 12
February 2017



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Scott "Geezer" Grant
Gary "Milky" Lowe
Keith Moors
Simon Pomeroy
Paul "Hobbo" Hobbs
Plus Much more.....

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This months cover picture : Simon Pearson with "Holly" from monument 2

Hello...and welcome.

Can you believe that February is already here and upon us... how cool is that? That can only mean one thing... just a few more short weeks and Spring is here!! The buds on the trees, the snowdrops and daffodils will be shooting up very soon and the world we chose to live in... our angling world... springs back into life once more.

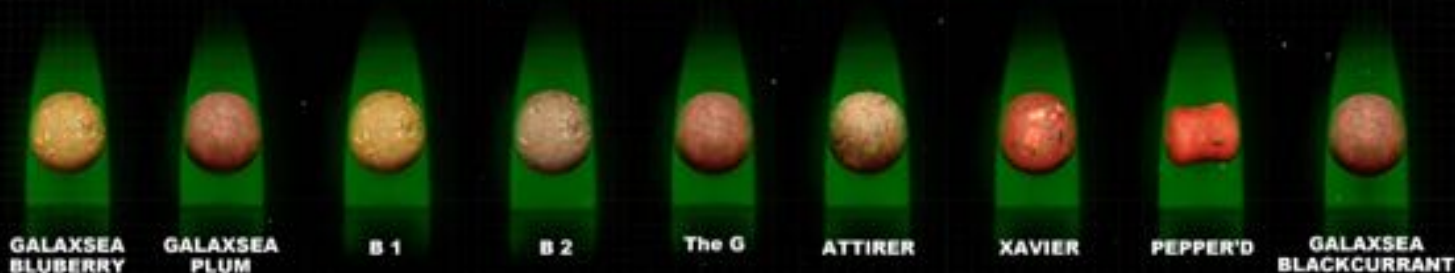
Personally, I have continued fishing...nay, camping... through the winter, but I know for a lot of you March will be when you pull your tackle out of the loft, and dust it off ready for another round of battle with the carp.

So, first things first.... Make up your "start of year "lists.... Strip that old line off, and respool with a new one. Go through your tackle boxes and see what you are short of and get your shopping lists made. Hooks, hooklinks, leads, swivels.... etc etc... you know it's going to cost BUT if you look through our pages you will come across some adverts to help you out with discount codes and interactive features on the adverts so you can shop directly. So, if you see a discount code...USE IT!! Save yourself a few quid. Now, next month we bring you a brand new feature as Robert Gibson starts his monthly serialisation of a man who has decided enough is enough, and is going fishing!! Follow Robert on his journeys with us and keep bang up to date with his adventures!! Good luck Robert...we are right behind you! Now that said, we hope you enjoy another awesome issue of your favourite online mag as much as we enjoyed bringing it to you. Have a great month....

Team Talking Carp.



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Day sessions and blanking



by Scott "Geezer" Grant

Day sessions and blanking

After two trips to **La Brie in France** the summer was here and the heat was in full force. I kept at it over my syndicate lake but the fish were evading me. The odd fish was coming out, but they were being very elusive.

The weed was in full bloom as were the naturals, by that I mean the abundance of daphnia and snails the size of golf balls. I kept at it though but the heat was just too much for me and with no shaded areas to hide in I decided to fish a couple of day sessions on my local club water.

On my first session, I took lots of bait, they love boilies and ground bait. But the best thing of all is that I was fishing a swim with plenty of shade.

I baited two areas up with around 2 kilos of boilies and a good few handfuls of ground bait.

I fished a rod in open water and the other just in front of a small island with pads to the right. I quite enjoy day sessions as I only have to take a few bits and not the usual 2-3 barrow loads. Rig wise was a simple KD with a barrel bottom bait tipped with half a nut job barrel pop up so the rig was as critical as possible.

I like to keep things as simple as possible rather than over complicate things, after all this set up has caught me plenty of fish in the past. When I fished this swim the previous year the right-hand rod was the most productive, and I was hoping history would repeat itself.

Sure enough the right-hand rod was the

first to go and a lovely mid double common was landed. Not long after the same rod was away again another common fell victim, the fish was slightly bigger so maybe the few upper 20s that do reside in here will move in. I kept the swim topped up with bait every time I had a fish. I didn't bother spodding but simply sending my boat out loaded to the max, it's a far more efficient way of getting the bait out quick, and the fish are not bothered by it.

Throughout the morning, I landed a total of 7 fish with the biggest being a 17lber. Not massive fish but welcome all the same.

After a spot of lunch, I baited both areas again but didn't put the rods out, as I decided to have a walk round the lake and have a chat to the few members that

were fishing. The temperature had really got up and it was now in the high 20s which for me is not good. After an hour or so I was back at the swim and in the shade, both rods were sent out to the baited areas and within minutes the left-hand rod was away!!!

After a battle of which I wasn't expecting a lovely broad mirror was landed. Most of the fish in the lake are commons so to catch a mirror is something special.

At just over 18lb I was more than happy and the fish is older than my daughters, a right old warrior, a proper character.

By the time 18:00 o'clock came around I was into double figures and running out of bait, I decided to pack things away and scatter the bait I had left over in the

areas I had been fishing and come back in the morning early and if the swim was free I would fish another day session. Bright and early the next morning I pulled through the gates to find a couple of cars parked up, As I walked round the lake the swim I fished

yesterday was taken, so I decided to fish a vacant swim opposite which would give me access close to the areas I had been fishing yesterday. I started by catapulting a couple of

kilos of boilies in the areas, then started setting the gear up. Rigs were exactly the same along with light leads. The rods were cast and the kettle went on. The swim had a lovely shaded area at the back of it so when the sun gets up I can retreat and not get burnt to cinders. I didn't have to wait long before the first common came across the net cord, a hard fighting double figured common. With the rod recast I catapulted a few pouchfuls of boilies around the rig



the groundbait hoping the bigger fish would visit, if they got a chance to, as there are so many doubles to push out of the way. Throughout the morning, I was catching steadily by midday I was again into double figures and funny enough I was really enjoying myself. The lake wasn't too busy, the fish were crashing all over the lake and the areas that I kept the bait going in were bubbling like mad.

As the afternoon wore on the fishing started to slow down, which was nice as it didn't seem so hectic. I banked a single figure plated mirror which is definitely a home-grown fish and one I was really chuffed with. As my session was coming to an end I had a double take banking a common and a

mirror getting in a right state in the process, with my back now in rags it was time to put out what bait I had left, pack up and go home. I was back to work the next day but already planning a session over my syndicate lake as giving up is not an option for me. I had a couple of weeks off in August and decided to fish a few nights to see if I could catch one of the beauties that reside there. I checked the weather beforehand and the temperatures were going to be in the lower 20s, but you know the weather man is going to cock that right up. One thing that amazes me and I'm sure us anglers have noticed it; the weather is never what they say it's going to be!! Now surely if you kept doing something wrong at work you would eventually get the

sack, but not these people they say it's going to be 23 degrees when in fact it hit the 30-degree mark!!! Now surely that's a major fuck up?

Well rant over back onto the session and how it panned out. I arrived early morning to find a couple of anglers on. As it's not a huge lake I decided to fish swim 3 as I had previously fished this swim and knew exactly the areas to fish. The wind was blowing right into me which normally brings the fish with it. From previous history and talking to the bailiff swim 3 is a good choice. It was also a full moon so hopefully the Coconut common would make an appearance. With the low pressure and heavy showers due tomorrow it looks and feels bang on for a fish. were fished on previous areas,



rigs were kept simple and a few kilos of the Nut Job were scattered around the areas. Sorted. The lake is not easy but the rewards are there, the place is magical and the members are all great guys and always willing to help each other. Another member turned up and went into swim 9 which was down to my far left and managed to bank a 20lb plus plated mirror the next day. For me the morning was met with silent alarms but a stunning sunrise, as I sat there drinking a coffee and watching the water, two separate fish crashed over the middle rod, surely its going to develop into a take?

But nothing... it really does make the mind boggle how the fish eat all the freebies but leave the hookbait. Well with another blank under my belt I headed home but planned to come back in a couple of days depending on the weather. Sure enough a couple of days later saw my return, I walked around the lake and there were only two anglers on. Swim 4 was taken and swim 2. After a brief chat with both anglers and nothing being caught I sat in swim 3 and just watched the water hoping to see signs of carp feeding or crashing. I must have sat there for what

seemed like hours but was only 45 minutes. A fish broke the surface then another crashed right over the right-hand area I previously fished. Well my mind was made up it was going to be swim 3 and with the rods clipped up from my previous session disturbance was going to minimal. The angler in swim 2 was down for 4 nights and the angler in swim 4 has been here for some 4 weeks!!!! The weather was going to be mid 20s again and I was hoping the wind would change and get stronger so I wouldn't have to sit in a sauna like my previous session.



With the house up and gear sorted I left my leads in soak for a while before casting them out. I put a couple of kilos of boilies out with the stick as I know at least a kilo made it to the bottom as I was battling with the flying rats (nothing new there).

The coots had quadrupled and there was a mass of them diving at every opportunity driving me mad!! After an hour or so the rods were cast and the receiver went on, now it was time to relax and hopefully catch one of the stunners that swim about in this magical place.

As the evening drew in a couple of fish showed just beyond the areas I was fishing which gave me some hope. I put a few handfuls of boilies out to the areas with the stick just to make sure there was some food as I'm sure the coots had wiped me out.

As I laid on my bed struggling to keep my eyes open I could hear the odd fish crash out in front which again gave me hope the fish would get their heads down.

I dropped off to sleep and woke to the most amazing sunrise, the temperature was already in the 20s and I didn't hold out for much luck, I was hoping it wasn't going to be really hot otherwise I'm off home. Scott who was fishing in swim 2



popped down for a cuppa and natter, he was also blanking in style but as he said it only takes one fish to completely turn things around which I totally agree with.

Since my ticket started in April I have learnt so much about this place, and from what had been caught and what I have witnessed August is a terrible month here, hardly anyone fishes and with the weed at its peak it's another hurdle you have to combat.

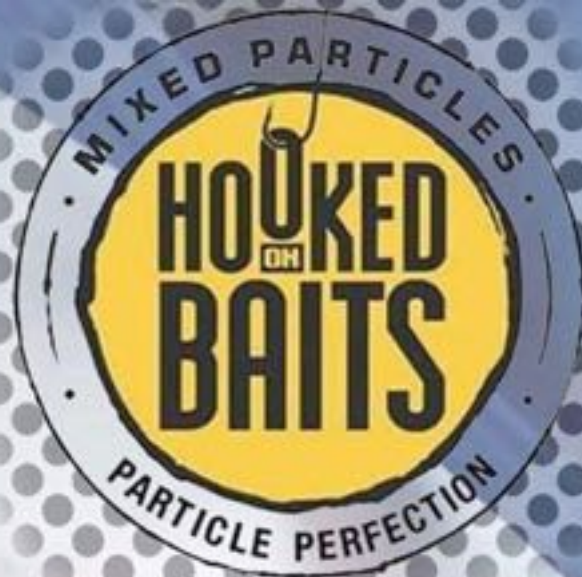
As the day wore on the sun got hotter and the wind turned a strong westerly, not what the weather stated but then again, they can get it wrong all the time and its us anglers that pay the price. That evening I had a lovely Indian meal and again checked my weather app, it said tomorrow was going to be in the 30s so I had made up my mind to pack up first thing and return in a couple of days. I had my mate the Northern monkey coming down for 3 nights so hopefully the weather will cool down and we can catch a few fish. The next morning I was homeward bound with yet another blank under my belt, but you know what I enjoyed my time on the bank all be it even with the hot weather. Once home Steve the Norther monkey was on the phone

asking where we will be fishing, I had arranged to guest him on the syndicate a water he will most probably never get to fish again. He jumped at the chance knowing how hard it can be given the time of year and the current heatwave we are all suffering.

Wednesday morning and Steve was sitting on the A12 lay by waiting for me, he was like a little kid at Christmas. It was good to see him again as we only meet up once maybe twice a year. We made our way to the lake, parked in the car park and proceeded to have a walk round the lake. There was only a couple of anglers on one in swim 6 and swim 7. With nothing making an appearance we decided to fish the opposite end of the lake, Steve chose swim 2 and I went back into swim 3. I had put quite a bit of bait into swim 3 so I was hoping the fish had mopped up what the bird life hasn't eaten. We started to unload the cars and get the gear to the swims, the weather was again hot, which wasn't the best conditions

With the rods out to the same areas as previously fished I sat and watched the water for a while, a fish broke the surface only 40 yards out. I stood up and could see 3 fish all together milling about, I grabbed the mixers and fired some out. They just weren't interested, but the coots were GRRRRRRRRRR! I reeled my 4th rod in and dispatched a zig fished a foot under the surface, in the same area the fish were milling earlier. I kept watching the water but didn't see the fish again, they showed up a few hours later out in front of Steve but further out, making their way towards the snags to Steve's left, Steve already had his rods out fishing on the edge of the plateau with 2 and the other fished tight to the island, he had spodded some hemp over all his rods with my choice being HOB the Blitz a superb addition to the nut based bait I was using. As the day wore on the heat really got up to some 24 degrees!!!

The night saw temperatures of 16 degrees which was bearable but never the less the fish still weren't having it. The next morning I had fish showing over the baited areas but again that's as exciting as it got. The wind had gone a very strong westerly which for Charlie in swim 6 was bang on. After a couple of hours as me and Steve sat there watching the water and drinking coffee Charlie had his rod in hand and was launching the boat, I grabbed my life jacket and we both made our way around to his swim. Charlie had a fish on but had weeded him up, I jumped into the boat with him and paddled like a lunatic while Charlie played the fish. The wind was so strong as soon I as I stopped paddling we were back where we started. After an epic 15-minute boat battle I finally slid the net under a cracking mirror which on the scales went 36lb. I was absolutely knackered but now more confident that the fish are feeding. Charlie was happy as this is a fish he hadn't caught before and from the pictures you can see how happy he was. Me and Steve made our way back to our swims a lot more confident than the previous day, even though we were at the other end of the lake. We had a couple of nights left but couldn't move as there was an angler in swim 8 so we just had to sit it out hoping the wind will turn and send the fish back down our end. That night we had a lovely meal and talked about old times as you do. The next morning, we were met with a cracking sunrise, and as I lay there watching the water I didn't see a single fish, they had definitely not returned. Come midafternoon the rods were rebaited and again a few freebies were dispatched to the areas, surely these fish will show up again, but they didn't which brought the session to yet again another blank, but boy did we have a good social. With the cars packed Steve made the 4hr journey home and I made my way home to celebrate my daughters 17th birthday. I did manage to get back over the syndicate and fish a further 2-night session but with the same results. This place is a real headbanger but you've got to be in it to win it as they say, for me it's a challenge that will carry on until I start to complete the puzzle. My next session was at a premier day ticket water that holds a lot of big fish, I would be the guest of British number 1 pairing Barry & Ben O'Connor, and boy was it a good session. If you're out on the bank stay safe and remember its only fishing.



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CRACKING THE CLEVELEY
BRIDGE CODE
BY
TOM NIXON-TAYLOR



Cracking The Cleveley Bridge Code

Hi I am Tom Nixon-Taylor and I am 15 years old, I am obsessed with carp fishing and have been so for about four years. I have what you could say OCD i.e.: Obsessive Carp Disorder.

Recently I visited Cleveley Bridge Fisheries, which is situated near Garstang Lancashire.

There are six lakes consisting of the specimen lake and five other smaller coarse lakes and a canal. The specimen lake which I fish has around two hundred carp which are mainly mid to high doubles, but also has a few twenties in the mix up to twenty-seven pound.

The fish are in mint condition, and there are lots of different strains from long dark commons to fat scaly mirrors. There are eleven, large, full barked pegs.

I fish Cleveley regularly and have had upwards of seventy fish out since

I started fishing it around three years ago. The fish can be caught using most tactics, but I have found that bright singles with a few scattered boilies over the top works very well. Urban Baits Nutcracker is a good starting point on there, which is sold in the shop on site, at a very reasonable price.

My session started as it always does where ever go, flicking three singles out. Two towards the aerator, and one towards a large snaggy bush. As I flicked out my last rod towards the snaggy bush, a fish took the bright yellow popup within seconds.

Unfortunately, I wasn't concentrating as I didn't expect a bite that quickly, the fish was sadly lost.

Never the less, new popup on and a rechuck inches from the bush, and an hour later it was off again and this time I had a low double scaly mirror in the net which went thirteen pound on the Ruebens. Everything was quiet for the rest of the day/night, as it had gone ice cold overnight and the fish seemed to have switched off. I was

woken to a slow take the following morning. As I ran out of my bivvy I could see the lake had fully frozen, so I picked the rod up and jumped in with the chesties on and broke the ice close in. Finally, after a long struggle I got the fish in. I then unhooked a tiny common, and slipped it straight back. After this all my rods were brought in, and the decision was made to go out in the boat to break up all the ice if I was going to carry on fishing. Not being the biggest boat this took me around an hour but never the less I soldiered on. The rods were cast back out bang on the spots. I was surprised to hear my Delkim screaming minutes later from towards the aerator, with an angry fish on the end which snagged me in the dead Lilly beds. As I always do, rod on the floor and slacken off, fifteen minutes later the line started to tighten. I quickly side strained the fish to try and keep it up in the water and away from the snag, which worked a treat.

A lovely scaly mirror was sat in the retention sling waiting to be photographed. As the day went on I had another run, and again another little common was netted which was slipped back straight away. Later on that day around three thirty I had a savage take off the snaggy bush. This rod was always fished locked up tight so I had no worries about cut offs, or the fish getting caught up in the bush. This fish was played in, and a fine example of a mirror was netted and was quickly put in the retention sling. I then re baited the rig and re chucked, again inches from the branches, and within seconds it was off again. I think the fish were holding up under this bush, feeding on the bait which consisted of nutcracker boilies and matching pellet. A mid double common was then landed, photographed and released and, so was the mirror in the sling which was the first fish of the brace. Tony the Bailiff and Tackle Shop owner, was



then round to see if I was joking about the number of bites I had had. He is very helpful and will advise you about your fishing if you are struggling. The shop has everything that you would need from hooks to bait. After a welcomed takeaway that night, I went to bed quite optimistic of what the night would bring. Surprisingly all was quiet that night even though it had warmed up a significant amount compared to the previous one. By mid-morning the next day, I had a savage take and a fat fifteen pound six-ounce

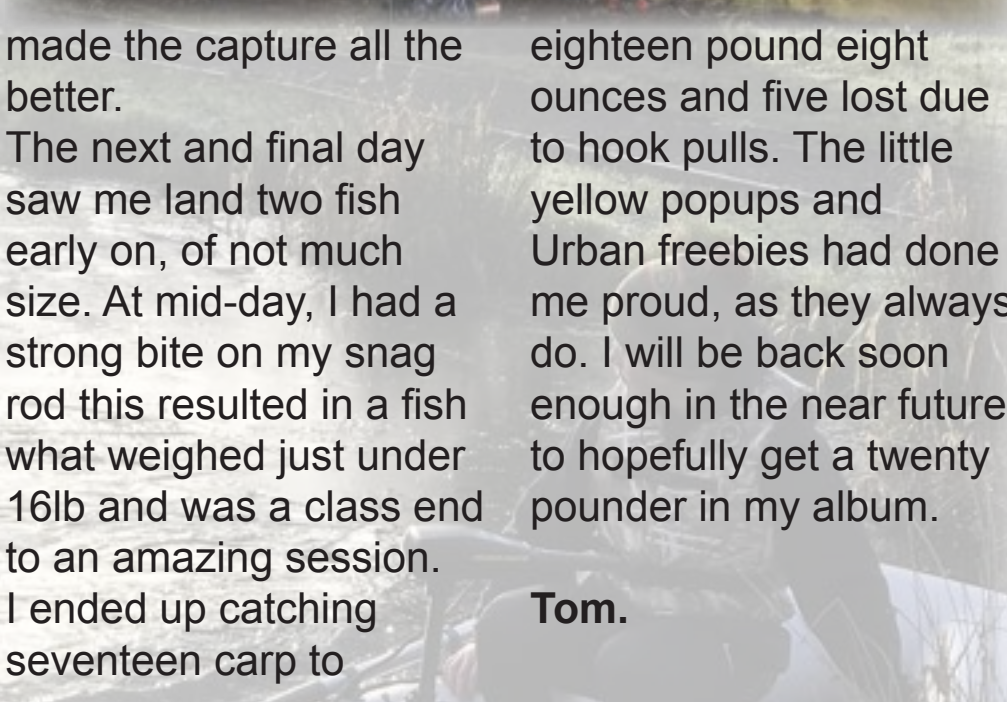
mirror was gladly in the net fish were definitely on the feed so more nutcracker mix was added to the swim. Again, the rod was off, this bush was doing me most of my bites now and was becoming a proper hot spot for the fish which were holding up there in large numbers. Soon enough a mid-double common was netted. Sadly, later that day, a decent fish snagged me up in the pad beds so I set sail in the boat to try and get a better angle on the fish. Annoyingly feet from the surface

the fish got free. Just before dark I got a savage drop back off the bush rod, so I ran to the rod and reeled down till I felt resistance. Then I struck which resulted in a long dark mirror which was gladly received. Later that evening my right-hand, rod towards the right of the aerator, was away again. After a long battle, a bruiser of a mirror was netted which weighed sixteen pound. I was woken up at three in the morning with a little mirror attached to my left-hand rod that didn't fight at all and went back as quickly as it came in. A few smaller carp graced my net the next day, none of which were of any size. The next night though saw me land a proper character of a mirror which had been through the wars, and had scars to tell a thousand stories. The fish went eighteen pound eight ounces on the scales, and is a fish known as the Warrior. The name warrior, describes the fish off to a tee, and is now a new English Personal Best mirror for me, which

made the capture all the better. The next and final day saw me land two fish early on, of not much size. At mid-day, I had a strong bite on my snag rod this resulted in a fish what weighed just under 16lb and was a class end to an amazing session. I ended up catching seventeen carp to

eighteen pound eight ounces and five lost due to hook pulls. The little yellow popups and Urban freebies had done me proud, as they always do. I will be back soon enough in the near future, to hopefully get a twenty pounder in my album.

Tom.



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We look at...

Brian Dixon Reviews
EliteTackle's
new distance sticks

This month we review a piece of kit that has made its way into just about every carp anglers armoury these days.... The distance stick set.

Gone are the days when our favourite spots and feeding areas were simply “80 yards out”, “3 rod lengths out”, or “over there, in front of that bush” ... oh no... not anymore!! Look on any social media forum and it all comes down to a new science.... “wraps”!! And why not.... What a great way to properly and accurately gauge a specific distance. We have the tools in our hands, the rods, the reels with built in line clips, and now distance marker sticks are available to all. There are no longer any excuses as to why we cannot hit the same spot over and over and over. So, let's look at the distance sticks I have in front of me right now.

The sticks I have chosen are from a new company which can be found on Facebook by the name of EliteTackle.co.uk and I have chosen these simply because EliteTackle have taken a simple idea and really made it next level.

So, what do you get for your money? Upon opening the heavy duty cardboard tube out slides two sticks, two acrylic coloured isotope housing heads, two silicone plugs, two heavy duty plastic O rings and a length of black cord... pretty much what you would expect??

BUT... Here are the features that makes these sticks stand out from the rest!!



The sticks come in a range of colours to suit you/the tackle tart inside you!! This also helps them stand out against dull and dark backgrounds helping you “wrap” quickly and efficiently.

The acrylic isotope heads have an internal slot for a permanent isotope, making it just as easy to “wrap” in the hours of darkness too should you be called upon to do so, and they also



come in an array of colours to suit your needs too. Mix and match these bad boys as you please. The silicone bungs supplied will hold your isotopes in situ should you unscrew the head from the stick. The sticks themselves are made from the strongest 6082 grade aluminium so you can be rest assured you're not going to bend these... ever!!!

And the best bit... as the thread used is the standard 3/8" bsf thread, these sticks also have so many more uses than just distance sticks. They can be used as emergency bank sticks for your alarms and rests, stalking sticks, retention sling sticks. The list is endless!!

Now add to that the 3 sections of smooth grooves along the stick to aid the anglers grip when pushing into hard ground or in wet conditions then I think EliteTackle have covered every angle perfectly.

So, with the new season almost upon us and your favourite spots are at 17 wraps, 22 wraps and 27 wraps... what are you waiting for?? Happy wrapping...

Brian.

(P.S.. go check out their advert... there is a SPECIAL OFFER for Talking Carp readers !!)



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In Search Of A P.B.
by
Gary "Milky" Lowe

In Search Of A P.B.

It was while I was fishing the Essex manor in the early nineties I was talking to Kenny Dorset who I had become good friends with over my time on there, and we were chatting about where we are going to go next after the manor as I had caught all the good ones from there now. I hadn't really thought about it until now, and he suggested a little place down the road called the Little Grange. I had heard of this place but was told it was dead man's shoes and you would never get a ticket, but it was all talk Ken told me as he was on the committee and could get me an application form. After I had filled it in and sent it back I just thought right that's going to be a few years till I get in and started to think about other lakes, well how wrong was I? In January I got a call from Steve Morgan the owner of mainline who just came out with it asking if I wanted a ticket for the Little Grange as there

is one available... well I jumped at the chance and was sending my cheque off the following day!! All the other plans were put on hold as this was a ticket that I really could not refuse. The ticket didn't start until the 1st of May so the next 4 months I did as much as I could to find out about the lake. It helped to have Kenny as he had fished for a good few years so his info was gold. Those few months passed really quickly and I soon found myself driving down the lane to the car park where they held the draw, my heart was pumping in anticipation of what was to come and where I would come in the draw. As I drove into the car park I could see a few faces that I knew but most of them were all new, and as I parked the car Ken came over to me and we had a little chat about a few things and what swims would be the best to be in at the start. Well, I could see that I was getting a few funny looks so I said to ken what's that all about?

All he said was "don't

worry, they don't like new members coming on here and catching so just go and do what your good at...." What did he mean by that????!!

The time for the draw was here and we all put our membership cards in a box ready to be pulled out, well I came out 4th in the draw and with a few funny looks, I went for a swim called the snake. This was a good swim I was told as it had the 2 biggest reed beds in the lake each side of the swim plus a few snags around it and a good few climbing trees so I could get up them and have a good view over the whole swim. After barrowing all my gear round to the swim I began to set up all my gear, I chose to set up camp tucked away at the side of the swim so if any fish came past they wouldn't see me as this was a margin swim, I'll be fishing right under the rod tips so I had to be tucked away. I had just finished setting up and was going to put a bit of bait in, I was using mainline active 8 then and this lake had seen a lot of

mainline, so I was quite confident, when ken came around to see how things were going and for a brew. We sat there drinking tea and talking about my swim and the fish until it was time for Ken to get back to his swim to sort his rigs and get some bait in too. With 10mins to go till midnight (that's when we were allowed to cast out) I put baits on and was ready to drop my baits into the edge, the first one went under the tree to my left about 3ft out. It's quite deep there about 6ft and you can see all the way to the bottom, a hand full of chopped baits and that rod was done, the right had rod was placed to the right by a big set of reeds and again a hand full of chopped activ 8, and then sat back to see what or if anything would happen as this wasn't going to be an easy water. After an hour, I thought it was time to hit the sack as I wanted to be up at first light to see if I could spot any fish. I had just woken up and was lying there thinking of putting the kettle on when I heard an alarm from down the

other end of the lake where Ken was, and after a few mins I could see a few lights so the fish was in the net. I was sitting there wondering how big it was when a text came through from ken saying he had one a nice 25lb common so he was well happy. Result. I had not even had a bleep so I was going to wait till it got light enough for me to get up the tree and look down on my spots to see if anything had happened, a few more cups of tea and I was climbing the tree to my left. Once up there I looked down and couldn't believe it! All the chopped baits had gone and I could see my bottom bait just sitting there.... Well, I thought how can that happen and not get a bleep that close in? I got back down the tree and did the same on the right, well, all the bait was still there on that one, so a rethink was in order on the rods after a bit of breakfast and loads of tea and as I sat rack-ing my brains about what had gone on I was still no closer on what had happened. Ken walked round and sat down for a brew,

and we were talking about what had happened to me and he said he had seen it loads of times in here as these are old and wise fish. They know when there is a hook bait down there, and he suggested I tried two halves of bait on the hair so it's the same as the freebies and that is what he had been catching on over here. I didn't need telling twice and I was soon changing the baits over and ready to get them placed for the night as I wanted to get them in early so that if anything came past later it was ready. Ken had gone by now and I could hear fish moving in the reeds to my left so I sat nearer the reeds to watch them move, there was a few fish in here so if they moved my way they would come over my bait. I climbed the tree to see if I could get a better look at the fish, and while I was up there I did see a few fish swimming out in front of me, I was looking into the reeds where there was a hole about 10ft square and I was watching a few fish



swimming back and forth when I see one fish... a big plain mirror which dwarfed the others, there was only one fish that could be and that was the big un which goes around 45to 47lb!! well that will do me I thought on my first trip, I looked down towards where I have my bait and I see a small common come over my baited area and bolt off... well that didn't look good I thought, but the water is gin clear so I thought that at night they would be less spooky perhaps? As night drew in I was filled with anticipation that I might get lucky during the night, I could hear fish moving in the reeds still, but they were getting closer to me not like in the day where they were deeper in the reeds. I was feeling really confident now, it was about 11pm while I was drinking a brew when the right-hand rod bleep a few times, I was not expecting that rod to do anything as the fish were on the left well then a few bleeps turned into a full blooded run, after a short but hard battle I slipped the net under a small jet black

common. I was well chuffed with that a fish on my first session, I text Ken to tell him my news and he said he would come and do a photo as during the day he had moved up next to me, the other side of the reeds, which I thanked him for. With the pics done and fish returned we sat back with a nice brew chatting about this and that, and after an hour I decided to call it a night and tucked myself up in my bag one

happy carper. I woke up at first light and not even a signal bleep on the left-hand rod which I was quite surprised at, so I got back up the tree to my left and when I looked down I see only the hookbait was left again!! What the hell is going on?? This is in now, I'll have to have a good think when I get home and try and work something out. I had to pack up about 9 o'clock as I had things to do so, as I walked past Kenny

I said I was going and I would be back in the week for a few nights. Those next few days could not come quicker and were spent sorting out bait and rigs ready for the 2 nights on the bank. After driving down the lane and thinking how many are going to be on I was surprised that there was only 3 cars in the car park I could see that there was someone in the main car park swim, that is where the big one

normally comes from and then someone in the swim I was I, so that was them two swims out, I parked up and took a walk round the lake I came to a little corner of the lake called factory corner where I saw a few fish milling around so I went back to the car and loaded my gear on to the barrow and round to the swim I went. This looked like it was going to be another swim that I was going to have to be

fishing close in, so I set up at the back of the swim so I was away from the waters edge. Whilst I was setting up I thought to myself while am I fishing like the why I am? Just a hand full of baits? That's not me. I fish over loads normally, so I am going to do it here too, it might work. I had brought loads of activ 8 with me plus 10kg of response pellet so I had enough to put a bit in! After I had set up I put 2kg of crushed activ 8 and the same in pellet over one rod that was 5ft out round to my left by some reeds then the right-hand rod was on a little silty spot about 10 yards out with the same over the top. Then I sat back, put the kettle on and started to watch the water for signs of fish. A few others stopped on their way round to their swims and the lake was getting really busy but where I was I had my own little bit of water so no matter how busy it got, and anglers went either side of me, they couldn't interfere with my fishing. The night drew in quickly and I was soon climbing into my bag for the night,





I had not heard or seen anything since setting up so I wasn't that confident, but during the night I heard a few fish crash but they were nowhere near me so it wasn't looking good. I woke up at first light just so I could watch the water after I had finished the first of the morning brews had started to get a few liners on the left hand rod, this rod was on 5ft out so I knew the fish were close and I had to sit on my hands to stop me getting up and looking in the edge, well these liners went on for a good 10 minutes, and when it melted of it could only go one way and that was out into the lake.

This fish was putting up a right old scrap and as soon as I got it close it would charge of again, well after it had done this a few times and I still hadn't seen the fish yet, my good friend Ken came around the corner and said "you're making a meal of that!" I told him what had happened and he said it sounds like the little linear, that fish just charges about and doesn't come in quickly. well when he said that I started to panic because this was a stunning fish as I had seen the photos of this and loved to have it in my album. After a few more runs it finally surfaced in front of me and I could see the big scales

down its side which confirmed what fish it was and Ken was right. It finally came over the net cord and she was mine. I was over the moon my second fish from here and it was one of the two linears in here. A few guys had come around by this time and were saying well done and they all helped with the weighing and care of the fish. On the scales she went at 34lb 8oz! Pics done and the went fish back in its home it was time to put the kettle on for the helpers, I wasn't to fussed about getting the rod back out as all the commotion in the swim would have disturbed any fish that were around so I thought I would rest the swim for a few hours. After the tea, had been drunk I set off on a walk round the lake to see if I could spot any other fish feeding anywhere else, and after a few hours I returned to the swim

to get the rods back out, after the baits were back out I baited up exactly the same as the night before as that seemed to work. About an hour later the same rod was away again, this time it was a 26lb common. Ken came around to do the photos and have a tea, we jokingly said I had better stop this as I will be getting on everyone's nerves! The rod was back out and Ken had gone back to his swim and I thought I will just get some new rigs made up just in case I get another.... well that was it I didn't see or hear another fish down my end of the lake that day or evening. Ken had moved up to a swim called the bream just before dark as he had seen some fish in the edge. I thought I would have an early night as I wanted to be up early again. Well at some point in the night I heard a buzzer from the side that Ken was on as there was only 2 anglers on that side now I was hoping it was Ken, when I see the headtorch come on in Kens swim and a massive

shout I knew it was him and it must be big. I didn't wait in the swim to find out what it was I was on my round, and when I get to his swim he said look in the net. I looked at the fish in there, it was massive and there was only one fish that was and it's the biggest in the lake! A few more anglers came around and we all helped sort the fish out. On the scales the fish went 47lb!! We got the pics done and said our congratulations and we all went back to our swims and left Ken to sort himself out, I got back in my bag and was thinking of the fish I had just seen and I would really want that one but there were so many other good fish to catch yet, and a good few of them are commons which I would love to catch. I woke up at first light and was looking out at the lake and I could see the fish

crashing out in the middle ,I was thinking to myself that I've not seen anyone cast to the middle everyone has been fishing in the edge, well I had not seen anything down my end by the time I had to pack up so after I had put all the gear in the car I went round to see Ken and say goodbye, he was still on cloud nine and so would I be with a fish like that. I had a quick brew and threw the question in to him saying no one fishes out in the middle? Why? He said no they don't, it's too silty and it's that really stinky silt too. On the drive



if I could get enough bait out there I would let the fish clear it so its fishable, well I came down next night after work and picked two swims that I could fish the middle in and if someone was in one I could still fish it from the other. After a few hours, I had found a spot that was about 60 yards out and the silt was not as thick as the rest, so now to get a lot of bait out there quickly and without many seeing what I was doing I borrowed a bait boat to do this. There was only one person on the lake that night so I waited till it was near dark and started to do my many trips with the boat, well after 10kg of activ 8 and the same in particle and response pellet I had let Ken know what I was going to do and he said he would keep an eye on the spot as he his down there every night, I went back two days later and put in 15kg of particle and response pellet and hoped I could get in one of the swims when I got down Friday afternoon. Friday could not come quick enough and I pulled

into the car park to only see 3 cars there, one was Ken and he was set up in the bream swim, the other was set up in a swim called factory corner which meant I had the choice of the two swims. I went for a swim called the palace which was on the left hand side of the lake and higher up than all the other swims so I could see the whole lake from here, the only down side is the rods will be set up on the small swim that was 20 steps down to the water, but this give me a good vantage point to see my spot, I wasn't going to put loads of bait out as there was probably still some left so I put out 5kg of particle and pellet and a couple of kilo of activ 8 over the two rods. I was sitting back up in the top swim looking out at my spots watching for signs and drinking tea, but kept seeing fish swimming past in the edge to a big set of pads that were to my left. Now I was thinking do I reel a rod in and stick it on the pads or do I stick to my plan? After an hour of watching these fish, some quite

big, I decided to put a rod there for the night as I still had another two nights if nothing happened there, and I'll put it back on the spot out in the lake. The lake had become busy and there was only a couple of swims left so I was glad I had picked the swim I did. It started to get dark and I decided to have an early night and get up first thing. That plan started off well then I got woken up by my buzzer going into melt-down! It was the pads rod and I got down the stairs quicker than if I had a slide... lucky for me the fish had gone straight out into the lake, lucky for me!! After a short but spirited fight, I netted one of the small stockies at around 12lb so I unhooked it and let it go. I was happy that I had a fish so placed the rod back by the pads and got back in my bag for some sleep. I woke up at first light, made myself a brew and sat on the steps leading down to my rods, I was looking out at the open water spot and could see a slick coming up from where my bait was... I was thinking

“is there something there?” when the open water rod melted off. My first take out in open water. As I lifted into the fish I could tell something was different, the fight was slow and deep, I kept steady pressure on it and slowly began to gain some line but the fish was kitting left towards the pads. I didn't want to let it get in there so with a bit of side strain I managed to keep it from them and now the fish was going up and down in front of the swim. I had not seen it yet but knew it was a good fish, so played it steady and slowly. Eventually it came to the surface and I couldn't believe what I was attached to. It was a massive bar of gold, the biggest common I had ever hooked, now all I wanted was to get it in the net, after 5 long minutes I finally netted it and let out a big shout, as I looked up I could see a few anglers walking around and the first to the swim was my good mate Ken. I said to him “look at that common!” When he looked he said “that is a lake record mate, it's close to 40!” well that

was it I didn't know what to do, I stood there and it seemed like everyone else took over. A pole was put through the scales and up she went and the ***scales settled on 39lb 14oz.***

“That will do me!” I said, I was over the moon. I put the fish in a sack in the edge while I got everything ready then we took loads of photos and I slipped her back. I watched her swim off into the depths, I couldn't believe what I had just caught, well teas were on me by the looks of it and after I had done half my tea bags I was left alone to reflect on what had happened, I had one more night so I placed the rod back out in open water and baited up with the same amount of bait, but that day went so quick and I soon found myself climbing in to the sack and went to sleep one happy man. I woke up at first like to a screamer and I was doing battle with a hard-fighting carp... this was a totally different fight to the common, I eventually netted

it and it was a mirror and quite a big one too. On the scales, it went 34lb. That will just cap of the session nicely after a few photos and the cups of tea I had to make it was time to go home. Before I went I baited up the open water mark for next weeks session. In the car park Ken was just putting his stuff in the car and we were chatting and he said “try and keep it to yourself what you're having the fish on and where from as anglers are starting to talk as you are doing really well and have caught more already that some have caught all year!” I loaded the car and was back on the road and thinking about the next session and how much bait I was going to put in during the week. Well, you will have to wait until next month to see if I get that pb and if I get to catch some more of the big commons.

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and until then...

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January Success on
Brooms Cross
by
Carl Pearson



January Success on Brooms Cross

I set off Thursday morning on the 19th January 2017 for a 24-hour session at Brooms Cross about 10 o'clock and arrived at the lake about half past 10.

There are two lakes at Brooms Cross, the Upper Alt and Lower Alt. I usually opt to fish Upper Alt, but after seeing a friend and also 1 of the bailiffs at Brooms Cross having a few fish out of Lower Alt I decided that I would do my session down there as Upper Alt was fishing very hard at that time... I thought why not as I got to the lake I decided to fish peg 1. It was flat calm and that day fish was showing all over the place it was almost like a summers day the way the fish were acting, they were

showing more over to the peg next to me, on peg 2, but there was another angler on that peg fishing for the day but I was still happy with my choice of swim and was confident in a bite. As I was setting up I thought before I got the rods out I would have

a walk round the back of my swim where I knew I was going to place my rods to see if any fish were mooching about, as I walked round there was a good group of fish sitting in the shallower water and coming in and out of the reeds about 10ft across from the shallow water. I quickly got back to my bivvy and started to get my rigs and rods ready. One of the other lads who was fishing on peg 4 come over to talk to me and had told me he had a 26lb 2oz mirror about an hour before I arrived on the lake so I was even more confident in a bite even though it was the winter and still cold the fish seemed to be up for it that day. Coming into the night I still had no fish but fish were showing all over the spots where I seen them showing earlier on in the day, even the odd one jumping out every now and again!! Most of the fish seemed to be showing more in the swim next to me but I was still confident that one of the rods was going to go some time through the night or early morning but

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they stayed motionless for the rest of the night. When I woke up in the morning the signs was still there and as nobody was in peg 2 I decided to move swims and I felt even more confident as the fish were all over the spot and just before I put my first rod out a fish showed straight away so I put the rig right on top of its head about 2 ft off the reeds. I then put my other rod and sat back and waited. I was fishing on two stiff hinge rigs both with Sticky Baits White Krill pop ups. After about half an hour after putting the first rod out it was away... the bobbin pulled up tight and I hit into what I thought was a nice fish as it got closer it just felt like a really dead weight and one of the bailiffs who was there to net the fish for me was telling me he knew I had a nice fish on the end of the line. After about a 10-minute fight I managed to get the fish in the net and it hit the scales at **26lb 12oz!! A mirror carp known as Cut Tail. This is my new PB!! I was so excited...**

a new PB in January!! My PB was 21lb 4oz before this capture so I was more than happy to had such a nice fish, even better it was in the winter. I was buzzing. I returned to Brooms Cross 2 days later to fish on Upper Alt this time as Lower Alt was fully booked so it was going to be a challenge. the peg I set up on was peg 9 as that was the only peg left but I was happy because I knew

this peg was known for doing bits all year round and within 3 hours I was away! I had taken one of my stiff hinge rigs off and replaced it with a Ronnie rig as I wanted a bait closer to the bottom but didn't want to put a bottom bait out it was only in the water a matter of minutes and it was away... this time being a 21lb mirror carp. I was more than happy I had landed two 20lb+ fish

in as many days from two different lakes at Brooms Cross. That session I didn't manage to have any more fish but it I was still more than happy in what I had over the course of 2 days. I cannot wait to go back and see what happens next time... I will keep you posted.

Carl.



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Living The Dream Chapter Six - The Long Hot Summer



By Keith Moors

We had now drifted into the 2002/3 winter and were keenly awaiting the improvement in weather conditions. The temperature in December 2002 dropped suddenly but France did not see the biting cold winds that everyone in England was complaining about. During mild spells it was still possible to watch bubbles being created by feeding carp. The lake had changed slightly because we had raised the level of the overflow spillway by about ten inches and this had resulted in another couple of million gallons in the lake.

The end result of this was that the water level amongst the reed and sedge margins was considerably deeper and, in turn, this gave us another opportunity for further improvement. As the water level had risen it had formed pockets within the reed stems and we decided to use these pockets as small organism nurseries.

The river Saone is only some twenty minutes from our lake and during the warmer months it teems with shrimp and small mussels. It was a simple job to take a fine mesh net to the river and simply by scooping it was possible to collect thousands of shrimps. By rolling over large stones and sunken logs we also collected masses of slaters which lived on, and thereby helped to break down, rotting vegetation. Once collected, all these small aquatic insects were spread around within the “new” water pockets and they seemed relatively safe and would prove to be very proficient at reproducing and filling the void of small food items. They immediately provided a high-protein, living diet which I was convinced would benefit the carp.

During my years of keeping koi carp in England I had become aware of the benefits of live food. Whenever I had seen fish which appeared to be unwell I had often seen them make almost miraculous recoveries as soon as they were offered maggots or worms or live shrimps.

I felt that a permanent supply “on tap” so to speak would allow them to maintain good condition whenever they felt the need. It was also immediately obvious that we would need to replace these larders after every single vidange.

With all the small fish removed the appearance of the lake immediately changed. During the winter of 2001 the lake had remained “turbid” with suspended silt and sand. I could remember remarking to my wife that it was probably being caused by the feeding actions of numerous small fish.



However I had had absolutely no idea just how many small fish we had been looking at. As already described, the shoals of small fish must have been vast and would have been having a detrimental effect on the entire ecology system of the lake.

The previous owners were not anglers and had no experience in fishery management so had taken all their advice from the local fish farmer. He had evidently seen the lake as a suitable stock pond which he could ram full of every type of fish and reap the benefit every two years at the vidanges.

In fact it would have been necessary to keep on with the vidanges because of the numbers of fish present so it was almost self perpetuating.

Our calculations after the drain down, even though it had had to be rushed, suggested that the biomass had been running in excess of 1000 lbs per acre without any additional supplementary feed. The appearance and shape of some of the carp, being the bigger species, suggested that they simply weren’t getting enough to eat.

By the spring of 2003 we had reduced this to less than 400 lb per acre and were beginning to add food. My target had always been to produce a lake with carp which could continue to grow but which would also grow more muscle than fat.



I hoped that this theory would result in big fish which really could scrap. I didn't want carp that could be easily wound in without needing to be fished for and played without some thought. I had also seen at first hand, the results of stress from overstocking.

Close to where I lived in England, there was a small lake run by some farmers and that fishery had the potential to produce some stunning carp. Unfortunately the owners did not know anything about fishery management and were being advised by their friends who were also farmers.

The end result was that, whenever the fishing seemed a bit slow, no consideration was given to the facts that it may be because of the weather conditions or any other outside factor, it was always deemed to be that there "weren't enough fish in the lake".

As soon as this decision was made the owners would net another one of their ponds and more small fish, of all species, would be added. Over the course of five years the lake went from regularly producing commons in the high twenty pound bracket to hardly producing any and those that it did produce were often covered in sores, ulcers and lice.

Even the anglers who continued to fish it moaned to each other about the state of the fish but none of them were ever brave enough to try to explain to the owners what was going wrong.

In hindsight maybe even those anglers didn't know how to resolve the situation. The simple biomass calculations can be explained fairly easily.

If a lake can maintain a total biomass of, let's say 500 lb, then the choice of the manager is whether he wants it to hold ten fifty pound carp or fifty ten pound carp. It will not be able to hold both at the same time.

With this in mind I was aware and prepared for the fact that at some time I would probably need to reduce the numbers of carp present in my lake. We headed for our new season with the intent to keep trickling in the pellet feed and would control the amount to match the suggested "acknowledged" fishery advice.

It was possible to purchase a booklet from Sparsholt College which gave details of fish dietary requirements for various water temperatures and these are as follows:

Water temperature of 12 C needs 0.4% of total biomass.

Water temperature 16 C needs 1.0%

Water temperature 22 C needs 1.6%

Water temperature 28 C needs 0.8%

This suggests that, at a water temperature of 12 C, a lake holding 3000 kg of fish would need 12 kg of pellet per day. It also indicates that the "hunger factor" climbs steadily from 12 degrees to about 23 degrees and then begins to dive off. Whilst I continued to observe these "rules" I was still concerned that we needed to be sure that our feed was getting to the right fish. I was somewhat concerned that the pellets were softening so quickly that the smaller carp would be clearing them before the large fish got a look in.

However, with the small fish removed this shouldn't have proved to be a problem.

As the winter continued we managed to get all the interior jobs complete and I was then forced to confront the elements and start work on some of the swims.

On Monday 17th February 2003, I set to work on the west bank and was aware that there appeared to be a patch of coloured water in front of one of the swims and I hoped that this was being created by feeding fish. Most of the ice had cleared so, at 9.30 am, I flicked out three rods over the area in question and carried on with my work.

I worked until midday and then walked back to my rods to wind them in before going to lunch only to find that the ice in the margin had re-formed and had closed in around the lines.

I threw in some stones in order to clear the lines and found that I had an eleven pound common attached to my right hand rod. Not the biggest fish in the world but pleasant in those conditions.

Not until the following Friday did the ice begin to thaw again and then I didn't see any more signs of feeding fish until the Sunday 23rd. in fact, these signs were in front of the "First Pontoon" swim which was on the opposite side of the lake.

Having seen the opportunity I didn't need too much encouragement, so Monday 24th February 2003 saw me up at first light. The cloudy water was still evident and my three rods were rigged with light running rigs and baited up with the same boilies that we had been feeding.

I didn't feel comfortable with putting all three baits onto the same patch and thought that it would prove to be too much disturbance in one small area. With this in mind my right and middle rod were positioned over the cloudy area but my left rod was flicked further along the margins and away from the obvious spot.

After the initial casts the water cleared and nothing happened throughout the morning and lunchtime periods. At about 3.30 in the afternoon one of the alarms let out a single bleep and the bobbin lifted. That was the first sign that the fish may have moved back into the swim. After a short pause the bobbin on my right hand rod began to rise again and continued up to the rod. The line pinged free from the clip and

the spool turned. I lifted into the fish and from that instant I was aware that it was a good fish.

The fight was long, slow and deep with lots of mud being churned up. No major problems occurred and what was obviously my biggest ever winter mirror slid over the draw string of the net.

It was an extremely broad fish and when I tried to lift it onto the mat I became even more aware of its weight. I slipped it into the sling and my jaw dropped as the scales turned round to show exactly 41.00 lb. My first forty from my own lake and a personal best by 8 ounces.



Jan came out to do the photos and the carp was slid safely back into its home. I poured myself a refresher and hadn't even finished it when my middle rod took off without any prior warning. The fish put up an absolute manic fight and a 36lb mirror posed for some more

photos. I sat back, hardly being able to believe the afternoon that I was having.

The rods were back in place and the sun was bright but low in the sky. I was convinced that the previous disturbances would have ruined any further chances.

However the carp were still hungry and not too much later the middle rod crept away again. Another slow, strong battle ended with yet another lump sitting staring at me from the bottom of the net.

I truly couldn't believe what I was looking down at and when the scales showed another personal best at 43lb I really was lost for words. I put the rod back out but I could see now that the swim was clearing and there were no signs of any more feeding fish.

That didn't surprise me, nor did it matter to me, I had landed three magnificent carp and two personal bests at that, so I needed nothing more from that session.

I had barely got comfortable when an alarm bleeped again. This time it was the rod which had, until now, been ignored. My left hand rod was at least going to produce something and that in itself would mean a fish on each rod.

As soon as I lifted the rod the power was immense and I was almost straight-rodded. With the clutch adjusted I managed to gain some sort of control and for forty five minutes the fish powered up and down.



Eventually she slid into the waiting net and there lay a carp of even bigger proportions.

On the scales she showed 47.04 lb and was a new lake record, new personal best and completed my best day's fishing ever.

The signs were suggesting that our hard work may, one day actually pay off.



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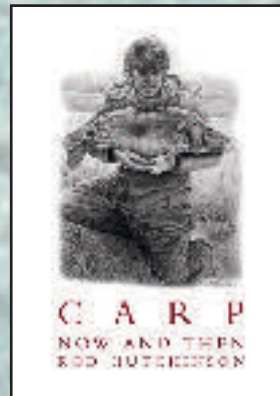
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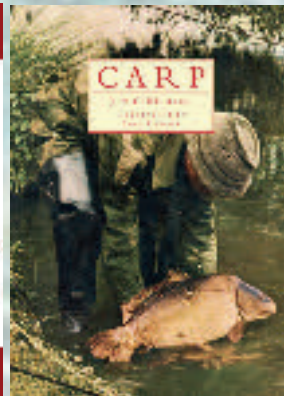
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Hello everyone. Happy New Year to one and all. I myself had January off so let's start 2017 with a bang.

This month's question comes in from Pete Key. He is doing like most carp anglers at this time of year and heading for a day ticket water to hopefully get the bobbins moving and wants to know how he can really optimise his time on there for more success.

My first port of call is, if there is an onsite tackle shop or a bailiff, seek advice. They should help to put you on the fish and help with up to date tactical information. I know from my winter day ticket water that one particular bait company seems to rule the lake. So, I always make sure I have a bag of their pellets in my bucket. If I was fishing at long range I would use solid bags, but within casting range small mesh bags are ample. I would start with this tactic because people tend to over feed in winter and underfeed in the summer. The wise old saying 'you can't take it out once you've put it in'.

Keep your eyes open and move if necessary. In heavily stocked waters the carp will always give themselves away i.e. a show, bubbling, coloured water and if there is one there is more, especially in the winter.

Rig wise, keep to what you know works for you. I might scale down to a size 6, a slightly lighter hooklink but I would always use my tried, tested and faithful rigs. Obviously in a solid bag you can get away with using a pop up, plastic hook baits, the choice is endless. The same for mesh bags, but keep them small if using small bait items.

As for a good starting area I would always be heading for where the sun is on the water the longest, when it is shining! Also, reed lines at the back of the wind, in the snags and nice deep margins. My biggest tip is - DO NOT ignore zigs! Preparation and being prepared, getting ahead of the game, have you PVA bags, mesh bags pre-tied so that you can make the most of 'bite time'. Get that rod back into the water and on the spot ASAP. Sometimes noise of bait going in can trigger a bite, try putting

ten baits out one at a time and make sure to make them PLOP! Five to ten boilies every other hour or when you feel it is needed, for example if you're getting liners or you think you should have had a bite.

Hopefully Pete, this helps. this time of year can be very frustrating for all of us. Perseverance is key! Until next time, keep your questions coming in.

Be lucky.

Paul.



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A Trip To Slovenia by Ben Andrews



A Trip To Slovenia

Everyone has seen by now the stunning scaly mirrors that are caught frequently at Carpers Paradise venues in the Canary Islands, Lake Chira and La Gomera both of which adorn the must do lists of most carp anglers from across the world.

However, a far lesser known venue and one that I'm sure is rising in its standing with carp anglers is the Slovenian venue of Smartskinsko jezero which the Carpers Paradise team are now offering fully equipped trips.

I first became aware whilst working the carp shows with Mitchell and Billy who run the Carpers Paradise brand of this special venue and was lucky enough to spend some time at the carp show with the

Slovenian guides who will look after you on your visit, a plan was hatched for a November visit for myself and Billy, whilst this would be Billys 2nd visit, it would be my first overseas trip for nearly

ten years.

The lake itself truly is impressive and at 260 acres presents a serious challenge but has serious rewards for those prepared to work for them, at the time of this article there are at least 10 known 70lb+ fish and at least another 55 carp over the magic 50Lb mark, it was surreal to listen to the guides that they don't even weigh fish unless they think it will break the 20kilo (44lb) mark!! Broken into two sections the lake has a night fishing zone and a day only fishing zone and provides plenty of swims and is immaculately maintained by the local park rangers, the whole place is kept to a very high standard of which the locals are very proud and rightly so, it is simply stunning and where else can you lay in bed and listen to the wolves howling in the snowcapped mountains in the distance! Many of the lakes bigger residents are known to appear in November so our dates were set and it was then that a mutual friend of ours decided that he

would like to get in for his second Slovenian trip...we were going to be joined by tv star Mr. Dean Macey, the whole trip was now at 5 people and we felt this was a good number and enabled us to cover as many options as possible.

The week before the trip the bait was dispatched by courier to Slovenia which is remarkably efficient and cheap with Dean and Billy taking around 120 kilos of mainline High Impact and Paul and Lee shipping 100 Kilos of Dynamite, I meanwhile opted for 30 kilo of mainline and 30 kilo of Duster baits winter special. On a freezing cold November morning, we all converged on Stansted airport at around 0500 and despite the early hour the excitement far outweighed the early cold hour and we were quickly checked in and aboard the plane for the 90-minute flight to Ljubljana. On arrival, we were met by Kristian and with the luggage loaded we began the short trip to the lake via a local supermarket for any

snacks etc we might want for the next few days. On arrival and considering what we knew of the fishing we opted to split up with Paul and Lee opting for a Day zone swim which controlled a large amount of water between the day and night zone and was known for being a big fish swim, myself Dean and Billy opted for another day zone swim however this was occupied until 18:30 hrs. by a couple of Austrians but we opted to spend a few hours building camp behind them and prepping our gear for our first day which would begin before first light, by the time camp was built and we had baited our spots with the use of the boat it had been a long day and yet still we sat like schoolboys contemplating what might be by first light.

Day 1.

Early morning saw the arrival of a torrential downpour which lasted all day and was relentless but undaunted we got all the rods positioned and

rebaited and as the daylight broke through we were confident of a take, by lunchtime the rods had remained silent for us however Paul and Lee on the far bank had landed 3 fish to 46lb. With this news, we remained confident that we would catch and with the rain hammering down we redoubled efforts and persevered late into the day but to no avail. At the end of the day we all convened and although happy for Paul and Lee who had added another fish to their tally we had not had so much as a liner between us and we began to hatch plans to take turns in moving around into the night zone and travelling by boat with a small amount of gear to try and track down some fish in one of the many bays and channels around the lake but after some debate we agreed to stick to our spots and keep baiting so as the night fell and with the rain easing we again journeyed out to our spots and rebaited.

Day 2

The incessant rain of the previous day meant that the lake had taken on a completely different look with the water having risen around a foot and the floodwaters carrying large amounts of debris into the lake it didn't look good, boy were we wrong. First take of the day came after just a couple of hours and saw Billy net a common of around 20lb and then shortly after I netted my first fish a long common of 33lb, we were on them finally and for the rest of the day we continued catching steadily and Dean landed an immaculate 41lb common which delivered one of the most epic fights I have ever witnessed and continually took line even at ranges over 100 yards! It was now just after 4 o'clock and with the light beginning to fade my left hand rod issued two single bleeps and upon inspection the rod tip began to bounce, I was away with my fifth take of the day and knew instantly it was a better fish, it



seemed slow motion everything about the fight became slow and after fifteen minutes I felt in control and although we still hadn't seen the fish Dean frantically begin splashing and throwing stones in at the bridge supports to my left that the fish had kited at as soon as it came near the bank which proved to be absolutely spot on as the fish turned and within a few minutes a large common was in the net, "that's a Hawaii" was all Dean said and I was

blown away, big thanks to Billy and Dean who unhooked and retained the fish for me as I was high fiving the crowd of people.
The needle bounced around to 58lb 4oz and the realisation I had just put 23lb on my pb took over and as day 2 closed, Paul and Lee arrived for a beer and a listen to my fisherman tail and as we headed for bed my smile was stuck on but I was determined to keep going.

Day 3

Still buzzing from our hit yesterday we again woke early and began to work using the same plans we had had the day before and it was hot and hard work but we persisted with our strategies and steadily landed a number of 20 and 30 lb fish with Billy landing a really nice brace of mid 30s at lunch, just after we again rebaited and surely enough just after 4 Deans left rod went and this was clearly a decent fish as it gradually took line at 120 yards we all looked

on and after what seemed like an eternity I put the net under a truly golden common that was immense, "big fish 4 o clock has given us another Hawaii ", sadly I was wrong but at 48lb 12oz not by much and the rumors of big fish 4 that had been explained to us was true!

DAY 4

Paul and Lee began the day contemplating a move as they had only

landed one fish the previous day and were still debating later that and were proven right as they banked a further 5 fish to high 30s that day. At our side after the previous two days of hectic action everything slowed and we had managed only 7 fish all day with my best being a high 20 mirror and Billy catching a 36lb 12 oz we thought we had maybe fished our swim out and as 'big fish 4' approached we began to be a bit

despondent but Dean then netted a 38lb 12oz to restore the faith and although not the heights of the previous two days it was enough to convince us that there was potential for the last full day.

Day 5.

Tired and cold we emerged in the early hours and had decided to increase the bait and really go for it on the last day, putting



around four to five kilos per rod and another kilo every time we caught in an attempt to keep the spots rolling. It worked and we landed a further 14 fish during that day and despite putting in a lot of work and a lot of bait we couldn't get through to the better fish, so keen were we that we were quickly releasing high 20s possibly 30s as we had become convinced into playing the numbers game to land one of the 70lb plus monsters that we knew were in front of us and with only 24 hrs. to go it was worth a shot. Paul and lee had again found the fish and had banked 4 more during the day including an impressive 44lb mirror so had taken there tally up and having rung the changes to their swim they were happy to press on into the last day thankful they hadn't made the move.

Day 6

We added a further 9 fish to our tally and Paul and Lee added a further 5 bringing the tally

to 74 fish in six days but our final day would bring us no fish of note and as the afternoon wore on we began to pack our mountain of gear away as we had decided to spend our last night in the restaurant by the lake which had accommodation above it as we would have to be up at 6 to make the journey to the airport and home. We all finally got a beer and sat down in the restaurant and reflected over a massive meal on our week in Slovenia, lots of memories were made and we all agreed on absolutely one thing... this place was special and would go on to continually produce huge carp and

given the way the lake was managed would rapidly join the list of must fish venues that carp anglers hold. Are we going back..... well I'm going in March and November again and I think the rest of the 'big fish 4 ' club are going at least twice in the next 12 months and I have answered so many questions on social media about the venue and is it worth it , simply yes it is its hard work, the weather can be ridiculous but the rewards of a monster carp from a 260 acre venue is surely one not to be missed. Until next time....

Ben Andrews





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The Reel Estate
by
Nathan "Snowy" Sharp

The Reel Estate

This story starts about 10yrs ago when I was still at school and still terrorising the local commercial pool, I was told of an old estate lake in my home county that held some real jewels and was day ticket. At this time, I wasn't in a position to look into it much more mainly due to the person who had told me got the name wrong! A few years passed with a lake named "willesley" keep popping up, after a chat to a friend who had done a fair bit of angling I discovered it had done fish to over 30lb, so the seed was sown, information was gathered and the location was found. The next couple of years and after a few quick overnights I had managed 3 fish to early 20's, but I knew I had to give the place more time once I had finished on the waters I was already fishing. These sessions are where the love of the old estate lake started! For the next year whilst I targeted another pit I kept

a close eye on Willesley and before I knew it, it had done 2 commons and a mirror over 34lb! With these fish being some superb old leney's I was now biting at the bit to get on the syndicate.

After a few phone calls and some tender sweet words in the right ear I was told I could come and collect a ticket.... GAME ON!

With my ticket now about to start and it being the first week of March I was ready to roll, but with having a young family and having a mon-fri job It wasn't for another two weeks till I could fit a quick night in which ended in a resounding blank! A couple of weeks later I was back with the chance to do 2 nights, by now it was the first few days of April and the weather had turned cold again with northerly winds and night time temperatures only just above freezing it didn't look promising. After 46hrs of not seeing anything I was just starting to pack the gear away when the right-hand indicator lifted a couple

of inches, after making contact and playing the culprit within 10yds I had that sickening feeling when the line pings slack! GUTTED!

Once home I had time to reflect, think about my next step and get some more of the TG active soaked and prepped, I knew I was off for another two nights in a couple of weeks so I kept an eye on the weather, with the northerly winds still persisting it was going to be a fair bit warmer with plenty of cloud cover. This sounded a bit more favorable but I had to still rely on the right swim being available, this seemed to be getting harder as like me a lot of people's angling time is at the weekend & with the weather warming the softer anglers started to flex there rods again.

The day arrived of my next session and all I could do was clock watch whilst stood at the machine at work bored senseless worrying about the banks being full with anglers!



When the shift ended, I got home, the gear was loaded and off I went eager to find some fish before dark. A hour later I was stood with a loaded barrow watching the sun set over a half full lake, with nothing showing and little reports of fish being caught I had to go on a gut feeling so plotted up near the island which is the first swim as the lake shallows up, I felt I had to fish this area to stand a chance of catching one of my target fish the "long lin", I'm a big believer that certain fish have habits and will often get caught year after year from certain areas and this big mirror did seem to like the island. After a little lead around and clipping up I soon had 3 rigs in place two on an open water mark and one rod in a

hole in the island margin, all with a tightly spombed kilo of Nashys tg active. The first 24hrs can only be described as exasperating with bird after bird picking up my rigs, I had a swim full of ducks, coots and swans that had a real taste for both my tg bottom baits and my citruz popups! These plagued me all day and after a very filling mixed kebab from the local chippy I was hoping my rigs would now be left alone for the remainder of the night....I should be so lucky! Just as the kettle was steaming a swan gave the island rod a yank and ditched my rig in the overhanging branches! Now as you can imagine this was far from ideal with the light fading and this being a tricky little

cast, but I knew I had to get the rig back on the mark asap. After re-casting another pinky citruz pop-up in the hole the bobbin was attached and the tea was being poured when.....the same rod signaled 4 beeps and dropped back, needless to say my first words were something like "sodding birds!". When I realised the line was actually kiting down the side of the island, I quickly wound down and took up the slack before connecting into a fast moving carp. This fish knew where it wanted to be as it was heading straight for a fallen tree where if I allowed it, it would almost certainly cut me off, so with plenty of side strain with a solid clutch I cranked it away. With every pump, I could feel the line pinging off the branches of the near margin bushes, needless to say after the loss on the previous session my bum cheeks were well clenched and I was desperate to get this fish into the folds of the net. Once I had managed to pump the fish in front of me I could see

it was a scaley mirror and a chunk at that, this is where your heart starts beating harder, & I start talking to myself begging for the hook to stay embedded. With one last surge down the margin the fish was beaten, with it taking a gulp of air the net was slipped under its body, this was obviously a chunk of a fish as on lifting the net its tail was still hanging out the front! A quick look in the net was met with an exceptionally long and beautifully scaled mirror which to me could only be one fish... the "long lin"! After taking a moment to compose my excitement and sort the net and sling out she was



hoisted onto the unhooking mat weighed and photographed, she was weighed in at a decent spring weight of 33lb 8oz and was a truly spectacular carp, proper British carp from a stunning old estate lake. I was obviously

buzzing with this result and couldn't wait to get back for more

Keep praying to them carp gods

Snowy



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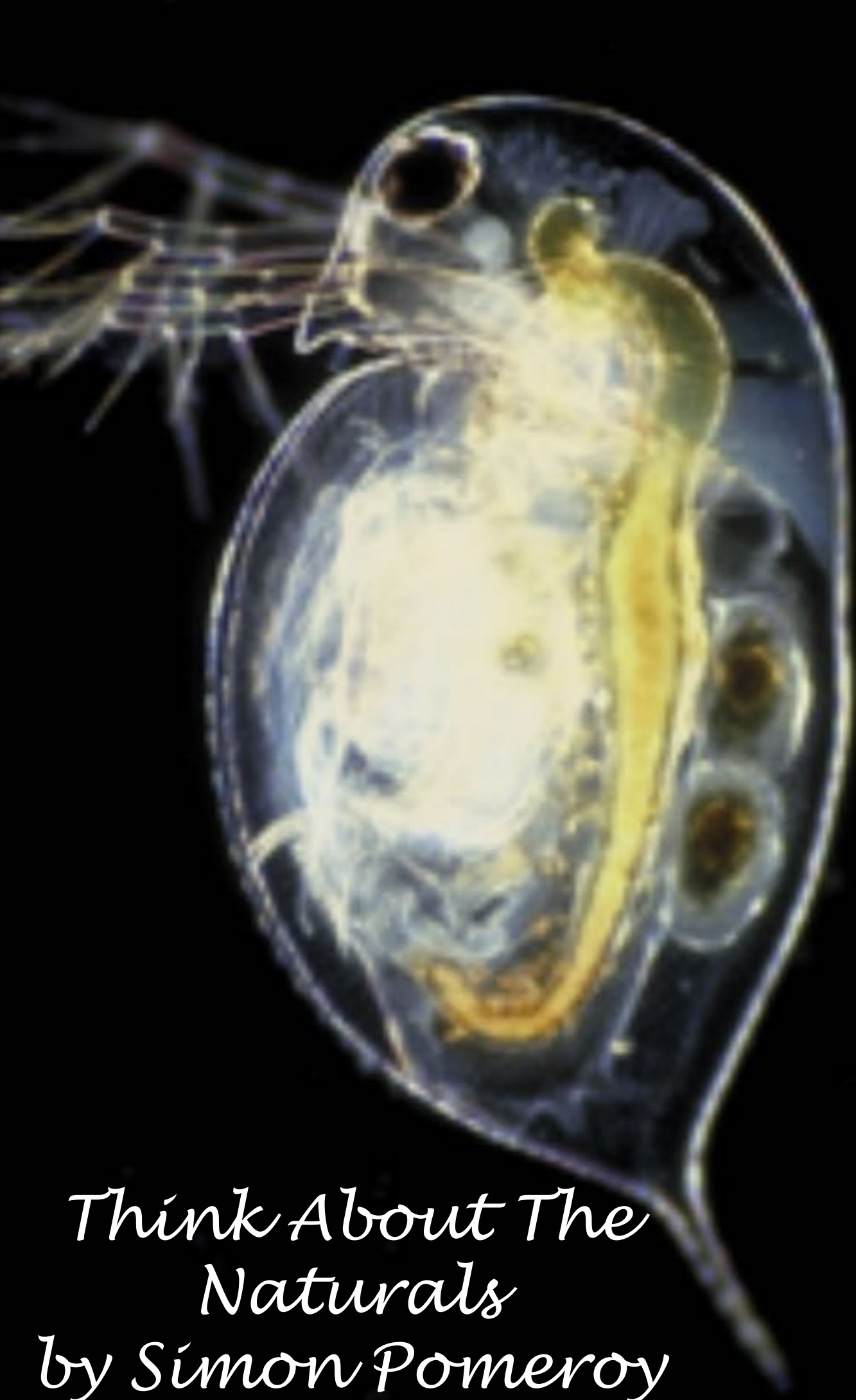


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Think About The Naturals by Simon Pomeroy

It has always been a mystery to me that so many people within carp fishing, anglers and trade alike, simply don't appear to acknowledge what the carps diet is really made up from! They are happy to believe in the illusion that the carp's food intake revolves around man-made baits e.g. boilies, pellets and so forth, when in fact that is so far from the truth. As anglers, I appreciate that we are influenced by the modern trends, especially with the media hype that surrounds the launch of the next best 'wonder' boilie – but to ignore the carps core food intake, the natural food sources which provide the rich and life supporting proteins needed to survive healthily, could be classed as somewhat naïve!

In my humble estimation, which particularly applies to the carp industry, so many are way off the mark and fail to appreciate that carp feed on what nature provides all year round, and far above the paltry offerings

from anglers. In actual fact, and if you study it closely, you will see that the media emphasis on man-made baits versus natural food sources is back to front, with only a tiny percentage covering the natural elements and the vast majority being focused on angler baits, which relates to only a small proportion of what a carp really eats – confused? I am!! In fact, carp fishing appears to stand alone within angling in ignoring the facts whilst other areas within fishing fully acknowledge that to catch more fish you need to understand your quarry and look to replicate what they are actually eating e.g. fly fishing, lure fishing etc. Why this is the case is a matter for conjecture though I have my suspicions that the bait industry has taken an easier, and cheaper, route than facing facts along with the 'humanising' of carp which subsequently impacts on how they are viewed by humans, which then further impacts on how many anglers will view their targets and especially what they eat!

Come on, you tell me, how is it possible that such an imbalance can exist and this imbalance makes our sport a poorer place as if embraced more fish on the bank – and we all love to catch! If you strip everything back to the basics, and acknowledge the above, the evidence is all around us from scientific research through to what we see whilst on the bank to support that nature has provided, throughout evolution, foods that life needs to support a healthy lifestyle. These food sources are not man-made in a factory and do not contain any man-made ingredients – they are 'Naturals' and come in thousands of different species, seemingly insignificant due to their average sizes, and some are out of sight and therefore out of mind, but when combined they provide a vast and almost unbelievable tonnage of the actual food that the carp needs to feed on, must feed on and certainly not what YOU want it to feed on!

I believe that the main sticking point for many carp anglers is that it appears impossible that nature can support fish of such size, and therefore question how seemingly insignificant natural life forms can possibly play any part in the carp's potential heavy weights. Again, we can reference evolution and the fact that carp have been found to have hit massive weights with no angler baits at all within their diet. We also have a number of parallels within nature that reinforce these facts with a favourite being the Basking Shark, a fish that has been recorded over 19 tons and forty feet in length that attain these huge sizes purely by feeding on the tiny, and in many cases microscopic, life forms that fall within the Plankton category. No man-made feed forms can have the same effect as such vast quantities of high protein food that these incredible fish filter feed from the water they live within. You also only have to look at carp that are caught from the vast European lakes and rivers that regularly

exceed weights of over 25kg where angler baits make only a tiny, if any, part of their diet. What I am highlighting is but the tip of the iceberg and even only a brief look at entomology will open your eyes to what species are available all year round that, even in the coldest months of winter, are able to fulfil the nutritional wants of our quarry. At the same time, don't get me wrong, especially within the UK, we have many small commercial fisheries that are massively stocked where the biomass use anglers baits as a supplementary part of their diet but in reality the boilies and pellets that tend to be fished with, across the whole of carping, make up for a tiny amount of the food sources eaten,



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and needed, by the fish we seek to catch. From an early age, I have loved fly fishing and it was obvious that I needed to appreciate and then seek to emulate what the trout I sought to catch were feeding on at the specific time I was fishing and by quickly identifying, or more commonly known as 'matching the hatch', your odds to catch were quickly increased. Tiny tweaks certainly had the ability to go from blanking to catching and this fact stands within carp fishing as well and failure to appreciate is at your own peril!

I learnt that there is a plethora of different naturals which the trout would target and in many cases, they

on the emerging fly hatches of which there are in the UK over 4,000 different species - no that's not a typing error! Transfer back to the UK's carp population and thousands of these hatches are also very relevant to their food intake and though as anglers we quickly identify with such single species as the Bloodworm/ Black Midge, the thousands of others are simply overlooked and therefore under appreciated.

Bloodworm has that knee jerk reaction within fishing in general terms but in recent years has been promoted as the be all and end all within certain media driven circles. Though there has been nothing wrong with this focus it has had the effect of diverting attention away from the vast array of other species that could as easily be focused upon and that in itself is one of the contributing factors as to why the true value of naturals has been all too quickly overlooked or, dare I say, ignored?

Putting the incredible amount of water borne fly to one side then you must consider the other elements of natural fodder that the carp may feast upon. The list seems never ending when you appreciate the sub species - but what all of these do is accumulate to become massive tonnage of feed that nature year-round offers up. Just think, Daphnia, Shrimp, Worms, Maggots, Beetles, Molluscs, Spiders, Moths, Snails, Crabs, Larvae, Spawn, Tadpoles, Fry, Leeches, Cray Fish and so on – but then don't forget that in most cases the sub species list becomes just as expansive with a good example being the UK's resident freshwater beetles of which there is 350 different species alone!

Let's be honest with ourselves and admit that as there is so little focus within angling put on this topic thus resulting in very little being understood or even appreciated. It really is foolish to on one hand admit that the facts are there to be seen and

researched, whilst on the other the majority of the facts are totally ignored! Personally, I cannot get my head around the imbalance of focus which then has a knock on effect of affecting how many anglers will approach a situation. This is even further compounded when the angler should be considering a more natural approach but actually ends up blanking as they can only offer baits that will just not compete with what the fish will be occupied in feeding on.

Throughout my fishing history how many times have I seen fish so preoccupied on feeding on the Daphnia bloom, Fly hatch or spawn that they are more than happy to ignore my therefore flawed and faulty offering? I hate to humanise nature but would you be pulled away from a highly nutritional and protein packed meal to feed on an unnatural offering? The fact that this is further complicated in the carp's world by being attached to obtrusive and

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unnatural terminal tackle set ups can do nothing to help the situation and does nothing to deter the carp's wary and massively heightened instincts and senses. If you feel this would not be the case and can factually prove, without assumption, then please let me know – every day should be a learning day but to be able to pull fish off natural food and replace it with some of the poorly manufactured modern baits would be an eye opener for me to say the least!

Swimming amongst fish and seeing what is going on beneath the water is a real advantage especially when I have taken what I have learnt from my diving experiences and integrated them within my approach to fishing, the tactics, the presentation and the baits (the key factor!). A great example this year was snorkelling in a vast Dutch waterway of over 2,000 hectares of Gin clear water and so quickly was I able to see how the fishery would affect my angling approach. What I learnt



especially was that the bottom was a carpet of Zebra Mussels – millions upon millions disappearing to the horizon and no wonder why this infrequently fished water held carp more than 30 kilos. That fishery has immense potential and with the Zebra Mussels filtering water on an industrial scale the quality of the water, and therefore the naturals, is unbelievable. Floating around this fantastic venue and being able to see so much underwater just reinforced my appreciation of 'out of sight out of mind' where too many anglers are so quick to assume what is going on without appreciating that their assumption could be wrong. In essence within the majority of situations we, being unable to see, are purely guessing and get it wrong far too often.

Digressing somewhat, with what I have researched and proven with bite indication I do struggle how so many anglers will have a beep on their alarm and state as if it is a fact that it was a 'liner'. I have caught so many fish on line tightening, tip movement, indicator drop or lift with no sound from my alarm but those who make the 'liner' statement are without a shadow of doubt, in my humble opinion, missing fish.

Business has greatly impacted my ability to get out on the bank recently; all work and no play – and I'm told I'm living the dream! On the flip side, I do get the opportunity to fish some great venues and a couple of months ago, I squeezed in a 36 hour session on a stunning lake in the shape of Advanced Angling's Gold Lake which lies next to one of best known waters in UK carp fishing; Blue Pool. It was love at first sight, off the beaten track, full of weed (and therefore full of naturals!), tap water clear and carp showing.

Fishing a new water is always a personal challenge with fish that had never seen my tactics and baits and with an approach that ALWAYS incorporates an element from my 'Naturals' range.

As alluded to above this lake was wall to wall naturals and with an array of hatches around me, dragon flies a plenty, the next step was out with the white bucket and down to the water's edge – inspection time! The white bucket allows me to get a good look at some of the water's tiny inhabitants and is always of interest especially in this case where the Daphnia (water fleas) were plain to see against the white background – a soup of pure protein and, like the Plankton are to the Basking Shark, the Daphnia are to the carp! Next stage was to have a look in the actual water's edge and as you can see from the Coke can the venue was stuffed with Zebra Mussels and thoughts drifted back to the massive venue in Holland

and that Zebra Mussels, like all molluscs, will only settle in high quality water and then further improve through particle filtration. Zebra Mussels, in fact any Mussels presence will always fill me with confidence as in numbers their existence is more than just a healthy supplement to the carp's diet.

With no arrogance intended, I was happy that my approach gave me some good odds and not long after setting my traps the first carp was on the bank. The lakes residents are some real stunners and over the next day the fish kept on coming and again, with baits and tactics that don't fit in with modern trends, the system proved its worth.

I always try to write thought provoking pieces that especially feature what some may view as controversial. Life for me in general, which obviously includes all styles of angling, equates to every day has the potential to be a learning day and within

Entomology and similar subjects you can be assured that is the case. With a naturally inquisitive mind and a 'question everything' mentality, just scratching the surface of naturals has without doubt helped me catch a lot more carp and I honestly believe if to date you haven't considered an approach which includes naturals, or just the appreciation of their presence, it can have a definite and positive impact to your catch rate and to ignore will then have the potential of the opposite, i.e. less carp!

I genuinely hope that you have enjoyed this piece and somewhere within the lines may lie a little gem which will help bag a few more carp – if that's the case then I will be more than happy!

Catch big and enjoy and please feel free to contact me if you have any thoughts or questions at simon@pallatrax.co.uk.

Simon

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Martin Wiffen

My approach to my winter campaign is simple small baits high attract baits and high vis.

I always like to use a mixture of different colours and flavours from the big hit boilies in the Crafty Catcher range. Strawberry in red tutti fruity in orange coconut cream in white which are all in ten mil size. To go with these I will use a tipoff in coconut or bubble gum.

These are a couple of recent captures in freezing conditions where the fog didn't lift all day but the carp couldn't resist this little baits, another bait in the big hit range is the raspberry & black pepper in a washed out pink inside the 1kg bags come some popups which are 15mil to match the bottom baits

I will use these popups on a multi rig cast out as a single to start with until I have located some fish. Once the takes start I will then spread some baits out in the area to try and keep fish in the area and looking around for these very highly digestible baits.

another great winter bit is the Caribbean cocktail pop ups these pop ups give a great leakage in which I have caught hundreds of fish on and will never not have one of these pots in my bag. I hope this can help you in your winter campaign when you're looking for edge this winter tight lines, Martin.





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Wyreside Lakes is a family run business, situated in over 120 acres of farmland at the foot of the Bowland Fells in Dolphinhall - Lancashire. On the estate there are 7 fishing lakes - with a superb stocking of carp, mixed coarse and pike. The Birkin family have continually used the same British stockists over the last 23yrs and the experienced to novice angler alike has an opportunity to catch a wide selection of beautiful two tone mirrors, immaculate scaly commons and the occasional leather carp.



The Lakes were created from former poor agricultural land after extraction of sand and gravel by Tarmac Road stone Ltd. The first fish were introduced in 1984 (Mirror carp weighing up to 1.5 lbs) and they have thrived in the lakes, growing and breeding in a spectacular manner. The lakes are stocked annually in October/November with 3-5lbs mirrors and commons – then they are grown throughout the different lakes until they reach maturity. However, this November we introduced 70 new mirrors and commons into S2 between 12lbs & 15lbs so we are hoping for great results



The 7 lakes consist of 3 day / night waters, Sunnyside 1, Sunnyside 2 and River lakes. These lakes have carp up to 33lbs with an overall average of around 19lbs – there are also mixed coarse prevalent in these waters. There are also two membership waters Wyre and Bantons which boast carp currently up to 39lbs however the largest recorded weight was the mighty Paw Print at 42lbs 1oz. Non-members can fish these waters but there are strict times and rules that apply. There is also a mixed coarse water Fox's lake – this is an excellent runs water that produces carp up to 18lbs, Roach to 3lbs, Bream up to 10lbs & Perch up to 8lbs.



The estate also boasts a 4 star Campsite as well as a recreational centre with bar, restaurant and function room. This year a large on site tackle shop was completed offering bait and terminal tackle. On site there is also a laundry room and a modern toilet & shower block. The Fisherman's Restaurant serves food and there is also a takeaway service with food delivered to your swim! The bar & function room is the perfect for match meets and presentations and an excellent location for any type of event from weddings to birthday celebrations. All throughout the year there are various events held each week, from Karaoke /discos to themed nights and live entertainment. The estate is open 7 days a week and is closed on Christmas Day and Boxing Day annually. Restaurant / café opening times may vary.

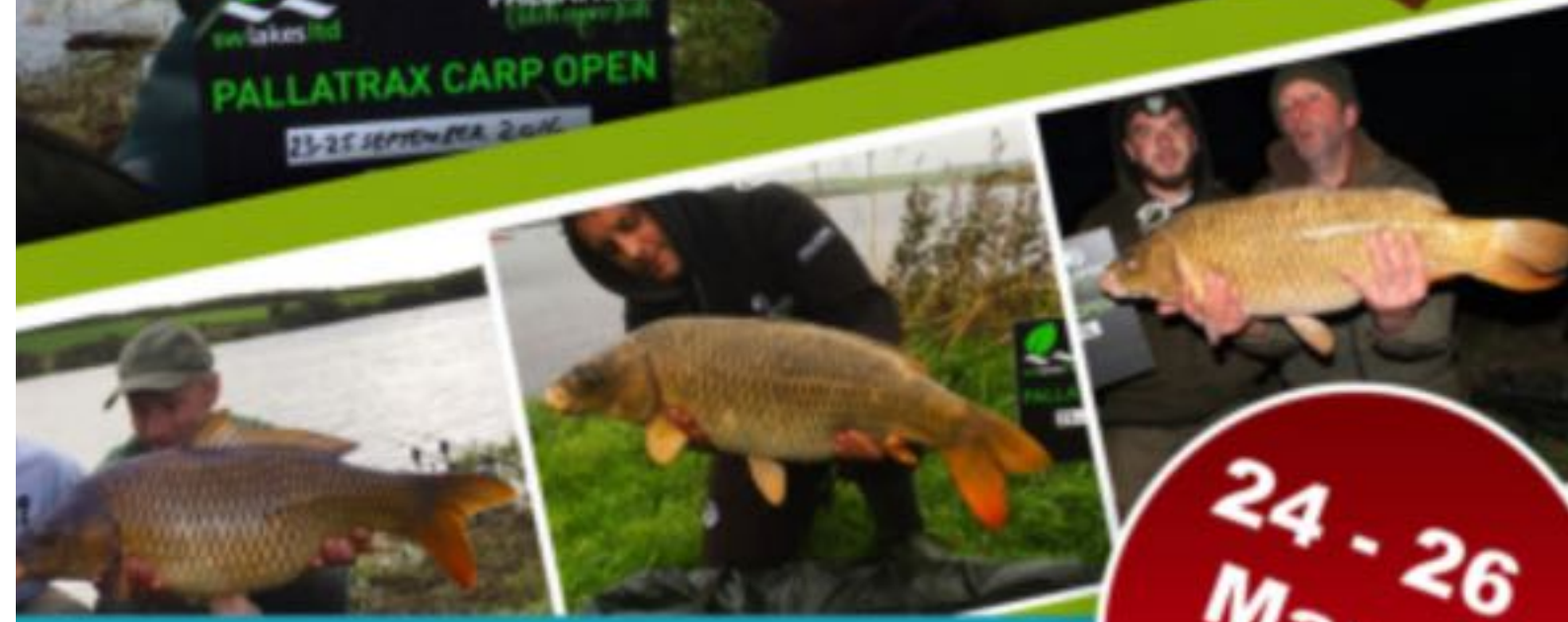
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Simon Pearson & Mark Faulkner

Simon and Mark from Natures Baits and Talking Carp Magazine recently decided to fish both RH Fisheries Monument 1 & 2 lakes with some outstanding results.

Simon landed 2 x 30lb + fish and had the privilege to name the first one "HOLLY" after his daughter as it was the first time the fish had been caught over 30lb. There were also a number of high 20's caught by the pair during the 2 sessions.


For more info contact RH Fisheries on 01952 463141
or
visit rhfisheries.com



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 TalkingCarp

Thankyou For Reading

As always Keep sending your Articles and Catch reports to :-

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or

buggy@talkingcarp.co.uk



The carp magazine for carp anglers written by YOU !!!!!

“The Talking Carp Team”

Brian Dixon
Mark Faulkner
Danny Walsh

