



Talking Carp

Magazine

Issue 39
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This month -

Joe Turnbull joins us at Talking Carp
A chat with.... Mr Julian Cundiff
Scott Grant, Andrew Murray, Gary Lowe
A huge catch reports section & more



deeper



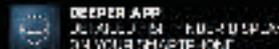
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Hello... and welcome.

Issue 39 and we are flying along! We would like to thank you for your continued support and messages.... Knowing we are bringing you something that you are enjoying so much is a great reward for us, and we hope to continue doing so as long as we can.

Well, big news this month... you will see that we have an established name from the industry writer joining the ranks... Please welcome Mr Joe Turnbull!! Welcome aboard Joe.

Now a question for you all... How would you like us to open up our writers to a questions panel for you? A chance for you to email questions to a writer of your choice to be answered in the next edition of the magazine? If you would like us to start this... let us know!!!

Summer is now upon us, and it wont be long before the fish are on the top, cruising the upper layers and having a a good old sunbathe... remember to take those zigs with you at all times, surface tactics really come into their own right now and is a great tactic to master.... But that week will soon be upon us when the carp shoal up in the margins and thrash it to death... we all know what this means... spawning time!!! so, when you see it, leave them to do it.

That's it for now, enjoy issue 39 and keep those messages, catch reports and emails coming... and remember, if YOU wish to have a crack at being a writer for this magazine please feel free to drop us a line. No experience necessary as we will help you and guide you every step of the way.

Emails are open.... So lets hear from you.

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Team Talking Carp

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Time and quick hit fishing – PART 1
by Joe Turnbull

It's been a while since I last wrote anything but after speaking with Brian at Talking Carp my head was suddenly full of things to write about, (cheers Jules).

This in mind I thought I'd touch on something that will hopefully help lots of you and may even give you more enthusiasm to get out at every opportunity you have. We all know how hard it is juggling family life, work and all the other things life throws at you, let alone trying to get some time to fish but like anything in life, if you really really want it, you make time to do it. Now I know exactly how lots of you feel as despite what you may think, I have my own small business which I've had for over 10 years now and have always slotted my fishing in amongst quoting customers.

What I wanted to get across is that you can still go fishing, even if you have the busiest life. Even if you only have one or two hours to yourself, that's enough time to go and check out the venue, to gain knowledge to catch fish, and big fish at that. Using your eyes to learn the routines of the fish in your venues is more important than sitting it out for days on end, and even more so when you have little time.

The world these days has never been better for people with little time as everything is now so available. Good information, weather reports, venue latests and of course word of mouth has become the norm. Social media gives you all that and despite some people not liking it including me (at times), it's something

that I can't see going away. So use all of this information to your advantage at first and at least you can give yourself a head start.

Here's what I do in amongst my work which really isn't rocket science and although I am fairly lucky in that I work alone so my hours can be moved about if necessary, I never do that unless it's completely necessary. I don't fish at weekends or very rarely at that, except if I'm aware that a particular fish may be due to come out and my 'carp' homework tallies up with the weather and time of year.

I literally live, breath and go to bed dreaming of fishing and if I'm not thinking of fishing I'm thinking of singing. Yep that's right, it's another thing that I have a passion

for and another thing that I have to find time to fit in too!

Anyway, that aside I usually have a few venues that I keep in mind and spread those across the year. How I see it, is that there are venues (as we all know) that may be slightly easier than others and this usually boils down to fish stock, although over the last decade I've even noticed these getting trickier at times. In general, I keep those venues for my tuitions or for cold water (winter) angling. Like lots of venues, carp become more difficult to catch in cold weather,

but I like that from easier venues because there's always the chance of a bite. This not only keeps your confidence up but keeps you motivated through what can often be hard times. However, I like to target those venues that hold a few big fish amongst them as they often trip up in winter and there's no better feeling of satisfaction than catching a big

carp in cold weather.

Here's a winter cracker from Blasford Hill day ticket water in January when the weather was spot on. Mainline Cell doing the do as usual for me and with a fish at 34lb.4oz just went to show that if you get it all right, you can achieve what you want. An over nighter and then off to work but my god I had a good day that day !!



Caught using a bright Mainline Pineapple pop up over Cell works well for me in cold water but we'll talk about that more next time.

Next on the list I'll have a syndicate venue of some kind, one that I've either been a member of for a few years or a new one. I've never been an angler that has had to catch every fish in the lake, collecting pictures like those in football sticker albums, instead I like to catch as many

fish in the time I have. I totally get and respect why my good mates want to catch them all and if I had more time to sit it out on one venue then I would. Perhaps when I retire like my good mate Mr Cundiff then maybe, just maybe I'll sit it out on one venue or maybe I'll just carry on as I am.

Finally, I'll keep my eyes peeled and find another venue that holds some big old fish and preferably not too

far from home. I do like to catch old fish that have seen it all, as I love the way they look, often very gnarled tails and covered in spawning and rubbing marks but they are full of character. You can see why they are given names in many cases and this only adds to the love of the catch, when you do, eventually catch one.

So, all in all I usually have there or four venues on my radar



that I commit too but amongst those I'll keep my eye on what's happening at other fisheries around and if I have to travel then so be it. I usually book one or two days off in the week depending on how busy I am with work and will always look at what the weathers doing, slotting my angling in amongst good fishing weather. If I can't get any full days fishing in, then I will go and do a morning, evening or night and then go to work from there. Either way, work comes first as for me, you need money to go fishing in the first place, right? Even though my sponsors look after me, food, fuel and ticket money all adds up and if you're bouncing around

different venues and then traveling to jobs it soon mounts up.

Baiting up is another of my tactics as wherever ever I go, I'll always drop in a few freebies on my walks round or when I leave but always make sure you put something in whether you catch or not. It doesn't have to

be kilos of bait either as good bait doesn't have to go in heavy.

But that's a story for another day...

Take care,

Joe.



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*A Chat With
Mr Julian Cundiff*

A Chat With.... Mr Julian Cundiff... time to kick the wasps' nest!

At Talking Carp, we like to keep things fresh, and real, and when we get a chance to ask questions that no other publication dare ask.... we do it!

So, this month we are talking to carp anglings Mr Nice Guy! A man who appears at all the shows, spends all day talking to the public and helping out with any question thrown at him (as long as you keep him fuelled with coffee and biscuits), a man who is online every day answering messages and sharing his vast knowledge, openly showing his rigs, tactics and hints and tips.... But that's not the man we want to talk to this time!

Welcome back Jules, and thank you for allowing us to kick the wasps nest a little with you...

Ah cheers mate that's very kind. I do try to keep carp fishing in perspective but like anyone some stuff does grind my gears. Of course, when I first started carp fishing it felt like ' life or death ' at times but as I got older, I realised that work, family, girls, music, motorbikes etc were important too and grew up unlike some I knew or read about.... many of are not doing it anymore. Horses for courses of course but I try to be positive in life and carry it across in my writings both in print and on social media. Believe me I could find something

to moan about every day, but nobody reads my stuff for that and when you think about it, it really does no good I feel. However, you've given me an opportunity with these questions to get my views across so that I will mate. Let's see what you've chucked my way.

1) *Over the years you have been to probably every show, open day, tackle fair, slide shows and talks that has been humanly possible for you to attend, and yet you, like many old school anglers I am aware of, never ever charge a fee for your time... Is that correct? Do you think its right for any angler to ask for a fee to stand on stage and give a slide show talk?*

Tell me about it mate and now I have finally hung up my court boots these shows seem even more regular. Now I do accept that for some carp fishing is a business that pays the bills, but I certainly feel they have short memories. My first show was 1987 at Worsborough, Sheffield where I did a short talk on local waters. Hard to believe that was over thirty years ago I wish I could say I was 12 not 22 at the time. The only time I get paid is at the big two day shows where not only do I speak but I man a rig / bait stand for two full days tying up rigs, passing on tips and so on. However, that's me and I guess having a 'proper' job meant I was not having to seek a living from carp fishing.

The issue I have is that the money they demand is so much that organisers of local shows are having to charge attendees £10 plus just to cover the speakers fee. It will kill local shows and that's a sad thing. Let's face it we can all put something back surely as those that came before us did. In those day's they did it for a curry and applause not a grand. I will always charge fuel but other than that it's my way of giving back to something that has given me a lot of pleasure. It's not wrong to charge of course but sometimes it's just nice to be nice surely.

2) Growing up in the North, and coming up from a dabble in match fishing and specimen tench fishing to the world of carp fishing seems such a long time ago now, but yet anyone who follows your social media pages still sees you smiling from ear to ear on a daily basis when you're cradling an 12lb, 18, or 22lb carp, yet there seems to be a growing trend of any carp under 30lb being referred to as "little one" or "pasty".... Are anglers forgetting their roots or becoming too obsessed with actual size these days do you think?

Good point mate. Having caught carp to just under fifty pounds in this country unless I start targeting big fish water's I am not gonna catch a PB anytime soon.... nor do I desire too. Heck I don't even weigh them unless compelled to by fishery rules. For me the thrill is the chase not the pounds and ounces. If the venue and circumstances of the capture make me smile the weight is immaterial IMO. Many years ago, big carp did make big waves but nowadays forget it unless you are a famous angler or it's a new fish. Take it from me most if not all BIG firms are not gonna snap you up on that score. They want anglers who catch consistently, are personable and help shift product.

Each to their own but I would rather catch lots of carp and smile after each one than look glum at one or two 'biggies' a year. Being condescending about doubles and twenties makes you look a right





d**k to most carp anglers and whatever you've caught I guarantee there are hundreds if not thousands of anglers who have caught bigger carp. It's a carp and if you can't find anything positive to say about it best off saying nothing IMO. Pride commeth before a fall they say and there will be days where you will kill for a double or twenty when the stars are not aligning for you.

3) As someone in the limelight constantly, and a documented history with companies such as Nash and Daiwa, are you surprised at the number of anglers who are looking to make an instant living from our sport? Surely the reality is there are very few people who actually get paid, let alone make an actual living from our sport? True sponsorship and paid consultancy are up there with hens' teeth and rocking horse pooh when it comes to rarity yet suddenly the amount of "sponsored anglers" and "consultants" have increased incredibly.

I am not surprised at all but feel sorry for them. Even as a ' recognised ' angler you won't make a living from going fishing alone....no one does. Why do you think that even the big names have to write books, do tutorials, do shows? To survive!! What Nash, Fox, Korda, Daiwa MAY pay you will need to be funded by a ' proper ' job if you want to survive. It is not football, golf or anything like that guys. If you own the company or are employed full time by it then all well and good but as a consultant / sponsored angler no way hose. Just to get a discounted bait/gear deal from the big boys is hard enough, to get a money deal all

but impossible and to live off it...no chance. Sure, some smaller firms may snap you up but a premier league one very unlikely. Don't believe what

you are told, most of it is bull. If I had a pound for everybody who talked s****e about what they get for free or get paid I would be a rich man. Hold back on that Bentley order just yet.....

4) Which brings me onto the next point nicely... fish out of water!! Whilst carp care is at an all-time high right now, and just about everyone carries the correct equipment by way of mats, slings and carp care antiseptics.... The one issue that has raised its head is the length of time fish are kept out of the actual water, especially it seems when there's a video recording being done or live blogging going on... we all look for that one special hi-res shot but keeping the fish out whilst the video rolls, then stills are taken... then the obligatory water shot... are we keeping these fish out too long these days? Especially as the summer is almost upon us? Do you have any advice that could speed things up on the bank?

I'm no Simon Scott when it comes to understanding carp, but I am pretty sure that the less time out of water and less handling they get the better. Of course, it is understandable to want a good picture but not at the expense of the carp surely. There are no hard and fast rules when it comes to time but less is best. My advice is be prepared at all times.



If you fish solo as I do make sure you are competent with your self takes and have the gear ready. I have the camera set up, the cradle / mat wet and so on. Do you really need to weigh every carp? Do you have to photograph every carp? Do you really need to do a long Vlog whilst the carp is out of water? I think the big companies and well known anglers need to lead by example. It is no good saying we had a team on hand and all that as what you show less experienced anglers will copy. Do your Vlog once the carp is returned...? we don't need a three minute run down of the capture whilst it is in your hands!!

5) *Here's a subject that seems to open a can of worms sometimes.... Bankside etiquette!! In particular visiting anglers...*

whilst just about everyone welcomes other anglers into their swim for a quiet chat, even a brew and a biscuit perhaps, when the time is right.... There used to be a code of ethics where the visiting angler never knocked on a bivvy whilst the door was down, the visitor never disturbed the skyline, the visitor never ventured near the waters edge...the visitor never overstayed his welcome... do you see these unwritten rules disappearing?

Bankside etiquette in my day was learnt from



my coarse and specialist fishing days so those that come straight in as carp anglers sadly don't have that learning curve to rely on. As I said in the previous question it is up to those that produce films to set a good example.....and some most certainly don't. As best as I can I try to educate those on the bank by behaving well myself. I don't approach when they are setting up, I keep low, I don't overstay my welcome and so on. Treat others and their fishing as you would want them to treat you.

6) Nash recently produced a great product video showing a social media troll giving his opinion online and rubbishing a product without even seeing it.... Is this all too common in todays society? Instant experts without even seeing the product?

We know, we have seen it in the early days when one or two members of the public hadn't even read the magazine yet gave their "professional" opinions on it.... They have since become avid followers and readers (hi guys, you know who you are and thanks for your continued support)

The great thing about social media is that it allows everyone to express an opinion but when that opinion is not based on knowledge it is a no no. I have no objection to anyone expressing an opinion on ME if they have met me, or an opinion on a product if they have USED it. Without that it has no value in my opinion..



I see stuff I think is naff, but I keep my mouth shut and my finger off the keyboard unless I have used it. It just makes you look a prize plonker and once typed / said is very hard to undo. Don't say it to impress other companies as the trade is such a small place that it gives you a bad name that is hard to recover from. It's not big and it certainly is not clever.

7) *Dropping of leads! Where do you stand personally, when we are seeing more and more Youtube videos, blogs and instructional pieces telling anglers to drop the lead "for fish safety" yet giving no real explanation to how it's safer for the fish if the leads were dropped every single time? Whilst the invention of the lead clip came about to discharge the lead should a fish become snagged, is there really any need to discharge the lead just for the sake of it on every single take?*

In short there is no need or excuse to drop a lead on every take and it is bloody stupid for you financially. I do use light leads and lead clips a lot of the time and because my waters are weedy, I do have them set to drop the lead if they weed up. If that lead discharges you are more likely to land the carp and less likely to end up with a weeded fish. Carp that get weeded up can end up tethered sadly which can be fatal. I love the new Nash tail rubbers as they discharge the lead even when pushed on fully. Because they are soft no matter how far up the 'leg' they go under pressure they 'roll



back ' and off pops the lead. Perfect for big chucks but still safe. Forget all that stuff you read about with the harder tail rubbers as it is theory only. One click, two clicks and all that.... The soft tail rubber peels / rolls / folds back and works a treat.

8) ***Finally, what are the worst things you see on the bank that really wind you up?*** Luckily, I pick w****r free waters usually, but I have seen it all. However, anglers blatantly under the influence of

drink and drugs is sad.

Anglers who put catching fish over friendships too. Not a big bait boat fan either as i have yet to fish a water which allows them where they are not misused. I certainly don't want a drone buzzing the lake or some bugger walking round casting a Deeper into every available swim whilst other anglers are fishing. However, nothing is as bad as seeing scales and half eaten carp on the bank. Otters are our biggest threat and yet for many its N.I.M.B.Y.....until it's too late.



And now a quickfire round to calm you back down....

A) Mirror or Common?

Mirror

B) Spring? Summer? Autumn? or Winter?

Spring

C) Barbed or Barbless given the option?

Barbed

D) Tea or Coffee? (just in case I have to bring my own teabags!!)

Decaff Coffee

Well, that wraps up another fantastic chat with you, and thanks for being so honest with us and our wonderful readers.

All the best.

No problem mate, it is nice to be asked. Keep up the great work.

Julian Cundiff

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**Jenkins Lake... 5 days in
February
by Scott Geezer Grant**

After my four successful sessions on Jenkins Lake from November through till January, I had already previously booked 5 days in February, which has become a custom over the past couple of years.

My previous February sessions have been on Churchwood but after having the A Team members I wanted barring "Bubbles" I decided a move onto Jenkins, as it would make a nice change, plus I haven't done much time on there at all over the years.

With my session looming I wasn't going to change much at all. One thing I would be taking extra bait wise with me would be the addition of a few gallons of maggots. I know waters where maggots totally dominate in winter so why would I not use

them.

Other than that my baiting strategy would be the same as previous sessions. As I would be there for 5 days, I crushed up 8 kilos of nutjob boilies that should be enough, then bagged up 5 kilos of mixed sized boilies and doused them in the nutjob food dip just to give them that extra edge. As always, a bucket of matching pellets and a bucket of HOB chilli maize/hemp.

Quite a lot of bait for a winter session I hear you say, but I always like to make sure I've got enough bait especially as I know they love the stuff.

Rigwise: I had prepared a few Ronnie rigs and made them a little shorter, and what I did do was play around with some maggots and foam to make sure the rig sat absolutely

perfect. I found that if I put a piece of foam on followed by 10 maggots then repeat the process the rig would be wafting which is perfect for fishing over a clean bottom, but if I put a piece of foam on followed by 20 maggots then another piece of foam the rig would sit popped up which is perfect for fishing on debris. So, with both situations covered it was just a matter of what one to go with once I got to the lake.

It was some 6 weeks since my last session and I was really looking forward to it.

After another gruelling week at work come Thursday and I was finished for the week, it was my eldest daughters' birthday and it was time to celebrate, we had a great weekend and come Sunday

afternoon I was leaving for the lake.

I arrived late afternoon as there were a couple of anglers who had fished the weekend, the lake produced a double figured common, which is good news as the fish are still feeding.

When I arrived, the anglers had gone so I wasted no time and went about getting everything sorted.

It started to rain, only light mind, you so the first thing that went up was the bivvy, I left the rods until last as I knew it wouldn't be long before it was dark but with my headtorch I wouldn't have a problem getting the baits out.

I decided to fish the right-hand rod with the critically balanced maggot rig, the middle rod and left-hand rod were fished again with

the Ronnie rig, with a fluoro pink nutjob pop up, again in the same areas I had previously fished.

By 18:00 o'clock everything was sorted and the kettle went on for my first coffee of the session. The temperature was only 3oc and the pressure was a perfect 992 but rising! The wind was still a cold north/north westerly but this was due to change as the week went on.

I settled in and after a lovely hot meal I made

myself comfortable in my bivvy. As I was laying there my receiver lit up, the left-hand rod had an occurrence, I jumped out the bivvy and was on the rod, I stood with my headtorch on the line but nothing materialised.

I went back inside my bivvy and once again made myself comfortable, so comfortable in fact that I must have drifted off to sleep as I woke up still clothed and freezing cold!! I looked at my phone and it was



01:00 o'clock I got undressed and got in my bag it took me ages to get warm but when I did, I went straight back to sleep and woke at 06:00 o'clock with my alarm chiming like a goodun.

I got dressed had a leak then put the kettle on, it was cold and when I checked the weather app for that day's temperatures, I wasn't shocked when it said it was going to be 8oc at its highest, but with the wind it was going to feel like 2oc, great!

As the day went on the lake looked so good for a fish but the rods stayed dormant. Later in the afternoon I decided to redo all the rods, keeping the same baiting tactics just freshen the areas up with more of Galaxy's finest. As I reeled in the left-hand rod, I could feel something on it

and when I lifted the rig out there was a roach skewered on my hook!! This was the same rod I had an occurrence on last night. Believe it or not he was still alive and I simply unhooked him and returned him to his watery home.

With all the rods now back on the dance floor it was up to the carp to feed.

The pressure had rocketed to 1026 and is going to keep rising into the mid-30s, but to be totally honest I really don't think this plays a massive part in the colder months as it does in the warmer months.

Tonight, the temperature is expected to be in the minus, proper winter fishing.

The day seemed to go really quick and before I knew it, it was dinner time. Tonight's

meal was going to be a lovely Indian, which I can tell you went down a treat. Then it was back to the bivvy for the night watching Netflix which took away the boredom.

I went to sleep around midnight with my alarm set for first light. I was in a real deep sleep when my receiver let out a series of bleeps!! I jumped out the bag grabbed my headtorch and was on the rods.

It was the right-hand rod and as soon as I lifted the rod the fish tried in vain to get around the back of the pump. I kept the pressure on and after a few seconds the fish kited left into open water. It was a real feisty little scamp but after a few minutes I slid the net under a plump common.

Not massive and just over 17lb but very welcome, I did start to doubt myself but I'm glad I maintained the same approach. It was just starting to get light so with the fish weighed, I slipped her in the floatation sling to recover and summon the guvnor.

I got dressed as I was still in shorts and a tee shirt!!! Feeling a lot warmer I tied up another maggot medusa then sent the rig out in the boat with a generous helping of

bait.

The kettle went on for the first mornings coffee and I must admit my confidence now was sky high. Its amazing what a fish can do!

The pressure was still sky high and the wind was now starting to turn southerly and the temperature was going to be a pleasing 9oc.

As I sat there drinking my coffee Steve appeared out of no where ready to see

the fish and do some photos. He took great photos as always and was really pleased with the condition of his fish. Its nice to see a fishery owner who cares about his fish rather than lining his pockets, and Steve certainly loves his fish.

With the photos complete the fish was returned, then I treated Steve to a lovely cup of tea, with a few hob nobs thrown in. It really did look good for another fish and with the weather on the up surely its only a matter of time.

As we sat chatting the middle rod let out a couple of beeps, the line was still slack and as I watched the line started to tighten, I lifted the rod and the fish was on. I couldn't believe it another fish so soon, after a few minutes another common lay in the net.





She pulled the needle round to 16lb 8oz and again I was chuffed. Steve obliged with the camera then she was treated and returned.

This time it was the turn of the fluoro pinks which have previously

done really well. The rod was rebaited and sent out to the area.

Steve left as he has other business to attend and I just sat watching the water.

It was now mid

afternoon and whilst sitting relaxing the rat man Chris came walking along, he tends to

the rat boxes plotted in various spots around the complex. As we stood talking the middle rod was away again, the fish did put up a great account of itself and Chris was on hand to do the honours with the net.

It was another common of exactly the same weight as the last one. Again, not a massive fish, but it won't be long before the big girls push the little fellas out of the way, well at least that I was hoping.





The fluoro pink pop ups doing the damage again, these little gems really have made a difference to my fishing this winter.

With the photos complete the fish was returned and the rod boated back out. I must admit I was putting quite a bit of bait in the boat each time it went out but if the fish are feeding, they can have as much as they want. Anglers have this perception that in the winter you only use single hook baits with

very little or no freebies at all!! I'm the opposite if you keep the bait going in the fish will feed, it works for me and I'm sure it would work for any angler.

Later in the afternoon the temperature was a very welcome 10oc which for me was very comfortable, not having to wear a coat you can't move in as you feel like the Michelin man.

The lake went very quiet after my last fish and with the evening

drawing in it was a case of have a nice hot meal then make myself comfortable in the bivvy and see what the night brings.

Wednesday morning and the alarm went off and to be honest I switched it off and went back to sleep, only to wake up an hour later with a banging headache!!

Mark the bailiff had turned up as he works at the complex and was in the lodge making a brew. I got up got dressed and joined him with a nice coffee.

There was a young lad John with his girlfriend fishing Churchwood for a few nights and after chatting to him to see how he was getting on it wasn't good, the poor lad was struggling but he seemed in high spirits and wasn't going to throw the towel in

as he was here for a few nights it was a birthday present from his family.

I said to him if he needed any help with rigs etc to give me a shout and I would be more than happy to help him. A few hours went by and John came down and asked me to show him the rig I was using and how to tie it.

I grabbed my tackle box and sat down with him, the Ronnie rigs I'm using are ready made so all you need to do is tie your chosen hook link and away you go it could be any simpler. I tied him a couple up and told him to go back and put the rigs on then I would go down and show him a couple of areas that have produced for me in the past.

Mark was having a break and I asked

Mark if he wouldn't mind looking after my rods whilst I showed John a couple of areas to fish on Churchwood. I said to Mark if any of my rods go give me a shout as he could see me from where he was, he agreed and off I went to help John.

I showed John the first area and helped him boat the rod out to the area, we then put his other rod out to another area that produces the goods. As I was standing just chatting to him Mark came down and said "Geeze I've got a fish mate" to which I replied "I didn't hear you shouting???"

Mark then said "I was shouting but you obviously didn't hear me" at first, I thought he was winding me

up, that was until I saw my right-hand rod on the floor and when I peered in the net there was a chunk of a mirror laying there.

Its sods law I go to help a fellow angler and this happens!! I was hoping to get a 20lber after the smaller fish I've had, what a kick in the proverbials this is.

Mark said he was shouting I think he was miming to be honest as he really wanted to catch a fish on my rod!!

Well there's no point crying over spilt milk as they say, we lifted the



fish into the mat and I knew straight away what fish it was “Zara’s Fish” a fish that I had caught on a previous session, she’s a real old character and some 40 odd years old. On the scales she went 22lb and Mark was chuffed to bits, I took some cracking photos then she was treated and returned.

The rod was rebaited and sent back out and I told John if he needed anything to pop down to me as I am not leaving Mark with my rods again. I text Steve and told him the news and he couldn’t stop laughing, Mark got back to work and I made myself busy tying up a few rigs.

Nick turned up after work around 17:00 and had a cup of tea and he said he was coming down to do the weekend and couldn’t wait. John who was

fishing Churchwood still hadn’t banked anything and the one fish Nick dearly wants is the long common and it was due out anytime. In my past 2 February sessions, I have caught this particular fish and what a fish it is.

As we were having another brew my right-hand rod signalled a take, I was straight on the rod and the fish felt like a goodun, the fish went straight out in open water which was bliss for me as it was now pitch black.

After a few minutes Nick done the honours with the net and when I peered in it was another common but this time a lot bigger than the previous 3, I had banked.

I lifted the fish up on the scales and Nick called out a weight of 22lb exactly, I was so happy after the 3 smaller fish I was hoping to catch a bigger fish and that’s exactly what I have done. Nick took some cracking night shots then the fish was returned and the rod



put back out.

It felt really cold and when I checked the weather it was currently 2oc but is going to feel like zero!! This weather is absolutely bonkers.

When Nick left, I made myself some dinner then got straight into the bivvy. I had a relaxing night and when I woke the next morning and poked my head out the bivvy I was met with a blanket of frost everywhere, and thick fog. I must admit there's something about fishing in thick fog that I love.

It turned out to be a lovely spring day and looked better than ever for another bite, the birds were cheeping the whole lake looked alive with life and it was mid-February! I had a take on the middle rod late afternoon which

turned out to be a pike which bit me off!! It did get the heart racing though.

As the sun went down on another day in paradise the temperature dropped dramatically and another cold night was ahead. I was looking forward to my last night and as much as I love my fishing, I was looking forward to going home and getting some sort of normality back into my life.

After a very cold night I woke up to another hard frost and lifeless rods. Mark appeared just after 08:00 o'clock so we had a cuppa and a natter, John popped down to the lodge and was still in high spirits even though he was still to bank one of the Churchwood residents.

Just as Mark was about to leave and start work my right-hand rod was away, the fish was a right scrapper and a few minutes later was laying in the bottom of the net. This fish was



stunning not massive by any standards but stunning.

Mark took a couple of photos then the fish was returned, and that was the last fish of my session. Have I enjoyed my time here on Jenkins? hell yeah and this being my fifth session of the winter and another productive one you can't ask for any more than that.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank Steve and Helen for allowing me to fish and the hospitality they showed, so thank you both.

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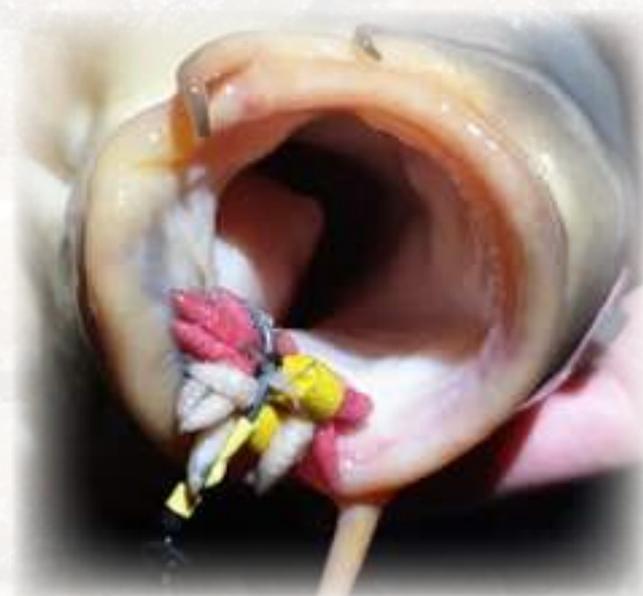
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*Bossing It At
Bossard
by Alex Miljus*



I was chuffed as to be asked to write this. I started fishing 3 years ago thanks to the fishing app Finygo, and I've been carp fishing since last June. Because of the experienced anglers who help me, and there's more than the ones I've named, I had an amazing trip to Bossard. My tip... ask the questions you need to become a better angler, and don't allow online negativity to distract your love of fishing.

It's Saturday, early April and I'm sat on a bait box watching the Lodge Swim at a very calm Bossard. For the first time in weeks my nerves have stopped. I pick up my rod and I'm wearing a huge smile.

"How the hell can I fish Bossard?" I'd said several weeks back to friend and mentor, Matthew "Harry" Cudworth. "I don't have the experience, never fished tight to snags, or used a bait boat, I know two rigs (kind of)...I'm chuffing nuts!!" After my backside kicking for not believing in myself, and Harry reminding me of the 31lber I caught in February at Linear, we built my prep plan.

RIGS - #keepitsimple. I started fishing on the fly, then course and match, all simple rigs. Carp rigs....

there's less choice at a Krispy Kreme. I discussed rig videos with Harry as he checked my rig tying. I booked pro coaching – Ian Gemson for an excellent foundation in rigs, setup and water craft; and the legend Les Bowers to understand rig dynamics and how to tie his versions of the Multi, Stiff Hinge and



BAIT - Crowthorne Angling's, Ali Buckman's boilie rolling...wow! Put boilies in a round bowl, add a little thick liquid D Rig. (like Sticky Baits Cloudy Krill) and roll for 2 mins until coated, dust in groundbait or

powder, dry on a rack and repeat. After the boilies are eaten, there'll still be food on my spot to keep interest. Chatting with him, Callum McDougall-Bell and Dave Eamer I settled on Sticky Baits Manilla and Krill and chatted terminal tackle. But



I use DNA Baits Hydra Wheat for all my boilie rolling which the lovely gent, James Strain introduced me to, along with his special DNA Baits S7 mix.

SETUP – I love #meharrys, FreeSpirit EClass 3.25tc rods chosen after trying them at South Coast Rods with Graham Mabey

and at Brentwood with awesome legend, Mark Hutchinson. They're paired with Graham and Scott Eyre's recommended 14000 XTD reels, so I went back to Angling Direct Guildford to get his help on mainline, choosing ESP Synchro XT 18lb... and hooks!

Back at Bossard, I've got my rods tackled up and I'm watching the water to decide on spots and tactics. Steve Bond comes over and we chat about the swim and carp. How they're feeding, spots to target, under water snags. How do I fish tight to in water tree snags 100yds away? Use an 8oz lead on a cut back lead clip to drop the lead. Boat it out to your spot and tighten up taking stretch out the line without moving the lead, set a pretty tight clutch (big fish!) and make sure your rod pod/rods are secure. Then he sat with me to show me his rigs explaining how they work.

Over dinner I meet Matt Reynolds and his lovely young son Evan who were in the next swim. In turn for teaching me how to boat out my baits, I made Matt brews and made him laugh (a lot!) with my bad boat driving and eyesight. Rods out - 1. Manila mix and a Manila 15mm coated boilie snowman in mid water

on a multi rig. 2. Particle with slow sinking Korda maize on a blow back rig, far bank snags. 3. Tight in the corner snags James's S7 mixture with a 15mm S7 coated boilie and a piece of fake corn in a multi rig.

Sunday at 2am rod no. 2 went off and I landed a lovely 26lb Common, then a 25lber around 4am that knitted a scarf with rod 3's line. At just after 6:30am as Sandy's cooking anglers breakfast rod 3 went off and I landed a stunning 37lb carp my new PB! It went quiet. Matt and Evan kept me company talking rigs and bait. I lost one on S7 on a basic complicated rig when the hooklink snapped. Monday was quiet, Matt was pointing out bubbles of a carp feeding heading straight



for rod 2 on the maize then it went off! Matt netted the 42lb Mirror and patiently showed me how to hold it for the pictures, and I didn't struggle.

Wednesday morning as I packed up one of the anglers who'd been blanking came over to take my swim. "Where have you been fishing, what with, how?" "The cheek, why should I help given his attitude earlier in the week. As I write this, I can hear Matt saying, "Don't be that kind of angler". No worries Treacle, I told him everything. I'm not that kind of angler.

A day, a week and a personal best I will never forget.

Alex.



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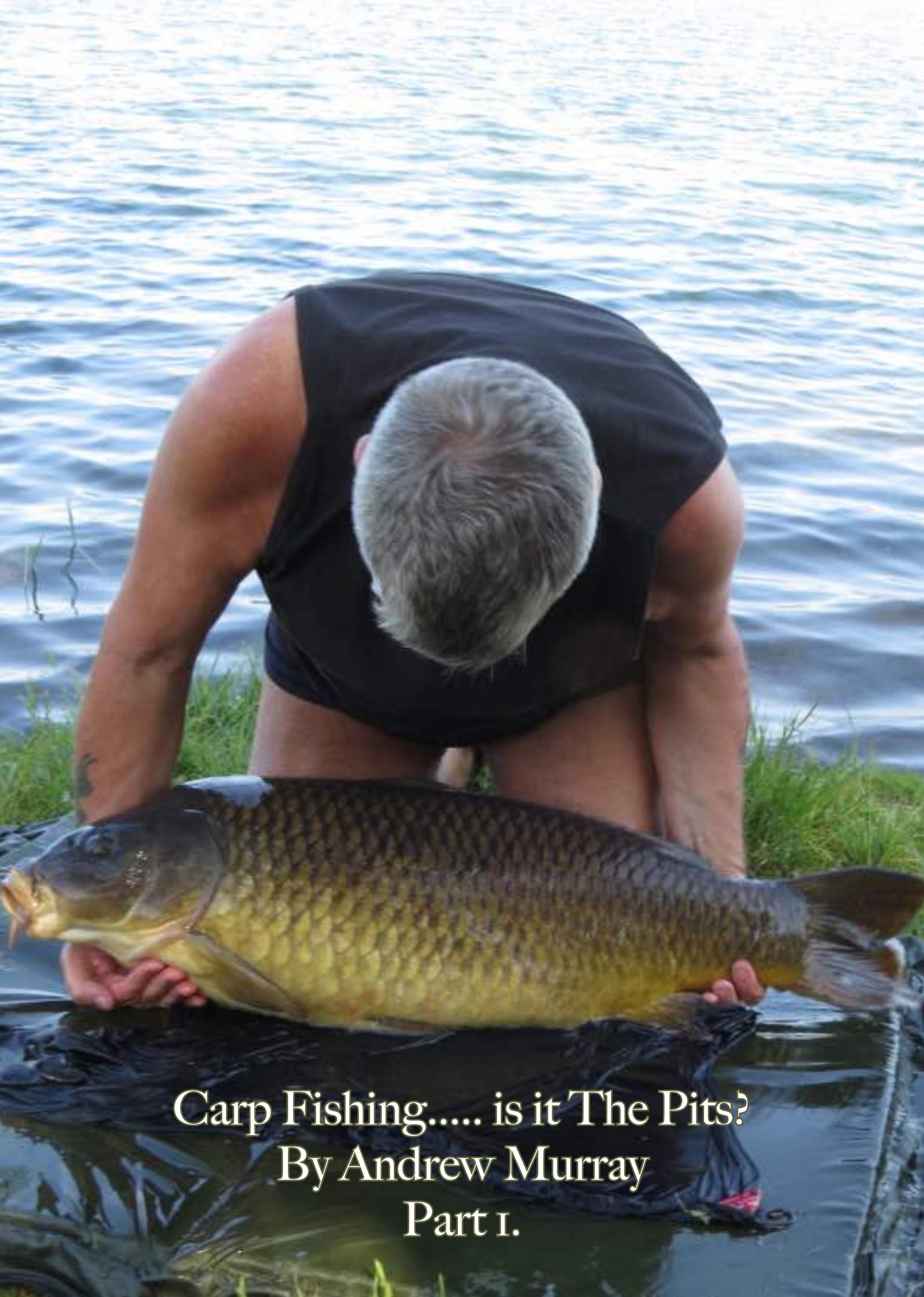


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Carp Fishing..... is it The Pits?
By Andrew Murray
Part I.

This month I thought I would talk a bit more about my current fishing on the A1 Pits at Newark. It's likely to run into a couple of pieces as I first cover the early parts and then the lessons learned as part of the ongoing process of continuing to fish there. So bear with me.

About the Pits. There are 6 pits in total, ranging from very small to very large, you can't help noticing them at the side of the A1 at Newark. They have been there a long time and have a bit of a chequered history being run by different clubs and management over time. This is the start of my fourth year on here, so thought I would talk a bit about my fishing to date and lessons learned. I'm sure I will digress as I do once I start rattling on.

I first fished on here in the 90's. Wayne and I used to have the odd trip down but didn't really know much about it. It was definitely easier to get a bite back then, or it seems that way. In 1999, the first year of the BCAC, one of the qualifiers was fished here, Keith and I chose

to fish here and came second, then went on to win that final that year at Horseshoe to become the first British Carp Champions. I re-kindled my affair with the Pits 3 years ago, having drove past it for many years and thinking to myself that I should take a drive round sometime, early 2016 was when I did just that. A lot had changed, not just the bankside vegetation. They had drained pit 6 to remove the vast shoals of Bream that were there. They had a flood and also a fish Kill, so stockings are not known exactly, but felt to be a lot less than previous estimates, it certainly did seem to be more of a runs water in the past I think, sometimes you never see a fish on this big pit at all! I spoke with Steve the Bailiff, he reckons the stock is approx. 600-800 carp both in Pits 5 and 6.

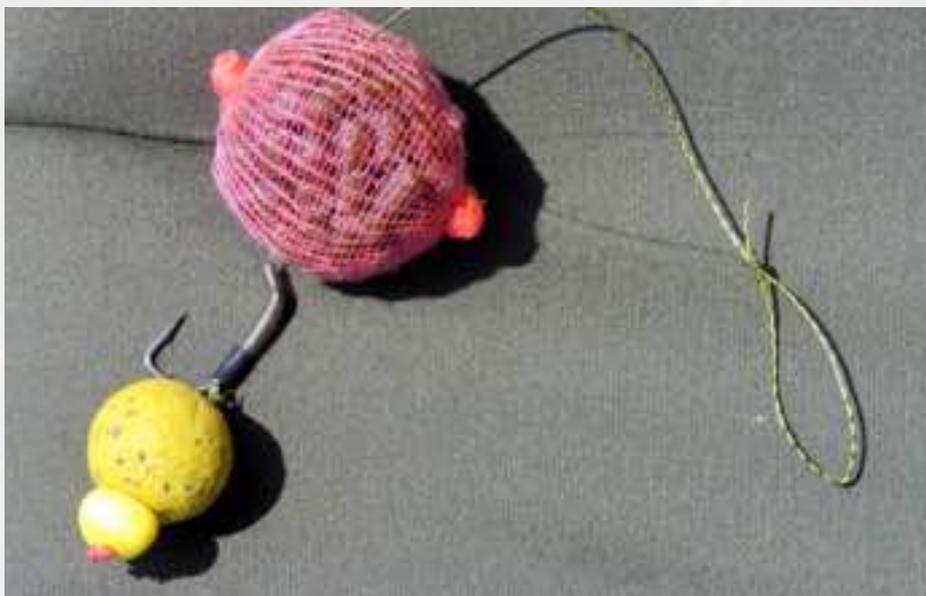


With a number of 30's in each and the odd 40 in each, I'm not sure everyone agrees with this, but he is the one that's there all the time. He also reckoned when it flooded, the carp did not get into the river, but spread out amongst the other pits.

It is said they are not the easiest of waters, maybe the smaller lakes on here are a bit easier as location is not an issue, whereas on this big Pit, it's certainly the main issue in my opinion. The complex has some plusses and some negatives. So let's go through the main ones for each. Obviously being at the side of the A1 there is the constant road noise, which surprisingly one gets used to. It is weird at night, watching the constant procession of juggernauts with their multi coloured lights travelling up and down, it's almost hypnotising. On

the opposite side of the lake there is the Railway line which is only 10 yards or so away. This takes a bit more getting used to as the trains do go through at speed! The bankside is not developed, so some swims are a bit precarious and the facilities are very basic. Those are the minuses. The good sides- I can park in most swims and fish from my Vdub, I have plenty of bank space on pit 6 and the carp are very catchable when you get on them, and I repeat when. It's also relatively inexpensive to fish there for a day ticket water. So, despite the noise and activity around the complex, I find it enjoyable fishing there, it's also certainly a challenge, which is what appeals to me. I look forward to each trip, which is how it should be with everyone's fishing.

As with starting on any water, the only way to start to learn about a lake is to fish and watch. That's the same with any lake really, I would always rather than do that than ask for opinions, as then one can become blinkered. I see on the lakes website, anglers asking for every tip



going before their first trip, what bait, what rig, any features, the list is endless Then come several different opinions, at least if you only have your own, you have something to work on. I have never been massively riggy, in the past and since getting back into full carp fishing mode several years ago have not changed my thoughts massively. Over the last 3 years on here, there have been two rigs that I used for the majority of my fishing, that doesn't mean I'm right and everyone else is wrong, it's just what I have confidence in. The Stiff Hinged Rig being my choice for pop-ups, occasionally have a dabble with the spinner rig but not often. The other being a short hooklink bottom bait rig fished with a dissolving hookbait, tipped with Plastic Corn, this is accompanied with a small PVA bag. When I First posted on a couple of sites that I was using a dissolving boilie, people thought I was taking the mickey. My chosen bait for

the first two years was Mainlines Essential Cell, The Dissolvas been part of the range. Although the hookbait dissolves it takes many hours in the waters. It might not last so well when being pestered by numerous smaller species, but on here it proved fine. Even after several hours in the water, there is still a small amount left as a hookbait, as you can see from the picture. I also tended to fish for one bite at a time, rather than heaving bait in at the start. I always try to make sure I leave a good scattering of bait in as I leave though, I will come back to that later. Over the first couple of years I did learn when it was right to put some bait down right at the start. That was down to where the carp were i.e. were they passing through or were they



holding in an area. Also, in the first couple of years I had a serious shoulder injury, which did limit my casting, I always worried I might find myself caught short if you get my drift. I needn't have worried. When in the right areas they were well within reach, or so I thought, again I'll come back to that.

I am still a bit old fashioned with my fishing, preferring to use a marker float to set up a baited area rather than relying on the distance sticks and talking about how many wraps I am fishing at, which I still can't get my head round as anglers call a length a wrap! (Surely a wrap goes all the way round?). So, I call one wrap 8 yards! My biggest concern about fishing has always been location, that is, not just the part of the lake or the right swim, but the right line or the right spot in that swim, where I think the carp are going to come through at some point. Having decided the swim I am going to fish, the next job is to decide the line I am going to fish, I use the marker float to set the spot I am going to fish to. What I want to

do is to set up a baited area that I can picture in my mind that will stop the carp and hopefully encourage them to stay around and feed i.e. getting them to mill about and have a dig around which in turn will result in more chance of more than one take. When I cast the Spomb to the marker I am looking to keep it moving around the marker to spread the bait out and will spend some time and effort trying to place the Spomb accurately in order to achieve this.

This lake is pretty sizeable (50 acres). Most of the carp I have caught over bait have between 50-90 yards, occasionally further and probably further again in the future as my casting is improving now that my shoulder is better. I am at the lake as i'm typing this, my chosen



spot is 125 yards, but I still take a lot of time making that first decision. Even then the carp may turn up and show me something different. I put the marker float on the spot I want to fish. What I am looking to do is create a baiting pattern around the float that I can fish to, this is where I differ a lot from how I see other anglers approach this, everything to a wrap and then cast out. If I think I have got the line right I will fish two rods to the baited area, which is an area the size of a table top or so. Then I will fish one rod tight to the float and one rod off to the side on the edge or the back of the baited area, which side will depend on the prevalent wind direction or which side I think the carp are coming in from. I usually find the better sized fish will come from the edge of the area as well. You need to pay

attention to this as it is as true now as it was twenty-thirty years ago. If I am not 100% sure on the exact line I will put one rod in front of the Marker and one to the back with several yards between them and I will bait up in a diagonal line across the marker. Then focus on one area if I start to get bites, changing back to the previous point then. Either way, once I have the area set I can clip the spomb to re-bait as I need to. Don't get me wrong use the wrap sticks as well, but I do prefer the visual approach of fishing to a marker. Although I have a good fishing memory, I will make a note of areas and tactics that worked in one swim and also the time of year, which is a lot more important than a lot of anglers think, how they behave in April is not how they will behave in September. I feel that

early season that carp will inhabit shallow areas for two reasons, firstly the initial warmth, and also food. As the season wears on the carp move back into deeper water as the food larders mature and also angling pressure moves them out as well. I think this is what happens on here.





One of the biggest mistakes I see most anglers making is putting too much bait in right at the start. It's like they are expecting a big hit right from the word go. Just because you have a bucket full of bait doesn't mean it all needs to go in at the start, once you put it in, you can't take it out. What happens if you have chosen the wrong spot and you have to move? Or if the carp don't come through in numbers, then the more bait you have in might cut down your chances of a bite. I work to put enough in to get a bite at a time and I may end up having a big hit over a session, if I don't get that big hit, I still get a bite or two. I know I have said this before many times but it's worth repeating, as rule of thumb I would

look for 6-8 Spombs of bait over the area I have chosen and then top-up as I get any action, that needs qualifying a bit, depending on the conditions that may mean casting out a number of times to get

the amount of bait I want down in the right spot, obviously it helps if you can be more accurate and don't spread too much bait about. If you look at the picture you can see a handful of bait laying in the Spomb, 8-10 of these is not a lot, but it should be enough to get a bite if done accurately enough. If I am fishing over silk weed some will get lost in the weed, or a deeper area with some tow on, so I might put in a bit more. If I was fishing on a clean bottom, or a shallower area I would probably use less. Some anglers will put in much more than that, in effect cutting down their chances of getting a bite at all. I want enough down to get the carp browsing around and come across the hookbait

sooner than later. With practice it is possible to re-bait at night if needed, with the spomb clipped and a mark on the horizon.

Back to the fishing, in the first couple of years I caught well, having the occasional big hit, the best being 21 runs in two days, but the bigger carp did elude me. I have had this before on occasions, catching is not an issue but not often the bigger carp in the lake, that is something I need to work on in the future. Last year, I didn't fish regularly or well, as I was away a lot, so didn't settle into any regular pattern, I did catch a few nice carp though, mostly by knowing the spots. When I could get into the areas I wanted to fish. This year I intend to put a bit more time and effort in along with a few tactics I need to work harder on. There are some very good anglers on here and they have been fishing here a long time and know the lakes well. So I am not just competing against the carp and the conditions but also against other



anglers, which is the same with most lakes these days. There are also some who spend a lot of time here by that I mean long sessions, you can see the caravans from the roadside many times! Their baiting approach is hugely different to mine as they have time on their hands. At first I didn't speak to many anglers as I am a bit of a loner with my fishing. I'm not complaining, I am happy with my own company, I do enjoy the solitude of my sessions. I also don't think it's fair to approach others and start asking questions straight away. Over time I have come to know a few of the anglers and will now have a brief chat and share a bit of info. The bailiffs are

always helpful and will pass on info if they have it. There are also some groups of anglers who keep things to themselves and will not share anything, let alone the time of day, that is their privilege, personally I always try to help anyone who needs it, each to their own I guess. Quite a few anglers have messaged privately and I'm always happy to help.

After the second year, I had decided that if I couldn't get on a swim I fancied on pit 6, I would go onto pit 5 and learn a bit about that lake as well. This did catch me a few bonus carp last year and gives me another option in the future. Most of my trips are from Sunday through to Tuesday every two weeks. This is and always has been a good time to fish, as I feel the carp will move round a bit as the lake quietens after the weekend. I always try to look at what I am doing and evaluate it honestly. After all you can only blame conditions so many times! I do try to learn from my mistakes. Another thing I started to realise was that if I had got the location and tactics right, I caught within the first 24 hours. In fact, if I spent two days in the same spot after that first fruitless 24 hours, this clearly cost me carp on the

bank. What I now do if I haven't had any action within the first 24 hours or so, then I will move. Unless as happened yesterday, I could see the carp coming on due to the conditions, and I am able to switch tactics, and stay and catch. I'll write more about that in the next piece. Given that I fish out of my van, so don't have a bivvy to dismantle etc., moving is actually pretty easy, so why didn't I do it more? It's just laziness. So now I make an effort to keep things tidier now so upping sticks is a ten-minute job. So now I am not always fishing 1 48-hour session, I'm occasionally fishing 2 24 hour sessions, this also ties up with the baiting approach as well. It does mean though I get two bites of the cherry. As opposed to saying to myself I'll do better next time, I'm doing better this time. Well, that's brought us up to now. I have run out of space and still a lot to go through about other things I have had to re-learn since I started on here, and other things I am learning for the first time.

Catch you next time.

Andy





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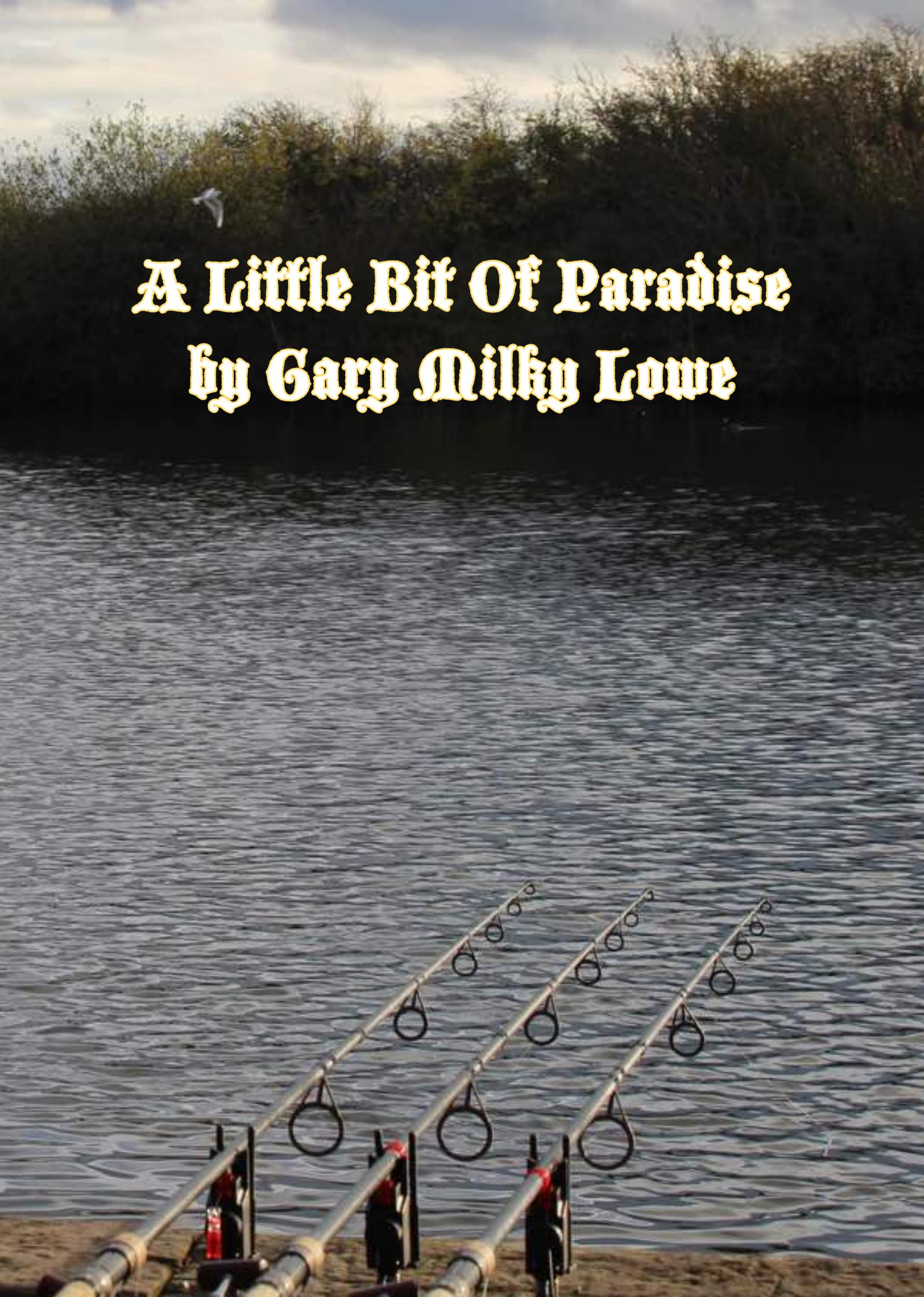
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A Little Bit Of Paradise
by Gary Milky Lowe

I was all geared up to do another session on the park lake as it was being so kind to me, all the bait was ready, all new rigs tied for the lake... all I had to do the following morning was load the car. I had a phone call saying that one of my syndicates had done a fish, the first one of the year, so I decided to go there and get away from the hustle and bustle of the park lake even though it had fished well and still was with fish coming out over 30 lb, but my heart is always going to be on my syndicates. Well that phone call has thrown a spanner in the works fishing on the syndicate is totally different to the park lake, so all the bait went back in the freezer and a different mixture of bait was prepared ready for the morning. That evening I sat there tying up different rigs

as on the syndicate it was a different ball game when it comes to presentation the lake bottom is covered in silt, and I mean in some places it's up to 4ft deep so I wanted to make sure that my rigs stayed on top and fishing all the time. I had used solid bags to good effect before, but I had real confidence in the Ronnie, so I was going to start with that.

I was up nice and early for the drive to the lake, loaded the car and made a brew to take with me and I was off down the motorway. After what felt like an eternity, I finally drove down the dirt track that lead to the gate. Once I was at the gate my heart was racing in anticipation of how the session would go, as I opened the gate and drove down to the car park, I could see no one was there which was a result. I am sure

there will be a few tonight after work, so I locked the car and took for a walk round the lake. The lake is just an open expanse of water, there is normally reeds all the way round the edge of the lake and big trees around the bank for cover so you can imagine that the fish do love to patrol the margins when the reeds are up so as I was walking round looking in all the swims I also kept an eye out in the edge for fish. I climbed a few of the higher trees and could see that there was a good few fish in one corner of the lake, which was at the far end of the lake, the lake isn't that big only about 9 acres, so it doesn't take too long to walk round.

Well seeing them fish made my mind up. I was going to start in that corner and if nothing happens or the

fish do the off, I'll have to move. The barrow was loaded with all the gear and off I went to my swim, there was no rush as there was still no one around, arriving at my swim, which was named "The Blankers!" which I wasn't too pleased about... why couldn't the fish be some were else? I decided to set my gear up as far back from the edge of the swim as possible so if the fish did come right in close, I wouldn't spook them off. Once the house was up, rods were all ready to go. I sat back and made a brew and then I would decide where my baits were going to go as there is no features out in the lake, it's just flat with silt and the odd dead weed bed close in. All three rods were going on Ronnie rigs with a Sweet Stim pop up as hookbait then I will use the Spider Spod to get my free baits

out. The bait I was putting out was going to be a mixture of the Bio Marine, Cream Seed, and the Sweet Stim bottom baits that is just to keep them interested in the area. Tea had been drunk and it was now time to put the rods out, but I decided first to take a climb up the tree to see if I could see where they were patrolling in the area.

Once I was up the tree and looking properly, I could see that to my right there was a small dead weed bed coming off where the reeds

would be for about 15 yards out and there was a few fish milling around that. Straight out at about 50 yards it looks like there was some fish feeding as the water was all coloured and there was some fish swimming around the cloud so that was two rods sorted the left had rod i was going to put down the left margin as there was an overhanging willow about 20 yards down the bank i took a mental note of were the fish were and climbed back down so i could put the rods out, the left had rod went



out spot on first cast just under the tip of the willow the middle rod took two cast and the right had rod again spot on tight up against the weed bank, I wasn't going to put any spod mix out just chopped boilie.

Well once everything was sorted I sat back down at the back of my swim tucked away in the trees and made myself some breakfast as I was starving I put some mushrooms in the RidgeMonkey and then some bacon in the other ridgemonkey and made myself a nice

sandwich then washed it down with a nice hot brew all while watching the water. It must have been about 10 o'clock in the morning before I saw a fish crash out and it was nearly bang on my middle rod out were I had seen the cloudy area so I was well happy that I hadn't spooked them off with the two casts, just as the ripples had stopped one of the members came walking through the trees into my swim. He was here for a couple of days too, so we had a quick chat and a cup of tea and I told him what

I had seen, and he then took off to have a look round and find a swim. I settled down in the chair to watch the water. Well it looks like the other member had settled in a swim at the other end of the lake so he must have seen something down there. While I was watching the water, I decided to make up some new rigs ready for a re cast later.

During the day a few more people turned up so hopefully it might move the fish around more if they are up the other end. I had only seen that one fish during the day crash out, I was hoping that they were still in the area, so I decided to climb the trees behind me to have a look. Once I was up there the cloudy area from this morning had gone and the water was gin clear, so it looked like



they had done the off from that area. Now I was thinking do I keep it there ready for the morning? I decided that I would stay with that spot for the night. The left-hand rod was going to stay in the same area as well but when I looked to the right, I saw a few fish milling around and feeding on top of some dead low-lying weed. Now what do I do with the right hand rod? Do I move it on to the dead weed or leave it just off it? The fish don't seem to be moving off the weed, but I know that the fish will be more combatable away from the weed during the night but I might take the chance and put one on the dead weed so at least if they move back on it in the morning I will have a bait there. I still have two other rods that will be ok for the night. I know that the willow tree does bites during

night and so does open water, so I was happy with them two for tonight.

The sun was setting and I was sitting outside my shelter cooking tea when I had a couple of bleeps on the rod that was on the weed then a fish launched its self right out the water on my spot. Now have I been done? Has it just touched the line? I didn't want to risk it so I turned my tea off and re done the rod then sat back down to have my tea. I just hoped I hadn't spooked the

fish off. As it got dark I sat there watching the water with a cup of tea hoping to see some signs of fish but I didn't see or hear anything well into darkness so I decided to get my head down as I wanted to be up at the crack of dawn but I hoped to be up before then. Let's just say I had a good night's sleep... not even a bleep, so I was awake just as it was getting light and was sitting on my chair with a nice steaming hot brew looking for signs. I did see a few but it was on the other side of the lake near a few



others and nothing near me so had I made a mess of things by staying here? I don't know... the fish were here yesterday so they might turn back up today. I'll give it till about 3 and if they don't come back then I'll move before the overnight gang turn up later. I sat there for a few hours and I saw nothing on my side but the sun had come over the trees now and was hitting my side of the lake so this should warm up the water over my spots and bring the carp with it.

After I had some brekkie, I decided to climb the tree behind the swim to see if I could see any fish. Once I was up there I could see a group of about 10 fish all around the area off the rod that was cast on to the weed. I stayed up the tree for about an hour and I could see two fish that were happy to swim over or near my bait so all I needed was for one of them to drop down and I would be in. I climbed back down and sat there just watching the water and tying up a few new rigs. I redone

the rod that was near the willow with a fresh rig but left the other two. I would do them later if I stayed here. I was glad I did when about an hour later the rod that was on top of the low-lying dead weed melted off. I dropped the cuppa I was drinking at the time and ran to the rod. As I picked up the rod it tore off out into the lake. I dropped the middle rod to get the line out of the way and tried to get some control of this power house of a fish, after a while I managed to get some line back on my reel from the fish but it started to kite towards the willow so I put some strain on it and turned it away from there but there was a lot of weed on my line now that it had picked up on the way in so I had to be careful. A few minutes later I had the fish in the margins, and it was using the deep



margins to full effect but after a few gulps of air she slipped in the net under a big golden common. She was mine!! I was well chuffed as it was only the second one out this year and it looked like a good one as well. I made sure the fish was safe in the net in the edge and got all my stuff ready for the photos. On the scales she went 40lb 4oz!! A load of photos done, and I slipped her back into her home. I redid that rod with

a new rig and cast it back on top of the dead weed ready for another if they were still there, the rig was cast close to the tree and I used the rings that it made to get the bait spot on then sat down to just chill out and hope that what I had done would get me another bite. Another one of the A team would be nice. That evening a few of the members walked round for a chat and to see what was happening as they were down

the weekend. I told them what I had seen and what the fish were doing, and they went off to look round. One of the lads that fishes here was coming down for the night and was going to bring a Chinese in so I didn't have to cook which was a result as I couldn't be bothered. After we had scanned our tea he decided to set up in the next swim which was about 200 yards down from me which I thought was ok as I needed a camera

man!! I did the same as the night before and got my head down early so I was up first thing. I didn't get that good night's sleep like the night before because at about midnight

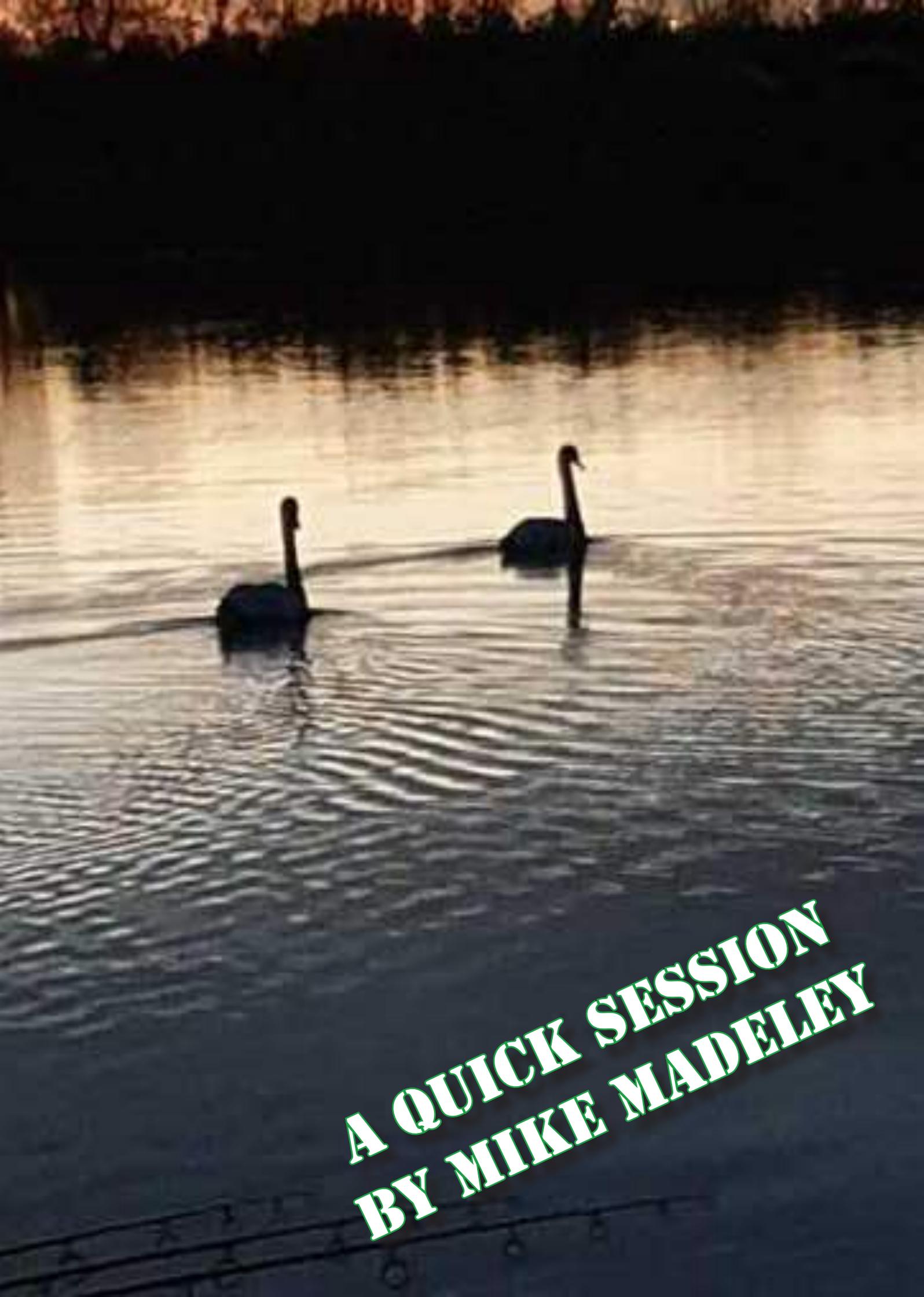


the rod tore off and I was soon on it. Now this fish was taking line like the other but straight down the margins. It was that dark that I couldn't see where it was going. All I knew was that there was a big willow down there and I had cast close to it so it must be right under it, so I thought I've got to stop this fish before it goes any further. I clamped down on it, and yes you guessed it the bloody hook pulled. I

was gutted. I reeled the rig back then changed the rig and cast it back out there with some bait round it and got back in my bag to sulk. I must have drifted off as when I opened my eyes again it was light and the sun was up! What was the time? it was eight o'clock i had to be away from the lake for 10 so I made a slow pack down. All that was left was the rods which I would do last. I climbed the tree to see what was

out there and I looked all over the swim and there was nothing to see. Not at all like yesterday where there was a big group of fish here. Oh well, at least I had one of the A team. It could have been better but that's fishing. I climbed back down packed the rods away as there was nothing there and made my way home but I couldn't wait to get back down...
Until next time
Milky





**A QUICK SESSION
BY MIKE MADELEY**

I managed to get in a 24hrs sesh in between shifts, mid-week. Although the temps had dropped slightly with storm Hannah apparently in bound, the air pressure was well below 1000mbar if my app was to be correct.

So, arriving mid-morning with a nice chop to the water, the rods were baited differently one on a Snowman, one with a cut down Tiger nut with an Enterprise imitation small buyout tiger added, and the third a single grain of Large Corn, which just hovered over the hook.

The lake showed very little signs, may be this was down to an immense Easter Bank Holiday baiting festival lol, who knows!!!, it's on dusk there were a few signs of activity including 2 crazy swans who felt the need to crash the lines, wrap them in their feet and basically dragged them at will.

So, having re done the rods and the swans mooching about on the other side, they decided to come back and again crash the lines, no doubt pulling the bait of the area.

So, with gritted teeth the rods were re done



and put back out, probably rendering every chance of a bite a no hope.

Come first light the left hand rod bent lovely into a carp, thank god.

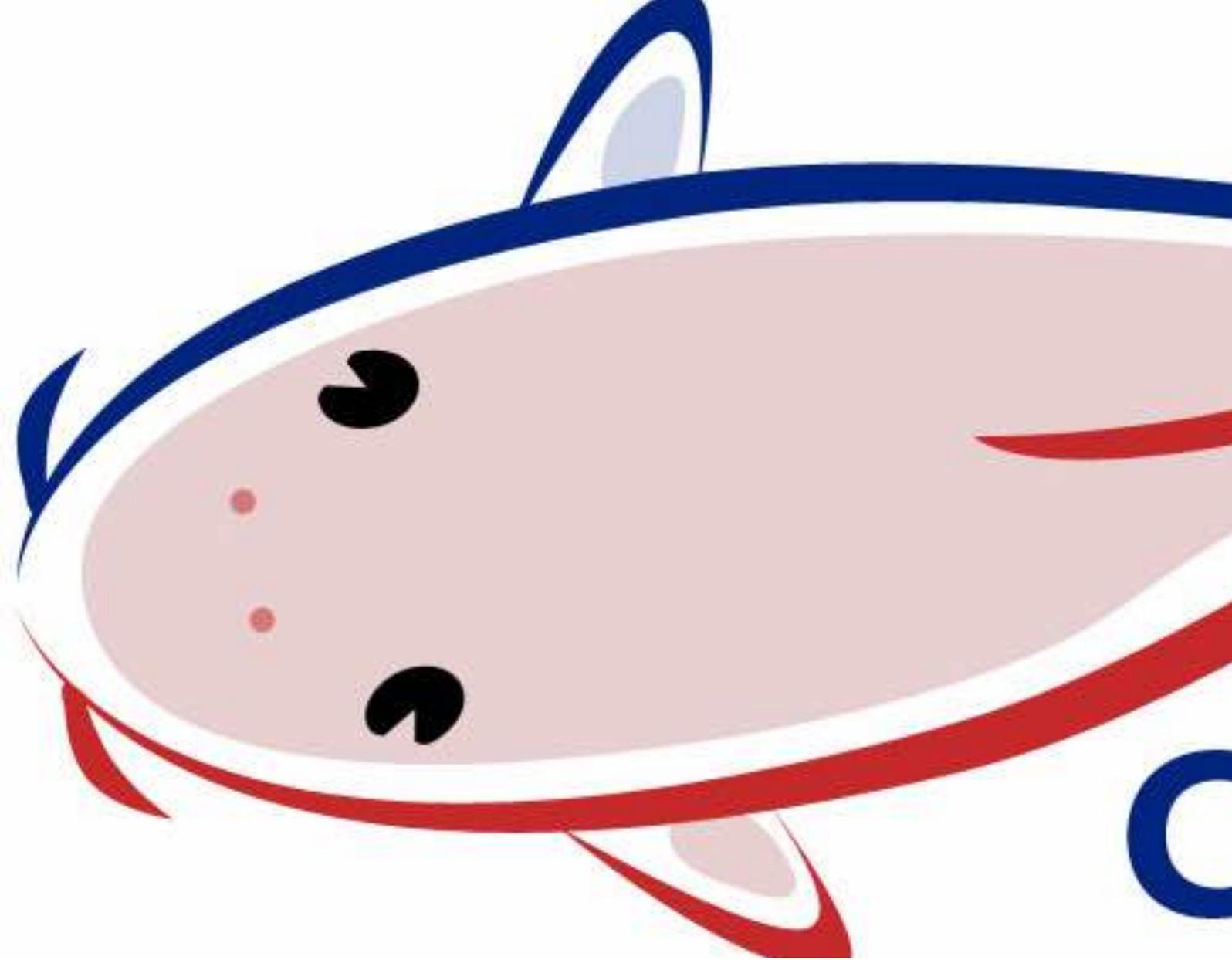
I would also like to add this. Apparently its carpy these day to show the dorsal fin in a raised position, some go to the extremes of purposely raising the dorsal with one hand whilst resting the carp on the knee. I do not see the point of this as I personally think its bad practise and not safe if the carp decides to flip. (Let it be natural as in attached pic).

(*Editors note...Talking Carp magazine also agrees with this wholeheartedly!)



A person is sitting on a grassy bank by a calm lake, fishing. The scene is peaceful, with trees and a clear sky reflected in the water. A quote is overlaid on the image.

**"Doing what you like is freedom,
liking what you do is happiness"**



**LADIES BRITISH
CARP CUP**

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BRITISH CARP CUPS



MIXED CARP CUP

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Pairs Qualifier Four



Albans Lakes, Farm Lake

As there are cat fish in this lake and a few had been coming out recently we decided to have a little side competition for the biggest cat fish to add a little bit of fun. The first day produced 10 fish between four pegs. By midnight, we had a top three of Lee Simms and Sean Dulson. Just 6lb behind were Mark Sawyer and Simon Wheeler and in third was Tony Reynolds who was fishing on his own for this event as usual partner Ashley Izzard had double booked.

Saturday morning saw the top two stay in the same positions whilst adding five more fish between them. Jack Lamb and Brian Byford in peg 4 put 45lb on the scales to move them into third place. Tudor Popovici and Alexandru Zlampa came onto the scoreboard with a fish. The second half of Saturday was the busiest period of the whole event with 15 fish coming out in total. Following this feeding frenzy all six pairs were now on the scoreboard, but the biggest movers were Tudor and Alex in peg 6 as they now had 6 fish and were on over 100lb taking them comfortably into 2nd place. The fight for third place was now hotting up as Jack and Brian were only 1 small fish adrift.

Sunday morning saw only 1 pair catch before the final hooter. Tudor and Alex added another 2 fish to give them a total of 140lb+ and cement their runners up spot. Lee and Sean won with over 250lb while Mark Sawyer and Simon Wheeler hung on to take third place. Jack and Brian missed out on qualification by a mere 8lb, but they did win the other competition with a brace of cat fish for an approximate 66lb.

We had a total of over 656lb caught during the event, which gave us an average of 15lb+ for the 43 fish caught. It's the first time we have used this lake in our events but we had an enjoyable weekend and we will definitely be back next year.

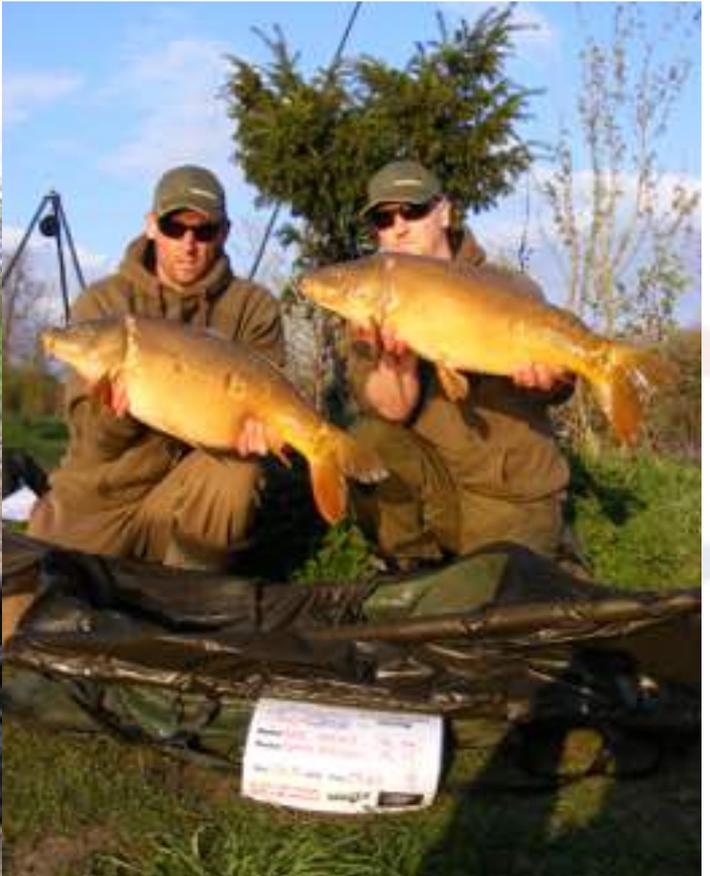
Score Board
Sponsored by **REUBEN HEATON** Total weighing solutions
Est 1857

BRITISH CARP CUPS **British Carp Cup Pairs** **Q4**

Position	Competitors	Albans Farm Lake	Peg No	Number of Fish	Total Weight
1	Lee Simms / Sean Dulson		2	18	254lb 6oz
2	Tudor Popovici / Alexandru Zlampa		6	6	140lb 13oz
3	Mark Sawyer / Simon Wheeler		1	6	94lb 7oz
4	Jack Lamb / Brian Byford		4	6	85lb 13oz
5	Paul Warrilow / Michael Warrilow		5	2	41lb 9oz
6	Tony Reynolds / Ashley Izzard		3	3	39lb 10oz
7					
8					
9					
10					
11					
12					

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Pairs Qualifier Five



Berners Hall The Res

Following the midday start on Friday the lead changed three times in the first 12 hours. Last out in the draw were Billy Flowers and Jamie Londors, but they were the first to catch with a 19 and half pounder less than an hour and a half into the match. Steve Blow and Jack Funnell had a brace for 38lb+ to take the lead. By nightfall Will OFlynn and partner Mark Johnson had commons of 34lb 5oz and 28lb 14oz to take them straight to the top.

The following morning Steve and Jack added three more to regain the lead. Father and son, Chesley and Luke Boughen also registered a nice brace to get them off the mark. Fish were starting to move on this new wind. Next to catch were Billy and Jamie with a 20lber, then Steve and Jack had a 16lb+ to put them on over 100lb. Ches and Luke had a second brace of 40lb+ which took them into 2nd place.

Saturday afternoon saw Will and Mark catch their third fish. They were now on over 85lb. Almost exactly the same time, Billy and Jamie had another fish but they were still 22lb behind third place. In an amazing 12 hours Steve and Jack in peg 3 put 14 fish on the scales with 2 of them going over 30lb. At this point they were just a pound shy of the 400. Peg 6 had their first fish, a nice 20lb+ mirror to get them up and running.

Sunday only produced fish in pegs 3 and 4. Steve and Jack had 2 fish, 1 being the best of the weekend, a common of 37lb 8oz. The father and son team in peg 4 added another 87lb to their tally, which took them over the 200lb mark. The top 2 pairs had approx 660lb between them and there were 5 fish over 30lb caught in the event. As this was the fifth qualifier of the pairs event, we now have half of the competitors for our August bank holiday Barston final.

First and second out of the draw bag finished in fifth and sixth positions were as the top three pairs drew 4th, 5th and 3rd respectively, which just goes to show that the draw is not always a defining factor.

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BRITISH CARP CUPS British Carp Cup Pairs **Q5**

Position	Competitors	Berners Hall	Peg No	Number of Fish	Total Weight
1	Steve Blow / Jack Funnell		3	22	458lb 8oz
2	Chesley Boughen / Luke Boughen		4	9	201lb 8oz
3	Will O'Flynn / Mark Johnson		7	3	87lb 9oz
4	Billy Flowers / Jamie Londors		5	3	63lb 6oz
5	Darren Pearce / Levi Letchford		6	1	20lb 4oz
6					
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Singles Qualifier Three



Willow Park Big Lake

It was nice to be back at the popular Willow Park fishery again for Qualifier 3 in our new singles competition. It took over 5 hours for the first fish to grace the bank in this match, and it was a common of 23lb 7oz for Mark Strevens in peg 7. By midnight Mark Renwick had gone into an early lead with four fish for 60lb+. Jason Crump was second with his 2 fish for 48lb+ and Mark Strevens was in third with his common. Just behind Mark came Marian Lukac also on 1 fish.

Saturday morning saw only 2 fish out as Mark Strevens had his second at 14lb 5oz and Victor Mihai had a 14lber. It was after lunch when the fish started to get their heads down and the score board took an interesting turn. Mark Strevens had one more and Mark Renwick added a brace to his score. Out of nowhere came Liam Morgan with 8 fish in a 12 hour period challenging Mark from peg 4 for top spot.

Sunday morning saw Mark Strevens catch another 20lber to boost his tally, Jason Crump had a 10lber while Liam Morgan put a 14lb+ common on the scales to take the win. Although Mark Renwick didn't land anymore fish he had already done enough to finish in second spot. Mark Strevens took third and booked his place in the final. Jason Crump missed out by only 10lb, finishing in 4th.

It started slowly but picked up in the second half and turned into a really competitive event which is exactly what you would expect from this well run quality venue.



Special Result Accepted By

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BRITISH CARP CUPS **British Carp Cup Singles** **Q3**

Position	Competitors Willow Park	Peg No	Number of Fish	Total Weight
1	Liam Morgan	11	9	146lb 2oz
2	Mark Renwick	4	6	95lb 5oz
3	Mark Strevens	7	4	70lb 11oz
4	Jason Crump	8	3	59lb 10oz
6	Marian Lukac	9	1	17lb 3oz
6	Victor Mihai	12	1	12lb 4oz
7				
8				
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10				
11				
12				



LADIES BRITISH CARP CUP

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Bookings now open for this years events !!!!

competitors and then 9am Friday 19th to everyone else.

Cost of entry £440.

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Belinda 09791 285864 Office 01159 812791

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

- Q1 Branston Water Park 1st to 3rd March - Complete
- Q2 Orchard, Lake 7. March 15th to 17th - Complete
- Q3 Todber Manor, Big Hayes. March 22nd to 24th - Complete
- Q4 Albans Farm Lake. April 12th to 14th - Complete
- Q5 Berners Hall. April 26th to 28th - Complete
- Q6 Willow Park. May 17th to 19th
- Q7 Poolbridge Q Lake. May 31, 1st & 2nd June
- Q8 Kingsbury Pine Pool. June 14th to 16th
- Q9 Old Mill Oak Lake. July 5th to 7th
- Q10 Thorney Weir. July 26th to 28th
- Final Barston. August 23rd to 25th

Hurry !!! Book now as places are filling fast



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

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

Q2 Branston Water Park 29th to 31st March - Complete

Q3 Willow Park 26th to 28th April - Complete

Q4 Kingsbury Pine Pool 31st May to 2nd June

Q5 Wetlands 21st to 23rd June

Q6 Newbridge Lakes 28th to 30th June

Q7 Poolbridge Q Lake 28th to 30th June

Q8 DDAP's Brooklands 26th to 28th July

Final Albans Willows Lake 4th to 6th October

Brooklands will be 16 places and max of 11 at Wetlands

All the rest have 12 and the top 3 qualify. Top 4 at Brooklands.

The final will be an out of the bag draw and it will be decided on a 3 best fish basis. The entry fee is £250.

Prize money

1st £5000

Runners up £2000

3rd £1000

4th £750

Booking now open

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Solace Has
Got Us
by Daniel
Harrison

So, the dust has finally settled from what was another incredible adventure... Actually, does the dust ever settle? I've a massive Coron come down, if anyone's been there, they can relate.

As always, my box was full of Taska bits which made the many rig tweaks a breeze to do. The tungsten helicopter components came into their own and did not fail.

As always, a mate went about his business of emptying his swim of fish, and I must admit watching him in full flow is something to behold. Why he doesn't try his arm at competition carping is beyond me, but he sure felt his high velocity method by the end of the week. I found myself in a swim named Lotties, a superb close range swim and I'd planned to use the washing

line method as much as possible. Where the swim is one to be quiet in it was an edge to creep round and pull up the rig and do any changes needed without having to cast and potentially ruin any chances. Although I wasn't lucky to land any of the real big girls this time every single fish was in superb condition, looked amazing and it shows owner Nic absolutely prides himself with the handpicked beauties he's stocked. Mid way through the week Nic had offered us an adventure in an adventure and test fish his new venture. Lac Solace. Clearly we jumped at the chance. As much as we consider Nic

a good friend it was still humbling that he was offering such a chance. Only minimal gear was needed as it was a simple overnighter so the bivvies were left behind at Coron. The 20 min drive to Solace was full of excitement, being the 1st to seriously fish the lake, how would the fish react to sudden pressure, what would the lake look like, would we be lucky to land one of the



massive uncaught fish... Nic had shown us photos of the stock and it made us weak at the knees.

1st impressions after driving through the ancient wooden gates and passing the small meadow of wild flowers was breath taking.

Made even better after 5 mins walking the 1st bank an absolute hippo breached sending litres of water flying in its wake.... we couldn't wait to get stuck in!!!!

We chose our spots wisely and dotted around the lake in hope of giving us all the best chance.

The night was warm and balmy with a full moon.

We had laugh over a BBQ and a tea drinking social watching the impressive

show under the full moon of the Solace stock... and it was an impressive one too.

Come the morning my rods had remained motionless but at 8 am Matt had a flyer and after an incredible scrap he landed his new pb, all 50lb + of it... after that it felt the feeding time had finished as the warm sun rose drying off our damp gear. I practically begged Nic to allow us to stay on for a further night. To be honest he

could see it coming as like him Solace had well and truly got under our skin and he was only too happy to let us fish again for his baby's.

We needed to grab some bits from Coron so drove back, stopped in the village for a quick coffee to celebrate Matt's fish. A few hrs later we returned full of confidence, not only to see how Solace fished during the day but knowing come 6am there would be a good



chance of a bite if that was their feeding time. A quick scoot around my swim in the boat I found a kelp like weed bed so decided on a good helping of my own bait "edge" and put a rod at either end of the zone with the 3rd on a gravel area pretty much in the middle of the lake.

As much as I have confidence in my own bait, and so I should I own the company, it's always tough knowing I'm putting a different

food in when the fish have been fed a house bait and pellet...would mine be accepted!!!

By the morning my questions were answered. Around 7:30 am one of my rods fished to the weed was away. It absolutely has to be one of the biggest rucks I've had with a fish, the fight was tense, knee trembling in fact, to have no control over a fish for a good 10 mins certainly gets the beads of sweat

going. Once I finally had the upper hand and slipped it into the net my stomach was in knots as all I could see was amazing chestnut colours, wide shoulders and a fish that hadn't been caught before. A quick brew was standard, not only for me to gather my thoughts but allow the fish that had put everything into its fight get its breath back. Moments later the other rod fished in the same zone was away.... I couldn't

believe it!!! I was knackered still from the previous fish.

Same scrap, me bricking it, screaming for another net and hollering "we're gonna need a bigger boat" when this one rolled over the net cord, I could see it was another special



one. The hundreds of tiny scales littering its tail wrist, its amazing chestnut colours.... I couldn't help but shout out again. I quick text to Nic saying I've 2 baby's in the nets and we resumed with the photo session. I soaked up the event as best I could, even bought the 3rd rod in and put by the weed... you know, just in case. It didn't happen but I didn't care. I'd fulfilled

my brief Solace dream. The 3 of us in awe of the event, staring out into the lake, steaming cup of tea buzzing our nuts of soaking the vibe of the place then a delkim screams out in alarming sound as Adams rod was away... we couldn't believe it, I tidy fight and we bundle a fantastic looking mid 20 into the net knowing full well we'd completed our little adventure in an

adventure.

Solace has got us!!

Huge thanks to Team Taska

Excuse the blatant plug but #Aquadynamix #teamtaska

Till next time, take care.

Dan. H



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- Fluoropolymer non-stick coating
- Ridged exterior for even heat transfer
- Cool touch removable handles with magnetic lock
- Unique detachable hinge design
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- Can be used on all traditional stoves (not suitable for induction hobs)
- Full utensil set and neoprene case included
- Protected registered design





GerillaBox Cookware Cases

To protect and to serve

FEATURES

- ✓ All GerillaBox Cookware Cases feature:
- ✓ Weather-resistant hard shell
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| ■ BROWN 0.38MM 15LB/6.8KG 1200M | ■ CLEAR 0.38MM 15LB/6.8KG 1200M | ■ GREEN 0.38MM 15LB/6.8KG 1200M |
| ■ BROWN 0.42MM 18LB/8.2KG 1200M | ■ CLEAR 0.42MM 18LB/8.2KG 1200M | ■ GREEN 0.42MM 18LB/8.2KG 1200M |



RM-Tec Terminal Tackle

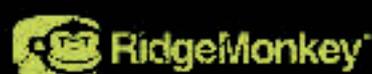
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Weight: 850g / 1495g

iPhone X / Galaxy S8 approx charges: 10 - 12 / 19 - 21

iPhone 8 / Galaxy A3 approx charges: 15 - 17 / 29 - 31

Available in two colours: Gunmetal Grey & Gunmetal Green



CARPING MAD!

Chapter 11



Mike 'SPUG' Redfern



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

~The Return Of The Chaos Fairy~

Now you might find this hard to believe, but I had it all worked out. I had come up with the best plan in the history of carp fishing! Quite simply that plan was to involve me working through until the end of April, then jacking the full-time job in at DHL, rejoining the agency and then splitting my time between working and fishing during the week and spending the weekends at home doing the relationship thing. I was told that as long as I was at home for weekends, then I could do whatever I wanted during the week, even if that meant I was away all the time. Happy days!

All winter I had been flat-out, working four nights away a week. My lorry had been robbed twice on the services and I had ended up with eight hoodies stoning my cab in the middle of the night on an industrial estate, having to get the Old Bill out to save me. It was proper rubbish! By the time late February had come round I needed to get to the lake and badly, as the whole driving thing was pushing me over the edge, I needed to go fishing, so I pulled a sickie and headed off to Kingy for a week's chill-out.

Now Kingy can really shut up for the winter and this year was to be no exception. Very few fish had come out and although the last two weeks in March were normally the best before it shut, I was going to get down a bit before the rush and see if I could nick one before the crowds really got there. I decided to give the mag-aligner rig a go on a couple of rods and boilie on the other. I set up on the Car Park Point and armed with some tins of Madras curry and some bottles of red, I prepared myself for what was to turn out to be a very cold, gruelling session.

The only thing that resembled a carp came on the second morning when my middle rod (on the mag-aligner) was away. It just roared off. Here we go. Fish on! Well that was true. It was a fish, but a tench, all 8lb of it! I was actually well pleased after weighing it because it was a PB I quickly sacked it and went to see Jim Shelley to ask if he would do some piccies for me.

"Yes, no problem mate," came the reply. "I'll just switch my film off." Jimbo was hiding out of the weather in his broly and had the Alien Quadrilogy on DVD to watch. 'Good angling,' I thought. He came round and did the photos and we

quickly retired to the sanctuary of our respective bivvies to get out of the cold. I stayed on for another couple or three nights and Jim was gone the next morning.

Other than the odd roach on dusk every night, I didn't receive any action, not even another tench. Oh well, a bad week's fishing is better than a good week's work and it was good for me to get out of the cab for a week. I knew that would be my lot on the fishing front until I quit my



job at the end of April, by which point the debts would be well and truly paid off. So after what had seemed like an extremely long winter I couldn't wait for the start of the new season and for the first time in all the on-off years I had fished Kingy, I decided that I would fish the start.

The end of April came and I said my goodbyes to DHL and rejoined the agency. Although I knew I had to cram 70-80 hours work in every other week, I didn't mind, as I could balance the two and still earn a normal wage if I was prepared to put myself out and when it comes to fishing I always am!

In all of the years that I had a ticket I had never fished the start, which was the 1st of May every year (although we could set up the night before and cast out on dusk) and I was determined that no matter what, I would this year. With a week off in front of me, and everything ready to go, I walked down to the lake around midday on the last day of April to have a good look around. As I walked, I bumped into Wally the bailiff (you know, Laney's mate). Now Wally lives in the village and said he was delighted that I had moved there because I could take the crown of Village Idiot. As I said before, there's always plenty of friendly banter with Wally, and that day he didn't disappoint.

"Are you down for the week?" he said, "Because if you are, I'm going round to see your missus and give her some runt-a-saurus. Ha, ha, ha, ha!" He then

proceeded to show me what that meant, as he went into simulated mode. "a-saurus more like!" I quipped back and we laughed.

Still grinning, I walked round the lake for a couple of hours and it seemed like the fish were fairly evenly spread out. All I really hoped for was a swim with quite a bit of water so I would not feel hemmed in if the lake got busy.

The draw was held around 6pm and I couldn't believe that only 15 or so were there. The start had a reputation for being busy so maybe that put a few off. I didn't care because when Bozey pulled my ticket out of the bag somewhere in the middle of things, I knew I could get into a reasonable swim. Now there is a swim called Bozey's (obviously named after him) and as it commanded a reasonable amount of water, I thought that it would be a good starting point for me, as the best swims had gone before I had my turn to choose.

Before and after that lucky first month in 1998, I had always struggled on Kingy and I had already decided to call it my bogey water. Looking back, I should have done better, but then looking back, I should have done a lot of things, but I didn't! Anyway, I had made my decision that I was going to give it a real shot and had always told myself that I could never leave there unless I had caught one of the 40s, because if I didn't then it would have totally defeated me. Living so close and with a good supply of bait should mean that for once the place should not kick me in the old love spuds. I got the rods flicked out that night and quickly got my head down so I could get up and about early the next morning, to try and suss out what was going on.

The swim has two islands in front of it, one to the left and one to the right. These two islands are joined by a bar and all along this bar and around the right-hand island there were fish jumping out all day long. I had a chod rig thing cast right on top of the bar against the island, with a pineapple pop-up on it. All day long I felt really confident that the rod was going to go at any time. However, with a roast just down the road and the impending threat of Wally slipping round in my absence, I thought I would slip home for dinner and make sure that I 'performed' to such an extent that I could sleep easy in my bivvy that night, knowing that Wally wouldn't be giving my missus some good runting. I got back to my swim around eight and flicked my rods out to the fish which were still showing. I then toasted the first proper night with a bottle of Claret, or two.

The next morning at around 6am, I woke up and looked out across the lake. John, who was fishing to my right, had just netted what looked like a good fish so I went to have a look and take some piccies. At 33lb he was well pleased and the

fish was a real corker. We had a brew and were talking about the fish showing in my manor.

"I can't believe my rod hasn't gone off. I'm bang on 'em," I said. John agreed. Oh well, it was back to the swim to sit and ponder.

The fish started head-and-shouldering again around 7.30 and I really had to sit on my hands. I could have cast at a fish every 20 minutes, but I knew the rods were out in the right place; I just needed a bit of luck that was all. The luck came at 9.15 when my right-hand rod with the chod thing on it was away, and very quickly I knew I was attached to something half-sensible. All the time she felt slow and heavy and with the weed not at full strength yet I was fairly sure the weight I could feel was all fish and no weed. After a few minutes I got a glimpse and it confirmed my initial thoughts on her being a good'un. Now, picture the scene if you will, with everything that had gone on before. What with work, not even landing an English 20 the year before, coupled with it being my bogey water, and add that it looked like one of the big'un's was on the end of my line, I think you can understand why I was myself. I certainly didn't want this one to fall off.



A real corker!



I squealed with delight.

Luckily, everything went according to plan and after a few times of asking she rolled into my net and the battle was won. Oh God, the relief! Right at that moment I wouldn't have cared if Wally was hanging out of the back of my missus. The fish was clearly well over 30 pounds and I squealed with delight for the first time in a couple of years.

She weighed-in at a very respectable 36.8 and was known as Apples because of the two large scales that looked like apple slices on her belly. I was really over the moon. I mean this was my second-biggest English carp and of course one step closer to a 40. John came round and took some cracking piccies, I slipped her back and took a moment to just sit and let it all soak in. I won't lie, I was absolutely elated! I know that in the general scheme of things these days and with all the prolific 30s waters that exist, the capture of this fish is pretty much insignificant, but Kingy isn't one of those lakes and unless you are blessed with skills a mere mortal like me doesn't possess, then you have to earn them and I felt that I had really earned this one. I phoned Kev Knight and blabbed my success to him and he laughed. "Let's face it, you deserved that one, mate, didn't you?" I guess all things considered, he was right.

Now you would think that this little story would end there wouldn't you? But come on, it's me. There's always going to be more to it than that. If you go back and have a look at the photo captioned 'A PB mirror of 25.12', which I caught in the February on Valentine's day, then you'll see it's the same fish. That one was caught when Bozey told me where to cast. Now, nine years later and just about 11 pounds heavier, here I was holding the same fish again in a swim called Bozey's, having chosen the swim when Bozey pulled my ticket out on the draw two nights before! Uncanny or what? I finally realised this a few days later when I got home and looked at my pics and I rang him and told him straight away. He laughed and renamed me Tony.

"I don't get it," I replied.

"Can Tony catch one fish," he answered. Which actually meant that I can only catch one fish from the lake. Well that's Norfolk for you. Cheeky sod! He was right really, and even though it pains me to say, he was fully entitled to say that as he had pretty much caught all of them by now.

I was really pleased about that for a start and I returned to work the following week clucking to get back down as soon as I could. I managed a return in the middle of May on a Tuesday night. The sun had been high in the sky for a couple of weeks and although the winds seemed to be permanently from the



The High Bank.

north-east, the lake was starting to warm up and the carp were starting to come out more regularly.

As the sun had been blazing all day I went into a swim called the High Bank. This was because the lake is shallow in this area and there are a few snags, so when the sun is out it's definitely a carp holding area. As I arrived I could see the odd fish milling about, so I carefully popped the three rods out, all on showing fish, and slackened the lines off. All too soon, the sun was setting and I sat back, glass of wine in hand, just savouring the moment. It was so much the opposite from the

previous 12 months of hell, sitting in a 45-foot artic in never-ending traffic jams. I was so happy that I decided to crack open another bottle of red wine. It wasn't long after that I was tucked underneath the old Scooby Doo sleeping bag, dreaming of monster carp. Fantastic!

My dream was cut short at around 4am the next morning, though, when I heard a goose going mental, just off one of the snag trees. I stood up and emptied my bladder (like you do) and looked over to see what the commotion was about. There on a little island in front of me was an otter, with what looked like a carp upside down in the water in front of it, the belly of the carp being very light in colour. As I paid more attention to what was going on, the otter dived into the lake from underneath the overhanging branches and took its catch with it. Then the next thing I knew, I could hear this loud crunching noise coming from the island to my left. I got my binos and took a closer look. I couldn't believe it! What I thought was a carp, turned out to be a goose, and the otter was literally ripping it to pieces! Oh God, it was like something out of a horror movie. I tell you what, I know the old happy clappers reckon otters should be in all rivers and lakes, because they think they are lovely and sweet. I think not after that! My adventure with wildlife didn't end there either, as shortly after, an owl flew past with a mouse in its beak. Blimey, it was like being at a zoo.

The sun reappeared later that morning and so did the carp. I could see them milling about just under the surface, so I decided to try one upstairs! That's a zig rig. I reeled one in and guessed the depth at around three feet, then waited until the carp had just drifted out of the swim and carefully flicked it out right where I had seen fish moving about. As the lead hit the water there was an almighty explosion and three bow waves erupted out of the swim! Obviously I hadn't seen all the fish that were in the swim and I had well and truly ballsed it up. Strangely enough, the carp never returned that session.

We had a week's holiday booked for early June and it was nice to meet up with Hogg and go back to Heartsmere, like we used to do years before. However, the fish were in spawning mode and I only managed a 13lb common. After the week's holiday it was back trucking for a week and the next trip to Kingy was on a Sunday night when Martin Ford from Carpworld came down and we planned to take some pictures for a couple of articles for Carpworld's sister magazine, Crafty Carper. Don't worry it was nothing complicated, (for the obvious reason) but they thought that maybe I could just about stretch to doing an article on how to hold a catapult and cast a spod out. That is not a dig at all. Maybe I had been



I planned to impress him later.

out of the window because we had to stop twice on the way round for a fag break as my barrow weighed a ton. At one of those points, my Scooby pillow and Muttley alarm clock fell off the barrow and Fordy just laughed. As if he needed reminding, it just emphasised why the article was about how to cast a spod. Never mind, I planned to impress him later with my angling skills.

As I was still buzzing from the capture of Apples, I went into a swim called The Tins and Martin went into The Front. I briefly gave him the run-down on the swim and left him to sort his rods out, while I sorted my plot out. I have known that pansy for years and while he is as slippery as an eel covered in Vaseline, we always got on well and although he has always been very professional about his work, he's able to have a good laugh and be one of the boys, which I guess is a side to him that people don't see.

With that in mind, I filled him with as much beer as possible. To be fair it didn't take much encouragement and it wasn't long before I had my book out and was reading him a rhyme about the vengeance of Taloola Johnson Black and he was literally on the floor laughing. There comes a time on a drink-up when you need a cup of coffee to calm things down a little, so out came the old Kelly Kettle and I explained in great detail that it would bring us luck. I think by that point he had taken enough punishment so he agreed to have a cuppa to Cypry, just for a bit of peace and quiet.

rumbled as more of a jammy git than someone who actually knew what they were doing!

Fordy turned up in his sandals around 5pm and we embarked on the long journey of half a mile to the lake. There were only a couple of people about and the two swims on the front of the island were free. It made perfect sense to head for those swims as in particular the swim on the right, called The Front, had been producing fish out of a silty area since the start.

My prowess as a future writer for the magazine was quickly blown

The nights were still a little damp and so was my kettle fuel (twigs and grass in case you forgot!) This didn't deter this seasoned pro' though, as I had a tin of lighter fuel in my rucksack. I squirted the fuel into the kettle and still the twigs didn't ignite, so I got out my lighter and lit the base once more. BANG! There was a huge noise and I jumped out of my skin. It was the fumes you see. They go bang if you mess about with things like that. Well to be fair, it had been nearly seven years since my last fume incident and clearly I had forgotten. At least this time the lake wasn't on fire. Having said that, old Fordy had a red face on him but this was through laughter. I thought it probably best to forget about a serious writing career, so I finished my beer off and wobbled back to my bivvy.

The next morning as I was lying there on my bedchair needing a good old with a head made from concrete, Fordy's rod was away. After relieving myself and being told I was a beer monster heathen, (oooh these editors, they do



What a jammy



It was time for a celebration.

know long words, now don't they?) I ambled over to his swim to find Uncle Jim there, landing net in hand, ready to net a bloody big carp weighing 32lb. What a jammy ! After the photos were done, I went back to my bivvy and crashed out once more in a vain attempt to feel better. This fish was a right tickle for Fordy, as it was only the second time he had ever fished in Norfolk and of course it was his first Norfolk 30.

Later that afternoon we did all the pictures for Crafty and when the Saturday night came along it was time for a celebration. I managed to conduct myself in a better manner the second night and I was rewarded for doing so when my left-hand rod on the shallows ripped off. It did of course fall off, but that's why we call it fishing not catching, now isn't it?

Unperturbed, I was back a week later on my quest to get to grips with my bogey water. I set up on the Car Park Point and went about the business of thrashing it to death with a marker float. By the time I had finished, I had found a large bar and a plateau, some silt and a pound coin that someone had dropped in the long grass. I was quite impressed with myself. I had the rods placed in all the right spots, when Big S came and said hello, so and I put the kettle on. He didn't stay for long though, as the clouds looked as if they were going to open and pelt us with rain. Forked lightning (which was quite exciting) started an hour or so later and it started to rain. By the time I packed down two nights later, I hadn't

received a bite, but it had rained and rained and rained some more. The river Wensum at the side of Kingy was starting to spill over into the surrounding fields and we all prayed that the rain would stop soon.

Two weeks later at the end of June, I had a trip sorted out to Kingsmead 1. It was just a quick social with Mike Hutchison, the then CEMEX Fishery Manager. The night before the rain started again and by the time my missus was on the way to work, our driveway was under a good few inches of water. In fact, the water had got to one inch below the door. This wasn't good at all and I was in something of a quandary as to what to do when the local government person came round to see everyone on our little street. He informed us that everything would be okay as the flooding had been caused by a block in the river, which had been sorted out. Well that was good enough for me! I texted her to say that everything would be fine and I headed for Kingsmead, completely unaware that the old political person had not told our street the whole truth (surprising don't you think?)

By the time I spoke to her that evening to say what a lovely time we were having at Kingsmead and how I had discovered the delights of Levi Root's Reggae Reggae sauce, while eating a hearty barbecue washed down with some nice Shiraz, the floodwater had got worse and she had to call her family out to help her dig some trenches in order to stop the cottage from flooding. Oops! I tried to explain that the politician person had told me that it would be fine, but although I didn't get it in the ear at all, I wished I hadn't gone fishing, as I felt I had let her down.

When I arrived back home three days later the effect of the rain was clear to see. The valley that Kingy is in was now completely flooded, and about five lakes and the river all seemed to be into one. God it looked bad for our lake. It transpired that the regular syndicate lads had done a sterling job and had got some chicken wire fences up in the right places to stop the fish reaching the river, but the place was going to be unfishable for a while and I was gutted. Things were starting to go wrong...again!

July came along and so did a trip to Brasenose 1 with the missus. Although we caught a few I have to say it didn't pull my string at all, and it was too far away for a weekend trip. I made a return to Kingy, but after the water had subsided the lake had become very dark in colour and except for a chap called Quickie, the whole syndicate was struggling. So if the whole syndicate were struggling, where would this leave me? There were some lads on that syndicate who can really catch them, and when the going gets tough...I was gone!

~Milestones~

I had got up to about 20 nights on Kingy by early August and things had gone a bit up, not only down the lake but also on the home front. I think the damp and now mouldy cottage had a lot to do with it, but I had been informed that someone was thinking of pulling it off and I can't say I was particularly happy about it. I was told not to over-worry though, as she was sure we could sort everything out. The annual trip to Les was booked for the middle of August and I hoped that would cheer her up a bit as she had been working really hard for months, so she needed a holiday and she was going to come along with me and Hogg. Yeah, we just had to hang on till then.

With Kingy seemingly beyond my and most other people's capabilities, I was more than happy to pop down the Big Lake at Catch 22, in the vain hope of catching some fish, as yet another year seemed to be slipping by. Now I hadn't really fished the Big Lake for years and I had never caught a 20-pounder from there. I have to say this really put me off as nearly everyone else I knew had done so, but when I went it was only doubles for me. The Big Lake had also suffered from the rain and some of the swims had been roped off until they dried out. As luck would have it (and with a bit of pestering) Dave just opened up swim



Finally a 20.

31 and I jumped in hoping to catch something and of course land my first 20 from there. The first couple of nights went well and I landed a few doubles, the 'maybe not going to leave' missus came down and saw me and everything seemed okay.

My 12 year curse was finally broken at around 2 o'clock in the afternoon on the third day when my right-hand rod whizzed off and there was a 20.10lb mirror in my



Four hours later:

net. Yippee! At last, a fish! It had been three long, wet, muddy months since I had landed anything of note and I have to say I was really pleased to catch this fish, although it was a shame I looked like Herman Munster in the photos. I don't know what it is, but it's not unusual that when one comes along so does another and remarkably, four hours later, just as the sun was beginning to set, the same rod was away again and this time I landed a 22lb mirror. That's really odd that sort of thing.

I returned home and prepared for a couple of weeks work on the agency. This time the agency job was going a treat and whenever I wanted work it was there. It was great, things were in control and the home front seemed a bit better and we both looked forward to a week out in Les. Her dog had different ideas though as she became ill the week before we were due to leave. Not being a vet, I have no idea what was wrong with it, but being a bloke told me that it was probably just because it was a female dog and knew we were going away so it was playing up. With two days to go, Mrs Spug was not happy once more and she had made the understandable decision to stay at home and look after the dog. This didn't bother me that much really, as I knew how much the dog meant to her. I was more

bothered about the fact that she might not be there when I got home and it would be 'table for one' again. I was told not to worry and to go to France and have a nice time, as all she needed was some time off work.

A couple of days later Hogg arrived in a great big Range Rover thing and we left for France.

"You in the mate?" he asked.

knows," I replied. "Let's just get out there. I can't control the situation anyway and what have we always told each other from day one about birds?" He looked at me and I looked at him, then at exactly the same time we both said,



On the first night.

"Birds, They're just nightmares!" We both burst out laughing and promised to try and leave my situation in Norfolk.

The trip went really well. We ended up on the point of the Long Lake again and on the first night I landed a 40.10 mirror. The runs continued on the Sunday and I was starting to craze Hogg about one of the big commons once more. On



48.12.



That day I had ten fish.

the Monday morning I landed my 200th fish over 20lbs (in fairness, most of them were from Les, obviously!) I then landed another biggun in the shape of a 48.12 mirror. Things got really manic in the afternoon and I had two on at the same time, twice! It was quite funny because Gary Patterson was on the trip and he had come round with a copy of *Crafty Carper*, the one me and Fordy had done a couple of months earlier. He felt it would be funny to come round and wind me up about how to cast a spod. He went back eating his words though, as he witnessed all the runs. I think his parting shot was, "Well, that's the last time I come round here to wind you up!" as that day I had ten fish, and the tenth one was to be my 50th ever 30 from Les.

By the time the week finished I had 25 fish in total including a load of 20s, five 30s and the two 40s. It had been really good to get a bend in the rod, especially as things had gone so wrong with the floods back home. I had also become quite fond of Gary and as we all said goodbye to each other in the car park, we swapped phone numbers and he said, "If ever you're down in Surrey, pop in for a cup of tea any time time you like." Little did we know what that would lead to 12 months later!

When I arrived home things looked a little different, in fact a lot different! Nearly all of her furniture had been moved out. She was still there though and wanted a chat.

"I hate living here in this , so I am going to buy a house and you can come along and lodge with me if you like."

"What does that mean?" I asked, "Are we over then?"

"No, but I just want something for me and renting is a waste of money."

"Not us then?" I replied. I didn't pursue it. I thought that if she got a house and I came along (even as a lodger) everything would be okay. She said it would be and that it was no problem for me to go fishing and carry on doing what I had been. Cool! So I planned my next trip for a fortnight later after I had topped the old funds up a bit.

Kingy had perked up a little bit and there was the odd fish coming out. I had probably only managed about 20 nights and I was starting to think that I needed to do something different in order to get a bite. The rest of the lads were piling in red boilies, while I was sitting there with big yellow ones. I wondered if it was time to swap over to a red boilie instead. Having done the catch reports for a year or so, I had seen the Pulse was really doing well. I spoke to Sir Chill a Lot (Chilly) about it, as he had been rinsing CEMEX Angling's, Frimley Pit 3 on the stuff. It took



A massive confidence boost.

about a nano-second for him to convince me what to do and I ordered some straight away.

With my new bait I arrived at the lake in the second week of September. There was a wind blowing nicely into the bay off the dam wall and I thought this would be a good place to start my three-night session. Quickie was about, on a week's holiday and I found out that on the quiet, he had caught a load of fish that year, I think by this point, 25-odd fish. Now bearing in mind the closest to him was about seven, you can see how well he had done.

I cast two rods out long into the lake and then put one into the mouth of the bay. The lead landed on a two-second drop and the bottom felt reasonably hard, so I catapulted 50-odd boilies all around it and opened a bottle of red. That evening Quickie came down for a glass and as we sat there talking, my indicator on the rod into the mouth of the bay slowly rose and then slowly sank again.

"Now that's a classic liner," Quickie said. "That rod will probably go in five minutes." He was wrong. It was 10 minutes! The buzzer screamed and I was quickly into a powerful fish that was heading as far away from me as it could, and at a good rate of knots. My ringpiece was popping once more, as I stood there almost petrified, hanging onto the fish.

Now I often flap when playing a carp, I admit that.

Maybe it's some of the fun, I don't know, but you have to bear in mind that I always did on Kingy and the last two bites I had were, a 36 and a 34, over a three year period and about 40 nights fishing. Christ, I had nearly made it look harder than the Brook! It was no wonder I called it my bogey water. Anyway, after a good 40-yard run I managed to control the fish and start getting some line back and with Quickie on hand to do the netting, everything went as well as it could. I was really made-up about this fish. It weighed 26.12 and it gave me a massive confidence boost that was for sure. At least Bozey couldn't call me Tony any more!

Quickie went back to the Car Park point and cast them out for the night. By the morning he had landed an incredible four 20s! If that wasn't enough, he was then talking about moving. Now that I couldn't understand.

"I've seen it on here before," he said. "There have been times when the little ones are in one place and the big ones are in another. I reckon the big ones are along the stream bank."

This was way over my head and I was a little sceptical about that theory. Well that was until the day after, because by the following morning he had landed three 30s! Not for the first time in my life, I was dumbfounded. If ever there was a moment when you realise that some people are quite simply in a league of their own, then this was it. The truth is, to be as good and as skilful as people like Terry Hearn, Lee Watson, Quickie and the like, it's a skill you are born with. In just the same way that some of these footballers like Ronaldo and Beckham are born blessed.

So when it comes to fishing, people like me who don't have those god-like skills, have to make up for it by putting ourselves out to catch anywhere near what some do. Time and luck are wonderful substitutes for a lack of skill, but I have to say it's not really what you catch that counts, it's the time you spent in doing so which is the real judge of it all. I take my hat off to people like Quickie who really make it look so easy at times, so much so, that I moved next to him for my last night of the session, hoping to nick another one and hopefully a big one. I didn't of course, but I went home happy anyway.

After I had left the lake for a week's trucking, he nobbled a 40lb mirror and then went back to work himself. I rest my case!

~Same Old Different Day~

As I said in the first chapter, my birthday is on the 26th of September and I was really looking forward to this one. Apparently things were okay on the home front, so I had stopped being quite so concerned about that. My birthday week was planned so that I would go down to Kingy on the Sunday night, then return on the Wednesday morning (the 26th). We would then go to see Fish (the ex-Marillion singer) in concert up in Cambridge and then stay in a hotel for the night. Then, on the Thursday we would return home and go to Catch 22 Big Lake and specifically the island, for three nights' fishing in order to try and catch her first 20-pounder.

Now that sounded great to me. Even better was the weather forecast, as there was a massive low pressure system coming in and along with it, a big north-westerly wind of up to 70 mph. I was determined to get on the end of that wind, as I knew the fish liked a good blow on Kingy. I had a map of the lake and with a little help from Quickie, we worked out that the wind, when it hit on the Tuesday afternoon, would come right in on the Car Park Point. Hopefully, all I had to do was just get the swim and pray my plan worked out, for once.

I arrived after a roast on the Sunday and was pleased to see that the swim was empty. I pushed my barrow to the swim and went for a look about to see who was fishing. Ben Eglen or Ben The Tench as I call him, was also down with a mate of his for the week and they were set up on the island. Ben came over to say hello but it appeared that all was not well on the island and Ben's mate was in a spot of bother on the home front. He had been doing a lot of fishing and his bird had copped the hump with him, big-time. In fact, she was on about leaving him.

"Oh mate, that's not good," I said to Ben.

"He's going to pack down and go home," Ben replied.

"What is it with birds? Just a nightmare!" I said, knowing that I had just had similar hassles myself. Oh well, I was in the clear, so it was time for a sing-song.

"IT WILL BE LONELY THIS CHRISTMAS, WITHOUT YOU TO HO-HOLD!" I rather loudly started singing, while laughing.

"Shut up, Spug, please," said Ben. "He's really off."

"Ha, ha, ha, ha. YOU'VE LOST THAT LOVING FEELING, OOH OOH THAT LOVING FEELING!" I continued.

"Oh mate, please don't!" he pleaded. Ben's mate hadn't heard me though, I knew that. Joking apart, I wouldn't upset anyone over something like that as it's really not that funny.

Later on and back in my swim I had a quick feel around with a lead, but my previous thrashing with the marker rod had already given me a few pointers. I cast my left-hand rod up along the jib island to my left, just over the back of a large bar which runs directly off its nearside corner. As I got the rod out, I turned round to see Ben, armed with a bucket of bait, walking across the out of bounds crane jib, as he had now moved swims as his mate had gone home.



You naughty boy.

"Oi! You naughty boy!" I shouted to my stroke-pulling friend, "You'll be in trouble!"

'em, mate, I don't give a ... " Ben laughed back as he continued his precarious mission.

"Good angling, Sir!" I answered, laughing myself. God I wish I could pull

strokes. I don't bother because I know I would get caught straight away and anyway it breaks our three rules code of conduct.

My middle rod was placed in the silt, on the edge of a plateau at 50 or so yards range and the right-hand rod was placed on the bottom of another plateau, 13 feet deep, on the gravel, straight out at 30 or so yards. I fired around 150 boilies in on the right-hand rod and sat back to wait for the wind to arrive on the Tuesday morning. Time remember, is a great substitute for skill! Joking apart, time wasn't really on my side. I had Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday night to play with, then it was off to the concert and then the hotel, for what must be a guaranteed leg-over and to be honest I could live with that. I hoped the wind might turn up early, like on the Monday, and give me a shot at one for a bit longer. 'Come on wind!' I thought to myself, as I drifted off to sleep on the Sunday night.

I decided to go home and have a shower the following morning. I mean, it was my birthday week after all. When I got home I fancied a spot of ice cream, but when I went to the cutlery drawer, half of it was gone. 'What's going on here then?' I thought. A quick inspection of the mouldy cottage revealed that nearly everything she owned had been put into little boxes and hidden under the bed. Something was clearly not right. She was about to do the off, without doubt. I rang her at work.

"All right, thinking of leaving are we?" I asked.

"What do you mean?" she said.

"You can't keep packing stuff away. If you are not happy and you want to leave, just tell me," I continued.

"Well it's not working is it?" she said.

"Why not? What have I done wrong? What more could I have done?" I asked.

"You haven't done anything wrong. You couldn't have done any more, I am just not happy, I hate where we live."

"When were you going to tell me then?" I sheepishly asked.

"When I plucked up courage," came the reply.

"What am I a wife beater now or something?" I continued.

"No don't be silly. I just know you'll be upset and I don't want to hurt you."

It was too late for that! Who had lost that loving feeling now? I went back to the lake. God I was -off more than you can ever imagine, or maybe not if you are a carper, because let's face it, I don't think I am the only carper that has ever been red-carded now am I?

As I approached my swim it's fair to say there were no sing-songs this time. I sat on my bedchair like a balloon without air. I could have blubbed, but what was the point of that? You can't control people or make them stay or anything like that, so I sat there thinking about what to do. Obviously she was unhappy and probably she was too nice a person to tell me what the real reason was. Maybe she was getting boned by someone else, who knew? I didn't, and I still don't know today. I knew one thing though, although we hadn't actually spoken about when she was going to leave, I had no intention of playing happy families, oh no. I was going to stay down the lake all week. I texted her and wrote 'Why don't you move to your mum's (which she was planning on doing anyway) on Thursday? I am not up for the family bit I am staying down the lake.'

'Okay!' came the reply. So in time-honoured tradition, I filled myself with red wine that night and awoke the next morning somewhat worse for wear, although I did by this point have it roughly sorted out in my head.

I phoned Kev Knight and broke the news.

"TABLE FOR ONE, SON!"

"What have you done now, you Norfolk inbred?" came his compassionate reply.

"God knows. Tell you what though, I'm angling and that's that, to it. Happy birthday, Spug!" I answered.

"Oh mate, I didn't realise it was your birthday. Didn't you once get dumped on Valentines day too?" he painfully continued. God I was glad I hadn't told him about a Christmas dumping as well! We actually ended up laughing about it. I mean, there wasn't going to be any sympathy from him, I had worked that one out by now.

Ben came round and we had a cup of tea.

"Where are your rods then?" he asked.



The wind picked up.

When I told him, he said, "Oh mate, that right-hand rod, you want to get that off the gravel and into the silt. All my bites come in the silt."

"Of course they do you idiot!" I replied. "You only fish on the silt! Der! Are you telling me that a fish will follow the wind along 100 yards of silt and open water, then stumble across my bait, then not eat it because it's on gravel? What are you on?"

He laughed and then agreed. "I see what you're saying. I just like the silt."

That afternoon the wind picked up and started to blow onto my swim. 'Come on, come on,' I thought, 'bring it on!' The wind grew in strength; by Wednesday morning it had arrived in full and I was being blown all over the place. I was delighted. This was now actually my birthday and I reckoned my old mate Cypri was looking after me, as the wind (which he controls) was bashing the water right into my swim. I sat there holding on to the bivvy, grinning like a Cheshire cat. This was a time to face the weather gods and lay down a challenge to the elements. I had a plan and that plan was to invent a Carp Haka just like the All Blacks rugby team. This was to be the war cry of the All Spugs. I stood on the Car Park point in the wind and just let rip!

I can't remember what actual words came from my mouth, but there was definitely: Carp! Hair rigs! No fear! Big mirrors! Big boobs! and so on. I went through all the manoeuvres as best I could and when I had finished nearly the whole lake seemed to have heard me. My phone rang, it was Ben.

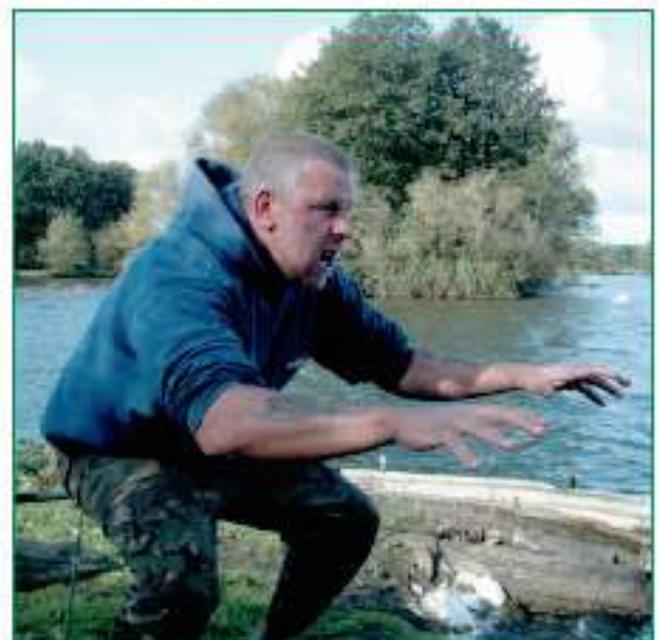
"What on earth was that all about?" he asked.

I laughed and said it was a challenge to the weather gods, to bring on as much wind as possible. He said I needed help in the head. I said he could off. The laughing continued.

That night the outward bound ex came down with a bottle of wine and some presents for me. We sat and talked things over and to be honest, we had both been through all this before on countless occasions (or so it seemed). Neither of us wanted any nastiness and we kind of sewed it all up nicely.

"Oh well," I said, remembering the words to an old Queen song, "Just one year of love, is better than a lifetime alone."

A tear ran down her face and she said, "Oh don't say that," but it was true. All my dreams and ideas of a happy future together had gone out of the window, discarded like an old fag butt. When she had gone I went back to my bivvy, stuck my head in the bottle of wine and watched the lake, as the wind started to subside.



Thursday morning came along and with a mouth like Ghandi's flip-flop, a cup of tea was in order. I had just finished it and was lighting a roll-up, when the right-hand rod just went into meltdown. I fell out of the bivvy, grabbed the rod and tried to stop the fish from reaching Norwich. It really went off and by the time I had slowed its run, it had almost gone over the middle rod a good 50 yards away from where it had been hooked. Luckily, the first run seemed to sap a lot of the carp's strength and within a few minutes she was under my rod tip and charging to the right. I saw a flash of orange and thought that the fish looked a good 30. As usual I was crapping myself, praying that it would not fall off. After this week's events, surely I deserved one? I landed the fish on about the third nervous attempt. When I looked in the net, I realised that I was right, this was going to be a



30-pounder all day long. The elation was unbelievable. After I had unhooked her and put a little Klinik on her mouth, I weighed her.

Oh my God, she was a 40-pounder! I could feel one coming from deep down inside me. "GET IN THERE!



how big!

GET IN THERE!" I screamed at the top of my voice. Now I am sure the whole lake heard me, in fact I would almost put money on it, but I did it again just to make sure! Ben came round.

"How big mate?" he asked.

"40.2" I panted, literally shaking with excitement. I lifted the fish out of the water and his eyes popped out.

"Oh mate, that's Not C Scale! You lucky sod!"

"Is it? That'll do me!" came my reply.

What a result and what a way to catch her. To think I should have been at Catch 22 playing happy families, trying to catch her a 20 and yet here I was with my first real English whacker since Two Tone, over six years before! I looked at the sky and thanked Cypry. He had a wonderful way of balancing your life out, because now it was worth taking a dumping for. I had finally caught an English 40 and one, out of my bogey water! Top bombing!

After we had done the pics I rang Knighty up.

"You ain't going to believe this one!" I blurted out.

"What have you done this time? You're not back together and stuck one up her wrong'un have you?"

"No, you ! ! I've landed a 40-pounder!"

"What from Catch 22?" he replied.

"No you stupid (I was over 100 miles away). I told you that the week had been cancelled and that I was staying on Kingy!"

"Oh mate, yes that's right you did, sorry. What a result! Only you Spug, only you!"

Ben and I went down to Tesco in Dereham for a celebratory fry up, just like I had done years before with Silly Lee and Smudge. It turned out the Redfern seniors were in there doing a bit of shopping, so they joined us.

"Are you OK?" asked my mum.

"Bloody right I am. Look at the pic of this 40-pounder!" I answered showing

her my digital camera.

"That's not what I meant," she said back.

"Oh don't worry, I've been through worse than this. I'll sort something out."

"Yes you have," she said. "Well we're here if you need us." It wasn't the first time I'd heard that one, as by now you are all aware!

"Come on Ben, let's get back down there."

"Definitely," he grinned back with a mouth full of sausages.

We got back down the lake and Ben said he had to sort his rods out. This was to be my last night and Ben had the night after to play with as well. I was dazed really. As I sat thinking about it all I had to laugh. I had no idea where life was going to take me now, but I didn't care, I just kept looking at the pics on my camera and giving myself the odd pinch.

News got out and later that day Bozey rang to congratulate me.

"Well we'll have to call YOU Tony now won't we?" I said, rather cheekily,

"Why's that then?" he asked.

"Oh that's an easy one. Tony can't catch a 40!" I replied. I just had to give him some back after his previous wind-ups on me. The thing here was that Bozey had just about caught every fish out of the lake and some three or four times. He really had the place in his back pocket, but he had never landed a 40 from there. It was as remarkable that I had caught one, than he hadn't. I knew who the better angler was but I didn't care, I just opened my big mouth as usual and gave it to him!

Friday morning came and so did the rain. I sat there huddled in the bivvy waiting for a dry spell. That dry spell came around 10.30am and I quickly packed down and left the lake. I tried to ring Ben to say goodbye but had to leave a message as his phone was out of service. Five minutes later, after arriving to an empty house, I unloaded my gear and looked to see what was left in the cottage. It was fine. She had gone quietly and probably relieved.

When I next saw my phone it had about five missed calls from Ben on it, I thought something was up, so I rang him back.

"What's up bloke?" I asked.

"Oh mate, I have had the 007 Fish at 42.4!" he laughed.

"You're joking. When?" I answered.

"Just after the rain as you went home. I was ringing you!"

"Oh mate, well done, what a couple of days!" He agreed, a real good session all round then.



Ask the experts.

I was driving for Co-op the following week, when I was thinking about the session and one thing that did strike me was that Ben was a little quiet about how he had caught the 007 fish. It got me thinking. Why would he be a little quiet about that one? I mean he had shown the whole world he was capable of being a stroke puller!

Now one of the funny things that used to happen with Ben, Bozey and Big S, was they used to try and wind me up, about the bit I do for Mainline in Carpworld called 'Ask the Experts' as all of those three caught loads of fish from Kingy, but as you know I didn't, I struggled badly. As I was sitting there driving, the penny dropped. I rang Ben up straight away.

"Oi you! You caught that fish off the gravel didn't you?" He started laughing. "You did! You moved that rod of yours off the silt onto the baited area and put it on the gravel nearby didn't you? Come on! Own up! NOW!"

By now he was laughing his head off. "Okay, I admit it, I did. Yes, it was off the gravel!"

Oh this was brilliant to me. At last I could fire one back at him. "There you go my friend. Ask the Experts! ASK THE EXPERTS!"

He was laughing away, "All right, all right!"

~Onward and Backward!~

Well obviously my plans had once again all gone up! Floods and getting red-carded, wasn't really what I had hoped for that year. I really didn't know what I was going to do next. I could stay in the cold, mouldy cottage and fork out the £800 a month to run it, or I could move again. By this point in my life I was getting sick of packing everything up, moving again, and everything else that goes with that. I decided to put my stuff in storage and went for the option of being able to travel light, as they say. I started looking for a room to rent. My nutty airhostess friend, Gail, said I could crash at hers if I needed to, as she knew I was to embark on the biggest fishing journey I could.

This journey had been planned upon the arrival of the red card. You see, finally I had realised that I am seemingly incapable of holding down a relationship while lorry driving and then spending my free time fishing. It's just too many absences, I guess. Perhaps if I was better hung, or better looking, they may have tolerated my absences a little more. As I couldn't afford plastic surgery and having realised that no matter how many times I pulled ole purple, he wasn't going to get any bigger, I said 'to it!' I just couldn't be with it all any more. I just wanted to go fishing as much as possible, as the lake will always be my sanctuary from this world when things go wrong, like they do for me on a yearly basis! I have always felt that the lake looks after me. You know what I mean, it's like when the early morning mists wrap themselves around you, it's just as comforting as when your mum used to put her arms around you when you had come last in the egg and spoon race, yet again. It just makes you feel happy.

Speaking of mums, my parents also asked why didn't I go to theirs for a bit, at least until I got a grip on the situation. I didn't think this was a good idea really. I mean, I had basically left home 19 years before that offer and when you consider that me and my brother had both been to boarding school, then we had hardly been at home from the age of eleven!

"Oh just come back for a bit. We'll look after you, for a year or so, until you get sorted. We know you won't be around much as you want to do your fishing," they said. Well that was true I guess, my old group of drinking buddies had either

bred or moved on from our 48-hour benders, the local pubs had gone down the pan after the smoking ban, so as there was little or no social life, going out on the would be put on hold. I feared it would be a backward step, but then I thought about it, and my whole life at times had been one great big backward step. 'Sod it!' I thought, it would only be short term and I could get my own back on them for sending me to boarding school, by attempting to eat them out of house and home for a year.

I spoke to my brother. "Just do it, mate," he said, "You are not hurting anyone and anyway you are not going to be around, so why worry about it?"

I told Gail. She laughed. "Yeah, go on. Do it, just for a year, you can come to mine after." I decided to do it. I will be honest here; inside I was still really hurting over this recent break-up. I know that may not fit in with the perception some people have of me, but even clowns like me get upset now and again. I wasn't eating well. In fact I lost a stone and a half in six weeks, but I had nothing to lose really and if anyone thought that I cared about what other people's views on the subject were, right at that time in my life, then they seriously had me confused with someone that gives a as the saying goes.

Ben and I ended up at a local fishery where some people we knew had supposedly been catching loads of fish. Apparently they had caught loads of mid-20s and 30s. A lot of the fish had barely seen a hook before, or so the stories said. I caught 14 fish in three nights, 12 of them were doubles and just two were 20s, the biggest weighing 21lb. We were told that we had been unlucky, but the fact that everyone else only caught low doubles and the odd low-20, told me a different story altogether.

The nights had started drawing in now and I had planned to go to Spain for the Christmas holidays with the seniors, so work took over for a while as I needed to top the funds up. I regularly popped down to Kingy to see how the boys were getting on. I really didn't have anywhere else to fish the next year. I wasn't on any waiting lists and I thought that maybe my bogey status had been



21lb.



Bozey was up to his old tricks.

By mid-December I was starting to feel good again. Two months of Dad's chillis and bottles of red wine were doing the trick as I sorted myself out. It was around this time as I was nerding on the computer one night, that I happened to see that Iron Maiden had announced a tour called Somewhere Back In Time, for 2008. Now this was going to be the tour to end all tours. They had hired a great big plane and worked out how to get the whole stage show, band and crew on it. They then decided to embark on one the biggest rock tours ever, by flying all around the world in a very short period of time.

The plane was to be sprayed up in all the Iron Maiden livery and the fan club ran a competition to name the plane. It was called Ed Force One, after the bands mascot, Eddie. Bruce Dickinson, the lead singer and also accomplished airline pilot (along with a co-pilot), was going to fly it. What a concept! This had never ever been attempted by any band in the world, but that is just one of the reasons why they have been so successful. I mean, 80 million albums sold, behave yourself! They are and always have been, for 30-odd years, well ahead of the game. Even better, they were going to carry on with the Bruce Air trips. This was where they (or Bruce) chartered a plane especially to take the fans to a show. Bruce flew the plane, you got the opportunity to meet him and get your picture taken with him and then get some memorabilia signed by him. Sounded good to me, but the final reason for me being so excited about all this, was the fact that as the name of the tour suggests, they were going to go back in time, and all of the

lifted, since I had caught Not C Scale. Bozey was up to his old tricks and continued pulling out some cracking 30s and I think Big S was too. Little S however had retired for the winter and I didn't blame him really, I mean, 73 years old, in a bivvy, in winter is a little mad now isn't it?

tracks were going to be from their albums from the 80s and 90s. A lot of my favourite tunes were going to be played and not only that, it was going to be my



Ed force one.

first time of hearing some of them played live, especially one 17-minute masterpiece called the Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner. This is a once-in-a-lifetime track as far as I was concerned and I had just missed that tour back in 1984, as I had yet to reach full puberty.

I phoned Scott up "Hey mate, do you fancy two nights in Paris? Iron Maiden are playing two nights on the bounce. I can sort that out easily enough through the fan club."

right!" he replied. "Lets have some of that!"

I then managed to secure a place for myself on a Bruce Air trip, called 'Bruce's Birthday Bomber'. Strangely enough, this was on his birthday in August. This trip was a peach; fly out from Gatwick, land in Poland, see them play in Warsaw, then there was a party laid on for everyone in a club, where he would come and do some dee-jaying for a bit, then back to the hotel, up the next morning and fly to Prague in the Czech Republic to see another show, and then fly home straight after! The trip sold out straight away, but I had booked a place and paid my deposit. By the time I had done all this, I was back up to full strength and firing on all 12 cylinders! I promised myself that I would enjoy 2008. It was going to rock, literally.

I was going to fish Kingy and also make a return to the Catch 22 syndicate as there were two I really wanted from there; the big common, which was now just about mid-40 and the old West Lexham leather was a high 30. Kingy had a couple of 40s and a load of 30s to go at. I could work a week on and a week off through the agency, and to cap it all Iron Maiden were about to take over the world. Now this was a plan, and I love a plan. Was I excited about it all? After what had occurred in 2007, what do you think? I was my pants with excitement!

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When it all goes right
by
Steve Gibley

It's been a while since I visited the bank a busy work and family life make it difficult to get out and enjoy some of the spring weather chasing our quarry. As many anglers will know time is in short supply for the average amongst us be it if you fish as a hobby or sponsored by a company.

If you are not a full time angler like me then You have to take every chance you can to get on the bank. For me I will get about a day every two months to get the rods out for some therapy! Which means I can't rely on weather or picking the best time to go it really is Chuck the gear in the car and go. Venue is important when you have limited time so I can't cover huge distances. I will choose a venue close by and for me in Cambridgeshire

I have a day ticket venue I visit along with a syndicate lake and both give you a great opportunity. On this occasion I opted for the day ticket venue tucked away in the beautiful fenland countryside a small deep clay pit of about 2 acres with two shelves dropping off into deeper water all the way around the margins.

There are some cracking carp to be had up to 30's including mirrors, commons and leathers with many in the 20 pound bracket. This is a venue I had not visited for a while but I had always done well in the past when I was much younger. I knew that there was a fish in the lake which was a real old character which had a silver back paddle and was blind in one eye and is a well-established thirty.

I had seen her grace the bank to several other anglers including my uncle and a good angling friend but I had never caught her.

My mind was made up and I genuinely felt excited like I had not been for a while ! Funny how that anticipation gets you still. I was not bothered about weather or conditions it was all about getting out there and nicking a bite.

So I set off after sorting the family and reached the venue and it was lovely to see the lake again as I pulled up. I knew where I wanted to be choosing a peg that had access to a point that juts out into the lake and has a willow tree hanging off the end. I noted as I was checking the margins a huge amount of weed like candy floss covering the first marginal shelf



it looked awful but the second shelf looked and felt clear with a good drop on the lead. It still felt cold to me as a northerly wind was pushing across the lake but lovely in the sunshine. I do like a plan and will think roughly where I want to be and where I think the fish will be based on past experience. For me it was the point that gave me the chance to fish two rods tight to the willow intercepting carp as they came around the point or up

from deeper water to visit the margins. As I stared at the willow overthinking again I saw a couple of mirrors come sauntering along the margin, brilliant that was all I needed they were about !!

Location sorted now for bait and we all love talking about bait don't we!!

I will tell you my choice I can't give you science or expert advice but I use what I use as it's confidence and I know carp love it.

Three simple Ingredients for me sweetcorn, boilies and a liquid the latter choices are Rod Hutchinson Ballistic B and the matching food bait liquids. A brilliant creamy fruity digestible bait that can be taken anywhere. Sweetcorn is just brilliant in its own right but adding a good liquid makes a difference.

I like to bait the spot and leave it for a while so I had a few casts edging up to the willow and I was happy so walked to the point and out went a few handfuls of the Ballistic soaked sweetcorn followed by some crumbed Ballistic B boilies again only a handful. To my amazement a big mirror swam around the point and into my baited area which was clouded up from the liquid. I sat watching



and the water on the point is really clear and I could see fish gliding in and out of the roots from the tree I just knew that it was going to happen! I was so excited like a kid running back to the peg and got one Rod in position with a 15mm Ballistic B pop up topping a Pallatrax Gripz hook and a long hooklength tied multi rig style with Steamlink, the thought process being I got a decent drop but knew it was weedy and a bit messy under the tree.

I like to have the bait sitting about an inch off the deck sometimes an inch and a half.

I cannot stress enough how good these Gripz hooks are but that's for a different day. I sank the line and tightened up giving the carp no opportunity

to take any line as experience on here when I was younger taught me the hard way losing fish in the snags. No sooner had I put the rod down and walked up the bank I was into my first carp I could not believe it a short scrap with a mid-double common then graced the net ! Back she went a good start to any session, I got both rods onto the spot in quick time and put another few handfuls over the top and started to tidy

my swim I am a bit of a messy angler stuff everywhere. As I did so the same Rod was away the fish kiting out into the middle. Another scrap and another mid double common in lovely nick was photographed on the mat in the sunshine. I should point out that the second rod went out with the same rig no point changing when it's working for you. I rebaited and sat back with a brew realising how lucky I was to have caught two and things had gone right as they don't always. I don't really take much notice of time when fishing so did a few photos of some new luggage that Rod Hutchinson have just released and a couple of rig shots and as I sat back for another brew the right hand rod fished tight to the willow was away. This time I could see it

was a leather carp plodding in the deep margin as it tired and slipped into the net. Another into double figures was photographed and returned I could not have been happier. Back out to the spot and I baited with another few handfuls and sat back watching the water and pondering feeding a margin spot.

In could not have been more than half an hour and the second rod was off one that I had recast clipping the tree. To my amazement it was another leather carp this time bigger going 18lb ! Two commons and two leathers must have been in pairs !!

I rebaited after photos and

recast settling in not really expecting much more action as it was just after midday.

What happened next just blew me away to be honest as I sat thinking about all manner of things including how much I wanted to fish every day and how lucky people were who get to be out in the open air fishing.

My left hand rod tore off across my other line and out into the deeper water. As I played the

fish, I could tell it was bigger straight away staying in the deeper water really low. After ten minutes the fish was still kiting low up and down the second shelf I had not seen it but knew it felt good. Eventually I saw the end of the tubing and a massive frame powering back and forward. As I looked, I saw the silver tail could it be the old character! I literally shook. It was the one! Silver Tail I think she is called



eventually tiring and giving a gulp of air before going into the net.

I looked down into the net and new it was a big un !

On to the scales and she went 34lb a proper unit and although not the prettiest fish a real character.

First thirty of the year and only my second since I have been carp fishing I was so pleased.

Photos done although it was hard as the position of the sun and bank space made that difficult but I did not care it was real and not edited.

I slipped her back from the cradle in the deep margins allowing her to reset and recover almost stopping to give me one last look before swimming off.

I am sure that for most of us who don't get on the bank much these moments are so

special I know it was for me.

There was still time for another bite and after messaging the guys at Rod Hutchinson and a few friends I managed to get the rods back in the water although I seemed to have lost the ability to cast properly I think it was excitement.

I rebaited with a few more handfuls of Ballistic B and sweetcorn and enjoyed a brew.

The session quietened off a little for a few hours which saw me keep trickling bait on the spot.

I guess it was about five in the afternoon and one of the rods was away and again I was into another decent fish taking me all over the place a real powerhouse of a carp. As it reached the deep margin I caught a glimpse of a big Mirror twisting and turning.

A really good fight ended with me netting a lovely old Mirror that was another character. On the scales at 25lb and I could not believe my luck. Photos done and I released her back from the cradle into the margin to grace another net in the future.

The session ended for me with no further action but it was home time and family called. Looking at it now it was one of those days where it all goes well and that is not always the case.

I guess my point is enjoy your fishing and the carp you catch all have a story to tell and when things don't go right hang in there. I hope you enjoy the article.

At the best

Steve G

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Reviews

Grizzlyman
Clothing
by
Brian Dixon



Talking Carp.... First look.

As the season starts to gain momentum, and the heavy winter clothing gets put away for the next few months, the decision was made to look for a new suit to protect me on the bank. After looking through the usual websites and catalogues, a friend told me to broaden my horizons and look at a company called Grizzlyman. (cheers Dan!)

Grizzlyman cater for the outdoors man who likes to go hunting... and the first thing I discovered was that they are not a fashion lead industry as us carpers can be sometimes... oh no... their clothing is there to serve a purpose!

A few enquiries and I was soon talking to Eko, the owner. We discussed the clothing range, and as it's a hunting based company, his customers expect clothing that is hard wearing, well made, silent when on the move

and offers protection against the elements so all these criteria have to be met. Available in an array of camouflages or dark green, you have to decide which is right for you. I opted for a dark digital camo...

Upon arrival it was easy to see he was not joking, the anorak and trousers set are extremely well made.

A blend of 35% cotton and 65% polyester Rip Stop material, excellent stitching makes for a long lasting product.

Pockets in the all right places, plastic zips on the anorak (to keep it silent when out stalking), button down pockets on the back of the trousers and big side leg pockets.

The one feature that really stands out for me is the length of the jacket!! As its so much longer than a standard waist length jacket, you can say goodbye to wind chills up the back! A godsend as I really start to feel it now.....

All this adds up to a perfect suit for myself as I tend to fish small intimate waters that require serious stealth on some of the close in pegs, and when off on a stalking mission.

The suit gets 2 thumbs up from me....

Head over to the website and check out their range and tell them we sent you! Eko and Grizzlyman provide excellent product knowledge and customer service.

www.grizzlyman.uk





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Rig Marole

FINELY TUNED TACKLE



Event Overview:

We enter our 4th year at the Midlands Carp Champs 2019, year on year the event has grown but we have decided again to keep the format of the events this year the same as previous with 2 x 10 Peg qualification rounds where the top 5 pegs - decided by overall weight of carp caught in 48 hours will then go in to a 10 Peg Final, the events can be fished as a pair or single you simply purchase a ticket and the option is yours.

Throughout 2019 we have decided that we would give what we can back to the sport so we are supporting Rob Hughes and Carp Team England with this each ticket sold has a £5 admin fee attached and these fees will be given directly to Carp Team England – Rob has informed us that these funds will go towards supporting the England Ladies Team in the forthcoming World Cup in France. We believe this is a fantastic direction the sport and the team are taking and we wish them the very best of luck in their efforts.

We are delighted and honoured to have been given access through the night to this magical day only water and we thank the Ranger team for allowing us to host both qualifying rounds and the Final of the 2019 Midlands Carp Champs back at what we believe is the best carp day ticket lake in the Midlands – Kingsbury Water Parks - Pine Pool.

The 2019 event we have again tried to keep the cost of entry to a minimum whilst still being able to offer competitive prize money, vouchers, trophies and complimentary leads that are provided by our fantastic sponsors – this year we thank and welcome on board JMC Tackle who have provided vouchers for the winning pair and Chameleon Leads (Alan Scholes) who has continued to support the events in the past couple of years.

Venue Overview:

- Size of Lake 7.52 Acres
- Type of Lake - Day Ticket – No Open Access Night Fishing
- Ticket Cost £5 per day (2 Rods, 2 x day tickets required for 3 rod use)
- Fish Stock Good stock of doubles and 20s
- Biggest Fish 30lb+
- Features: Islands, gravel spots, bays, weed, reeds, shallow area

The water parks extensive fishery management plan over the past 2 years has seen the stock grow impressively and they have added a number of home grown carp into the water in 2018 that have settled in well and have made great additions to an already impressive stock of carp.

You can find us on Facebook “Midlands Carp Champs” Follow us for all the latest news, updates and live footage from the 2019 events.



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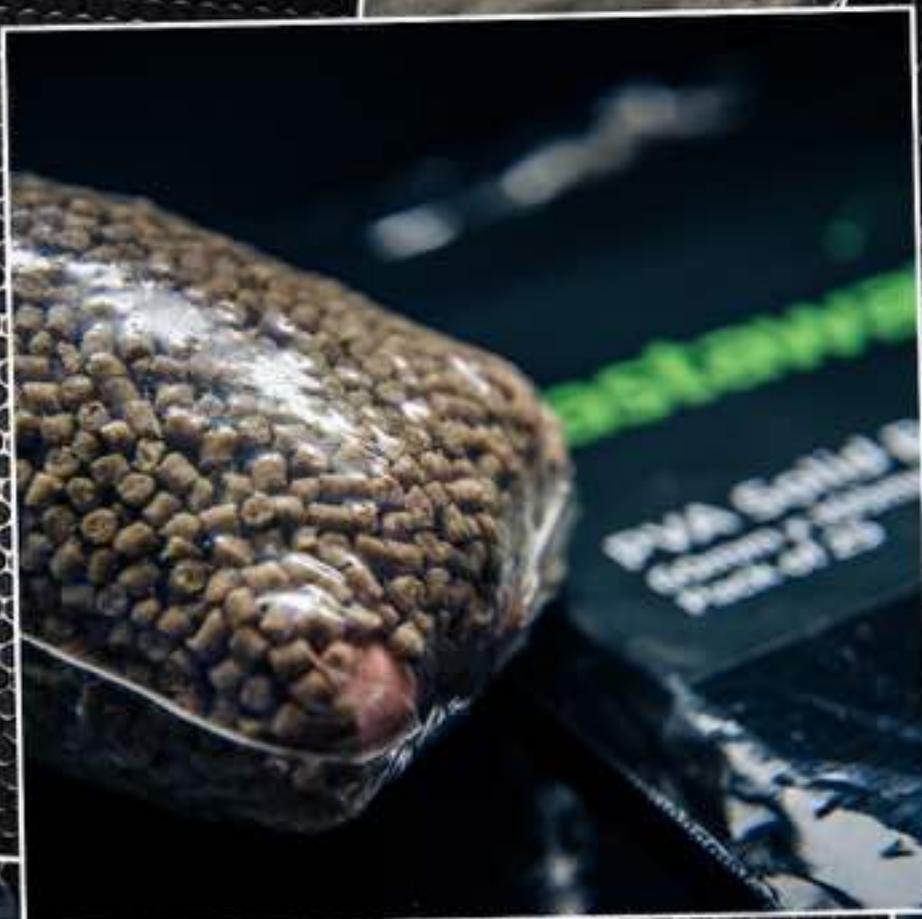
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Go Fishing NI takes up the ANLRS banner in Northern Ireland.

The Anglers National Line Recycling Scheme (ANLRS) is delighted to announce that Go Fishing NI will be acting as co-ordinators for the scheme in Northern Ireland as of May 2019.

Go Fishing NI is a non-profit organisation that was set up in 2016 to promote all aspects of angling in Northern Ireland. Their hard-working team consists of entirely volunteers, who have a passion for angling and who give up their time to work with fisheries, clubs, tackle shops and other organisations and businesses, helping them promote the great work they are doing, that supports and develops angling in N. Ireland. Through their monthly angling magazine, Go Fishing NI Magazine, all disciplines of Northern Irish angling are reported on, as well as angling a little further afield.

Where will you

www.gofishingnimagazine.co.uk



The organisation will promote the ANLRS across Northern Ireland through its magazine and social media platforms and act as the point of registration for any fisheries, tackle shops or angling clubs, that want to become recycling locations. The group will be seeking funding, from local sources, to enable them to supply businesses that register with an ANLRS line recycling bin.

Once the line has been collected Go Fishing NI will act as a central collection point for the mono, braid and fly lines from where they will send it direct to the UK based recycler, The Maltings Organic Treatment Ltd. Go Fishing NI has signed up to the ANLRS participation charter that details how any co-ordinator group must take the scheme forward there and continue the ethos in which the ANLRS was set up. In brief, this is to run a transparent non-profit, volunteer lead, donation funded scheme that is run by anglers for anglers.

Darren Walker, founder of Go Fishing NI, commented "I am delighted that Go Fishing NI will be part of such a wonderful and worthy scheme. Whatever our relationship is with angling, we have a responsibility to ensure its future by looking after the environment we fish in. Playing an active role in the Anglers National Line Recycling Scheme will help to ensure we look after our waterways for generations to come"

Viv Shears of the ANLRS added "The growth of the scheme in the UK has been phenomenal since it was launched early last year. To increase the availability of recycling locations in Northern Ireland is fantastic and when Darren approached us offering their support it was an obvious extension to the scheme. A local focus within a region or country with proactive volunteers like those at Go Fishing NI can only be a positive for line recycling in general."



Catch Reports

Featuring -

Vader baits, wyreside Fisheries,
Brooms Cross fishery, White springs
fishery, Carp 19,
Team X Stream, Plus many more



Andrew & Josh Taylor

Quality 24 hours on yet another new venue, Home Farm Fishery in Alsager, Stoke-On-Trent, ending with a couple of low double Carp, my rig consisted off RM-Tec Size 6 Barbless Straight Point Hook, attached to RM-Tec Soft Coated Camo Hooklink, finished off with a RM-Tec Weed Green Anti Tangle Sleeves and RM-Tec QC Hooklink Clip, loaded with a Mainline Baits Pop Up topped of with a fake

maggot cluster, and a Castaway PVA Stick filled with Mainline Baits 6mm Pellets and a hand full of Maggots, happy days!





Quality 24 hours with my pride and joy, my 4 year old son Josh at Mineral Lakes, Bedworth.

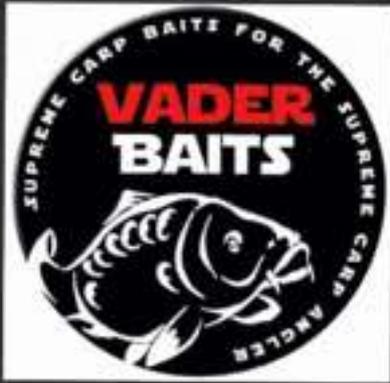
We ending up landing 9 Carp with a gorgeous Ghost being then biggest at 15lb 6oz and 8 Sturgeon with a Siberian being the biggest at 18lb 4oz.

All Carp where caught on a Mainline Cell pop-up, with a Castaway PVA mesh of crushed Cell boilies and 6mm Cell Response Pellets, on a multi-rig consisting of a 4 inch RM-Tec Soft Coated Camo Hooklink attached to a 2 inch RM-Tec Fluorocarbon Hooklink, loaded with a size 6 RM-Tec Straight Point Hook, RM-Tec Anti-Tangle Sleeve, RM-Tec QC Inline Swivel and a RM-Tec Bait Screw.

All Sturgeon where caught on Mainline Baits Spicy Luncheon Meat, on a standard blow back rig, consisting off RM-Tec Soft Coated Organic Brown Hooklink, a size 6 RM-Tec Curve Shank Hook and a Organic Brown Anti-tangle Sleeve.

Amazing session, i couldn't be prouder of my little boy, my son Josh! Get in!





Team member Andy done 48hrs on Leveritts this week! He fished his left rod in the margin at about 30 yds and his right rod was fished in open water at 50 yds! The first night was very slow so the next day he steadily built up his right hand rod with about 4kg of SaTaN...! All was quiet till the second night when his right hand rod sounded out a couple of bleeps then ripped off into action at 10pm! After approx 15 mins the fish was in the net! Once he weighed the fish, he couldn't believe his eyes...the scales went 39lb 9oz beating his PB...!! SaTaN does it again for Andy!! Two PB's done in this year on Vader Baits!!

Nice one Andy! Congratulations on your PB!!



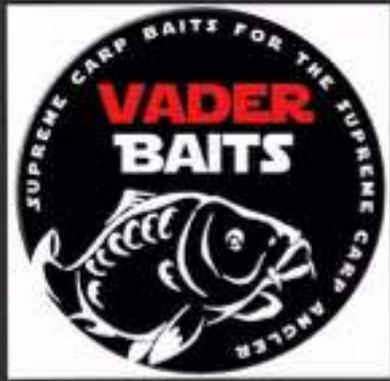
Team member Richard was on the Coking Social.

Rich's alarm sounded just before midnight on Friday but sadly to be a missed chance. So, with that he re-casted to the same spot and got some bait back on top and it wasn't long before his first carp was on the bank at 2:45 am! A lovely mirror weighing in at 18lb 2oz....

Saturday morning came and he'd been trickling bait on top of his rods as the carp once again showed and at 5.30am the rod zipped off back into action leading to a common at 15lb 11oz to close the day off nicely....Only to be awoken at 1:10 am on Sunday by the sound of his alarm again this time netting another common at 16lb 2oz. All three fish tempted by a balanced SaTaN snowman rig fished over a bed of 14mm SaTaN freebies.

Early Sunday morning both rods re-baited and back on the same spots this time with a double 14mm SaTaN dipped in matching glug with some 14mm SaTaN freebies on top which proved to have an edge as within 5 minutes the left rod screamed off and just as this common was landed the right rod jumped into action for a second fish. The right rod producing a 18lb 15oz mirror carp and the left rod stealing the show and the carp cup with a beautiful common carp gracing the bank at 26lb 10oz and giving Rich a new PB!

Ace fishing Rich! Congratulations on the PB and taking home the carp cup!!!



Team member Richard did a 12 hour session on Oak Lake Wednesday night. He had set his rods out in his usual spots and got his head down for some kip.

He was woken at 4am by the sound of his alarm which after a short scrap resulted in a 18lb mirror. This fish was caught on a single 18mm Grafter boillie with solid bag of 10 whole 18mm Grafter boillies.

After his catch he got his head back down for a few hours until 8 am when his other rod went off on a serious run! He had assumed he was into a big cat by the way it was tearing line but when he got it closer, he could see a golden belly.

He slipped the fish into the net. Revealing a lovely common coming off the scales at 26lb 2oz. The fish was caught using a single 18mm Grafter boillie with a solid bag of crushed Grafter mixed with krilla micro pellet!! Great angling Rich! Keep it up!!



T

eam member Richard done a quick 12 hr overnight session on Oak Lake Coking Farm.

He had this corker out at 5am this morning at 27lb 5oz. Caught using a Krilla pellet hookbait with a solid bag of Krilla crumb and glug! This was his second biggest of the year so far and looks uncannily similar to the 28lb mirror he had out of Big Hayes earlier in the year! Just as Rich was planning to leave his rods screamed off landing his a 22lb 1oz beauty!! He managed to tempt this fish using a single 18mm Tutti Frutti Tuna boilie with crushed Tutti Frutti Tuna boilies in a solid pva bag!!

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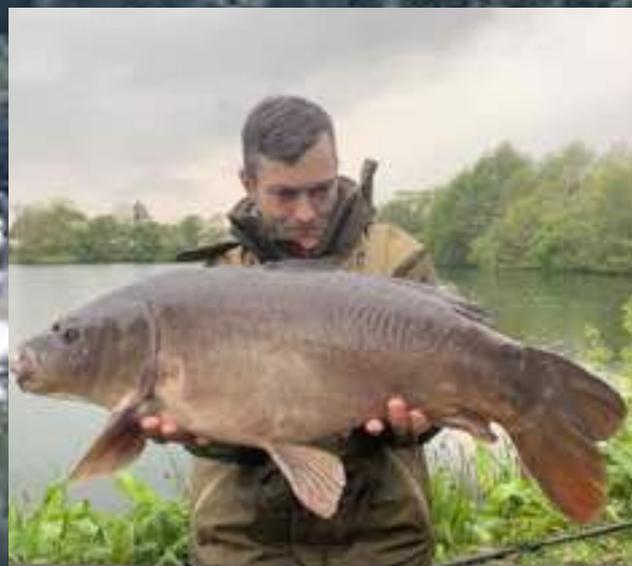
- THOUSANDS OF CARP CAPTURES ACROSS EUROPE AND THE UK



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Wyreside



Wyreside report.

The past week the temperatures have been low and it has been in the double figures and the fish continue to come in layers.

The start the week off we will go to sunny side 1. I bagged a lovely 16lber in a hour surface fishing and then they which resulted in another lovely 16lber which I had a 12lber and a new PB of 20lb 6oz fishing surface.

Now over to sunny side 2 Ste Monk had a scaley and Kyle Jones in peg 11 managed an 18lber a p hour social on the point landing 5 fish to low 20s

Now, over to the members waters Bantons seem handful of fish being landed one of which fell to C

Last but not least over to Wyre and it's still on top up to 28lb from right of cabin. Sam Stephenson a bay also getting amongst the action was Oliver w

I'll leave the photos to do the talking, lovely times

Tight lines for now

www.wyresidelakes.co.uk



Fisheries

at night but the day time temperatures have to spend the majority of the time in the upper

First up Father and daughter Callum and Eliza in peg 2. The sheep Phil swift jumped in behind which was also caught off the top. Lee Catracchia sweet corn from peg 10.

ry banger at 21lb 8oz. Ryan Waterworth in peg 10 piece. Dave Smith and Thomas James had a 24 on DNA baits over a large bed of bait.

as to have slowed down this week with only a Callum in the shape of a lovely 18lb linear.

o form, Chris sawyer managed to bag 4 x 20s all also bagged 4 this week up to 28lb from swan with a stunner 28lb 12oz.

s stay Carpy.



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A close-up photograph of a textured metal surface, possibly a fishing lure or rod component, with a gold-colored fishing lure or rod component resting on it. The background is a dark, metallic surface with a repeating pattern of raised, diamond-shaped studs. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting the metallic sheen and the intricate details of the lure's texture.

It's time

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fade into it!!

Brooms Cross Fishery

Specimen carp and coarse



Mike Williams with Single Scale, up from 26lb last year to 28lb 12oz this time, well done mike a hard one off the list...



Ste Charnock

Mark Oldham with a
The Vessel from Upp
looking in



Josh wilkinson with the biggest up to now from Lower Alt this year and a new p.b. with 2 tone at 28lb 8oz, well done josh



Dave Morrow with a
29lb 12oz from

Brooms Cross Fishery

Specimen carp and coarse



new personal best...
er Alt at 29lb 4oz and
fine form.



Mick Taylor with a new pb at 30lb exactly
from Upper Alt and the Mean Eyed Mirror at
her best weight yet



a new p.b. Jimmy at
m Upper Alt.



Andy Christopher back on Lower Alt and it
didn't take him long to bank a 20 with this
21lb 8oz beauty



David Duell

type of fish and weight Mirror carp

Location of catch Germany

Info about the catch

Sunday morning, I got a screaming run on the middle rod, everything was going to plan up until the fish snagged me in the margin of my peg. On a closer inspection I could see what looked like a number plate, I eventually got the waders on to have a closer inspection and found it to be a quad bike with the fish still snagged. Soon after we got the fish free and then phoned the local police regarding the bike as we could see oil on the surface and didn't want anything to contaminate the lake. 30mins after the phone call police arrived with fire fighters, scuba divers and paramedics. The owner of the quad was later informed of the find and police already have 1 name of the thief's who stole the quad.





Returning from a trip to Gigantica, Darren Walter has sent us these fantastic pics. Darren says there are no monsters to report this time but still a great time was had, and topped off by these stunners!!



Your Name: Jacob
type of fish and weight: 12.5kg
Location of catch: Abbeville
Info about the catch: Our Scouse banx s
fishing in France at the complex of abbey





Your Name: Jay Bourton

type of fish and weight Carp 30lb

Location of catch Newlands

Info about the catch

I used hinged stiff rigs for my French carp and used a 18mm white mainline cell pop up soaked in almond goo and hemp oil and then taking some scolded pellet. I wrap a small ball around my hookbait almost like a paste, it's something I've done for the last few years and it also saves a load of money not having to buy pva. I normally use a local bait company called Oxford Carp Baits.

ck Pattie
Mirror 22 pound
ey lakes France
ocial got off to a hard weeks
akes with high pressures and
a cold wind blasting at
me for the week, after
fishing three lakes on the
complex I managed to
get a couple out on the
last night out of frog lake
the first one weighed 22
pound and the second
36 pound both mirrors
fell to double maze on a
blowback rig with a size
5 Nash fang twister, I
fished this rod tight to a
snag and unfortunately
lost one but at least it
wasn't a blank.



Your Name: Karl Brandreth

type of fish and weight 16lb 12oz

Location of catch Cheshire club

Info about the catch This was the blank saver again this little cricket bat common

Came on The second afternoon of the session at the Teeth of a Cold easterly wind

This common fell to Spotted Fin Smokey Jack topped with pineapple n-butyric acid pop up

Using Taska carp Baseline end tackle

The banks side advanced clothing kept me warm in the icy conditions which was very cold



Your Name: Karl Brandreth

type of fish and weight Mirror carp 16lb

Location of catch Cheshire club water

Info about the catch

Caught 3 mirror carp all weighing 16lb

Which fell to Spotted Fin Smokey Jack topped with pineapple n-butyric snowman style d-rig and Ronnie rigs. Also using Taska Carp Baseline end tackle to catch these lovely carp and the Bank Side Advanced Clothing keeping me dry and warm through hail stone and cold winds





Your Name: Derry Reece Mathews
 type of fish and weight Common carp
 Location of catch Liverpool parks
 Info about the catch Derry Reece Mathews with this lovely park lake common caught a wrap out on a ronnie rig with an Essential Cell with a little mesh of Live system boilies and tackle from Ability tackle and wiped 2 of my other rods out with the 15 minute fight , now that's top angling.



Your Name: James Pritchard
 type of fish and weight 15lb 8oz
 Location of catch Liverpool parks
 Info about the catch James Pritchard with these beauties which was caught on method feeder with 2mm micros and 8mm diawa advantage dumbbell and the day before he landed the other Common James is doing really well like always on his local park.

Your Name: John blip
type of fish and weight Common carp
Location of catch Overstone caravan park

Info about the catch Joined a new syndicate lake and got told it hasn't done any fish all winter, so I fished what I was told is the hot spot all day with 0 confidence. Noticed fish shoaling on the surface over the other end of the lake so I decided to throw a zig at them and tried everything to get a bite but still nothing. Decided it was time to move for the last hour. Ditched my second rod. Changed bait to a 14mm Priority baits Aniseed and betaine boilie topped with a tiny bit of pink pop up glugged in cookies and cream glug. Threw out my trusty hair rig with an Incredible tackle size 6 wide gape hook and scattered cookies and cream boilies little and often over my rig and before long this beautiful 21lb common was in the net. Hard work paid off.



Changed bait to a 14mm Priority baits Aniseed and betaine boilie topped with a tiny bit of pink pop up glugged in cookies and cream glug. Threw out my trusty hair rig with an Incredible tackle size 6 wide gape hook and scattered cookies and cream boilies little and often over my rig and before long this beautiful 21lb common was in the net. Hard work paid off.



Your Name: Aaron Temple

type of fish and weight Common carp 20lb

Location of catch Sefton parks, Liverpool

Info about the catch After taking 1 rod out for a few hours challenge. I decided to do a quick walk to see if the carp we're showing, and it wasn't long before they were spotted swimming around enjoying the sunny bank holiday sun.

So I quickly set up a zig rig and out it went. A few swam by making me get excited to be in the spot and it wasn't too long the fight began with this beast jumping out the water making a dash for a snag, but bam!! here it is in the picture.. landed and returned.



Team Taska man
Ken Veerle Roela
session on a big B
and when things w
he upped sticks a
swims.

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in Belgium
and set up for a
Belgian canal...
weren't right,
and moved

Take a look at
beasts.
on mainline and
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presentation as





Matt Eade on great form right now, catching some stunning carp up to 30lb+ from his local venue.





Your Name: Mike Smith

type of fish and weight
23.10

Location of catch
Cumbria secret lake

Info about the catch
Been chasing a new p.b for over 20 years and after matching my old p.b twice I finally managed to beat it with this lovely 23.10 common.

Your Name:
Derry Mathews

type of fish and weight
Mirror Carp (called Halftail)
new P.B at 17lb 6oz

Location of catch
Rosemary Woods

Info about the catch
Caught on the ability tackle products and a Nash squid and krill boilie



Your Name:

Thomas Cooney

type of fish and

weight Carp

and 19lb

Location of

catch Walton

hall park

Info about the

catch Fishing

on a Ronnie rig

with a pink krill

pop up soaked in

almond goo.



Your Name:

Richard Bartlett

type of fish

and weight

Carp 30lb

Location of

catch

Newlands

Info about the

catch

Bright yellow

pop up just

popped up of

bottom over a

bed of mixed

pellet and corn

in the margins



Steve Cartwright

type of fish and weight Common 37lb

Location of catch Nene Valley Syndicate

Info about the catch 37lb

Common, part of a 3 fish catch , taken on Key Bait solutions ASM boilies and Carp Tackle Online end tackle, Scorpion size 6 curved hooks.



type of fish and weight Mirror Zip Linear 29lb 2oz

Location of catch Nene Valley Syndicate

Info about the catch Fish called Zippy, taken on Key Bait solutions ASM and Carp Tackle Online end tackle





Chris Whyborn

After a few weeks of bad weather I decided to get out for 4 hours and found a bay on the back of the wind and decided to fish it. I put a nature's bait bloodworm x dumbbell tipped with a fake bit of corn and a few free offerings about 4 foot from the bank and had a few doubles to start with and the rod tip hooped round and was attached to this 31lb 8oz mirror in full colour. I also used deception end tackle to land the fish too.

Your Name:
Danny Hope

type of fish and weight
Common carp 22lb 3oz

Location of catch
Essex

Info about the catch
Caught on a Ronnie rig using taska components, fished over a scattering of epic baits uk S.A.S Boilies with a sweet creams pop up. This was followed by a mid-double common the following morning.







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RRP £9.99



munch baits



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continued support**

**Please send your articles and catch reports
by the 28th May 2019 for next months
magazine**

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'The Talking Carp Team'

**Brian Dixon
Mark Faulkner
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