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Hello... And welcome.

As I am writing this Carp Teams England, Scotland and Wales are all getting ready to compete in the World Fishing Games. This is quite a special occasion too as it's the first time all three have competed together as Scotland make their Carp Team debut in these games. Talking Carp wish all our home nations lads the very best of luck.

Recently you will have seen us throw our weight behind a great idea . The Anglers National Line Recycling Scheme.. the ANLRS. The idea is to take all our mono, braid, and now fly lines, and recycle it all properly and safely. Environmentally friendly idea indeed!! And to date there are already 100s of shops, fisheries and clubs signed up to dispose of that line for you and send it back to ANLRS. Check at your local fishery and shops, and if you can't see the highly visible stickered bins then maybe have a word and get them signed up!!

Alternatively head over to the ANLRS Facebook page where you can give their page a like, and find instructions on sending your line back.

That's all for now.. keep those catch reports coming in... Especially now that Rod Hutchinson is giving a bait package to one lucky angler each month! Could it be you??!

Email brian.dixon@talkingcarp.co.uk

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Team Talking Carp

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***GALAXY
BAITS***

Skunk & Blackcurrant Marine & Seed Mix



This bait was an addition to the Skunk range, at Darenth Valley Baits way back in the early 90'S. It has all the Old school attraction qualities of the Original Skunk Oil bait, but with the addition, of our unbelievable Blackcurrant flavouring, which of course is from a nature identical background, locking in all the benefits of the vitamins and minerals contained in the fruit suggested. This bait has also been responsible for thousands of captures all over Europe and is still doing the business.

This bait has an immense fruity smell, but again is perfectly balanced with the Marine & Seed mix and has the silt busting, quality fruit powders added, to keep the bait attractive, should your fishing require leaving baits submersed for longer periods.

This bait is now available again, after so many years of sitting quietly in the archive of recipes and is no imitation. In Fact the only change from the DVB recipe is the addition of Galaxy Baits Medi- Chlorian our health booster ! This is an all year mix and will release, all the attraction signals, in freezing cold conditions. It works fantastic in the summer months , but, we suggest using the Galaxsea Blackcurrant in warmer conditions, as the high content of Fishmeal in the Atlantic specimen mix shines like a supernova !
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ATTIRER PRODUCES THE GOODS AGAIN PART 2
BY SCOTT GEEZER GRANT

I was now wondering whether to move back into the original swim I fished when I got here, but I would make my mind up in the morning, see what the night brings was my thinking.

Thursday morning was soon here and I didn't even have a bleep in the night so I made a decision to move back to the front lake, but give Steve the choice of what side he wanted to fish as he had taken all his fish from the side, I was originally in. Steve made a decision to fish my original side so all's he had to do was move his rods over but leave his bivvy where it was.

I started to bring my gear back over with my bivvy back in the same spot as before but my rods were now going to be on the left hand side of the swim.

This swim has always been good to me and now armed with a bait

the fish seem to love surely, I could produce a fish from the swim. Just as I was setting the rods up, I looked up the tree line to the left and a fish poked its head out but a rod length off so that's where one of the rods would be dispatched to.

I wasted no time and with the boat freighted it was sent out to the area the fish showed, this was going to be my middle rod.

My left-hand rod was fished in a gap between the trees and

a known area that has produced for me before, in fact I caught the big girl from there earlier in the year.

The right-hand rod was fished out in front at 40 yards with a couple a kilo of boilies catapulted out.

Now the rods were sorted it was a waiting game. That evening Martin cooked his signature dish (well he was cooking it for hours) succulent pork with all the trimmings, he is a very good cook and always makes sure the anglers are





well fed. Let me tell you the dinner was absolutely divine and was followed by loads of chocolate and savouries along with a caramelised almond and vanilla latte of which were so nice I ended up drinking the whole box of 8 sachets!!!!

Friday morning was the best day by far, the fish really started to get on the bait. Just as the sun came up you can feel the warmth in the air and as I sat with a coffee in hand the middle rod rattled off the coffee went for a burton and I was straight on the rod, the

get under the trees but I kept the pressure on and the line held strong, after a few hairy moments Martin slid the net under a very large mirror. He peered inside and said to me "Geeze you've got the Big Girl again" I was speechless I vowed on the way here if I caught her again, I would be having some photos done for sure. The weight was totally irrelevant

fish felt like a goodun and was plodding rather than making runs. The fish tried in vain to

for me but Martin wanted to weigh her to see how she's doing. The needle swung round to a very healthy 52lb not a bad weight and she has obviously spawned right out. She looked empty and with her huge frame she will be piling the weight back on through the Autumn and Winter she is sure to be around the 60lb mark come next May. This time martin took some great photos on my phone then she was treated and returned. I was smiling like a Cheshire Cat.... the bait just keeps on





working. What a start to the day what else does this place have in store for me.

Steve hadn't had no more action nor had Martin but surely it was just a matter of time.

We had a lovely bacon with melted cheese in a large French baguette for breakfast another one of Martin specialities which went down a treat.

By midday it had warmed up considerably and the odd fish started to show which is a great sign.

Later in the afternoon without no prior warning the right-hand

rod just ignited and after playing a very angry fish Steve done the honours with the net.

Once in the cradle it looked another good fish and with a weight of 42lb recorded I was more than happy.

This time Steve obliged with the camera and

took some great shots.

No more action was seen for the rest of the

day until very late in the evening well it was just before midnight when the left-hand rod produced a cracking common of 28lb 4oz to me.

Steve took some cracking shots in the darkness which came out pukka then the fish was returned and the rod put back out along with a couple of kilos of mixed sized boilies.

another hour before I finally jumped in the bag for some kip.

Saturday morning came the lake looked absolutely bang on for a take, Martin was up early for once and made the coffee!!!





!!! It was still quite early when Martin got a take on his left-hand rod fished just in front of the snags, but after a few minutes he lost it!! And he said it felt like a very good fish which is gutting.

He wasn't too down hearted and got the rod straight back out on the spot and topped the area up with some bait. A couple of hours later the same rod was away and this time Martin didn't let the fish get the better of him and after a mental battle I slid the net under a huge common. Once in the cradle Martin recognised

the fish but when she was hoisted up on the scales his jaw dropped as a weight of 45lb was read out.

This particular fish has put over 5lb on since May!!!

He doesn't normally like having photos done and I really do have to keep on at him but on this occasion, he didn't need any persuading the fish was absolutely stunning.

I got in the water with him and took some cracking shots of which he was more than

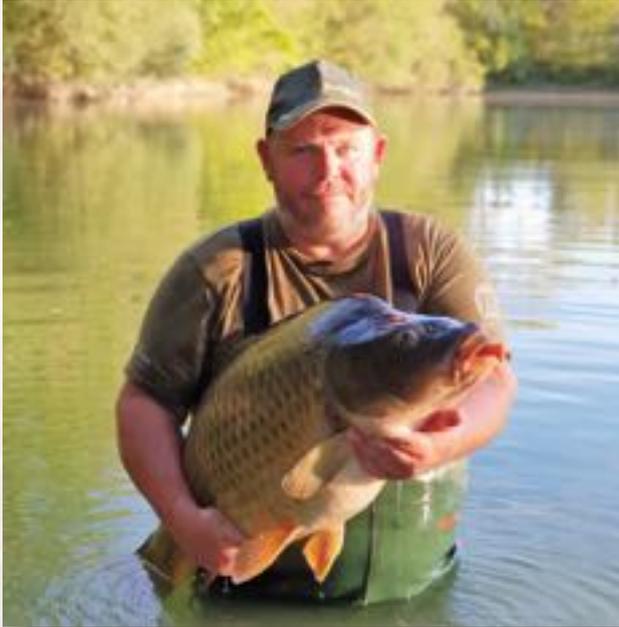
pleased with. It had been a slow week but now he was smiling along with me and Steve.

With the new injection of Adrenalin, we were all buzzing and wondering who would catch next.

Martin seemed a lot happier as normally he is catching at least 2 fish a day.

Once things had calmed down a bit, we all had a bit of breakfast or brunch as you would call it, then just milled about watching and waiting.





As the afternoon wore on Martins rod was away again but this time the fish had got the better of him and had taken him right into the snags, himself and Steve took to the boat while I waited patiently on the bank. It took him a little while before the fish decided

to try and break free and boy when he shot out the snags it managed to turn the boat right round!! It still wasn't giving up and it was another 5 minutes or so before it was engulfed

in the net. Once back on the bank the fish of which both Martin and myself recognised looked huge it was definitely the biggest, I had ever seen it, and when she was lifted onto the scales Martin nearly fell over, I kid you not

as the needle settled on 50lb 8oz!!! This fish again has put

on over 5lb since May which is a great weight gain.

Martin was on a roll, again we took to the water and I took quite a few photos all of which Martin was over the moon with.

The stock is incredible in this place and they just keep getting bigger. Late afternoon I went for a walk up to the far margin to see if there were any fish present and lo and behold as I walked along behind the trees I could see a few fish just milling about I stood and watched for about 20 minutes and they just wasn't going anywhere so I raced back to my swim and moved my right hand rod from 40 yards out and boated it right up to the back far tree lined margin, where I had seen fish milling about.

The boat had a generous amount of Attirer boilies and pellet



hopefully this parcel of goodness will produce the goods again.

Before we knew it, it was dinner time and with a hearty meal devoured we then sat and chilled out.

I went to bed early as come tomorrow morning we would all be packing up and heading home. I laid down on my bed and I was out like a light, that was until my receiver went into melt down, the far margin rod was away and after a proper scrap a chunky framed mirror lay in the net. Steve and Martin were still awake and they hadn't even gone to bed yet, it was just after midnight and I had only been asleep a couple of hours.

I set my light up and Steve again obliged with my phone and took some cracking shots.

The fish was returned and the rod was re-baited and boated back



up to the far margin. Once all the carnage was over, I jumped in the bag and went back to sleep.

When I woke up and peered out the bivvy Steve and Martin were busy pottering about and when I looked at my phone it was 8 o'clock!! This is the latest I've stayed in bed all week, I jumped out the bag made a coffee then jumped in the shower.

No one else had caught anything during the night and both Steve and Martin were packing their gear up, so I followed suit and

made the dreaded task that lay ahead. I had all my gear packed up with only my rods left out, I was in the process of taking my crocs off and putting my trainers on and with only one trainer on the far rod was away again, I ran to the rod and lifted into the fish, it didn't take long before a lovely common was in the net, not a massive fish by French standards but very



welcome all the same. It weighed in at 27lb 4oz and what a lovely parting gift.

That was the last fish of the trip and an hour or so later we were pulling out of the gates and heading back to England.

Overall for me personally it was another successful trip and the deadly Attirer from Galaxy Baits produced the goods yet again including the Big Girl.

I finished with fish of: 27lb 4oz common, 28lb 4oz common, 35lb mirror, 40lb 12oz common, 42lb mirror topped off with a 52lb mirror (repeat) not bad for a hard weeks fishing.



Martin ended the trip with 39lb 4oz mirror, 45lb common and a stunning 50lb 8oz mirror and Steve finished off with a 36lb common, 43lb 8oz, and a new PB 44lb 8oz mirror.

Again, for me the Attirer produced the goods and that's what you want a good proven bait to do, confidence in a bag. I would like to thank Martin for inviting me to his very special lake and for the hospitality and the awesome food. Thank You.

If you would like to try the readymade "Ronnie rigs" from

sharp tackle visit their website for a pack of 4 hooks its £2:99 which isn't expensive at all. They also do them now with coloured sleeves.

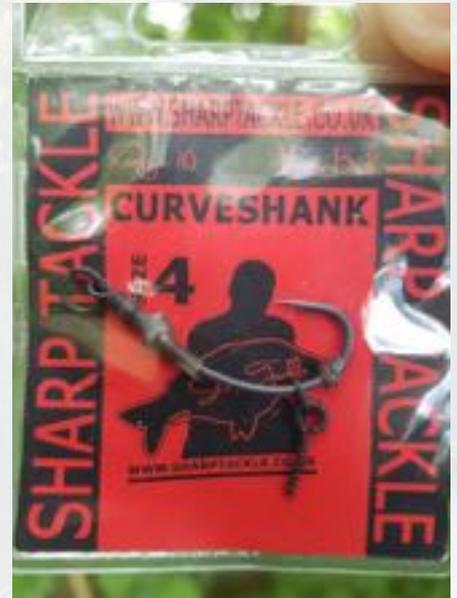
I would like to thank the following companies for their products of which I use in my fishing.

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- www.sharptackle.co.uk
- www.kudostackle.co.uk
- www.hookedonbaits.co.uk

If you're out on the bank stay safe, wrap up warm as winter is truly here and remember its only fishing.

All the best

Geezer





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Bait Talk pt 2

by Andrew Murray



In my last piece I talked about my journey with bait and how I arrived at my bait choice now. So, this piece I wanted to expand on my chosen way of applying bait and presentations to go with it. As already mentioned, my bait for this year is going to be the Link from mainline, having had a good year on it last year, so seeing no reason to change, so I'll be setting my stall out to get kitted out with all the bits and pieces I need to go with it. As I see it, there are two ways to apply bait to any water, I'm not a tricks and traps angler, I like to fish over bait. First is just to put boilies in as they are and fish amongst them, I'll say here and now, if I was fishing the same place week in and week out, then that's what I would do. Where I could put bait in on a regular basis, maybe team up

with some others, so the carp see it as part of their regular food source, it will always make the fishing much easier. It can also depend on the size of water you are fishing as well, it's not easy to pre-bait a 50-acre lake.

Given that I am fishing a 50-acre lake and I'm not fishing the same place week in and week out, then I use a more mixed and attraction type of approach. Here I use a tried and tested type of mix that gives me different options on how to fish over it. As I usually fish for two days, the amount of bait I would take for the session is as follows.

I catering tin of Sweetcorn, 1 tub Mainline Pulse mix, flavoured with the Link. 2k chopped Link, 2k of whole Link boilies. 2k

of mixed pellets. My pellet mix consists of Ground hemp, pellet powder, small pellets and 8mm pellets. I mix all this together in with a good glug of Stick mix and a little hemp oil and some Multi Stim as well. Once it's all mixed up, I will add 2-3 pints of water and mix thoroughly, this will soften the pellets and help create a great carpeting effect on the lake bed when put in with the Spomb. Lots of bits of different textures, sizes, shapes and taste is what I'm looking to create. Looking to get the carp browsing and having to mouth different things. I always have more bait with me just in





case it kicks off as well. If I don't use it, it keeps for another trip. It may seem like a lot of cost and also messing about making this up. But to me it's one of the most important parts of the jigsaw, next to getting in the right place! As I said it can be expensive, but when you look at what we spend on tackle and such, it's not really. There is no point in having the latest all singing, all dancing tackle set-up and then skimping on cost of

bait or effort preparing it.

Having decided on swims and finding the spots I want to fish, which is something I always agonise over, am I in the right area? I will spend a lot of time looking for signs and maybe talking to others. Have I identified the exact spots to fish, I found the Deeper Pro a great tool this year up to about 80 yards or so, it certainly helped me identify small routes

on the lake bed that I felt the carp would travel along. As I have spent a couple of years now on the big pit I am starting to get a feel for it a bit, as I said in the last piece, I intend to put a bit more time on here this year in order to learn a bit more I will usually start my session by putting 1/3 or so of this bait mix into my chosen spot with the Spomb, given all the baiting tools available these days I still feel it is the best available. Up to 90

yards or so I will use the Large Spomb, further than that I will use the Midi Spomb. When I am fishing a shallow area (4-5ft) it will only take 10-12 large Spombs to get the amount of bait I want down for that first bite, obviously a few more if it's the Midi Spomb. If it's deeper then I will want a few more due to the bait spreading on the drop. Now, when I say 10-12,



depending on how far I am casting that may take 15-20 casts to get the right amount on the

spot I am fishing, so I only count the ones that land correctly. It's a case then of topping as and when needed. Either after a bite of when a few

hours have elapsed if I feel smaller species are about. I will top up though, as I feel that's an important part of keeping some level of fresh attraction in the swim.

I use two main types of rig along with this style of fishing. When I set up a baited area, I will start with one of each, because I have found on different occasions the carp will slip up on one or the other. Just to complicate things it can be because the carp are coming at the bait from one angle as well, so sometimes



it's a case of feeling I should have had a bite as well. I will fish one rod with a pop-up on a stiff hinged rig and the other on what I call my little bag rig. The other thing that may have a bearing on this is the range I am fishing. As over 90 yards the bag rig can drift a bit on the wind when casting. I have attached a picture of the stiff hinge rig, it's quite straight forward so I'll not elaborate on that much more, other than to say, when fishing a gravel pit, the hooks need changing regularly! As they can tend to blunt quickly.

For the little bag rig, I use a short hooklink as per the picture and thread the hooklink through the bag, I feel this is very important as to how it all sits in the water. The other other thing I have found very efficient with the little bag rig

is to use the Mainline Wafers, sometimes I might trim it down and top with Plastic corn. If you see the two pics you can see how it each rig looks. It would be very fair to say my rigs are not the prettiest or neatest, they are however very strong! Once hooked I lose very few carp to breakages of any kind.

I tend to be fishing over gravel or light silk weed so I am happy with both set-ups. What I have found as I have already said, is that



on different occasions one set-up seems to produce more action, so I will then switch the other rod to the same. It doesn't always work but when it does, I seem to get more multiple catches then. Like all anglers I do look at other rigs and also do give them a try, spending some of my fishing time tying up all types of weird and wonderful set-ups, just

for them to end up in my rig box.

So, there you have it, nothing startling in either bait choice, application or rigs, to me the important bit is making sure all of them are used to the best of my ability as often as possible. Last year I fished this style on my local water, and guest waters alike. When I was on fish and fished

well, I caught. There were definitely times when I could have caught a few more which I put down to me not working hard enough at the time. So, there you have it, no secrets, just application and effort.

Catch you next time...

Andrew.



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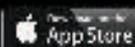
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A serene landscape photograph of a calm lake at dawn. The sky is a soft gradient of light blue and pink, with a thin layer of mist or fog hovering just above the water's surface. In the distance, a line of trees is silhouetted against the light. The water is still, reflecting the colors of the sky and the trees. A small, dark object, possibly a bird or a small boat, is visible in the middle ground on the water.

A Winters Tale

by Gary Milky Lowe

Well that's Christmas and the new year out the way, I hope you all had a good one and didn't drink too much, if you are like me I couldn't wait to get out on the bank as sitting indoors for a week and a bit I was climbing the walls, so now we are into the new year it also means it's a busy show time with shows here and abroad, so fishing time is going to be limited but I knew I had a couple of days free next week so I started to plan a session on a syndicate, so with that I disappeared up in to my fishing room to sort some bits out for that session. I was up there for a few hours and managed to get all the rigs and tackle ready. All I had to do was get the bait ready. I was going to use what I had success using this winter and that is Munch Baits Cream Seed and the Sweet Stim boilies, with a few jars of the Dead Reds which is a mixture of particles and maggots that should get them grubbing around. The evening before I was due to go, I sat down in the carp room with the telly on and a bucket of pellets. I started to make up some bags ready for the session, the pva I use

is from Castaway pva as it melts quickly in the cold water so it's ideal. After a few bags, well enough to start off with, I closed the lid on the bucket and headed of down stairs to get the food bag ready for the early morning start.

I decided to have an early night so I could be up nice and early so I could be at the lake for first light, well I was awoken to the scream of the alarm clock and the misses looking at me with that glare of just get out the room and let me go back to sleep. I sorted myself out then got my kit ready and loaded ready for the off, but before I left i made myself a brew to drink on the journey to the lake, it wasn't that far so one cup would do. After a shortish





journey I pulled up to the track that lead down to the gate of the lake, the track down was bumpy, so a steady drive and I was at the gate. I opened the gate and it swung back and I drove out onto the field, closed the gate and down to the car park which was around 200 yards down to the left. As I made my way down, I could see the lake and the wind was pushing down the far end towards a big island, so I parked up the car and started a walk across the field and down the left-hand side of the lake. I was lucky no one was on the lake, so I had the choice of the swim, so I carried on walking and looking in every swim till I got down the far end in the large bay were the island

was. There is a swim that covers the face end of the island that you can get two rods to the front of, then the third rod would go out into open water. I sat in this swim for a while watching for signs of fish activity. I saw a few swirls out near the island but wasn't

sure what they were so I carried on around the lake. I did a full circuit of the lake and the only signs I saw was down by the island at the bottom of the lake so I decided to give that swim a go for the first 24hrs and if nothing happens or I don't see anything I will move. The barrow came out the car and all the gear were loaded onto it then I started the long walk to the far end of the lake. After about 10 mins I arrived at my swim which they call The Oaks and unloaded the gear at the back of the swim out the way, so I had room to set everything up. I had the new Taska sneeka bivvy with me, so I had a play with that for a while to make sure everything was right on it. Everything was spot on



and it went up a dream and looked good as well loads of headroom in it which I like, everything else fitted in nice and snug, loads of room at the front to put all the extra stuff you bring, then it was time for the rods to be done. I stood at the front of the swim and looked at the island looking for signs and a place to put two rods.

After a while I had sorted two spots out.... the first was going to go tight under an oak tree just off the corner of the island it was going to be a tight cast but you can do it as the oak had been trimmed back so you can cast under it so it should be easy to get bait under it as well, The rigs I was going to use is my go to rig... the Ronnie. I use

a Gardner Mugga size 4 for a hook and the Taska Evolve fluoro coated hooklink as the boom section and a 4oz lead. It's not a big cast, about 60 yards maximum but I like using a 4oz lead to set the hook. Before I put the bait on, I did a few casts till I was happy then placed the line in the clip. wrapped the line round the Taska Range sticks so I knew how many wraps it was, so when I recast or have a fish, I don't have to keep casting to the spot till I get the right distance. I just wrap it up and first cast I am back on the spot.

That was the first rod done now it was time to put some bait out. I wrapped up my Spider spod rod and I delivered 10 Spider spods over the top to start with and top it up if and when I catch. The second rod that's going on the island was going to go up tight to some reeds that were down near the left hand corner. The same rigs and bait was going on this rod then it was a few cast to get the distance and again

it was wrapped up and it was the same distance as rod 1 which made it easier when baiting up, two cast later and the rod was on the spot and again 10 Spider spods over the top and that rod was done. Now where do I put the third rod? I knew that the fish use the middle of the lake to move up and down the lake so I thought to myself I would put a rod as near to the middle as I could so I used the marker rod to see if I could find a nice spot to put my rig. I didn't want a hard spot, I was looking for a softer spot as I knew that there would still be some natural life in it. I found a good spot at around 125 yards out towards a big oak tree on the far side, so I clipped it up and wrapped it out on the yard sticks ready, and again same rig and bait as the other two. After a few casts I finally got the lead on the spot, on this rod I was going to bait it up a bit different. I was going to use the throwing stick and scatter the baits around the spot. I was going to use



the Taska carbon MRC throwing stick to get the baits out there. The carbon sticks are light so it's nice and easy to bait up, I scattered about 100 baits on and around the spots, now all three rods were done and everything else was tidy. I needed a nice hot brew, so kettle was fired up.

I was sitting on the edge of my bed drinking my brew just looking out at the water in my area thinking how mild it was and that the fish should still be active. There is not a lot of fish in the lake so you really to have to be on the ball if you are going to get it right on here, most of the members drift off once it starts to get cold as it has not got a good track record in the winter but

the weather is spot on so it's worth a go. I was going to watch the water as much as I could and if I saw anything I would have to move if it wasn't in this area of the lake and up to now, I've only seen a disturbance on the surface near the island that's why I am here. The wind was still pushing down this end so I was sure that there might be a fish or two down here, the lake also holds a big head of bream, so I was just hoping that they didn't turn up on my spots. I decided to have a little walk to the next swim where I could get a better look at open water just to see if I can see anything. While I was standing there a syndicate member came walking around the corner. We were having a chat and I found out that he had been fishing it every week since beginning of November and he had done quite well for here he had taken 8 fish, which isn't bad for a few months on here. He hadn't had any of the big girls yet, the biggest was 35lb common, but that will do for the winter. Half of his fish had come from around the island and the rest in open water, so I was in a good spot, he also told

me he had only seen a handful of carp over that time, so I wasn't holding hope of seeing anything now then. After about an hour the member walked off around the rest of the lake which he said he walks twice a day just to keep in touch with the lake so fair play to him that's why he has done so well. I made my way back to my swim, and I sat down on the edge of the swim just looking but I need a nice hot brew so fired up the kettle and made a nice hot cup of tea and opened the hob nobs as you must dunk them!! I took both the tea and hob knobs back to the front of the swim to drink it. I know it was a long shot, but you have to keep watching just in case you see something.

I decided to do some prep work just in case I needed to recast or have a fish, so I started to make up some sticks. I was using the Munch Baits citrus stick mix. I was only going to make small sticks up just for a bit of smell around the hookbait. I also made up a few new Ronnie's just in case, by now it was getting dark on the first day and I

needed to sort out some grub as I was getting a bit peckish. I had a homemade curry that Mrs Milky had made for me with a naan bread and a can of cider to wash it down, it went down like a dream and I couldn't eat anything else, so I just sat there chilling and letting the dinner wear off, after that I made myself a nice steaming hot cuppa and went and sat down by the waters edge just to watch and listen out for any signs. It didn't take long for me to hear a proper carp jump and it was out in open water. I couldn't see exactly where but it sounded like it was in the area I had a bait which picked me up a bit, then I heard it again so I got up and walked along the bank to see if I could see roughly where the fish was or even if I could see where it was at all, well after a walk a few swims down I still couldn't exactly see where it was just that it was near my rod. I sat there just waiting and looking but it never came out the water again so I walked back to my swim and sat on the edge of my bed so I could see the lake. I sat there watching and listening to the radio and thinking about what

fish was in here and when they were last out. There was quite a few of the big originals that hadn't been out for a good few months, so I hoped that they were going to feed it was in my area. I looked at my watch and it was getting late, in fact it was nearly 11 o'clock and I wanted to get my head down as I was hoping to be up at first light, so I climbed in my bag and got my head down. Through the night I had a few bleeps on the middle rod that woke me up during the night but that was about it. I woke up just before it was getting light and fired up the kettle for the first brew of the day. I watched the steam going out of the kettle as the sun was coming up over the trees at the far end of the lake. There's a cold nip in the air as the temperature dropped during the night so the coat was on and the brew was drunk standing at the front of the swim. The water was flat calm and looked like glass so I would see if anything showed on the lake. As I looked across the lake, I saw that someone had set up during the night down the far end of the lake, so I wasn't the only one on the lake now which is a good

thing.... if there is any fish down there it might push them around the lake.

After a few cups of hot tea, I had warmed up and the sun was up above the trees, so the cold air was finally being burnt away. Someone else had turned up as well now and gone half way down my bank now the lake was getting busy. It should definitely move the fish around with all the leads and markers hitting the water down the other end. I was hoping that the fish would move up towards me as I had already found my spots and had my rods in the water. I decided not to rebait my rods just so I didn't disturb my swim. The wind had started to blow back down towards my island which made me feel a bit more confident. I retreated back to my bivvy for some breakfast as I was a bit hungry, so I done myself a nice bacon sandwich and another warm brew and took them both down towards the front of my swim and sat there watching the water and all the commotion down the other



end where they were setting up. Whilst I was looking down that end, I heard a fish crash... my head spun round and I saw the rings where the fish had surfaced and it was just off the left-hand side of the island, that was the first positive sighting of a carp I had seen since I arrived the day before. I was filled with confidence now then 5 minutes later again a fish came out on the same spot now. I was on it...

I was standing over the rods as I had a bait right near where it kept coming out but I stood there for a couple of hours and it never showed and I never even got a bleep so I sat back down in the bivvy just thinking what I

should do. Shall I recast just in case the rig was in a mess? I decided to re do them as it was mid-day now.

The rod that was on the left of the island near the reed had a fresh bait put on and a pva stick made up of munch stick mix and was recast up tight against the reeds just at the left-hand corner of the island then I used the spider spod to put another 10 spods out over the top.

The right-hand rod again had fresh bait and pva stick pushed on, a cast back under the oak tree on the right-hand side with 10 spods over the top, that just left the open water rod but I decided to leave that rod just in case. During the rest of the day I didn't see another fish. I was thinking now had I messed up my chances as there was a fish near my spots. I was sitting there as I do with yes, you guessed it, a hot cuppa watching the sun going down behind the trees and you could feel the temperature going down rapidly. I see another fish come out, this time it was near the right-hand rod right under the oak tree now I was up and down by the rods just watching when it came out again this time. I got a good look at it and what a fish it was. It wasn't a massive fish by the lake's standards, but it was a black common around the twenty-pound mark, and that will do... it saves a blank. It came out once more before it got dark in the same spot. I was just hoping it got its head down and fed. All that evening I was on edge, just in case that rod ripped off as I wanted to be on the

rod quickly as I didn't want it to go around the island or get snagged in the oak tree roots. When I did finally get in my bag, I didn't zip it up. I left it so I could get out quick. I soon drifted off to sleep but I was woken up in the early hours of the morning by what sounded like a pig being thrown in the lake... it was towards the island somewhere. I couldn't see as it was really dark, but I got up and you could see it was really cold as it looked like my mat was covered in ice, but I wanted to see if I could see or hear any fish. I made myself a nice hot brew and sat there for an hour or so. I looked at my watch and it was nearly six, so I thought it's not worth getting back in my bag. I was going to stay up and watch the water. I took a bucket and sat down by the rods with my tea and just sat there listening. It was so quiet you could have heard a pin drop. I heard a fish crash out, but it was down the other end, so I was just hoping that they hadn't moved off down that end. There was a slight ripple pushing down this end so it must have kept some fish down this end, while I was thinking this, I

had a few bleeps on the right-hand rod.... Now was that a liner. I wasn't sure... but it was an indication.

The wind started to pick up as it started to get light. I was still looking out towards the island when I got a few more bleeps on the right-hand rod. Now I was on it looking at the line to see if it was moving. I could just about see where the line entered the water and it wasn't moving, sometimes at this time of year the fish don't move far so I always keep an eye on the line just to see if it moves. I sat back down on my bucket watching it get light and the mist coming off the water. I love early mornings in the winter everything looks fresh and clean. As it got lighter, I could see the island a lot better now so I could see if anything showed. Whilst I was watching I just looked round to the open water when I see a massive mirror come out the water. Now I had heard and seen more fish down in open water since I got up than up my end now, I was sure that they had moved down into open water. I wasn't

feeling very confident and sat back in my bivvy to do some breakfast and make a brew as I didn't think it was going to happen for me. I had just finished my sandwich and I had taken one sip of my brew when yes you guessed it that right had rod bleeped... I watched the bobbin twitch then it hit the rod and stayed there. I just stared at the rod waiting for the bobbin to drop back as it didn't take any line, but it didn't. I saw the rod top bend to the left so I knew that wasn't a liner so I was on the rod and as I picked it up I could see that the line was way down the island away from the oak tree which I was pleased about, then as soon as I leant in to the fish it woke up!! It tore off down the lake like a submarine. I managed to stop it just after it had gone past the end of the island, now I knew I had a rod there and I didn't want to get caught up with that so I lifted the rod off the rest and dipped the tip as low as I could in the margins, then I did the same with the rod that was in open water. Now I was free to play the fish as I knew it couldn't get caught up with my other lines as this fish was going

for it! It had definitely woken up.... it was charging up and down the margins of the island and every time I gained line, it took it back again. After a good few minutes I had it under some kind of control in front of me then it woke up again and was going from one side of the swim to the other, but it was staying deep so in my head I was thinking this was a decent fish as I still hadn't seen it yet. I decided to clamp down on it to try and let it know I was boss, and it worked... it came to the surface and took a gulp of air then I saw it. It was a dark common... it might have been the one I saw. Once it had taken that gulp of air it was beaten then a short time later it was being drawn over the net and she was mine. I looked down into the net and I saw a dark mid twenty common. I was well chuffed with that and I made sure she was safe and upright in the net and sorted out all my weigh gear and camera equipment. On the scales she went 25lb 6oz that was good enough for me... a few shots later she was released back to her home. I sorted out the two rods I had left out and placed them back on the rests just in case I had a take. I still had a few hours left so I rewrapped

the rod, placed the line in the clip and cast it back on the spot under the oak as you never know. I might get another. While the rods were out the sun was up, so I decided to break down all my gear and just leave the rods out. The two hours I had soon went and it was time to pack up. A short while later I had all the gear on the barrow, and it was time to do the long walk back to the car. On the way back, I stopped to talk to the lads that was down that end and found out that they hadn't had any carp just bream but they said that in the night there was load of fish crashing down there so they were still in with a chance as they were staying on. The car was loaded, and it was time to drive out the gate and get home as I had work to sort out. I won't be coming back for a while as it is show season, and there is a few to do so if I can get out it will be on the local club lake for a night. If you are out on the bank in this cold weather hope you get the prize that you are after.

Tight lines

Milky







FACING CHALLENGES

by Corrie Booysen

FACING CHALLENGES

HOT & COLD PREDICAMENTS

Each season comes with its own challenges... This is a reality we are reminded of, especially when we head into the colder and warmer seasons - ***Winter or summer!***

In our world of carp fishing; the weather, seasons, climates and air pressure are some of the most influential factors that will determine how successful or unsuccessful a session may turn out. It is very important that we as the anglers understand these factors to the best of our ability. If we do, we can use this knowledge to do our planning accordingly, and perhaps turn what could have been a challenge into some sort of an advantage. The internet is loaded with information around these topics and is certainly one of the main resources any angler would need to turn to for solutions to the challenges they may be faced with. Although this information could be very helpful and insightful, one also needs to be familiar with, and understand your target venue as well as its surroundings. The information on the internet may not necessarily be applicable to your particular venue or climate. The resource you could be drawing your information from, may very well be based on a scenario of a venue that is geographically placed in a totally different continent to where you find yourself. It is utterly important that you make sure you are getting your information from resources that may be more applicable to your particular situation. By doing so, although these solutions may not necessarily be 100% fool proof, you might feel more confident, and comfortable, following such strategies and advice. The first and most common challenge all anglers around the globe are faced with during winter is getting onto the carp. Due to the cold and lower air pressures

and lower air pressures, which naturally causes lower oxygen levels in the water, carp become more lethargic and therefore move around a lot slower. Their metabolism slows down because moving around slower means they are burning less energy. The end result is that carp feed a lot less compared to any other time of the year, due to the fact that their nutritional requirements would now have lowered as well. Of course, this means that it would be much harder, almost impossible to get them into a feeding frenzy. As a result, the angler is faced with carp that are a lot more wary, seeing that they won't be fighting for food, or feed in such a way that they may become oblivious to the dangers of one's traps! The water generally also becomes a lot clearer in winter due to the lack of rain, making it a lot easier for carp to spot poor rig concealment. Wary, slow-feeding carp and clearer waters definitely make for a tougher challenge on any given day for any angler. Location location location, freebies consisting of smaller particles, and bright coloured, subtle fruity flavoured hook baits are the go to strategies for most experienced carp anglers. In my opinion, rigs made up of fluorocarbon material and anti-glare end tackle, that offer better concealment, presented as close to the bottom as possible (especially since carp are known to mostly seek out the depths during the colder months) are also key elements to successful winter fishing.

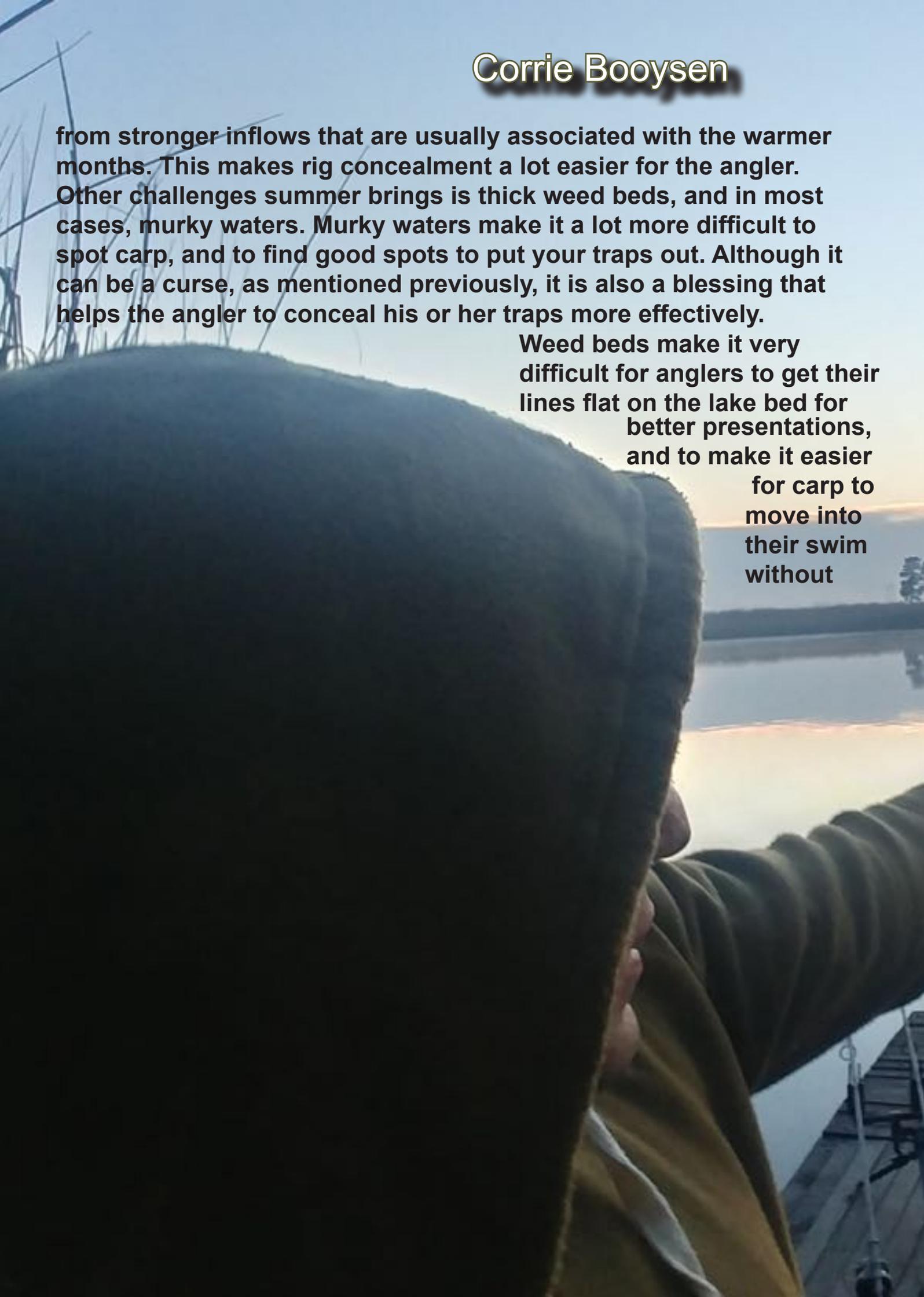
Although carp are a lot easier to come by in summer, the warmer season comes with its own challenges. A carp's senses are at their peak during summer. These heightened senses mean that carp are able to sense movement on and around the lake, as well as spot poor rig concealment with ease. Fortunately, in summer most lake beds are generally a lot murkier and consists of debris made up of different sized, shaped and coloured leaves and branches etc. These would have washed into the lake by the rain and



Corrie Booysen

from stronger inflows that are usually associated with the warmer months. This makes rig concealment a lot easier for the angler. Other challenges summer brings is thick weed beds, and in most cases, murky waters. Murky waters make it a lot more difficult to spot carp, and to find good spots to put your traps out. Although it can be a curse, as mentioned previously, it is also a blessing that helps the angler to conceal his or her traps more effectively.

Weed beds make it very difficult for anglers to get their lines flat on the lake bed for better presentations, and to make it easier for carp to move into their swim without



Facing Challenges

spooking them. Floating lines are known to spook carp away as soon as it touches them. For lakes with a lot of thick weed beds, it is important for the angler to opt for tougher more rigid rigs, as these will need to endure a lot of punishment during the session whilst reeling in through all the weeds and debris. Heavier leads that can be dropped easily, stronger hook link material, stronger knots, sharper, and perhaps even different shaped hooks from what the angler would normally fish with. Weed beds also make it a lot more difficult to bring a carp out to the bankside, and carp often come off the hook easier during these battles. They are somehow able to use the weeds to free themselves. It is often necessary for the angler to climb into a canoe or wade in, in an attempt to try free up the carp, and hopefully net it as well. Most carp like to seek shelter in weed beds because it offers them protection from their predators, and loads of natural foods such as snails, smaller insects, bird droppings



bloodworms as well. However, they often leave trails and signs of their presence behind, and sometimes you may even be able to spot them boshing in the weeds, or just hovering about on the edges. Therefore weed beds also make it easier for the angler to locate the carp sooner, making it yet another blessing in disguise!

My summer campaign got off to a slow start, and I don't mean to make up any excuses, but I truly believe it is largely due to the higher volumes of smaller carp and weed in the waters of my target venue. This is why it is important to be familiar with your target venue. I haven't blanked a single session thus far, but I have not been able to capture a carp I am satisfied with either, apart from the immaculate chunk of an orange koi carp I captured a few weeks back. What a wonderful moment, and what a special specimen it was!

The large volumes of small carp, that mostly range between 2lb and 6lb in my target venue, is the aftermath of a relatively warm winter we experienced back in 2016. It was warm even according to South-African standards. The lack of frost in that particular year gave the weed time to grow, and as a result provided the smaller carp with shelter against its predators. This gave them just enough time to grow to a point where they were just too big for preying fish to hunt them. Currently this is one of the challenges I am faced with. Although this is a recipe for tough fishing, I feel there are solutions to counter these issues, and to eventually get stuck into the larger carp roaming my target venues waters. It may





take some time to get the better of this challenge, but I need to start somewhere. After a few short visits to the venue, and a lot of thinking, I have taken some valuable information from my 'not so successful' sessions, which I plan on putting to the test in my next session...

I will be feeding a particle mix consisting of corn, tiger nuts and hemp seeds on only one of my rods, as I have found these seem to be very attractive to the smaller fish. I am hoping this will distract the smaller carp from my other two traps, which I will be placing in a rather close proximity to my first. On

my second rod I will be feeding my particle mix in a 1 – 1.5-meter radius. I will then put out different size boilies around that, and I will be placing my rig on the outskirts of the total feeding area I have created. On my final rod I will be



fishing solely **Karper Ltd RS Boilies**, and I will be placing my traps on the outskirts of that feeding area as well – www.karper.co.uk.

I am confident that the smaller carp will rush into the area and start feeding immediately, whilst the larger carp will hang back and slowly start feeding from the outskirts inward. Following the results, I will have a much better idea of which of these three feeding strategies I would need to continue practicing, in order to get the best

results from the remainder of my session.

I will be sharing my progress on the Finygo fishing app. Please download and join our community – www.finygo.com

Until the next issue... Tight lines, bent rods, and wet nets!

Corrie Booysen

Twitter: [@Its_Carpy](https://twitter.com/Its_Carpy) / Instagram: [corrie_booyesen](https://www.instagram.com/corrie_booyesen)





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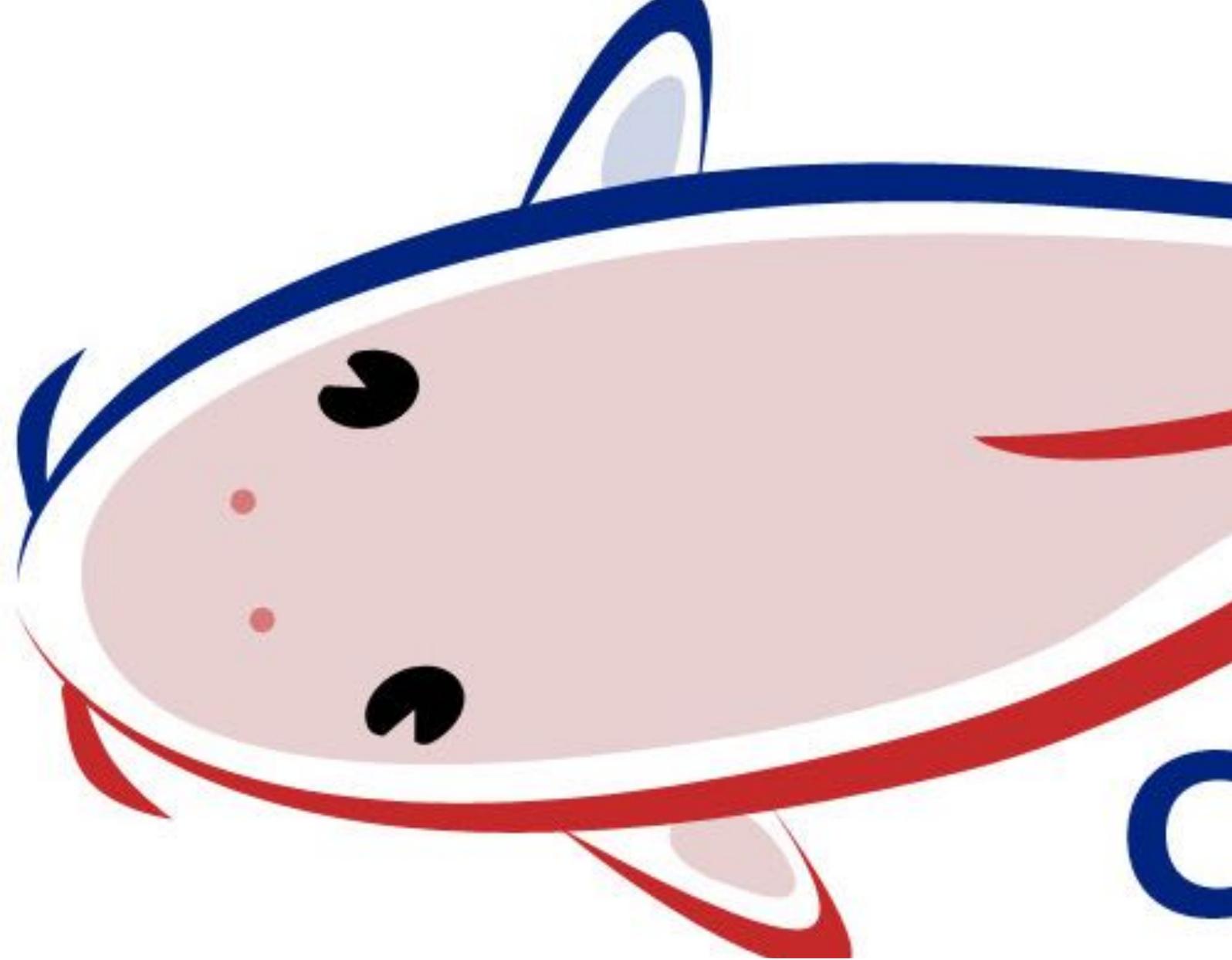
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2018 was a good year for Belinda and myself with regards to the ongoing improvements to the competitions. This year will be no different, we launch the new singles with 8 qualifiers leading to the final at Albans Lakes on Willows 4th to 6th October. The qualifiers will be decided by overall weight and the top 3 from the first seven will progress to the final. Q8 at Brooklands will have up to 16 competitors and the top 4 will qualify from this one giving us 25 in the final. The entry fee is £250 each. The prizes for the final are Winner £5,000 Runner Up £2,000 3rd place £1,000 and 4th £750 all plus trophies. The final will be decided by the competitors three best fish and we will be weighing in kilograms.

We start this year's campaign March 1st to 3rd at Branston Water Park for qualifier 1 of the pairs. The following weekend, 8th to 10th is Qualifier 1 of the singles at Todber Manor on Little Hayes, a new venue for us this year. 15th to 17th is qualifier 2 of the pairs at the ever popular Orchard Place Farm on Lake 7. Qualifier 3 of the pairs is the next up on March 22nd to 24th again at Todber Manor but this time we are on Big Hayes. The last weekend of March 29th to 31st we are back at Branston Water Park for Qualifier 2 of the singles. It is looking like an extremely busy start for us with three pairs and two singles all in the first month.

Following this is a preview of venues and current places available for March so get in touch to book on. Belinda and I would like to wish you all the best of luck in your quest to reach the finals and become the 2019 champions. contact@britishcarpcups.co.uk ‘



UPDATE FOR MARCH EVENTS !!!!!!!

Pairs

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|--------------------|
| Q1 Branston Water Park 1st Mar '19 | 7 Places Available |
| Q2 Orchard Farm Lake 7 15th Mar '19 | SOLD OUT |
| Q3 Todber Manor Big Hayes 22nd Mar '1 | 3 Places Available |

Singles

- | | |
|--|--------------------|
| Q1 Todber Manor Little Hayes 8th Mar '19 | 3 Places Available |
| Q2 Branston Water Park 29th Mar '19 | 9 Places Available |





Bookings now open for next years event !!!!

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

Cost of entry £440.

contact@britishcarpcups.co.uk

Belinda 09791 285864 Office 01159 812791

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

Q1 Branston Water Park 1st to 3rd March

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

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

Q4 Albans Farm Lake. April 12th to 14th

Q5 Berners Hall. April 26th to 28th

Q6 Willow Park. May 17th to 19th

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

Q8 Kingsbury Pine Pool. June 14th to 16th

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

Q10 Thorney Weir. July 26th to 28th

Final Barston. August 23rd to 25th

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

Q2 Branston Water Park 29th to 31st March

Q3 Willow Park 26th to 28th April

Q4 Kingsbury Pine Pool 31st May to 2nd June

Q5 Wetlands 21st to 23rd June

Q6 Newbridge 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

contact@britishcarpcups.co.uk 01159 812 791





**THE BURGHFIELD EXPERIENCE
BY MIKE HEARN**

With my last trip being in November, December was a very busy month for me and my family as always, which meant I had no time to get on the bank in December. So, when I received a message from Richard Cartmel with an invite to join him and Jamie Holford on the Burghfield complex starting 18th January for a session, I jumped at that chance and couldn't wait to get there to see the place and most importantly to fish.

Burghfield complex I'm sure most anglers have heard of, was a 2 hour drive for me so I planned my route and started on my preparation. Even though we couldn't get on to the lake till 9-9:30. I decided to leave my house at 05:30 am as I still had a few bits to pick up from my parents on the way. After a

quick breakfast stop 10 minutes from the complex I finally arrived. We had 72hrs on Gold lake which is 3 acres in size with number of 30+ lb carp swimming around and also a 40lb in there. Gold lake is usually a weedy water but this time of year I was expecting the weed to be died down a bit, although I wouldn't have minded if the weed was at its most. With this in mind and not seeing the lake before (only on videos that I had watched on YouTube) I prepared my bait and rigs to suit and to cover all options. Temperatures most of the week had been in double figures until Wednesday it then dropped in to freezing temperatures Thursday /Friday

With meeting up with the other lads Richard and Jamie they had already had a quick walk round

while waiting for me to arrive, we all then had a good walk round this stunning lake in search of any signs of fish. Richard and Jamie had seen at least 3 fish show in 3 different areas of the lake which was great to hear. Unfortunately, on the longer walk round we didn't see anymore. So, we went on what Richard and Jamie had seen and decided to split up to cover those 3 areas. I picked peg 1 which has some open water and also the out of bounds area which



some lovely margins, over hangs and a fallen tree where 1 of the showing fish was seen and then Richard was in 3 and Jamie was in 7 so we were covering quite a lot of water between us.

With all my kit in the swim I was eager to get a rod set up with a bare lead on to have a cast around in search for some hard spots. The weed had died down a fair bit but there was still some towards the bottom of the lake and was also still very green. Being able to cast half way in the out of bounds area (the out of bounds area meant there are no swims in that area but can still cast in to) I was able to find, within a couple of casts, a firmer spot near the fallen tree, I clipped up and double checked“Donk” as it went down . Perfect!! I wrapped up with distance sticks, 7

1/4 wraps and wrote it down in my notes so I wouldn't forget. With the firmness of the “Donk” I decided my choice of rig would be the German rig using Taska end tackle with a size 4 hook. Also, with this I used a longer bait screw so I could get 2 x 12mm boilies on. Firstly, a 12mm versatile bottom bait and topped with a 12mm white milky toffee pop up from the Horizon Baits range. I tested it in the edge, and it sat perfectly. I was feeling confident. I was able to walk round and with a under arm throw I was able to get some freebies on

and around the spot although I only put out half a handful, chops, whole boilies, and boilie crumb that I had been preparing most of the week. I air-dried my boilies for 2 days and then soaked then in tiger nut extract liquid for a day or two then when I arrived, I tipped over some blended up boilie crumb, so it coated all of the boilies.

My second spot ...after a lead about I decided not to go for a fully clean spot which was a little silty at 12 ¼ wraps, it didn't go down with as much of a “Donk” but I was





happy I could present a bait over so I decided to use a Ronnie rig with a semi stiff material as a boom again using Taska end tackle and a bright yellow Horizon specials pineapple 12mm pop up . I was also able to walk round and put a bit of bait in, but like the first spot, only half a handful if that. My 3rd rod was always going to be a margin spot that was going to be in close, with lots of options with the lake being tree lined and with overhangs and plenty of options from the peg I was in I couldn't ignore them. But also setting my

bivvy back as far back as possible was a must and my rods were also set back so my rod tips were only just over the edge. Whilst watching the water as much and as long as I could before it got too dark, it was time to get the kettle on and get the biscuits out!!!

The next morning, I was awake around 4am even though still lying in bed and still dark I was desperate for it to start getting light and get out of my bivvy just to see if I could see signs of fish. With the temperature now dropped in to freezing

temperatures I didn't see anything, with the water temperature at 5°C I still felt really confident of a bite. During the day it gave me a chance to catch up with Richard for a chat as he was only 2 swims down and was good to get to know him as a person and his big contribution at Horizon Baits and it was great to do this as he is very experienced not just on Burghfield ,but as an angler also and knowing some great anglers in the industry .

With Saturday going as quick as they do whilst on the bank , nothing had happened for me but had noticed some carp milling around beyond my spot near the fallen tree in the out of bounds area so I was very hopeful that they move on to the small amount of bait that I had put out, but I decided to make a change to my 2nd rod

at 12 ¼ wraps . I brought it in and changed over to a small choddy using the Taska baseline chod kits but also adding an extra bead just for a bit more cushion. My idea with this was to cast around in different areas and depths, hopefully to try and get on the fish. With also tying my chods with bait screws it enabled me to chop and change flavours and colours quickly.

Saturday evening came around very quickly, whilst on the phone to my misses I heard Richard calling meI rushed round and helped him land a stunning mirror weighing in at 18lb on the nose. Was brilliant to finally see a fish on the bank between us. We got the weighing done and some pics and Rich slipped her back. A few minutes later my middle rod towards

fallen tree was off..... as I picked the rod up and struck in to it, I felt a slight something then nothing. I could only put it down to a hook pull. I was gutted as I saw it as probably that one and only chance of a bite that I would have on a venue like this, especially with only a stock of around 100 carp at this time of year. With a fresh pre tied rig and hook bait on I wrapped up on the distance sticks and

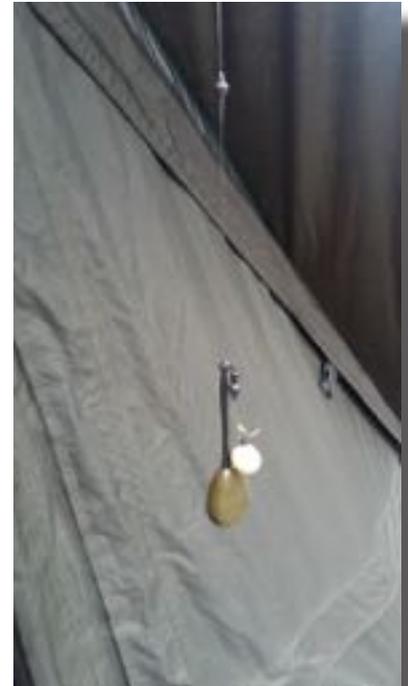


got the rod back out there. I sat back with the old rig and tested it to see if there was anything wrong with it but was working the way I wanted it to, and hook was still nice and sharp. I test all my rigs I tie before I cast them out and have great confidence in them, so I know it's just one of those things that happens to all carp anglers at some time, and unfortunately, it was my turn.

Nothing else occurred through the night or morning for me, Rich, or Jamie. I decided to pull off the lake and get back to my family and have a re think. I felt I had lost my one and only chance for that weekend. I can't wait to get back down there to try and bank one or two of those beauties that swim around in there. Roll on the next trip!!

and tight lines.

Mike Hearn



But for now, be lucky



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A diary to track, analyse and share your carp fishing adventures

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*My Winter On Monks Pit
Pt 2 By Ryan Hoare*



After my capture of Double D at the start of December I managed one more session before Christmas. I turned up late on Friday night and jumped back into the same swim as the previous week, little point. In hindsight this was a mistake and I spent a blank weekend looking out over a motionless lake!

I had a 3-day session planned for the gap between Christmas Day and New Year's Eve. I got down to the lake at 4am Boxing Day morning and found a few fish showing in front of the Christmas Trees swim. I ran back to the van to get my rods and bag.... I didn't have my bag! So, I quickly drove all the way home and back to the lake again!

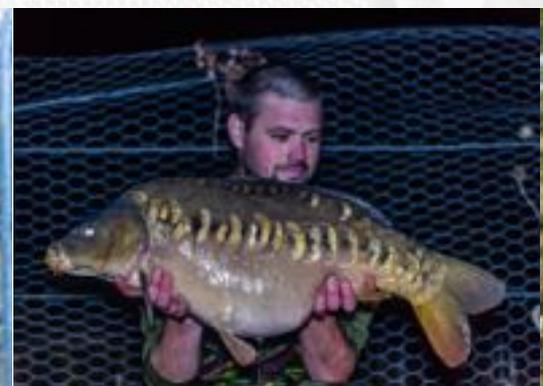
Arriving back at the lake around 8 am I pitched up in the same area I had seen the fish 4 hours previously. I should have started my search over again, but I suffered a 3-night blank. I spent most of the time in this session looking for something, anything to go on. But I didn't see much except a few signs in no carp corner. Something to go on for my next visit.

I visited again the following Saturday morning, in slightly sad circumstances. The day before we laid to rest my mate's dad, Mark Tomlinson. I spent time fishing in the Colne Valley on some famous old lakes in my mid 20s with my mate Lee and his dad Mark, Mark was very popular man and fisherman. He will be

sorely missed by all those who knew him.

After arriving in the early hours of Saturday morning I headed to the area I had pinpointed in my previous trip and got my rods out relatively quickly. 3 in a row going away from the bottom of the marginal shelf at depths between 18 and 20 foot. I went with my normal multi rigs with 3kg of Proper Carp Baits Subzero and maggot over the top.

It didn't take long to get my first bite. After an hour my middle rod pulled up tight and line started ticking off the spool. I got the fish in the net relatively quickly and it was a lovely 23lb mirror. After a couple of self takes,



I decided not to redo the rod straight away and to see what happened with the others. Just before first light the right-hand rod was away! I got the fish into the net as the sun was rising, a very special time of the day. It was a beautifully dark golden common weighting in 30lb.

A bit taken aback by the mornings success I gathered my thoughts over a fresh cup coffee, I got all 3 rods back out onto the spots smoothly and come 10 am I thought bite time was over for the morning when my middle rod sprung into life again. This time rewarding me with a stunning chestnut mirror and at 29.12 I was ounces away from my second 30 of the trip, but it didn't matter one bit, I

was blown away with the stunning winter colours.

My fellow syndicate member John came over to help me with the pictures, just as we had the fish in the sling... the left-hand rod was away. After a short fight I had a 25lb mirror in the net! I was rubbing my hands together and got the pictures done quickly with Johns help with a view to getting my rod back on the spot as soon as possible to maximise my chances in the small winter feeding spells that occur. But no more action was to follow on the second night, perhaps the fish had decided to move up in the layers again. Leading up to my next trip I had spent all week keeping an eye

on the weather, it was looking very mild with high pressure, upon checking with my mate Steve who got a few nights in midweek a lot of the fish were up in the layers again. I wasn't feeling overly confident going into the weekend

When I arrived at the lake first light Saturday morning, I had a wander around and found a few fish signs in front of The Swamp opposite the area I fished the week before. A few bubbles coming up and some bird life was all I had to go on, so I went back to the van to load up. I decided to put my 4 rods over a very wide area as this swim has access to a lot of water, using 4 rods in the winter is a massive edge if you have





enough water to make it feasible, most of my winter catches to date have involved moving rods around a large area to try and locate the fish.

I went with my normal baiting scenario Proper Carp baits Subzero, a hand full of dead maggots and a multi rig with a subzero pop-up with a few fake maggots on top. Hook wise I had my normal Carp.online scor-pion curve in a size 6, super sharp and strong. The rest of the end tackle was made up of my favourite Taska

leader "Core Zero" and some baseline beads and tungsten to hold everything down.

My rods had been in position for under an hour when one of them rattled off, I picked the rod up and felt a big weight on the end and was playing the fish with a massive smile on my face when disaster struck, it all went solid about 30 yards out into the lake. I kept the pressure on but eventually the tip sprung back, and I retrieved my rig. Not thinking about it too much I got the rod

ready again as fast as possible.

Later in the day about 1pm another rod was away, this fish went mad and went on a series of 20-yard runs. I finally regained control and slipped the net under a beautiful scaly 25.8 mirror, another amazing looking fish. The stamp of fish in the lake are really a credit to the owner Mick.

The rest of the day went without event, the long night soon drew in. It was very mild, and I expected some action at first light, I woke up slightly disappointed to be staring at motionless indicators. Out of the blue just when I was thinking about packing up to head home one of middle rods was off, picking the rod up it felt another very large fish. Thankfully after the disaster the day before

at around the same time it was a very uneventful fight, most of it at the depths of the lake. When I looked down into the net I realised it was another one of beautiful Monks Pits big mirrors.

It went around to 41.02 on the scales, I was over the moon with the 3rd Monks 40 of the season in my net. It is another truly fantastic creature. One of my fellow syndicate members Jason came around to help with the pictures and I was very happy with the results!

When I got home, I was looking at the pictures alongside all the known Monks Pit 40s, but I couldn't spot it anywhere! After sending pictures to the owner Mick and bailiff Darren we realised it was another new 40 for the lake, my second of the season the first being back



in May! I named this one "Bailey" after my daschund.

My next trip was planned for the following weekend....

I turned up at 7am again the following Sunday morning. I opted to fish no carp corner as the swim I had been in the week before had already been taken. It was a very mild morning as I dispatched 3 rigs around 100 yards into the lake in front of me following it up with around 3kg of Subzero, roughly 1kg per rod.

The temperature was due to fall heavily over night to around -3 so I was hoping for action during the warmer day time. About an hour later at 9am my right-hand rod was away. Whilst I had the fish half in, I was away on my middle rod too! I couldn't believe it, I soon had an upper 20 and a mid-20 starring back at me, whilst looking into the net with a massive smile on my face the third rod screamed off!

I only had one net with me so after a quick phone call to Steve on

wasn't playing the waiting game and was ready for the net about 2 mins into the fight and I soon had to slip the same net under the 3rd fish! When Steve arrived with the spare net. We separated the fish into 2 nets and a retainer sling. All my action this winter and in previous winters has been in small windows, so I was desperate to get my rods back onto the spots as soon as possible. When I had all 3 were back out, we got ready to do the photos (Thanks Steve!)

At around midday I had another take on my middle rod and landed a 25lb common! What a day's fishing. As I settled in for the night, it was getting colder and colder I wasn't very confident of any further action, but I still held on until 3pm the next day but with ice in the margin, I decided to call it a day and headed home for something warm to eat.

I had one more trip planned in January the following week, I was hoping to get right back on the fish

and hopefully land another one of my targets! I turned up again at the crack of dawn full of enthusiasm to get my rods out for bite time. I headed back to the same area as I had been in the week before with a fresh south westerly blasting into the corner at about 18mph. It was due to be a real mild day, I had such a good feeling about the session ahead I almost skipped round to my peg "no carp corner" and it turned out to be better than imaginable. Not long after I had my rods ready to go, I had 3 multi rigs knocked up topped with White proper Carp baits subzero pop ups and plastic red maggots.

I got my rods into position, a little bit closer in than the week before. With the wind howling into my face I just knew the carp would follow it in like



I've seen them do previously in this area of the lake, in the summer when I was feeding dog biscuits almost under my feet in the same spot. I followed up with around 3kg of Subzero and a few handfuls of mag-gots. The following hour or so was a blur to be honest, setting up this that and the other. I finally settled down on the bed chair with the M3 fully zipped up and the Coleman blasting some heat on to me. Even though it was quite warm around 7 degrees and a wind from the South-West I was still a bit chilly. Then I had an occurrence on the left-hand rod, one beep down.... one beep up.... one beep down... followed by steady line being taken. A classic big fish bite.

I walked down next

to the lake and gently picked up the rod and bent in-to the fish. I was met with solid resistant.... it felt like I had a bag of sand on the end! The fight was very slow, and I could feel a constant heavy plodding on the end. No Carp corner is a very deep area dropping down to almost 22 feet in places, so the fight was at depths. Even when the fish was near to the bank it was 16 feet below me charging up and down the margin.

When I caught sight of

the leader knot, I saw a giant tail pattern in the water about 2 and a half feet away from the point the line entered the water, I knew it was a very big fish, so I decided to take my time more than normal. After another 10 mins the fish came up and took a mas-sive gulp of air, I could clearly see my pop up and maggots hanging just below the bottom lip as i slid it over my net cord.

Once it was in the net, I put the rod and net down, and walked



back to my bivvy to grab another rig and my bait bucket. I was in autopi-lot, trying to get my rod back out as quickly as possible like I normally do in the winter. It suddenly dawned on me that I had a potential dream fish in the net. I quickly dropped the rig back on the bivvy roof and walked back down to the lake and peered into my net and saw a very very distinct black dot on the right-hand side of the fish.

In the next swim along another syndicate member Rob was packing up his gear. I walked into the swim and said something along the lines of
“err, Rob I

think I have Blackspot in the net”. Do you think you could lend a hand” and he quickly confirmed the fish’s identity! I didn’t really believe it until I saw the needle of my scales go around to 53lb on the dot. Rob and I took some fantastic photos of the fish (Thanks Rob) and then I slipped it back into the lake to make someone else dreams come true

another day!

The rest of the session was fantastic too, I had another 6 takes and landed 4 mirrors to 26lb and 2 commons to 25lb on top of Blackspot at a new personal best weight for me... 53lb... This was certainly a winter that’s going to live long in my memory!!!

Until next time...

Ryan.





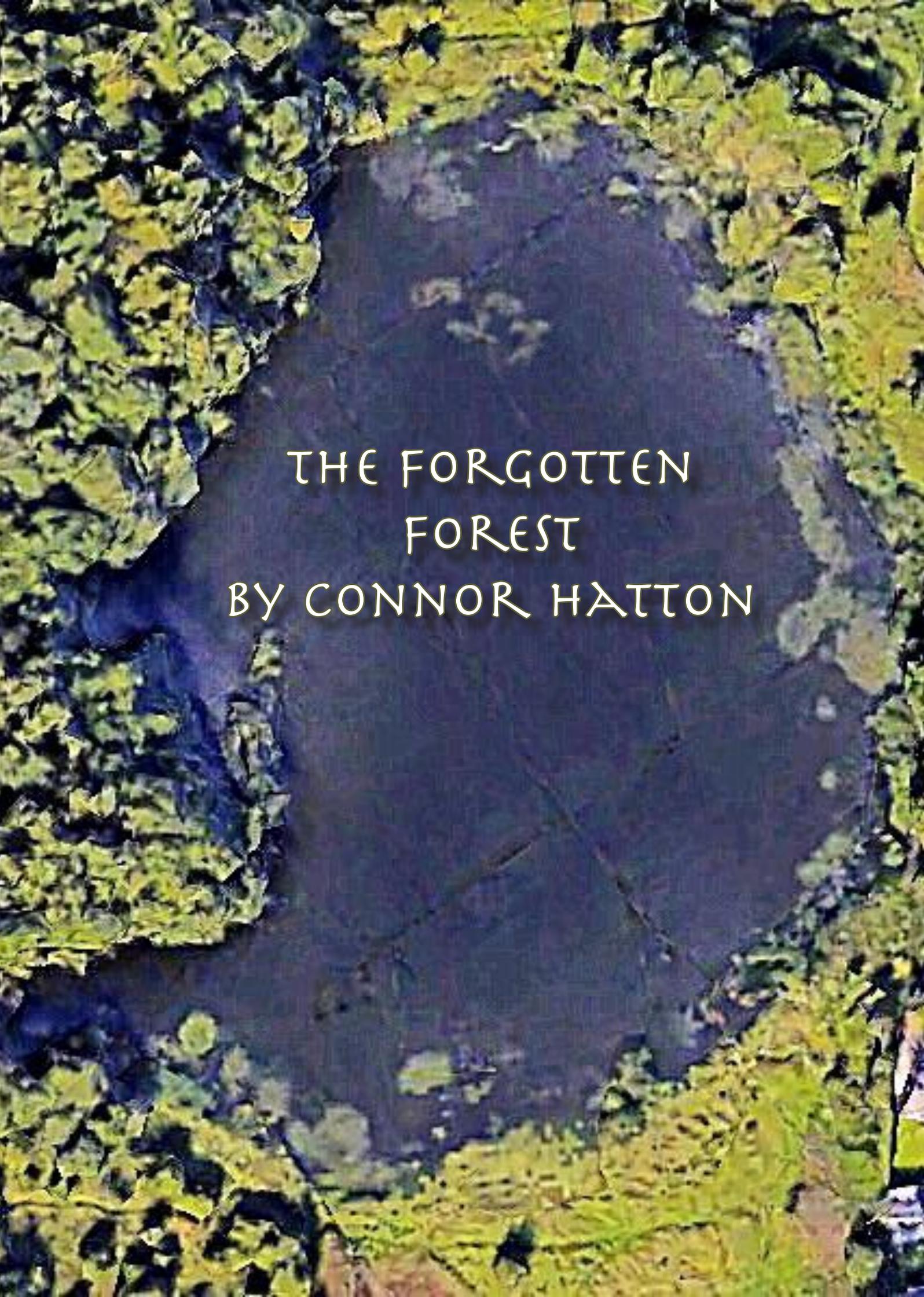
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An aerial photograph of a forest stream. The water is dark and flows through a dense forest with vibrant green foliage. The stream is the central focus, winding through the trees.

THE FORGOTTEN
FOREST
BY CONNOR HATTON

Around the middle of summer last year, I had started hearing rumours of a mirror around 30lb local to my house. Now for the area this is a very big fish, in fact there only about two or three 30lb fish local to my home. Unless you drive for a good half hour which is impractical for me due to me only being 17. After making a good few enquiries I found myself at a lake that I knew of but only for holding a small head of low doubles. Despite this lake only being within a couple hundred yards of my local tackle shop and less than five hundred from my work I had never even set eyes on it until now. The lake was only a couple of acres but a couple of acres of the most picturesque mature lake I had ever seen and in such a built up area it was a piece of heaven. The only

way it can be described is take a big knife and rainbow lakes in France and cut it in to 20 pieces then pick one. Margins lined with twenty yards of bull rushes then backed up with another twenty of lilies all the way round the perimeter of the lake. Trees standing proud in the middle of the lake.

It was time to do my research as this was a piece of me. This wasn't as easy as first anticipated as everyone seemed reluctant to speak. I did find out it only contained around 20 fish, so it wasn't going to be easy but armed with a picture of the big mirror plus a few scale perfect backups and 1 very important piece of information I set about my mission. That first session came around the middle of September, fishing the 2 most accessible

spots as my dad was with me this time I went about getting my rods out. After having heard that this water used to be riddled for bloodworm back in the day and is still very rich in them plus seeing fresh water snails and mussels, and every piece of marginal debris, I decided to fish tight to the marginal lilies and snags where the naturals are most likely to be. A solid bag consisting of scopex squid pellets and monster crab flaked billies with a trimmed down matching pop up on a river side angling German rig was walked a hundred yards down the margins through thick foliage and lowered thighs to a channel in the lilies. I opted only to fish one rod that night as I had seen fish cutting through this channel on the occasional lap on my way to and from work

and didn't want to risk spooking them. Little to my surprise I had a slow take during the hours of darkness and in the heavy rain and driving winds I stripped of to next to nothing as the fish kited hard in to the open water on a tight line. This fish was moving slow and boiling on the surface right out. You just know when it's a good fish by the way they move, and this was moving that way. To cut a long story short after a long battle from weed bed to weed bed the hook hold must have been weakened and the unventilatable happened.

After the loss of that fish I was determined to get back however work got busy and my next trip wasn't until the start of November which isn't the best time to start a campaign however I had been keeping a good eye on it to and

from work and after most of the marginal lilies dying and losing all the colours and the only really vegetation left was against a long line of trees that came out in to the lake about 50 yards in a perfect straight line of a point.

As you can imagine with this coming of a point the water went behind these trees a fair bit before hitting the far margin which is a 30 foot sheer drop to the water's edge and protected by overhangs and foliage. And to the left had side

of where the tree line meets to point then tapers off into a canal probably ten yards wide and 40 yards long with about 50 fully grown trees in the water and protects by a cliff and a mature set of lilies at the entrance that was still in growth.

This area would be treated like a nature reserve and a safe house plus, with large deposits of naturals in the area. The old saw and hedge cutters came out and we set about clearing a swim which had already



been made on the opposite bank as this was the best angle and a direct line to fish at it from.

Heavy 4/5 once leads size 4 hooks and a river side angling German rig with a Nash monster crab 15mm pop ups and matching bottom baits sent out well in excess of 120 yards in the boat tight to the protruding tree line with all 6 rods. It didn't take long for my dad to land a small common of around 8lb then followed by a lost fish and a common

know as sub nose at 15lb and ounces. It was in the early hours of the 2nd night then I had a chance. The fish just ran straight at me and came up on to the shallow shelf that runs about 50 yards out and having other lines not back leaded so they would pull out of the dying lilies easily without the line knitting to the roots it managed to go solid in on an unseen tree that was submerged under the water. I went out in the boat and managed to retrieve my rig but no fish. By this point I had

lost 2 in the shallow margins.

On my way to and from work I would walk round to the top of the cliff and introduce small amounts of bait only 20-30 boiles at a time as I'm sure this area won't have seen much bait due to the distance and just in the hope of keeping them feeding but not filling up as I was led to believe there's only around 20 carp in the lake. Despite having cold weather, the water temperature was a constant 10/9 degrees. I knew my plan to keep them moving was working as I had seen on a few clouds of silt against the tree stumps as though fish had recently flanked on then. You couldn't tell how long ago, this area was always sheltered by the wind and flat which I believe was another key piece of



information as to why it was so productive as the fish were escaping the cold northerly winds. Full of anticipation we were eager to return as we believed the big mirror can't be far if we can catch constantly it won't be long even if we have to go through all 20 fish and the odds are against, she still can't be far. Now it's just a process of elimination. With this in mind we returned within a few days along with one of my good mates. We repeated the process with big heavy leads and hooks to nail them and fish as locked up as possible at a good distance to heavy snags on my left hand rod. I changed over to a strawberry



crush pop up to try something highly visual as opposed to dull colours.

Do you know the saying if it isn't broken, don't fix it? Well that soon hit hard as my dad's right hand rod, only 10 yards from mine, was away within the hours and again as darkness fell resulting in a small common.

After having seven runs it was already clear a pattern was starting to emerge, two runs was around two o'clock in the afternoon, three in

between ten to eight and quarter past and two around three o'clock in the morning. It was around half seven

when a strong bitterly cold north westerly stared. Seeking shelter, we all huddled into my mates bivvy, it was then I had two touches on my right hand rod, the one I contemplated redoing despite only having two touches with Delkims on full sensitivity. We all stared for at least fifteen seconds before another single touch alerted me, I was in this time. From the get-go I knew this was different. The rest ran at us either kiting or straight to the point,

you would have to reel as fast as you could to stay in contact with the fish before they did you in a snag or risked losing them in the shallow margin.

This fish fought hard. Twisting and turning pinging off every fin as it tried to shed the hook. My dad was straight out in the waders as I tried to

stop it stripping me and getting to the other lines or snags. After along battle it was in the net.

He must have stood out there in the water for what felt like ever just naming every fishing it could be and playing mind game while I was stood there oblivious. In the end I came to agree with

him that it's a small common but either way it's my first one landed but when I saw that bulge in the bottom of the landing net and the body of a mirror as it touched the mat, I knew what it really was.

All the hard work of searching, baiting, looking while not even fishing had paid off.



that feeling when you just have to sit down and take time to yourself? Now it's far from beating either of my PBs but it's not all about the size of the fish your targeting, it's what it means to you personally. Well this fish meant a lot. On the scales she went 29.14 two ounces shy but who cares? We got some pictures and sacked her up right out in the deeper water waiting for first

light. Needless to say, none of us got much sleep that night from excitement, constantly checking the fish is okay and not only that my remaining two rods both went at the three o'clock bite time. One being another small common and one that thought much harder and slower than the big mirror but sadly found a one of the many snags present.

During my time of

the I had heard of a common much bigger than the mirror from at least twenty different people. This common has never been caught only seen. True or not I have no idea. But I would like to think so. But either way my challenge was over and a nice way to end the year leaving me free to target what I really want this year.

Connor.



Talking Carp Magazine is proud to introduce -

LUCY'S BOWL for Guide Dogs

Helping raise funds for Guide Dogs

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IN SUPPORT OF



Lucy's Bowl for Guide Dogs



THE STORY OF LUCY'S BOWL

Most people don't realise that every two hours or so someone in the UK will lose their sight. The guide dogs you will see working start as a bundle of puppy fun, who go through a rigorous training period before being paired with their owner. Each dog will cost around £53,000.00 over their life, yes that's right! All of this money has to be raised by charitable means. Lucy's Bowl raises money to buy a puppy, each costing £5,000.00 in its FIRST YEAR!

Seven years ago Keith, Lin and their family said farewell to their faithful dog Lucy, as she began a new journey and so did they.....

Little did they know that the legacy of this dog would not only remain, but also grow in stature, and build the foundation of Lucy's Bowl.

A group of her angling friends began raising money for Guide Dogs for the Blind – if only they knew how it would grow into the success of what it is today.

The story goes on, and may the legacy of Lucy, the carp dog never die.....

This is what Lucy's Bowl is all about, here is Emily Williams the Area Fund Raising Coordinator with another cheque for £5,000.00 to buy and name another Lucy puppy to go into training for Guide Dogs for the Blind Association.

Everyone who attends the bowl, organises the events and the sponsors see where their money goes, a tangible four legged pup, who, everything being equal will end up changing the life of someone with severe visual impairment.

Remember each guide dog will cost on average in excess of £50,000.00 during its working life, all raised by charity. Thank you everyone who helped. There will a full media brief with all of the sponsors very soon!



Lucy's Bowl - Raising funds for Guide Dogs 20 September 2016 •

Each day, you will get a slight insight into the story of Lucy - we'll leave you with this for starters.

In 2003 Keith had the opportunity of adopting a fourteen month lab x retriever, who he named Lucy: the very next day she was introduced to her first session on his syndicate, where she managed to get a hook in her mouth, thank fully she didn't swallow it! As time went on she knew instinctively when Keith was going angling, and so she became his carp dog, and a friend of any angler who gave her a biscuit.



Lucy's Bowl - Raising funds for Guide Dogs 21 September 2016 •

The next step -

To show how special her bond was with Keith, there was an occasion when she got a size 6 long shank barbed hook impaled in her tongue, thankfully she was hooked and so Keith opened her mouth, whilst his son unhooked her, she sat there, as the hook was removed, not batting an eye lid, that was their bond of trust. After that she never touched a baited hook again, dropped baits out of a catapult were engulfed as a bonus! She loved the left over curries, and would eat as many as were provided, before sneaking off to get pole position on Keith's bedchair!



22 September 2016 • Step Three -

Lucy and Keith became inseparable, and so when she sadly passed away several of his friends suggested a memorial fish in, the legacy was born in 2011 'Lucy's Bowl'. A tree with a memorial plaque was planted at Little Horseshoe Lake in South Cerney the same year, looking down the lake she spent so many happy hours at. You may ask why Guide Dogs for the Blind, well it was Keith and Lin's friend Linda Bonnar who is a long time puppy dog walker for the association, who found Lucy for them.



"Рашкоу"

В памет на
Людмила Василева
1903-2011

Lucy's Bowl - Raising funds for Guide Dogs 23 September 2016 •

Our Goal, which we Strive for -

So each year we endeavour to raise funds to buy and name a puppy for the Guide Dogs for the Blind Association. It was decided that every pup should be a golden retriever x Labrador and named Lucy after Keith's Lucy, ensuring that her legacy to help man will live on

We're supporting



Lucy's Bowl - Raising funds for Guide Dogs

“ A Dog, a Bowl, and a Life Changer..... Lucy's Bowl”

The story of how a random meeting with a Labrador retriever cross began a relationship that led to a legacy no one could ever had imagined, least of all Lucy's owner Keith. He tells us the story of how it all began.

I adopted Lucy when she was fourteen months old, from day one I knew I had a special dog, we became inseparable, and would get the right hump if she was left at home when I went fishing, so she never was! She was more than happy sitting behind a set of rods in the sun, lazing on my bedchair on the winter days and polishing off the left overs from Indian takeaways. Through the years of writing for CARPology Lucy became well known, which she loved as it meant more free meals whichever lake we visited!

Sadly, Lou fell ill to a devastating form of cancer and within a matter of a few weeks I had to say farewell to my soul mate, to try to portray the gap this left in my life, is impossible.

The effect her loss had on her many angling friends led to a few suggesting we should have a memorial fish in; then some bright spark said why don't we have a raffle, so with the help of the industry we amassed some prizes as twelve anglers met one May weekend to fish, have a BBQ and a quiet beer or three in memory of Lucy. Prior to the weekend my local tackle shop D&J Sports kindly donated a crystal bowl, which was hand etched by my mate Roley, this became Lucy's Bowl. That first year my old mate Pete the painter Bond hoisted the trophy above his head and we raised about £1,200.00, which we donated to the local Guide Dogs for the Blind Association. You may ask why? Linda Bonnar a puppy walker for the association found Lucy for me, it was fate, and fate could only repay a little of the joy she had given so many.....a legacy had begun.

So the journey began, the following year another event, and even more money raised, so to bring you up to speed we then decided we would endeavor to raise enough to buy and name a puppy to go into training for Guide Dogs, each pup

costs £5,000.00 and so we did, and she was aptly named Lucy. The next year we raised enough to buy Lucy 2 and 3, and so from the little beginnings we now have raised in excess of £50,000.00 to buy and name pups for Guide Dogs. Lucy's Bowl held at RK Leisure's iconic Wraysbury complex this year was attended by sixty-five anglers, we hope Lucy's Bowl is here to stay and thank you everyone for your support.

Footnote; every working guide dog you see will cost in the region of £53,000.00, met purely by funds raised by Guide Dogs for the Blind Association. You will see Angling direct are supporting us with the placement of collection boxes in each shop.

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CARPING MAD!

Chapter
8 Part 3



Mike 'SPUG' Redfern



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

~Different Strokes~

by Martin Ford

When Spug first asked me to write this guest chapter, I really had to sit and think for a while as to what I could possibly write about! After all, to many of my friends and people that I have met along the way, and with being a magazine editor, I seem to have been given the tag of Mr Serious!

Carp fishing and all that goes with it has been in my blood for more years than I care to remember and there's no two ways about it, it's an affliction that has no known cure! Sitting for hours behind a pair of static rods, knowing in some cases that you just haven't a chance in hell of catching the elusive beast you're after can bring with it all manner of happenings. Happenings that we as carp anglers never seem to grasp. Depression, divorce, disasters beyond belief, and even the loss of employment are all part of the affliction! Once you're focused on the seriousness of the pursuit, all the really important things in life seem to be but a distant blur! I have lived that blur on more than one occasion in the past. It's a place where nothing else has mattered, apart from being out on the bank and fishing for carp.

Why do we do it? I can't answer that question for you, as we are all different and we all need different things in life to make us function. But what I can say is that even through all those serious times there have been many memorable hours of laughter and for me that's one really important part of carp fishing that makes it so very special.

As I've already mentioned, my journey into angling started as a child and I suppose to some degree, 45 years later, when in the company of trusted friends, I, like them, can still be a child. After all, is not carp fishing an escape from the reality of life and a place where a man can still be a boy? Stroke-pulling has always been an accepted part of carp fishing, especially if you're the one pulling the stroke, but there's definitely a degree of stroke that either makes it funny or not! I remember some of the strokes friends and I pulled as kids when fishing for tench most weekends and for me I suppose that's where the addiction to angling and the fun all began.

~Shiny Puts His Foot In It~

Once the summer holidays came around I was lost to the cause and would disappear for days on end, seeking adventure and of course plenty of fun. There was one particular kid who used to fish with us, who I'll refer to as Shiny Toys, who always had the very best tackle that money could buy. Trouble was he didn't have a clue what to do with most of it. Two things that we all found highly amusing about Shiny Toys was that firstly, he used to be able to turn his eyelids inside out, which was quite a funny sight. The second however, was far more disturbing!

To the amusement of us all and while we were gathered at his rather plush house one day after school, he proceeded to 'milk' his golden retriever off into a milk jug that was then placed on a tea trolley and wheeled into a room full of his mother's friends for afternoon tea! Although Shiny Toys was a laugh he was also very annoying, particularly when he had new items of kit, as he would always be bragging about it. Consequently, he would usually end up being the victim of our stroke-pulling antics.

I remember one particular and very early carp fishing trip in the winter, when me and another friend, Kev, were sheltering from the elements under a 50-inch brolly which had plastic sheeting over the top and down the sides of it to keep out the bad weather. There was just enough room inside to fit our two Lafuma bedchairs, tackle and food items. Shiny Toys on the other hand had the very latest Bennett's of Sheffield brolly with a proper canvas cover, and a rather warm pair of boots with a thermal lining.

The previous night's rain and wind had taken its toll on Kev and me, and most of our kit was wet through and we had little left in the way of dry clothing. However, we were so excited at the prospect of trying to catch a true winter carp, it didn't really matter. Shiny Toys on the other hand was dry and warm and still had plenty of food left and kept reminding us just how warm his new thermal-lined boots were and how warm and dry he was inside his new shelter! As we sat there, a dog walker came by with three large German shepherd dogs and one of them proceeded to turn out a rather large and smelly turd on the pathway directly behind us.

Shiny Toys hadn't seen this and Kev must have had the same thought as me,

as not too long after the dog walker had disappeared down the pathway, with the aid of a sharp stick the stinking turd was carefully deposited into a carrier bag. With the onset of darkness a plan was devised. Once Shiny Toys was asleep, I crept out to his rods and carefully disengaged the alarms before swapping over the two spools on each of his Mitchell 300 reels. At the same time, Kev had managed to slip a hand inside the doorway of Shiny Toys' bivvy and retrieve one of his new thermal-lined boots, into which went one rather large and stinking dog turd.

What happened next you really had to be there to appreciate. Before engaging the alarms again, I tied off a length of spare mono to the line that was hanging from the end of Shiny's left-hand rod, and once me and Kev were back under our broly, I pulled it for all I was worth. 'Beeeeeep, beeeep, beeeep!' went the old BJ bite alarm, which soon had Shiny Toys stumbling out of the bivvy, pulling his boots on as he went.

"I've got one, I've got one," he shouted into the darkness, as Kev and I burst into fits of laughter! "You f***ing ****!" he screamed! There was Shiny Toys with a right old mess on his hands. He'd grabbed the left-hand rod only to find the right-hand one spring up off the rests and smack him full in the face. And then he suddenly realised that all was not well in the left-hand boot!

In the following years, all manner of pranks were played on Shiny Toys until I guess he'd had enough and took up golf. One thing was for sure though, none of us never asked to borrow any milk from him!

~Here Pussy Pussy~

You may well have tried the turning around of your mate's broly in the night, or removing all the bivvy pegs from some unsuspecting soul's bivvy while they slept. It's been done to me and I've done it to others. The changing over of spools used to be the one, as did the turning off of someone's alarms! However, have you every tried the cat food paste trick?

On one of my early trips to Rackerhayes in Devon with a few friends, it became apparent that cat food paste baits were the in thing. But it wasn't just carp that loved it, as on one particular adventure a friend of ours called Pete, who had just started carp fishing, was about to find out.

I think I was about 17 at the time and a friend of mine, Simon, had just passed his test and got his first car. So, Simon, and a mate called Roger and I, complete with all the fishing gear were headed for the lake one afternoon to meet up with Pete and another lad, Derek. On the way to the lake Simon ran over and killed a cat. It was a right old mess, blood all over the road and all up the front of the car. Quick as a flash Roger was out of the car and soon had the cat stowed away in a plastic bin liner that he'd packed for the rubbish!

"We'll have a bit of fun with that later," said Roger! I looked at Simon who although visibly shaken at the death of the poor old moggie, obviously knew what Roger was on about. We soon met up with Pete and Derek and after setting up the rods and bivvies and also explaining the cat food paste method to Pete, all of our lines were cast out and we had a vote on who was going to go to the shops and get the fish and chips. Well, Simon had to go because he was the only one with a car and Pete was elected to accompany him. It was about an hour before dark when they set off and almost dark when they got back. Once we had devoured the fish and chips it was time to settle down and await the action. It came as no surprise then, when at 2am Pete received a fast run, which had been cleverly orchestrated by Derek.

He was soon out of his bivvy doing battle with something rather heavy that had somehow managed to take several yards of line before Pete got to the rod. In the darkness of the night, we all stood there with our torches as Pete proceeded to drag a rather flat-looking and stiff ginger cat, which had been hooked fair and square in the bottom lip, into his waiting net! To this day I swear he thought he had a carp on, right up to the minute that it went into the net, when Pete suddenly dropped both the net and the rod and ran up the bank screaming!

~Car Crash Dummies~

I once fished with a mate called Dave Brailey who was a right prankster and revelled in the art of stroke-pulling. Dave had taken me to a lake that was, at the time, the biggest water I had ever fished. As the day slipped into night, he started to tell me a story about a madman who had killed his family some years ago and had buried them in the woodland behind us. I was slightly spooked and slept with

one eye open, listening out for any noise from the woods behind! In fact, I was awake for most of the night and at around 3am I had to answer the call of nature. Once in the woods directly behind my bivvy I started to relieve myself and as I looked out into the woods beyond, my skin began to crawl. When I shone my head torch into the woodland in front of me, I was horrified to find several wooden crosses staked into the ground, just like gravestones and just a few yards from the bivvy. It frightened me so much that much to the amusement of Dave, I fell all down the front of my trousers!

I paid him back though, as he and another friend had fallen asleep in my car on the way back from a fishing trip. Dave was in the passenger seat and the other bloke was in the back seat. They were both sleeping like babies and we had almost completed the long journey home. I think we'd been to Wales, anyway it was a long slog wherever it was and this was in the days before seatbelts became compulsory. I quietly pulled into a road that lead to a dead-end, and pulled up directly in front of a brick wall. Without warning and with one foot on the brake and the car in neutral, I revved-up the engine and screamed out at the top of my voice, as I spun the steering wheel around. To their horror, they both awoke at the same time and began screaming for all they were worth, thinking we were about to crash into the brick wall! Revenge is sweet; as sweet as a tin of Liquorice Allsorts.

~You'll Catch Allsorts In Here Mate~

And talking of Liquorice Allsorts, it reminds me of an adventure in France that I went on several years back. If memory serves me right, there was Gary Peet (Tackle Box boss and millionaire), Lee Jackson (sponsored by Pampers), Simeon Bond, (Antony Messer MP), Shaun Harrison (the tightest man to have ever held a carp rod), Dave Barham and Jan Porter (formerly known as the Man in Red). We were off to fish what is today Rob Hughes' Abbey Lakes complex in the middle of February. Quite why we were travelling out at this time year I don't know, it was freezing! On the ferry across, among the usual banter somebody bought a large tin of Liquorice Allsorts and on arrival at the lake, all that was left in the tin were

the pink and blue chewy speckled things that nobody likes. You know the ones I mean?

Anyway, on arrival at the lake and once the rods were out, it was decided that Gary Peet and Jan Porter would take the van and go off to the local hypermarket to get some provisions. As soon as they were gone Lee, Dave Barham and myself wound in all four of Jan's rods and re-baited each of the hair rigs with a Liquorice Allsort! Once Jan was back at the lake the odd remark like, "You'll catch all sorts in here Jan," were batted his way over the course of the next few days!

Every evening we got together for dinner and a large bonfire was the order of the day. Once the fire was lit and roaring and the food was cooking, a large Labrador type dog used to come trotting down the track from the landowner's house. The dog was on the scrounge for food and it wasn't too long before someone decided to see if it liked Monster Crab boilies. They were large 30mm baits that we had been given by a German angler at the beginning of the week, who had told us all that it was the going bait in the lake and that you'd catch all sorts on it! I think it was Dave and I that then decided to see how many 30mm Monster Crab boilies we could get this dog to eat. On the first night, I think it ate 30-odd before it went toddling off back to the house. The second night he came back again and ate 45 and on the third night, we got a new record of 47!

However, when we awoke on the fourth day all you could smell in the woods and along the path to the house was a cross between diarrhoea and Monster Crab. Needless to say we decided to give it a miss on the last night! At the gathering on the last night we'd all faced a blank week and still there was the odd comment aimed at Jan about catching all sorts but it wasn't until we were packing up that he reeled in his rods to find that he'd spent the whole week fishing with pink and blue sweets on his rigs!

~Bars Of Soap~

Ever got a spot really going, only to have someone else bait over the top of you and then every time you turn up at the lake they're already on it? I have, but I found a cure for one such angler while I was fishing a small park lake in deepest Cambridgeshire! The lake was very weedy and clear spots of any sort were extremely hard to find, but after a lot of hard work I found a couple of areas

that felt right, and within a few pre-baiting sessions I soon had the carp visiting the two spots quite regularly. However, on every lake there are always a pair of lazy eyes looking to capitalise on what you are doing, and this place was no exception.

So, it didn't come as any surprise when another angler on the lake started to use the two spots for his own angling, knowing full well that I had found the clear spots and was applying bait! Now I wouldn't have minded if they'd been found by mistake, but I soon learnt that I'd been watched very carefully, so a cunning plan was hatched.

The following week and in the dead of night I transported 10 bags of gravel from my car and after carefully inflating the dinghy, I proceeded to make a small gravel bar out in the middle of the lake. Just for good measure, I dropped four bars of Pear's soap over the side, spread evenly along the length of the new gravel bar.

The following morning I made sure I was at the lake bright and early and I dropped my kit off in the swim where my two original spots were. Then I walked further up the lake with a marker rod and located the newly constructed gravel bar, allowing the float to sit up on the surface right above it. Not too long after, matey turned up and was walking down the bank towards me. As he got within earshot, I put my phone to my ear and pretended to have a conversation about this massive clear spot that I had found and as he got closer I quickly put the phone in my pocket and wound in the marker.

He'd clocked it, I knew he had, and once I was back in my swim it didn't take him too long to get his kit from his car and thrash the water to a foam with a marker float looking for the new spot. To cut a long story short, he found it and then spent the rest of the season on that spot, leaving the rest of us alone. He caught f**k all. However, the following year another angler who was fishing the man-made gravel bar, (or the soap bar as I used to call it), caught the biggest carp in the lake!

~The Dangerous Swim~

While fishing another Cambridgeshire water, I encountered another problem. The lake just got so busy at times and it was difficult to get areas going without other anglers having an effect on what I was trying to do. In one particular area

of the lake, I found a spot that would regularly do a bite if all were quiet on the opposite bank. Invariably it wasn't, so I hatched one of the best strokes I've ever pulled. Directly to the right of the swim I was targeting was another small swim that used to attract quite a lot of attention. Trouble was, if there was no one near it the carp used to get in there really close to the bank, and were at times, very catchable.

The small swim to the right was constructed from a wooden platform, so I popped around there one night, and without going into too much detail, I



rendered the platform unsafe. Now what with the park being used for all manner of pond-dipping by the local schools, it wasn't too long before I persuaded the park rangers to close the swim off, thus all the other anglers on the lake left it alone. They even went to the lengths of putting hazard tape all across the front of the swim! Now provided I could get into the spot I had been fishing from, I could cast a bait over to the closed-down swim and put myself in with a better chance of trapping the lake's biggest resident!

Well, with the best-laid plans and all that, not too long after the swim was closed down and after about three blank sessions, unbeknown to me another angler on the lake used my stroke to his advantage. He had managed to wade along the margins and place a hook bait right up tight against the front of the broken platform, while fishing from a position on the opposite bank to me, and yes, he caught it, all 40lb-plus of it! Sometimes, no matter how hard you try or what you do, your name just isn't on it!

~Tight Lines~

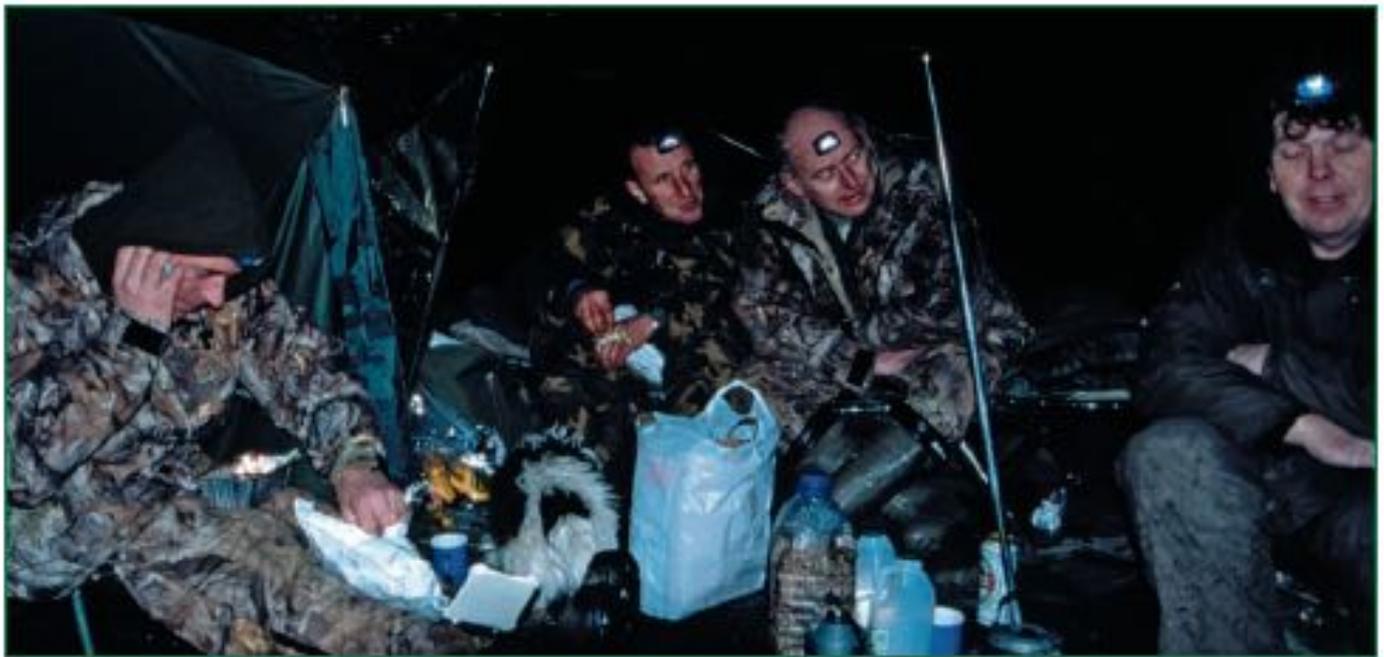
Tight line angling is another good stroke to pull, especially if you want to keep carp in a certain area, like a bay. While fishing in France recently with a friend of mine, Jerry Bridger, we decided to share a swim on the Bay Lake at Les Quis. The swim covered a large bay and I was on the left-hand side, Jerry on the right. With three rods each, we started fishing. It soon became apparent that the carp were coming into the bay from my left, as most of the takes I had were on either the left-hand-rod or the middle rod. Jerry was getting the odd take on his left-hand-rod.

To stop the carp moving further down to my right and into Jerry's water, I cast my right-hand rod across the bay to my right and tightened it up, bowstring tight. What I didn't tell Jerry and he won't know until he reads this, is that there wasn't any bait on that rod, it was purely there to stop the carp moving further right. Sorry mate! I've seen this used before in the British Carp Champs on both Horseshoe Lake and in a qualifier down at Chilham Mill in Kent.

~A Right Old Take-Away~

Talking of Kent I couldn't finish this without mentioning the Brook, home of the British record, venue of much high jinks and fun, and one of the greatest social scenes in carp fishing. One of my first visits to the Brook was with Lee Jackson when Lee was concentrating on catching the lake's biggest resident, Two Tone. The people that fish there are in a class of their own when it comes to stroke-pulling and understanding how to really enjoy carp fishing. You couldn't wish to meet a better bunch of anglers, many of whom have become lifelong friends.

The social scene is as important as the fishing and while I was documenting Lee's progress on the Brook, I fell foul of a right prank. I splashed out for a couple of bottles of wine and an Indian take-away for about eight people, and as the evening wore on, more people dropped by for a social. It ended some time in the early hours of the morning and when I finally thought about getting a few hours sleep, I looked around at the carnage that lay on the floor around me.



There were tinfoil dishes everywhere, beer cans and wine bottles, tea bags and all manner of leftovers from the evening meal. I guess, as I was the visitor, that it was left to me to clear it up as part of the initiation test on Kent waters! I cleared everything up and packed it all neatly into a plastic bin liner and cardboard box, and was told to leave it behind my brolly until morning. However, I was woken at around 4am, just before light and could hear the strangest of noises coming from behind me. I gingerly slipped out of the sleeping bag and crept around the back of the brolly to be met by a pair of large shining eyes, that belonged to a rather large 'rottlador' (it's a cross between a rottweiler and a labrador), called Bruce. Not knowing at the time that Bruce was actually as soft as a donut, I quickly jumped back in the bag and let him get on with it. Sometime after 6am, Lee woke me up laughing, and as I looked at the ground around the brolly, the entire contents of the bin bag and box were strewn all over the bank, and out in the lake there were several tinfoil take-away trays floating around everywhere. Oops! Sorry, Mr Logsdon.

Well, that's about the lot on the stroke-pulling front. You see, once you get to know me properly I'm just like you! Let me finish off by assuring you that with every stroke, prank, joke or bit of laughter that I have had along the way, no carp has ever been put in danger, nor have other anglers and that's important to remember. If a stroke is pulled to put in you in with a chance of catching what you seek, and it doesn't harm man or beast, or step beyond the rulebook, then good angling to you! Have fun on your carp fishing journey and remember, it's only carp fishing, so don't be afraid to laugh out loud every now and again!



~Hank Marvin~

by John "Aitch" Hannent

"It's going to be a load of fishing stories laced together with a load of my stories" Spug enthused as his fingers skipped around a rolling paper and filter.

"It's going to be a load of fishing stories laced together with a load of my stories," Spug enthused as his fingers skipped around a rolling paper and filter.

"Your stories?" I quizzed, looking him straight in the eye.

"Okay, two fish and some gags," he retorted, his eyes skating nervously around, "And I'd like you to contribute."

Okay, I could offer up a fish, maybe two, but I could tell by the glint in his eye he had me down as a . . . Great, just great. 25 years fishing and the only thing I've got to speak about is getting chucked out of a Chinese restaurant. Oh well, here goes.

A week's fishing in France on the River Seine had begun badly. Skip and I had arrived in the Valley and popped in to Les Quis for an update and to say a few hellos. One stubby turned into two, two into several and several into a deluge. The next morning saw two tender anglers scurrying to the van under cover of sunglasses for a recce'. Several hours later (well at least 20 minutes) we decided on an offshoot of the Seine, off the beaten track, that offered us plenty of cover from prying eyes. It was opposite a gravel works, but at least no one would creep up on us. We'd be situated on the inside of a long sweeping bend with a weedbed in front of us for 20 yards and a gravel shelf into the main body of the river beyond this. With my bright yellow 'Lord of the Broads' inflatable boat (did I mention this was a covert operation?) we could spread our hemp far and wide along the shelf with a lacing of nuts and boiled food, and wait.

We didn't have to wait long. I was off the mark soon after casting out, with a 27-plus common and come nightfall the takes were savage and numerous. While we had a hatful, we did drop as many as we landed in the weed. It was a case of pulling them into the weed to shut 'em up, then wading chest deep to net them at arm's length on the edge of the weed, if they hadn't already shed the hook. Despite numerous rig changes, playing tactics, even uprooting huge piles of



Canadian by hand, we never improved our ratios. Christ was it knacker! The nights saw us soaked to the skin, up to our necks in water often in a somewhat 'advanced state of refreshment' or in a punctured boat (it finished second in a fight with a Marlboro Light) paddling out by hand on the edge of a flow that went from nothing to torrential when the lock gates opened. Looking back it was plain stupid, but Christ, we were catching carp!

The days saw us trying to recover, but the noise from the gravel works killed off any hope of sleep before 2pm (it was going all night as well, under floodlights), so we'd use this time to pop out and get the provisions and the compulsory jugs of red wine. You know, the brown jugs of cheap plonk you can get in France for peanuts? If you let them breathe (take the lid off) for as long as possible (24 hours works for me) they actually taste all right, and it gets rid of the 'eau de vinegar' tang. Still gives me chronic indigestion, mind you. That, combined with the fact we adopted the 'when in France' menu (bread, cheese, gherkins and crisps) saw my stomach acids trying to eat through my chest every night, which added to the discomfort.

Oh, and I should add that I wasn't just angling, I was 'field testing' which is

a far more demanding pursuit and fitting of such a talented angler as myself. A client had handed me a pile of material and fibreglass, resembling run-over bagpipes, under the guise of a new wonder bivvy. 'See what you think, John'. Well Simon, after 10 years or so, I can finally tell you it was ! I didn't even bring it home. Having finally wrestled it into some sort of shelter, the merest puff of wind saw me getting slapped around the face by 'storm sides'. A hint of dampness (and we suffered several mid-summer storms) saw the roof sag until it touched the sleeping bag, depositing the contents of the puddle onto the bag. Oh, and it had no pegging points. Aside from that, it was fine.

As the week wore on, we wore out. We were never good to ourselves on holiday, and this coupled with working hard to land everything we hooked had really taken it out of us. Faced with the long journey back to Norfolk, we decided that something proper to eat would go a long way to reviving our spirits (along with some spirits). Our immediate locality offered us little in the way of Le Take Away, but I remembered seeing a Chinese restaurant on one of my earlier shopping jaunts to the nearest town of any size. By evening, we'd built ourselves up into a feeding frenzy, without the feed. So at what looked like a sensible time for a Chinese to open, I hopped in the car and headed to town, dreaming of the impending feast. Now, after you've spent a few days in searing hot conditions, in and out of water all night, you go a bit 'bush', if you know what I mean. All the windows of the motor were down, but I was still noticing something a bit ripe. 'Must be the Squid & Octopus', I contented myself with.

I soon arrived in town. People were walking around, all dressed to go out. "Bonjour!" I chanted at everyone who passed, only to be greeted by strange looks. Just think if a tramp looked you square in the eye and yelped, "Allo!" you'd think twice wouldn't you? To paint a fuller picture, I should add that the excursions of the week had claimed most of my clothes and I was left in just my carp shorts (my 'ol faithfuls', all holey with my hanging out) and a vest. I'd long since dispensed with shoes, my only half-decent pair were hanging in a tree, drying. Having walked the streets for what seemed hours, only stopping to flick the odd live Gauloise butt off my bare feet, I finally found the restaurant. It looked far more 'well to do' than I remembered and didn't look like it did take-away, but they all do don't they?

I strode smiling through the glass door to be immediately surrounded by two waiters and a middle-aged Chinese woman. Management I presumed. Other waiters hung around looking quizzically at me. 'Ah, the Empire still commands



some respect,' I mused as their eyes scanned my bitten, burnt, pimply frame with bemusement. In my loudest broken English I asked, "Speeeeeak Ingleesh?" only for my newly acquired Chinese chums to show me their palms. "OOH KAAAY," I retorted and slid sideways to the menu on the wall. In all honesty, I'd

expected to just rattle off a few numbers and the job would be done, but I couldn't understand a word of the menu. There was nothing else I could do. I'd have to adopt the international language of mime!

With more and more waiters gathering, I started to go about my order. No 1, beef curry. With my index fingers pointing like horns beside my head, I started mooing. To cover the curry bit I donned a pained expression while fanning my open mouth like I'd been burned. Good huh? I think the milking mime threw them a little and my ever-increasing audience just shook their heads while gabbling in their native language to each other. No beef curry, eh? So I tried chicken. I started flapping my bent arms, jerking my head backwards and forwards a la Norman Collier, scratching my right toe across the polished wooden floor, and clucking. This brought what I guessed to be a positive reaction. The woman and a couple of the waiters started shouting through the kitchen door, obviously relaying my order, I thought.

While egg fried rice was tricky, I'd spotted some on a diner's plate and leaned over the sheer glass wall and picked up the bowl while smiling in that 'I won't be long and I won't harm you or your children' sort of way. I was obviously on a rich vein, as their chants through the kitchen door gathered momentum. Buoyed by my apparent success I continued, even playing to the crowd of bemused diners. My boiled rice had, I thought, been successful and the king prawn balls hadn't led to

my arrest, so galvanised by my obvious success with the mains, I was about to launch into the first of my two starters, a king prawn butterfly. I had the mime planned; it would have been exquisite.

Suddenly, out of the door the staff had been shouting orders through, appeared two of the largest Chinese gentleman I'd ever clapped eyes on, towering over the staff who prodded fingers nervously towards me as Ching and Chang strode through reception at me as I was dancing around flapping my arms. Without stopping, they grabbed an arm and a leg each and



Things are different these days...

bustled me quickly and efficiently to the door before hurling me through the air like a knotted hanky on to the pavement below. The only time the constant click of chopsticks stopped in the entire performance was when I was mid-flight, only to resume when I hit the deck with an audible slap.

I rose to my knees, offered a couple of choice expletives and staggered to my feet, my arms still twitching in chicken-like motions as I took my broken, hunger-ravaged body away from the crime scene. It didn't take me long to work out that what I'd presumed was 'and a chicken curry for our intrepid English angling guest' was actually 'Sumos One and Two, get the in 'ere and eject this drug-fuelled vagrant from our fine Chinese eatery', or similar.

Miraculously, I managed to blag pork chop and chips for two from a far less salubrious establishment in the town square. The only trouble I had was pointing to the menu with my arms pinned to my sides, trapping the ripe pong of angler! I think they took pity on me frankly, my grazed, shaking knees bearing testament to my tribulations.

I returned to the plot with the poor excuse for the feast we'd planned held out at arm's length in front of me. Skip was hanging off the end of a ready-rolled as ever and quizzed, "Where the f*ck have you been? I'm Hank Marvin."

He looked good wearing his supper.

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Show season and the scheme keeps growing.....plus your chance to win some mega prizes!!!

There are land marks in what we do in every aspect of our lives and it's the same with the scheme as it grows and develops. There have been a few of these recently and one that is worthy of a special mention is the video that Alan Blair and the guys at Nash Tackle put together at the start of the year. It has spread the ANLRS word massively and saw many people making contact from across Europe. Staggering effort team Nash! You can view the video via the following link

<https://www.facebook.com/AnglersLineRecycling/videos/2415754491985332/>

So many things have happened since the last issue and be sure you will see them here in Talking Carp as we can announce them. New partnerships, organisations pledging support and tackle companies coming on board is just a taster of what Steve Tapp and I have been up to in our spare time.

As those of you that know about the scheme will realise it is run by volunteers and is set up on a non-profit basis. The scheme is bigger than any company or individual and will always be inclusive of all from a once a year angler to a multi-national company. The only money we get is that which we receive through donations from individuals, organisations and companies that believe in what we do in the ANLRS added to some money that we both put in to get the ball rolling.



A few months ago, someone suggested that we organise a raffle to help raise some funds to allow us to cover the daily costs and start on many of the projects we want to explore. With cap in hand we have asked around and trade has been awesome in its response.

As I sit here writing this, on the weekend after the fantastic Brentwood Carp Show, the prize list for the ANLRS Mega Raffle makes for very impressive reading as you can see below. There are prizes for all types of angling but the carp fishing companies have been fantastic to date.

Already we have around £3,500 worth of prizes and this grows on a weekly basis. What will it be when we get to the end of the show season and do the draw in the middle of April?

So what is up for grabs.....?

*FOX RX+ 2 ROD ALARM PRESENTATION SET
 4 NIGHTS FOR 2 PEOPLE @ LINEAR FISHERIES
 LEE VALLEY PARK NAZEING MEADS 2019 / 20 SEASON PERMIT
 GARDNER TACKLE ASYLUM TOTAL PROTECTION MAT
 CASUAL CARPER £50 VOUCHER
 NASH CITRIZ BAIT PACKAGE
 GUIDED BOAT PIKE FISHING DAY FOR TWO IN NORFOLK WITH
 BUDGIE BURGESS
 CINETIC CYCLONE BLACK DS XP7000 HSG REEL from the FISHING
 BUDDY
 DAY SESSION WITH ALAN BLAIR OF NASH TACKLE
 2 x CUSTOM SCOPE RODS donated and used by ALAN BLAIR
 GARDNER MODULAR TACKLE SYSTEM
 SIGNED T SHIRT from Rob Hughes
 DAIWA BLACK N RED COOL WEAR POLOS
 YEAR SUBSCRIPTION TO SEA ANGLER MAGAZINE
 48HR TICKET @ ECTON LAKES
 2 x 24HR DAY TICKETS @ SUFFOLK WATER PARK
 £20 ANGLING DIRECT VOUCHERS x 2
 3 MONTH CARP WORLD MAGAZINE SUBSCRIPTION x 2
 CHEW VALLEY TROUT FISHING DAY BOAT PERMIT (2 PEOPLE)
 CHEW VALLEY PIKE FLY FISHING DAY BOAT PERMIT (2 PEOPLE)
 ANGLING TIMES SUBSCRIPTION*

HARD LURE PACKS (3 LURES) x 2 SETS from AT PRODUCTS
PIKE PRO FLUTED PIKE FLOATS x 2
LOST IN A QUIET WORLD by PAUL COOK (c/o Harper Angling Books)
2 x FOX REPLICENT LURES from THE TACKLE SHOP,
GAINSBOROUGH
CATCH CULT MAGAZINE SUBSCRIPTION
THE WRAYSBURY CHRONICLES from a private DONOR
BIG CARP HUNTERS from a private Donor
24 HR TICKET FOR BELLS MILL FISHERY, STOURBRIDGE
CARP PARTICLES £100 BAIT VOUCHER
£250 DNA BAITS VOUCHER
FOX RAGE PRISM PIKE SPIN 30-100G ROD
MATRIX HORIZON X 4000 MATCH REEL
DAY TICKET TACTICS & TALES – ROB MAYLIN, BOUNTYHUNTER
PUBLICATIONS
STILL FOR THE LOVE OF CARP – THE CARP SOCIETY
NASH TT BUNDLE x 2
CARP SOCIETY GOODIE BAG – THE CARP SOCIETY
RAD ANGLING TWIN MARKER FLOAT SET & MUG
£30 MORE TAKES BAIT VOUCHER
£30 of URBAN BAITS STRAWBERRY NUTCRACKER
ERIC'S ANGLING £100 VOUCHER
NUTRABAITS BAIT BUNDLE & GOODIES
£50 PROPER BAITS BAIT BUNDLE
PB PRODUCTS JELLY WIRE PACKAGE
CATFISH PRO DVDs x 2
AVID STORMSHIELD SAFE GUARD XL CRADLE
WOFTE CLOTHING PACKAGE
CYPOGRAPHY 12 EPISODE PASS

So how do you get tickets?

We will be at the Northern Angling Show (next to the main stage) and at the two Big One shows so pop along and bring your spare change with you. Tickets are £1.00 each

Alternatively you can buy them in books of 5 tickets at £5 by sending payment via Pay Pal to anglersnlrs@gmail.com Please add 75p to the total for postage, if you want us to send the tickets to you. All we ask is that you add your name, contact number and address in the comments section when using Pay Pal.

The draw is after the Big One at Stoneleigh on the 15th of April. Winners will be contacted within a week of the draw.

All proceeds go to furthering the work of the ANLRS and help us make angling that little bit greener.

Don't forget that if you are coming to any of the shows above to bring your old line for recycling and we will give you a voucher to get £1 off any bulk spool of line from the Gardner tackle, Eric's Angling, Johnson Ross or Total Fishing Tackle stands on the day.

Go on grab some tickets and thanks for your continued support... til next time

Viv Shears



THEY DO IT... DO YOU?



Recycling is part of all our daily lives and the benefits of preventing line ending up in landfill or being incinerated are obvious. As anglers, we treasure the environments that we fish in and the wildlife found around them, so line recycling demonstrates the responsibility of the angling community towards the issue of unwanted or lost line to the public.

Many tackle shops and venues now have ANLRS recycling bins or you can mail your line to us. For more information and to find a recycling station near you visit our website.

anglers-nlrs.co.uk

Recycle your fishing line

The amount of line UK anglers send to landfill or incineration every year would reach 1.5 times to the moon and back.





Catch Reports

Featuring -

Andrew Taylor, Clear water fisheries,
wyreside Fisheries, Dave Tozer, Henry
Williams, David Johnstone, Jason
Strutt, Mark Jones, Steve Cock

Your Name: Andrew Taylor

type of fish Common Carp

Location of catch Midlands Venue

Info about the catch

Great first session of the year, ended with one fish for me and being the only fish out on the lake, a gorgeous low double common to start the year, caught on my usual favourite Mainline Baits Cell Waffer over a bed on Mainline Particle, on RidgeMonkey end tackle as follows, 20lb Fluorocarbon Hooklink, a Size 6 Curve Shank Hook, a Mini Hook Ring Swivel, a 25 mm Weed Green Anti Tangle Sleeve, a QC Hooklink clip and a clear RM-Tec Boilie Stop and Castaway PVA 25 mm mesh.



Clearwater fishery report

January catch report. It's been fairly quiet with the cold temperatures. Although our day ticket lake Kellet fished mega well early-mid January.

Kellet Lake

Al Bonney started the year as means to go on with a nice 17lb 8oz common.



he



Bailiff **Ben Hesketh** did a quick night on Kellet for a lovely original 22lb Mirror.

Bailiff **Paul Curwen**, whilst Keer fish have been so moody, got too much to resist this week when he spent his weekly 48hrs on Kellet. 6 fish to 20lb.



Ben Mir had the biggest of the month from Kellet with a cracking 25lb common from peg 3.. fast developing into a bit of a big fish peg on Kellet.



Deano 'Lee' McCarthy did well to snare an upper double from peg on a short zig when the sun was shining.

Scott Mccleary had 2 mid doubles on a last minute, midweek overnigher.



Keer Lake

Keer is still coming in a very distant 2nd in the fish stakes with only 1 man seemingly able to catch them at the moment. Andrew Hargreaves has got himself up to 3 fish now, the only fish of the last 6 weeks. he had a lovely 34lb mirror last week, followed by a very striking Koi (not really KIR Andy's cup of tea) and then came back up this weekend and had a high double almost immediately.

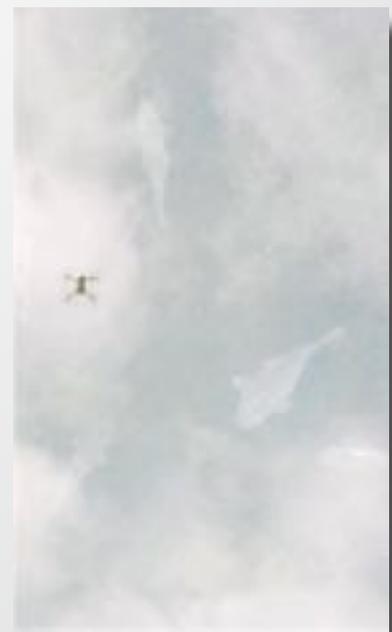
Away from the Carp scene, we had our first 20lb pike of the Winter out Last week, it fell to one of our regular Pike anglers who we let have a dabble on Kents Bank for a few hours. no pictures unfortunately but he's a very reliable sort, who's had plenty bigger in the past so no reason to doubt. Bailiff Adam and his brother Jack Gerrys got in on the action, catching a couple a piece on a day session, in fact Kellet, Keer and Kents have all been very productive pike wise, and it's really good to see some of the better fish put in an appearance!

Elsewhere on the fishery, M & B Contour Map Fishing have been in to map the new Kent's Bank, which is opening soon.. looking to be a very interesting lake, it's got the lot, as you'll see when we get the maps back. Unfortunately, the brutal Summer proved too much for a lot of the trees and shrubs that we planted over last Winter.

Not to worry though, over the last 7 days, we've planted around a thousand trees to replace what we lost and we've another thousand to go in. It'll be like the Amazon round here in 25 years!

The fishery is also now active on Instagram so if you're on there, give us a follow - @Clearwaterfisheriesuk and keep us tagged in your captures and scenics from the fishery.

Kind Regards Paul Curwen





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Wyreside



Wyreside fishery catch reports.
The week started off cold with the lakes being partly carp.
Sunnyside 2 is still fishing the best starting off the week from under the ice, fishing into the middle of the lake.

Mr consistent Michael Hodgetts fishing a quick over 16lb & 21lb, fishing with the Richworth test bait. Also fishing from peg 16 landing a 20lbs & 15lbs, the win and hemp with a krill pop up over the top.



Resident pike expert Poster boy Pete decided to have baits for pink pop ups, fishing from pegs 12&13 on Sun of 21lb, 17lbs & 15lbs, fishing into the middle of the seemed to do the job nicely.

Over on Bantons lake member Dave Knight got out his first carp of the year a stunning 21lb mirror, caught from Baitcraft baits.

On the pike front things seemed to have slowed down part of the week. However there has been a few jacks moving from lake to lake until they found them.

www.wyresidelakes.co.uk





Fisheries

frozen however this didn't seem to discourage the
week was Dave Smith who landed 2 of the IG stockies
e over a baited area of corn and DNA baits.

nighter had two commons for his efforts weighing
o getting amongst the action was Barry Davies
ning tactic was a very heavily baited are of party mix

ve a social with John Hampson and swap his dead
Sunnyside 2 they were rewarded with 3 beauties
lake approx. 19 wraps over a small baited area

for his first session of the year and landed his
rom Mug fish using Bank Bug terminal tackle and

own slightly worth the milder temperatures on the latter
ks out to the anglers who kept on their toes and kept



01524 792093

Dave Tozer made his first visit to Ladywood Lakes at the weekend fishing for 36 hours and managed 2 mirrors.

Both fish fell to a 16mm white banoffee wafer on a IQ2 D rig size 6 curve from Viper tackle fished in a solid bag of Ladywood pellet and 12mm white banoffee from Burton Baits.



Your Name: Henry Williams
type of fish and weight Mirror carp
 14 pounds

Location of catch Cottage lane
 Berkshire

Info about the catch

Wicked white pop up over SSB and
 PB Products end tackle

Taska®

Tackle Redefined

Hi there David Johnstone, again, hope everyone is having a great start to the new year, after starting the year on a course of blanks I knew it was time to change that, so I went out for 5 hours on a local water. Upon arrival I see 2 anglers so when to have a chat with them. After a 10 minute chat and the strong winds on their backs I knew I had to go the other side with the wind in my face , so I set up with the rod tips in the water to stop the line moving with the wind and knew I had to use chods as bottom baits wasn't working for the lads the other side , so I made myself a leader with the Taska Evolve weed green lead free leader that I find very simple to splice, Taska Baseline tungsten 4 mm tapered beads with the chod beads to keep everything pinned down and of course the taska Xtenda chod sleeve, then a 1 and 1/2 inch chod rig I made with a size 8 hook with a Lancashire carp baits white k9 pop up. I am looking forward to starting a brand new syndicate in March and will keep you all posted.



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Your Name: Jason Strutt

type of fish and weight 32lb mirror

Location of catch Norfolk syndicate

Info about the catch

Fish caught at yards in gully with a pink Northern Special fished over hemp and corn



Your Name: Steve Cock

type of fish and weight Mirror Carp 29lb 6oz

Location of catch Chilham Mill Carp Syndicate

Info about the catch

Fished at 80 yards range to a silty gully in front of a bar with double 12mm baits fished snowman style on an IQ D rig, over crumbed Rod Hutchinson Balistic B with sweetcorn, maggots and liquid carp food. The bite came at 4am and was the only fish of a 24 hour session.

Your Name: mark jones

type of fish and weight common carp 25lb oz

Location of catch Sheffield

Info about the catch

Marks end of winter campaign

Mark started fishing this venue around 20 year ago as a young lad. he spent many a day over the years but started drifting away to new venues but it was not to be forgotten by him as he felt it had beat him over the years.

Mark decided to tackle this venue again and started a campaign on there but he did not expect what was going to happen.

On the 26th on Jan he braved the bad weather and hit the bank for the night not expecting what happened next.

At around 23:30 his left rod ripped in to life with the alarm sounding out a one toner not expecting anything big he had this fish on for no more than 5 min no fight from her just a heavy weight that come straight in and over the cored she slipped it didn't sink in to him straight away what he had but when he put her on the mat and flipped her over and seen a mark that he had looked at on many pictures of this fish he then realised it was her the biggest in the lake, down in weight but still 25lb 7oz of really old common. He was over the moon with this capture. He did not bother putting his rod back out for the rest of the night with the big girl in the retainer sling he waited for first

light and his friend to arrive take his photo with her. His campaign was over and done with in less than 12hrs and now he is thinking of his next venture and venue to tackle next we hope to hear from him very soon with another special fish to him



A close-up photograph of a textured metal surface, possibly a tool or part of a machine, with a brass-colored pen resting on it. The metal has a pattern of raised, rounded rectangular shapes. The pen is positioned diagonally across the frame, with its tip pointing towards the bottom right. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting the metallic sheen and the texture of the surface.

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RRP £5.99



munch baits



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**Available in 200ml tubs – 14mm/18mm
RRP £5.99**

Bio Marine Dumbbell Hookbaits

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**Available in 200ml tubs – 14mm/18mm
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These subtle coloured pop ups provide a multitude of hookbait options. Needle friendly and Ultra Buoyant they will remain popped up indefinitely. Packed full of marine proteins, liquid additives and our proven aquatic stimulant.

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**Thankyou for reading and your
continued support**

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

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