



Issue 38
April 2019



Inside...

**DAVE LEVY - THIS TIME IT'S PERSONAL
PLUS - SCOTT GEEZER GRANT
ANDREW MURRAY & MUCH MORE**



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Hello... and welcome ...

To issue 38 and what an issue we have for you!!

Exclusive!! Dave Levy returns and this time he talks from the heart on a few subjects that he is very very passionate about!! This is a must read for anyone!!

Articles!! Scott Grant, Gary Lowe, Andrew Murray and many others continue to bring you tales from the bank with some very enjoyable reading.

Carping Mad!! We bring you the next chapter from Mike Spug Redferns SOLD OUT book Carping Mad volume1.

Catch Reports!! Our catch reports from around the country show that a lot of the bigger fish are waking up right now!!

Catch of the month!! Prizes from Rod Hutchinson for the catch of the month... is it you?

Competition!! Vader Baits give you the chance to win a bait package on their catch report pages...

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Keep those emails and catch reports coming in folks....

brian.dixon@talkingcarp.co.uk

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Team Talking Carp

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A CHAT WITH.....THE GENERAL
(this time... its personal!!)

A Chat with... *Mr. Dave Levy* *(this time...its personal!!)*

After our last chat with Mr. Dave Levy, and a further meeting it quickly became apparent that Mr. Levy is extremely passionate about the sport he holds so dearly to his heart... a real old school angler with a deep-seated code of old school ethics so we decided to take a sharp stick and poke the bear a bit.

*Will the real Dave Levy
Please stand up...?*

Welcome back Dave and thank you for joining us and allowing us to spend a bit more time with you.

1) ***We are going to look at some of the topics that seem to split the carping nation very quickly.... and top of that list has to be big carp, in particular big carp in the UK. We have seen the British Record rocked a few times now and claims for the record denied due mainly to the history of these fish. What are your thoughts on these fish? And how long can the current British record last? Maybe it's time the carp records are abolished?***

Firstly, Hello to everyone reading this, hang on this is going to be a bumpy ride as Brian has only gone and pressed the RED button!

Right! There's a very good reason these carp records have been knocked back and that's because they are large illegal imports that have made their way into our Country with no paperwork to show Health checks, but this is just one of the issues these illegal imports bring, they endanger our existing fish stocks and this has been proved on many occasions over the past 15 years. If this isn't enough of a reason, then the fact that when these poor carp are discovered at customs they are killed normally with poison or sometimes just left to die on the floor!

And these people love carp! These carp are brought over to catch the anglers not the other way around. I listened to a pod cast with one such fishery owner and if the guy doing the interview had taken his head of the lake owners' arse for one second and put him on the spot with the facts, I'd have had a lot more respect for him.

Should we abolish the carp record? Are you actually mad!

No, what we should do is hold the fishery owners who import these fish illegally responsible and give them massive fines or better still just poison them! They get a poor naive angler to claim these Records on their behalf!

We have a good carp fishing history in the UK with carp that are legends to us, fish like Clarissa, The Bishop, Mary and more recently Two Tone then The Parrot, these are all carp we as anglers have read about getting bigger then creating history, carp we aspire to catch. Why would you want some big pale illegal import that's been swimming round a lake for five minutes taking these historic carp away! No one surely wants that!

Now I'm not knocking importing carp with the correct paperwork at low weights that can grow in this country creating a trail of history although we have so many brilliant fish farms why would you. It's the readymade records that I hate. So many want it all to be easy these days, it's almost like dieting, People want a quick fix pill to success but in truth you get the best out of life from hard work.

I don't look down on the anglers who fish for these carp as fishing is something different to everyone so good luck to them but the fishery owners who do it, I hope it comes back to bite you in the a**e. And breath!!



2) Another subject that seems to have raised its head lately is how social media seems to be taking over the sport. Gone are the days when we had to look on Ordnance Survey maps for lakes and ponds and go knocking on farmers doors, as now we simply log into the likes of Facebook and ask a question about a particular water and you can get all the information within seconds. And whilst social media can provide a great learning tool and a fantastic community, it seems to have taken away all the old school mystery and learning which is surely a rite of passage into the carp fishing world.

To be fair social media is really a sign of the times. You have FB fishermen who watch other anglers' pages just to see what's coming out on their lake but remember this is a two-way street so if you don't want them knowing what you're up to then don't put it up!

The down side is the haters that spend their time putting people down or constantly knocking stuff, but these sad individuals really should take a long hard look at themselves and maybe stop frapping over their blow-up sheep and get out from behind their key boards and do some face to face socialising!

Actually, there's nothing wrong with blow up sheep, I once had one called Sue! lol



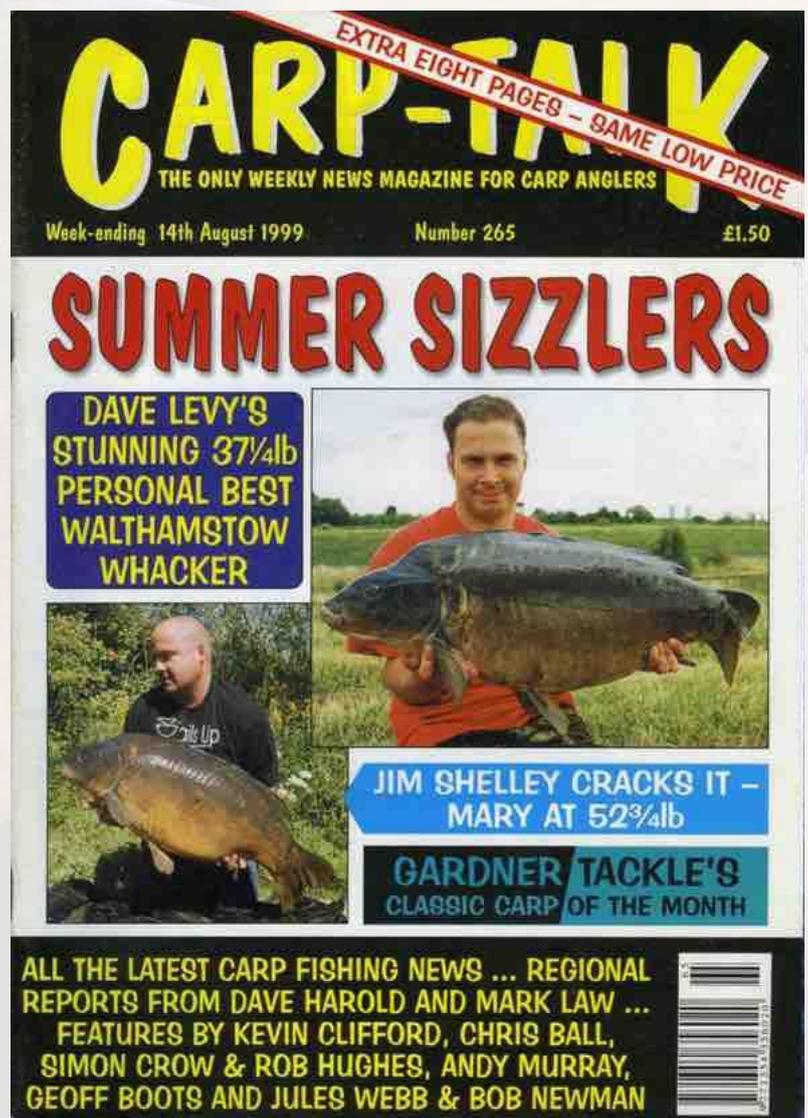
3) Which brings us nicely into the next subject... A question that we get asked at the magazine, and we know most high-profile anglers like yourself get asked a lot... “How does someone become a sponsored angler?” Most seem to be under the illusion that this sport is full of sponsored anglers, and instant superstars, whereas the actual truth is far from that isn’t it?

There is no fast track in my opinion, and yes, I get asked a lot about how to become sponsored angler. Mostly by young anglers, there’s nothing wrong with chasing dreams and inspiring to be someone in the hobby or sport you love but you can’t be an instant expert in anything. It will takes years of learning your craft, dedication sacrifice and practice before

someone will take you seriously. I was carp fishing 17 years before doors started to open and I've never chased one sponsor they have come to me because I've let my angling do the talking.

My advice to anyone who wants to become a high-profile angler is to go fishing and enjoy it, share your catches on any platform you can, for me that was Carp Talk and magazine articles but these days that would be social media and Youtube as times have changed, so you move with them or get left behind.

A young angler came up to me the other week, really nice lad said he'd joined a big company and they had promised to do loads for him and they weren't do a thing. When I asked what he done he said sent catch reports. That's simply not enough, send them your captures but if you want to go somewhere then you have to be prepared to work hard, learn photography, videography get good at



them and put out your own content, be in control of your own profile get your own followers, then these companies will really want you as your working at it. No one is ever going to do your job for you.

Catching the carp is the fun bit. Listen it's not for everyone but I like my job, my office is the outdoors, but it's taken a lot to get here and I've never lost site of the fact is I just love my fishing.



4) *As an old school angler, you surely have seen some major changes along the banks of the lakes... gone are the days of hanging out of trees and poking rods through the*

bushes, sitting for hours, or sometimes days on end without a soul in sight, and sometimes the whole lake to yourself. Occasionally someone may pass by and stop for a quiet chat if the angler was open to do so... the old code of a bivvy door down, or someone up in a tree meant silence, or please pass by, seems to have disappeared... and bankside etiquette simply doesn't hold the same meaning anymore. Is bankside etiquette a thing of the past?

Oh s**t! Now you've got me started! Etiquette! It's almost a forgotten word. Let's put a few things down as rules!

1. If a guys getting he's rods out leave him alone to do it.
2. Asking how many wraps an angler is fishing so you know he's spots! Stop it!
3. What bait you on! Listen d**k head I'm going to lie! It's like asking a woman her age! Don't do it.
4. Standing in someone's swim you don't know for more than an hour is over kill! Please withdraw yourself! I once had a guy in my swim for three hours, he left and said see you tomorrow so the next day before he turned up, I'd pooped in a pot noodle pot. (**T.C poop noodle Dave??**) He turned up and I said would you like something to eat, he said yes please so I offered it to him. Never saw him again. "just saying" lol

5. Going in a swim because you know someone has been doing well or baiting it. If you do this, you're a grade one noddy!

Look jokes aside it cost nothing to be polite, I'll always make a cuppa and have a chin wag within reason.

We all fish to get away from stress not create it so show your fellow anglers respect.



5) One argument we see going on an awful lot at the moment is the dropping of leads on every take, and sometimes that's taken to the extreme of fishing braided mainlines fished bow tight to snags with very heavy leads which will drop at the hint of a take... But even then, the odds of landing the fish are slim. Would you agree or disagree that this is taking things too far?

There's two subjects there so let's talk dropping leads.

I for one do not drop my leads every fish, if I'm on a runs water catching 20 fish a day and there no weed, I don't want to lose all them leads! Not to mention the cost.

Even if I'm fishing for big carp If there's no weed my lead stays on. I mostly use a helicopter rig so It's easy to set it up safely.

These tackle companies who have gone on about losing leads are taking anglers for fools, its simple common sense. If there is weed losing a lead will give you a much better chance of landing the carp

because of the direct contact, leaving lake beds littered with leads isn't a good thing for us to be promoting. We need to fish safely that the most important thing.



6) Now then... technology... obviously carp fishing has come a long, long way in recent years, from open bail arms and bobbins made from a cotton spool, a hairclip and a knitting needle to run up on, to the first electronic alarms, up to today's all singing and all dancing alarms with receivers, to underwater cameras to sonar systems that can be cast out to see every detail of your chosen swim and now right through to actual drones being used on lakes to find the fish... How would you feel to be sat in a swim and a drone starts hovering above your spots and buzzing around your lake?

Well you can imagine my reaction to a drone over my spot when I don't like being asked how many wraps, I'm fishing lol.

Look I'm not against technology I've had a play round with a sonar a few times and its interesting, but the signal kept cutting out and if I had paid £200 for it would have been fuming, lucky it was sent to me to try. Bait boats are ok its normally the people driving them that are the problem, I can take or leave them. Things have changed a lot and mostly for the better as we've never had it so good.

Being old school seems to have become fashionable of late but remember you can buy SS 3000 all make your photos so dark we can barely see the fish but you're only old school if your old school and most are now to young but never too young to take some of them old school morals of respect and etiquette.

Just to finish off Dave... a quickfire round for you

- a) *Woodcarving common or chestnut mirror? **Mirror***
- b) *Barbed or barbless? **Barbed.***
- c) *Coffee or tea? **Tea.***
- d) *Private estate lake or big pit? **Big pit.***
- e) *Porridge or bacon butty on the bank? **Bacon butty.***

As a finish, I'm often not right in fact I get it wrong a fair bit, but I'm always learning which means I'm growing as an angler even as a person.

Whatever you set your sights on go for it, don't let anyone tell you it can't be done. I've been told many times that what I'm trying to do can't be done. Normally it's the people closest to you who worry you let yourself down, but I've never doubted myself and nor should you.

Best of luck

Dave.

So, there we have it folks, the gospel according to Dave Levy. Not one to mince his words but a man of such passion for his sport, its admirable.

Thanks for joining us, and we look forward to the next chat.

OLD SCHOOL CODE



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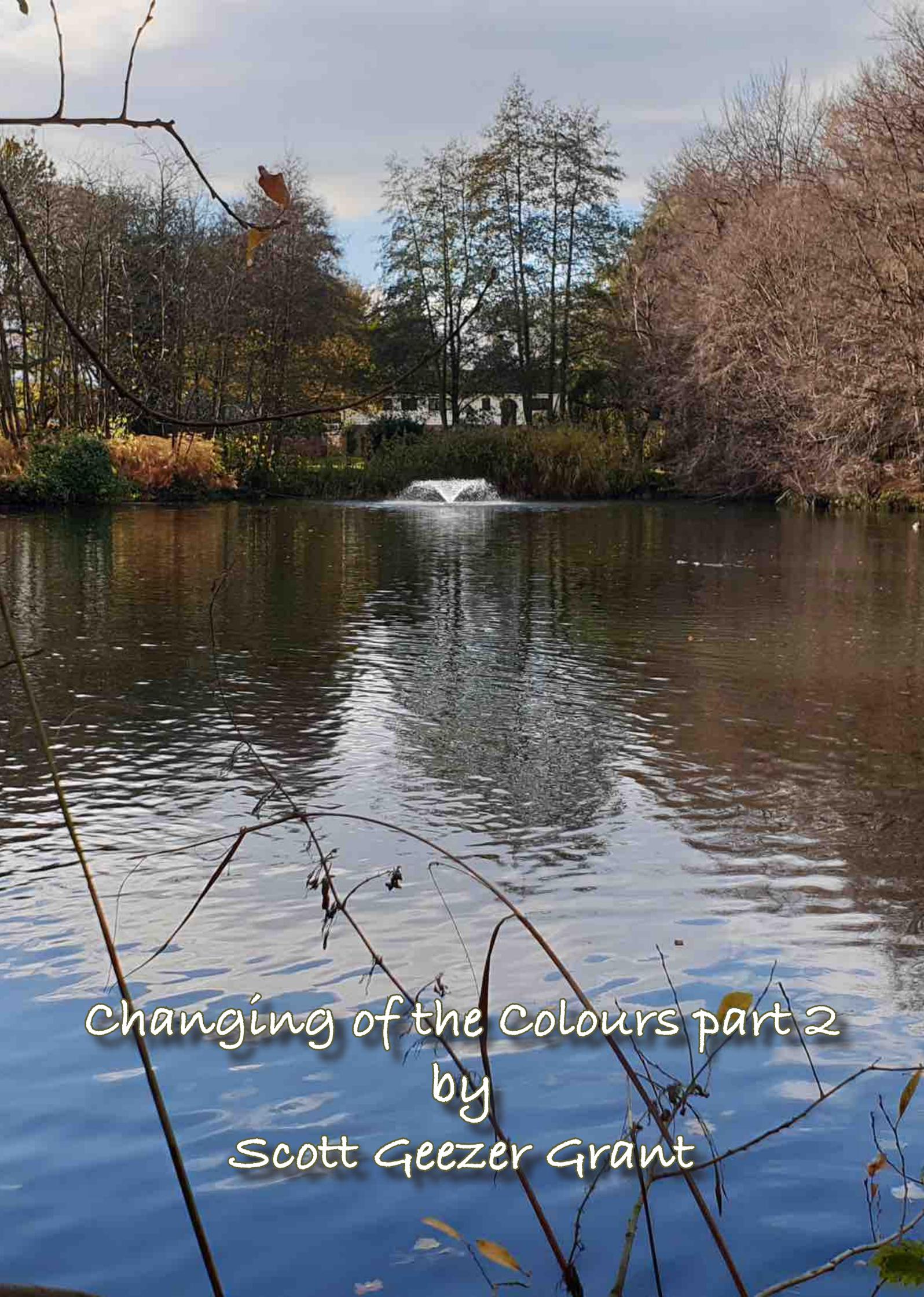
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Changing of the Colours part 2
by
Scott Geezer Grant

Third Session

Once back at work I looked at my rota and managed to book 2 days holiday that way I could fish from the Sunday afternoon for 3 nights. I do like fishing for 2-3 nights at a time as one night is just not enough for me, and because of my job there's no way I could ever do overnights!!!

Hats off to all the anglers that do them, but for me it's a no go. Steve's cousin Nick had been fishing the weekends on Churchwood as he wanted to catch a few of the A Team members he hadn't caught from there. It's a real gruel on there and I know I've been through it, but with the current milder temperatures maybe the fish would be up for it but only time would tell.

As usual I called Steve the week before to get an update on what had been out, and he said nothing but there is a couple of anglers on Jenkins the weekend and will be coming off Sunday.

Perfect I would be going on there Sunday, so I planned to head down in the afternoon. I arrived just after 12:00 o'clock and the two anglers had packed most of their gear away with only their rods out. I had a chat with them and asked if anything had been out and to my surprise they said no!!

Had the fish finally shut up shop? I was hoping not as I had 3 nights in front of me.

With the anglers all packed up they said their goodbyes and I went about getting everything sorted. It

was nice to just take my time as it wasn't going to get dark for another 3hrs.

Nick had fished the weekend on Churchwood, but he also had no action. Nick has been visiting the lake on a regular basis keeping the food going in and for all his efforts sooner or later it will definitely pay off, it's just a matter of time.

After a few cups of tea, it was time for the rods to be sorted, everything else was done.

Looking back over my previous sessions I made the decision to fish the Fluro pink on all rods, bit bold I know but I had a good feeling. I had even made a trip down to the bait factory to get some more of Galaxy's finest.

A fish showed out in deeper water, so I decided to fish all 3 rods short of the original areas in 8ft of water.

If the fish are shoaling up it shouldn't take long to nail one. I had already made my mind up that if by morning nothing happened, I would revert back to my original areas. Well the night passed with no action, I was up before sunrise looking and listening and the only fish, I saw was behind the pump which is a definite no go area. I got the customary text from Steve which I replied blankety blank but never say never as there's 2 nights to go. Around 10:00 o'clock I wound all the rods in, new rigs were put on along with the Fluro pinks in Nut Job flavour.

With the rods back on their original spots

and with plenty of bait surely it was just a matter of time. The weather had taken a turn for the worse, it was now raining hard with a daytime temperature of 6oc. I know the fish seem to like the rain here, so I made sure I had a waterproof jacket on as I didn't want to get caught out like last time and end up soaked to the skin.

It rained on and off for the whole day and at times really heavy, and there wasn't one puddle around my

bivvy.

An early night was in order after a pukka home cooked meal but like always I was up in the middle of the night busting for a p**s!!!

I swear one day I will actually p**s my bed!!! I'm sure all anglers go through the same thing.

Tuesday morning the alarm went off and I was up and ready to go before the sun came up, I know from previous sessions that this is a good time to get a take and I wanted to be prepared.



It's quite bizarre as just as it started getting light the right-hand rod gave out a couple of bleeps, it made me jump!!!

I stood next to the rod the line was a little slack and as the line twitched I lifted the rod and the fish was on, it was a dogged fight the fish tried in vain to get around the pump but after holding on for dear life I managed to turn the fish out into open water and after a further few minutes I managed to get her into the waiting net.

As soon as I got the fish on the mat, I recognised it as "Zara's Fish" a really old warrior and one I wanted to catch. The fish was named after

Steve's daughter when he first bought the property back in 2004.

The fish was put in the retainer whilst I called Steve and for the fish to recoup after the fight.

Steve came straight down and was pleased I had caught her and that she was still in great condition, (especially as the fish is over 40 years old). On the scales she went 22lb 6oz but to be honest the weight was

totally irrelevant.

With the photos done she was returned, and the rod was put back out on the spot, the pink Fluro's are definitely doing the do. I made us both a cup of tea and Steve stayed for a while chatting, some of the places he has fished is mind blowing not only that he's a good angler who knows his stuff, it's not all about a pound note with him, he is just a really nice guy who loves nothing more

then anglers catching his babies and treating them with the respect they deserve. After an hour or so Steve left and he must have only just got into his house when the same rod was away



again this time the fish kited left straight into open water which made it a lot easier and after only a few minutes a small mirror was in the net.

It was a stockie of 16lb, but I didn't care the small changes had definitely paid off and this was now my 5th fish and I was yet to blank so I was more than happy.

This was my 3rd fish on the Fluro pink so when I return, I already know what colour pop ups I'm going to start with.

Later in the evening the rain was back again heavy as well and rained until the early hours, come morning and it felt a lot warmer there was now a southerly wind blowing which made a nice change from the cold winds of late.

As always it was now time to pack up and head home, I took my time in the hope that another fish would slip up, but hey ho that wasn't to be.

It would be another couple of weeks before I could get down, so I

sprinkled a few kilos of mixed Nut Job boilies over the areas just to keep the fish feeding. I know Nick maybe doing a couple of day sessions

over the Christmas period but for me it's back to work until the start of the new year.

Fourth Session

The Christmas period was now upon us and for me I was working and finished my last shift at 01:30 Christmas morning. I had Christmas Day and Boxing Day off and spent this time with my family Christmas is such a special time and should always be spent with the ones you love.

I was back to work on the Thursday, and I was working up until New Year's Eve. As the start of the year is always quiet and one of my colleagues had New Year's Eve off, I decided to book 3 days holiday as I was chomping at the bit to get back over the lake.



Steve's cousin Nick fished the weekend between Christmas and New Year fishing Day sessions only and managed to catch a couple.

He banked lovely dark mirrors of 20lb 4oz along with another mirror of 21lb 8oz on the Saturday whilst there was a clay shoot going on and, on the Sunday, he managed another fish a 23lb ghostie.

The fish were still feeding on the spots which is encouraging as long as the bait keeps going

in, they should keep on feeding.

Steve called me New Year's Eve and said I could get down anytime on New Year's Day as only Helen would be fishing for a few hours.

For me normally every New Year's Eve I'm working the night shift but this year I worked the early shift and after

a very ordinary New Year's Eve I was up bright and early New Year's Day loading the car up.

I got to Steve's house around 10:00 o'clock and once through the gate drove down to the lakes.

Steve and Helen were both sitting comfortably chatting and I could see the rods were out. I wished them both a

happy new year then stuck the kettle on. Steve was hoping that Helen would catch the first fish of 2019 and to be honest so was I. As we sat drinking our tea and chatting





Helens middle rod was away and she played the fish like a pro, I done the honours with the net and the fish was a cracker and definitely a 20lber.

Helen had a great big smile on her face and when the fish was lifted up on the scales Steve read a weight out of 22lb exactly, it was a new personal best for Helen and the first fish of 2019. The fish was an absolute cracker, and as you can see in the photo, they didn't leave one of their beloved dogs

out Kuma (Steve's shadow).

In memory of the terrier they lost last year due to old age the fish was named "Raki" what a great tribute to a very loved dog.

Now I was itching to get the rods out and after Helen had another cup of tea, she said "that's it I'm winding the rods in I've got lots to do". Music to my ears I thought I was going to be sitting here all day waiting to get into the swim.

I started getting the gear from the car. I checked the weather app and it stated no rain however like always whoever updates the weather app gets it wrong!!!

I had just managed to get the bivvy up and it started raining, only light mind you so it wasn't that big a deal I just gets p****d off that the app is always wrong!! The temperature however was mild with 10oc in the daytime and only slightly lower for the night. However, it was going to get a lot colder as the week goes on.

With everything sorted I sat down for a nice cuppa before the rods were going out. I fished the rods in the same areas as previously keeping the Fluro pink Nut Job pop ups on all rods as they have outshone the other

colours over the previous trips.

As always, the boat was loaded with crumbed boilies, whole boilies of mixed sizes, matching pellet and HOB chilli maize/hemp.

Now it was a case of sitting and waiting, just before it got dark a real dark mirror popped its head out just to the right of where my right-hand rod was, so things were definitely looking good.

I had a lovely meal (well heated up in the microwave) then spent the rest of the night watching Netflix on my iPad.

It got to midnight and I decided to try and get some sleep, Nick was due down in the morning and he was going to fish a few nights on Churchwood. I woke up early as I always do when I'm fishing, and the first

thing was to get the kettle on then empty the bladder.

I could feel the temperature had dropped and the forecast for today wasn't good with 6oc in the day and 1oc at night that's a massive change since I got here yesterday.

I got washed and dressed and put the kettle on for another brew, as I stood by the rods watching the water the right hand rod gave a bleep, I looked at the line and it was slack then

it started to tighten, I lifted the rod and connected with the fish, I knew from the onset it was a goodun and the fish put up a great account of itself and after 5 or so minutes I slid the net under a large common. I was ecstatic and I felt the pressure lift from my shoulders (as I would have never lived it down from Steve if I had blanked). With the net secured I wet the sling and grabbed the scales, with everything zeroed I lifted the fish from the water on the scales



she went 27lb 8oz my biggest fish from the lake I was truly ecstatic and couldn't stop smiling.

I gave Steve a call and he came down straight away and took awesome shots as always. The fish was absolutely in mint condition, even its mouth.

With the photos complete the rod was re-baited and sent out to the same area. I made me and Steve a cuppa then Nick appeared ready to start his first session of the year.

Nick was pleased that a couple of fish had come out already and I could see he was chomping at the bit to get his rods out. After a cuppa he gathered his gear and went down to his swim, I left him to it and just sat watching the water.

Later in the afternoon we had a social Nicks a great guy and a good angler, my Mrs had made us a lovely spicy chicken curry so dinner for tonight was sorted.

As the evening wore on the temperature dropped and it was cold, we were both wrapped up like a couple of mummies!! When it got to be about 1900, I heated the dinner up and even though it was cold the curry sure did warm us both up.

We both retired to our bivvies, an hour or so later and it was so nice to get all warm and snug. Nick had a couple of walkie talkies so we could keep in touch if either of us needed anything or had a fish.

I went to sleep around 2300 I felt knackered don't ask me why as I had done fook all!!!

Then at 0300 o'clock in the morning I woke up to the sound of a Chinese bloke talking utter s***e!!

I didn't know where it was coming from then realised the battery was low on the walkie talkie which did make me laugh.

I jumped out for a leak then back in the bag to get a few hours kip. I was woken again at just after 0600 o'clock with a couple of bleeps on the right-hand rod, well this got my attention as the fish are very finicky and a couple of bleeps could mean there's a lump on the end trying to get rid of the hook.

I got out the bivvy and stood by the rod with my head-torch shinning on the rod tip the line was fairly slack and stayed that way, so after a few minutes it was back in the bivvy to get warm.

I must have drifted back to sleep and just after 0800 o'clock I woke to the sound of voices, it was Steve and Nick having a cuppa at the lodge. I got up got dressed and joined them. I told Nick about the Chinese bloke shouting through the walkie talkie and he and Steve couldn't stop laughing.

I was half way through my coffee when I got a couple of bleeps again on the right-hand rod, I immediately went to the rod and watched the line and as before it started to tighten, I lifted the rod and the fish was on.

Both Nick and Steve couldn't believe it and after a few minutes Nick slid the net under a lovely scaly mirror. Up on the scales she

went 19lb 8oz and what a belter she was and it's another known fish the "Snow Carp" also up in weight which is another good sign. Steve took cracking photos as always then she was returned. The temperature was so much colder now than when I first arrived it was just 5oc and tonight's forecast is going to be -1 so I don't think the carp will



be very active.

That evening myself and Nick enjoyed another lovely home cooked meal spaghetti carbonara followed by a lovely vanilla and caramelised almond latte, if you haven't tried these yet I strongly suggest you do they are the nuts. Friday morning saw me packing up and I left the lake around midday. Nick is still pursuing the gems of Churchwood and he's very determined and that's how you need to be, and the fish will come.

Looking back over the four sessions it was the simple changes that for me made all the difference. The first was the lead set up followed by the Changing of the Colours.

I could have just fished with white throughout,

but would I have caught on every trip? I don't think so to be honest and that's why I changed. Maybe try changing the colour on one rod through winter and see if the change works for you.

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

If you would like to fish either Jenkins, Churchwood or the dedicated Cat Lake visit www.churchwoodfisheries.co.uk

For bookings call Steve/Helen on 01277-375499

If you would like to try the ready-made "Ronnie rigs" with the coloured kickers from sharp tackle visit their website for a pack of 4

hooks its £2:99 which isn't expensive at all.

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

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If you're out on the bank stay safe and remember its only fishing.

All the best

Geezer



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*Bajansenye-a Hungarian
Adventure - Part 2
by Andrew Murray*



The following morning, we were up early and started to get sorted, Clint sorted and the boat and electrics, while I mixed up the first batch of bait to go in.

We had taken –
50k of Hybrid, 50k of Cell, 60k of prepared particles, 40k of Tigers. 50k of Dried Hemp, 50k of dried Red Band, 6 large catering tins of sweetcorn and 25k of 8mm high oil Trout pellets. The info we had was that these were hungry fish and we were working on using 50-60k of bait per day. We had enough cooked particle for the first couple of days, and immediately got some bait soaking to keep topping this up. We had also been advised to take boilies that were not too fishmeal heavy due to the huge number of small cats in the lake. Whilst on the subject of bait, I first started using Mainline baits in the early 90's, after spending a few using baits from different companies and also making my own in very large quantities. I started with the Grange, then the Active 8, Fusion etc. When I started fishing again, I picked up with Mainline straight away. It's down to what

you are confident in and I have always been confident with the bait they make.

While I was sorting the bait out, Clint got the boat out and had a sail round checking for features to give us an idea of where to bait up. There was no doubt that there were a lot of carp in the shallows at the top of the lake, due to the time of year. And it was a tough decision to not set up on the carp that we saw there. What we wanted to do was set-up a baited area and hopefully draw the fish onto it and one that we could protect from other anglers. That was how I used to fish and had in the past proved very effective, Clint was of the same opinion. Apart from the far margin, where it shelved up there were not a lot of features in front of us. We opted to put a marker at 120 yards for our



main baited spot, which we could both fish to and would look to find some spots up to and on the far margin for the other rods. We had been told we would have 100 metres of bank space as ours to fish and we wanted to make sure no-one could encroach on this as the lake may get busier in the week, which it did big style! The Shallows got rammed! We were really glad we hadn't set up there. There was some serious falling out between groups of anglers as the weekend approached, we had one small tiff with some German anglers 2 hundred metres to Clint's left who thought his marker looked like a good spot to fish, a short and polite but hefty conversation sorted this out quite quickly. To be fair to Thomas the owner, he came along and had a word with them as well. Other than that, we were left alone.

The first dollop of bait went out from the dinghy, the idea was to bait up once or twice a day like this and then use the smaller boat to put the rods out with a couple of kilos of bait along with each hookbait. Clint had one of these all singing-all dancing boats from UK Bespoke Bait Boats. It proved well up to the hammering it got that week. You can see from the photo the bait mix we were using. Lots of bits and pieces, different tastes and textures, and lots of small seeds to keep fish grubbing around. It does take more effort making this up, but I feel it is well worth it when looking to set up a large baited area. So, part of each day was spent preparing bait to a high standard. I mean why go to all that expense and effort and then not take that bit of extra care with the most important bit? Which seems to be what a lot of anglers do at

home and abroad, and it certainly seemed that was what others on the lake were doing, going to the fish and chucking boilies and tigers at the carp, been their only approach. So, we had one main baited area in the middle, with one rod each on it, and then the other rods



along the far margin. We would wait and see if the carp made up the final equation and show us any other spots to fish. In the bay opposite there was a large tree that had fallen straight out into the lake, this just screamed for a bit to be put at the end of this. What I did when baiting up, I baited up along the whole length of the tree and intended to fish the end of the tree. Clint found a spot along his side that shelved up into the shallows. What we did notice for the rest of the week was that everyone who set-up did exactly that, went straight across to the tree line and filled it in with Boilies and Tigers, and caught very little with that method, certainly as the week wore on, we would see the main baited area keep producing bites in numbers.

So finally, by 4pm that day all the rods were in place, now to sit and watch. Do you remember what I said about being told what to take bait wise to avoid the small cats and Bream? Phah! It took just 20 minutes before the first rod went off, attached was a small cat of about 3lbs. This was my furthest rod at 200 metres as well. As we found out over the rest of the week, the lake was stuffed with all sorts of species especially Bream and

Small catfish. So, the rod went back out, after I had another couple of cats and a Bream, Clint started taking the mickey, calling me the pest controller, my reply to him was "he who laughs last, which certainly proved to be the case! He really got stuck into those Cats and Bream that week BIG STYLE!

Anyway, by first light the following morning we didn't have one rod left in the water, not because of carp though, it was the nuisance species, they were all over the bait. I think our heads went down a bit, certainly not the start we were expecting. We had a run up to the top of the lake, there were carp everywhere in the shallows. What to do? Stay put or move? Although I had left home 5 days ago, we had only fished for one night, come on guys... have a word with yourselves! Sort it out and stick to your plan! Once back in our swim we made up the next batch of bait and put it on our spots again. Once the bait was in, we had a trip to the shop, then started to put the rods out. This is where I made what turned out to be a very significant change, we had started with a variety of hookbaits, various pop-ups and snowman set-ups, but all boilies.

I changed all my set ups to Tigers, hoping to slow the nuisance fish down until the carp turned up, this turned out to be a great move. I had also been unsure what to do with my third rod the first night. Just I was getting ready to put it out again, a carp showed slightly to my right about 40 yards from the far bank, that will do, I thought to myself, so that's where it went. Then one the tree and one on the baited area. An hour later the right hand rod rattled off, the result was a 30lb grass carp. This is more like it I thought to myself. Same rod out again, shortly after that the tree rod was away followed by the recently replaced rod.

Now we are rocking. So, 3 30'S in two hours, we had a lot more confidence about the coming night now. Clint persevered with the boilie hookbaits and took over from me as pest controller, but he eventually made the change to tigers. I had two more runs than night, one carp coming adrift after a long battle in the margin. The other...a new PB Mirror at 54 lbs-yes! Just to expand on the PB. I could always catch numbers of carp, I think that's why I did well in the matches. But very rarely caught the lakes bigger residents wherever I fished. My previous PB was set in 98 or so and was a mirror of 45lbs





I just needed a good sized Common to come along now and beat my PB common as well. Which it promptly did the following night, a clonker of 46lbs. Every single fish was an arm aching battle, they did very little until about 20 yards out, then put up an epic fight, I tend to play fish quite hard, but I couldn't hold them as they surged away from the net time after time, stripping line from the spools in the process.

All manner of fish had homed in on the baited area now, so it seemed that every time we put some more bait in, the smaller fish were straight on it until the carp turned up, we

both ended up fishing 2 rods each on the baited area. There were definitely more carp coming down this middle line as the week wore on, they were certainly responding to the baiting approach. As the lake was getting busier, the carp seemed to be pushed from the shallows a bit, which seemed to work in our favour as well, so that meant I got more of the action than Clint did. That's just carp fishing though isn't it, especially working as a pair in a swim, one of you is going to end up with more runs, Clint took it well and we continued to work as a team, that's what I meant about



getting on.

We ended up the week with numbers of 20's and 30's, 7 * 40's and a 54. Clint led the way in the pest controller stakes in the end and also had two cats around the 90lb mark as well, even on tigers! We learned a lot that week, firstly that we got on and worked well together. Secondly, we should have put a lot more bait at the start and during the week, we still had about 50k of dry particle left, although not so much of anything else.

The smaller fish were clearing the bait pretty fast, and we were still hooking them even with the switch to tigers as hookbaits. I think if we had baited heavily twice a day, we may have got more runs from the carp. Maybe I'm being a bit hard

on ourselves, we caught a lot more than anyone else there that week, so perhaps we did ok. We learned a lot about what tackle we needed and items we had taken that were surplus to requirements. So maybe next time we'll have space for that oven Clint! I also

don't think we realised how much the journey would tire us, which certainly affected our mood and fishing the first couple of days. Next time we will have a proper break on the journey and not a fitful few hours. As this was our first trip to the Balkans it went very well, as I said it was also a great learning curve as to the travelling, the tackle, bait and equipment, we are already looking at a return for later next year. If anyone fancies going to Bajansenye you can contact Thomas direct on 0043 676 7000707. Our next trip is planned for October to another hard core lake, bring it on! Catch you next time.

Regards Andy

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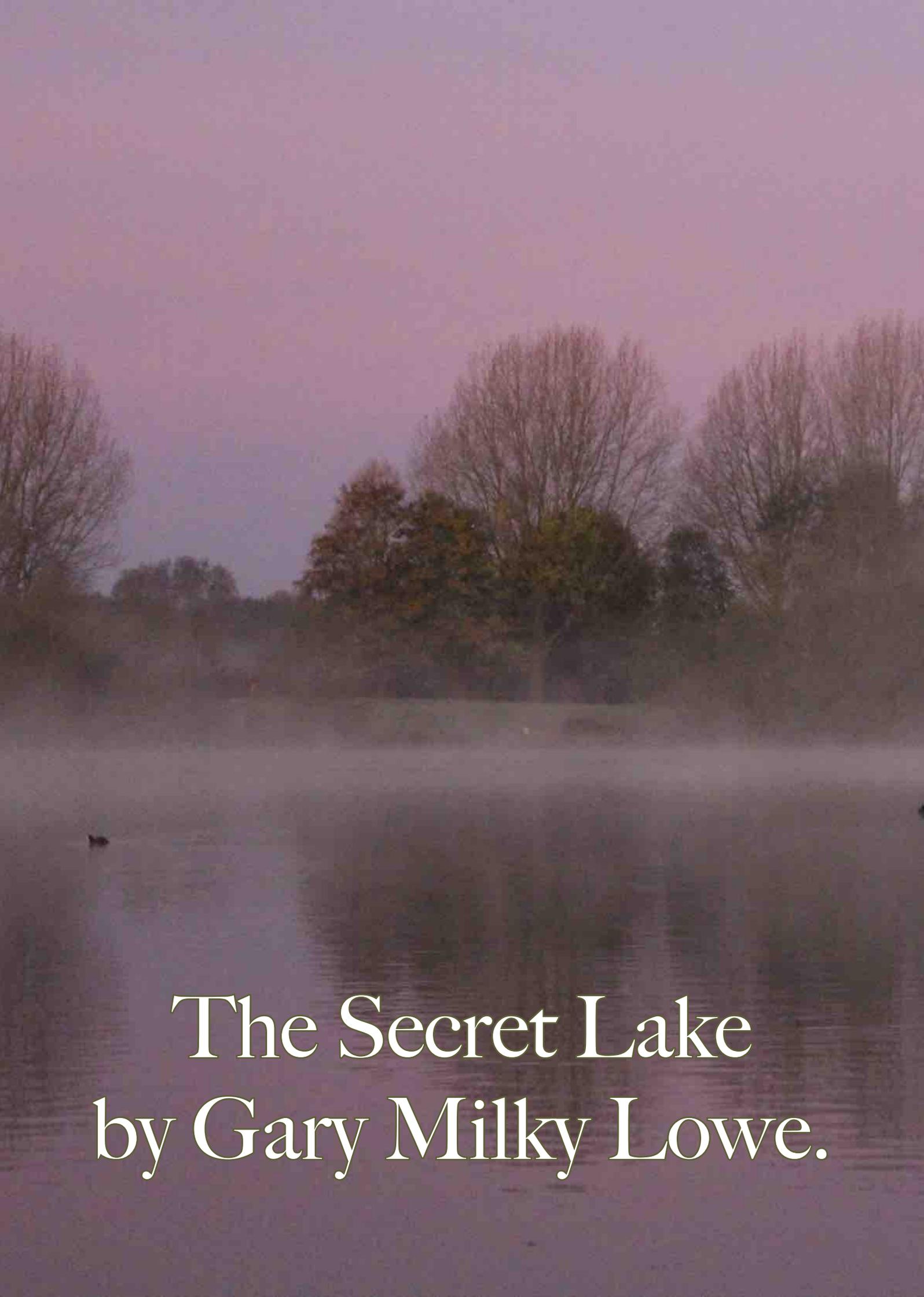


INNOVATION



ka



A misty lake at dawn with trees in the background. The water is calm, reflecting the light. A small dark object is visible in the water on the left. The sky is a pale, hazy purple.

The Secret Lake
by Gary Milky Lowe.

Well the lake in question is down south and is around 60 acres in size and has loads of bays and reeds, you can hire a boat that are on the lake to get about from one end to the other or you can try and walk most of it but there is places around the lake that you can't get to by foot, I had heard of the lake many years ago and knew there was carp in there and there was always rumors of big carp and talk of the odd 40 coming out but I had never seen any photos or even spoke to any people that had had one. I had walked most of the lake over the years and only ever seen a few carp, they were up to around the mid-twenties mark, and I had always said that one day I would have a go on there, but I had unfinished business on another lake first.

Well two years later I finally had my chance to really see what was in this lake, it was early spring, and I had hired a boat to have a look at all the bays that are out the way as you cannot get to them by way of foot. These bays were supposed to be shallow and as it was spring and warming up, I thought that would be a good place to start. I took a slow motor over to where the bays were that took around 10 minutes, I cut the motor on the boat and drifted into the bay just in case there was

fish in there after a while of drifting a came across a shoal of bream. Now they could be a problem if I was baiting an area they would clean me out in no time, well after a closer look at the shoal I saw a carp hanging around at the back of the shoal, it wasn't big, about mid double but that was a start if there was one in this bay then others might come in to.

I left that bay and moved onto another and did the same I drifted in like I did in the other but this bay was different to the other it was slightly deeper and full of old lily roots so this bay in the summer would be covered in lilies and reeds all the way round the edges I am sure they would visit here in the summer but I was still not sure how many fish were in the vast amount of water has every one who had fished here had kept their cards close to their chest. After about half an hour I left the bay knowing I would return one day and I set off to look around the rest of the out of range by foot paths, there was one other obstacle is swims.... there are none, just areas that are clear or were people have cleared an area in the trees.

After the whole day of boating around looking at spots and areas it was time to get the boat back



had found some really good areas to start, the main one I was going to concentrate on first was going to be at the entrance to one of the bays at the far end of the lake. The bay looked like it had been fished before as there was clear areas on the bank, but I wanted to fish just before the bay so if any fish did go into the bay, I would intercept them on the way in and out. The following day, which was a Sunday I was going to go down there with some gardening tools to clear an area to fish and some bait to start to bait the area for the next week where I had 3 days on there. I set off Sunday morning to get to the lake just as the shop opened. I loaded all my tools and bait and set off to the other end of the lake which took about twenty minutes. I finally arrived at the area I wanted to fish

and picked the area of the bank I was going to clear so I could get the rods through. I was only going to clear enough space for the rods at the water's edge and then clear a bigger area at the back for my bivvy then when I left to go home after every session, I would put some of the bushes back over the spot so

people could find it.

A good few hours later and a lot of cuts from the brambles I finally had my swim made, then I set about finding a few spots in the lake well. One rod had to go into the mouth of the bay and the other two I was going to find somewhere out in open water. After a lot of hard work the spots were found, I found the mouth of the bay was 8ft deep which was nice for the spring, then two rods that were going out into open water that took some time to find a spots because most of the bottom was flat and silty, till I found a plateau at about 130 yards out which came up from 20 ft to 6ft from the surface. Now that I could not ignore so I baited that area with 5kg of pigeon mix and 5kg of cream

seed. Two rods would go on this area and I baited the other area with the same amount of bait. I baited up the plateau with the boat to make it easy. After coming back to the back to collect my tools and cover my spot with some bushes I set off back to the hire shop then home I would come back in two days' time and do the same with the bait.

In two days' time I was on the boat and back at the swim, I made my way out to the bar and on looking into the water there was no bait at all... whether it was carp ,bream, or birds I don't know so I baited up with the same amount of bait then moved on to the mouth of the bay. On inspection all the bait was gone as well so I baited up and made my way back to the hire shop. On my way home all I could think of is what had eaten the bait and how I was going to fish it in three days' time. At home I started to sort my tackle and get the bait sorted. Well the morning I was due to go to the ocean I was up early, but I couldn't get a boat till the hire shop opened at 8 so I sat near the shop



just watching the water and waiting for the shop to open. As soon as it was, I hired my boat for three days and half an hour later I was on my way to my swim. As I made my way, I passed a couple of lads but kept out of the way of their swims, so I didn't disturb them.

I tied the boat up to a tree at the front of my swim and unloaded my gear, set my bivvy up behind the bushes and sat down and made a brew before I got the rods out , I was going to use the boat to get the bait out there so I had two buckets made up for the two spots ,both buckets contained 5kilo of cream seed and the rest was made up of pigeon mix. I went out to the first spot which was the plateau straight out in the lake. I looked down at the spot and yes, all the bait was gone, and the bottom was clear as a bell,

so the bucket of bait went in and two rods were cast to that area, the other rod was going into the mouth of the bay and yes, all the bait was gone on that rod too. The rods was cast to that spot and I just managed to get all the rods done and the heavens opened up and it bloody rained all day and it rained most of the next three days. In those 3 days I got pestered by bream most of the day and night, now I know what was eaten my bait but i was still going to continue baiting the area.

Well over the next couple of weeks I managed to get to know some of the regulars on the lake and they had opened up a bit about what is in the lake which definitely opened my eyes they told me that there was one common that was caught about three years ago at 39lb, it had a big scar on its side but they have seen it since then and it was massive now, and that it had done a 46lbs mirror last season, but as for fish that are in there they have pictures of 100 different fish so in my eyes I was fishing for 100 carp in around 60 acres. Well the next few weeks I didn't even see a carp, but I did have plenty of bream. I decided to have a go else were for a while then come back next season for a proper go. I still kept in

contact with the lads on there and one of them had had a few fish he even had the common at a massive weight of 46lbs, so I was chomping at the bit to get back over there.

Well it was February when i decided to get back over there I was going to still stay in the same area as I was sure that they would turn up in this area as i found out that the common had been caught from this area in the past, I was still going to use the cream seed but I was going to leave out the particle as I was sure this was attracting the bream. I was there early on the Monday and was set up in the same swim as last year... all three rods were in the same area and a good few kilos of cream seed was put on the spots. That first session I learned a lot and I even saw my first carp in the bay to my left so I definitely had the right area even though I didn't catch any, yes I didn't even catch a bream so it looked like not putting any particle in was a good move and I couldn't wait to get back down there next week for three days. I was there on the Monday morning again and was all set up in my swim again by midday, all three rods on the spots and I sat down at the front of the swim with a cuppa in hand. I saw a carp clear the water in the

bay again! Now I was in a dilemma... do I put two rods in the bay or leave them where they were? If I put an extra rod in the bay it might spook them off and they won't come back so I left them how they were. That evening I started to get a few liners on the rods that were out on the plateau which I put down to the big shoals of bream as there wasn't many carp in the lake. Well I sat there at the front of the swim watching the water and the sun go down when I see a common come clean out of the water. It was well out of my range out of the bay, as soon as the rings disappeared, I had a call off Dave. he said, "Did you see that?" I didn't even know he was on the lake!! We had a chat for a while and then I settled down for an early night. During the night I was woken a few times by the buzzer on the left-hand rod that was in the bay and I put this down to bream moving about and I soon drifted back to sleep. In the early hours of the morning I was woken by a screaming buzzer... it was the rod in the bay! I was up and on it in a flash and this fish was taking line at a rate of knots and flat rodded me a few times. When I finally managed to get the fish under some kind of control it was a good 150 yards out into the main

body of the lake and I could feel the line grating in the weed but I was going to try and land it from the bank, I managed to slowly get the fish through the weed bed and in to open water where it woke up and now it was heading towards the other two rods on the plateau so I had to try and stop it or I would be in big trouble. I managed to stop it getting to the rods and it was slowly coming towards me and I had it in the margins. It was going from side to side the margins are not deep so it couldn't go down, all it could do was go from side to side. After about 5 mins I slipped the net under a plump mirror. To say I was chuffed was an understatement. I dropped the net and did a little dance. By this time, it was getting light so I can wait to do the photos when the sun comes up but first, I was going to weigh my prize. On the scales it went bigger than I thought. it went 33lb 4 oz! That is not bad for a first fish from a lake that's 60 acres. I placed the carp in a retainer and placed it in the edge till it was light enough to do a few snaps. I only had to wait 20 minutes and I could do the photos, well a few good snaps and back she went, and I sat back and put the kettle on for a nice brew. I would put the rod out. I text Dave saying that I had one and a



picture of it and he confirmed that that fish was out last 2 years ago at 28, after that the rod was put back out and baited up again. Over the next two days I didn't see another thing anywhere near me and it was time to go home. On the way home I was thinking that's it I've got the area they want to be in. I'll have a few more.... How wrong could I be for the next few weeks it kicked me in the a**e big time!!

Well a few weeks and I was back on the bank in the same swim and there was a few of us on the lake well I say a few there was 4 of us on 60 acres and me and Dave and John decided to have a BBQ on

the second night. Our swims were fairly close to each other well about 600 yards from each other so not too close. On the first night I got all the rods out and baited up and sat back and watched the water with a cuppa. I saw nothing right up until it was just getting dark and I see a very big fish again to my left just on the edge of the bay which filled me with confidence but that's all I've seen in three months, so I was well happy that there was a fish close by. I thought I would have an early night as I wanted to be up early, I was awake at first light, the water was flat calm for a few hours then we had a very slight warm wind start to blow into my face which I

thought that if there was anything near me that would stay in this area. I looked around my water all day and I saw nothing... not even a liner from bream so I had lost all confidence. I started to get the BBQ ready for the lads as they said they would come over for around 6pm. We would have the food and a few beers then go back to their swims, we enjoyed the food and had a good laugh and they set of back to their swims.

I settled down for a good night's sleep after they had gone, during the night I was woken by a few bleeps on the rods that were out in open water and I put that down to bream and just went back to sleep.

I woke up just on light and I was lying there watching the rods when the right rod bleeped a few times and the bobbin was tight to the top of the rod. I thought great, a bloody bream, and I was in no hurry to get to the rod. By the time I got to the rod the line was moving to the right and still I thought bream... I picked up the rod tightened the clutch and lent into the bream... And that's when everything changed !! The rod was nearly ripped from my hands as this fish took line from me now. I thought this is not a bream it was charging down the lake to my right. I had to try a stop this carp now as if it goes too far, I will not be able to get a direct pull. I would have to get in the boat to get to this one. I put



the life jacket on and climbed into the boat and made my way out to the fish. By now I was around 150 yards out into the lake but about 200 yards to my right. Dave was at the front of his swim and was watching me out there and asked if I needed a hand but at the moment, I was ok. This fish was charging up and down and was staying deep. It was going in and out of a few weed beds was a good 10 minutes till I had some kind of control on the fish, and I started to gain some line. The first sight of the fish and I saw a golden flank and then it dived down. I started to take it easy and the fish had the upper hand, but I got myself together and it was finally

up on the surface and I could see it was a common. Not massive, but anything from here is a bonus a few more minutes and it was in the net. I let out a massive shout. I made sure the fish was safe in the edge while we got all the gear ready... on the scales we watched it spin round to 24lb. Dave did a good job on the camera and I eventually slipped her back to her home. We sat there for a few hours just talking about what I had caught and what was in there and all I could think about is one day I will have one of the real big girls from here.... fish dreams are made of.

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MIKE MADELEY



**EX MILITARY CARP GROUP
(EMCG)**

The Ex Mil Carp Group is basically as its titled, and what brings us all together is the love of Carp fishing. I am recently back from the EMCG social which was held at Girton lakes. We faced horrendous weather with bitterly cold winds, hale and persistent rain but we were fishing.

I was partnered up with fellow Rig Marole team member Tony Colin's, in fact we are also partners for the Army Carp Championship later in the year so this will be a good test.

As I said the weather was more like it should be for this time of year (Winter), so it was a case of fish to the conditions. The carp were located in deeper water strangely actually on the bottom, so rigs were made, we both opted for a pop up rig and out they went, it wasn't too long before Tony was into his first Carp, and believe me size was irrelevant in these conditions, we thought happy days we will have a few as my rod ripped off but I lost it in a snag, in fact it was a tree stump lol, at least we knew it was

there now. Tony proceeded to have another one, which was great to see, I do try and smile when others are catching and I'm not lol.

A BBQ had been arranged on the second night, so Rods were reeled in and we all got together for a couple of beers and fine dining with a few words from Tim Grey who is a total legend and the group boss.



After a couple of hours, I decided to go back to the swim and make the most of last light to get the rods back out on the spot, but still nothing happened although Tony's bivvy did rise like a magic carpet at one point which I did laugh at a lot, these were serious gusts of wind.

Anyway, last morning freezing cold I pulled in one of my rods to change over rigs and used 1 piece of Enterprise large Black pop up corn with a small pva bag of Carbon baits Hemp.

As I started to pack down my bivvy, the rod ripped off and a lovely little minter of a mirror was in the net, absolutely relieved to off ended a blank run.

It was a great social and fantastic to catch up with the other guys, so now I look forward to my next sesh and I have a cunning plan.

Fish safe and be well

Mike Madeley.





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by
Martin
Monnier**



With the wife off fishing on her tutorial, it was only fitting that I went off on my own. With the great captures that she was having over the weekend I was feeling very happy and proud that she was doing so well and her love for carp was growing ever stronger. You could say though it put the pressure on me even more to try and catch a fish myself.

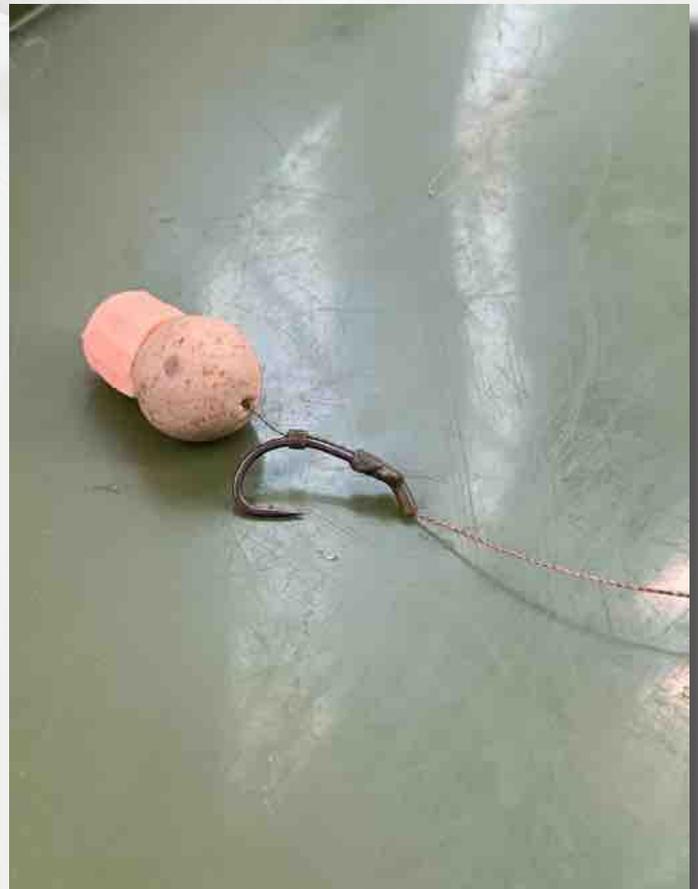
As I arrived at the lake early on the Saturday morning the weather forecast was looking spot on for Saturday but with a storm fast approaching, I knew condition would become a little difficult to say the least.

Saturday passed with no signs of a bite. And I was starting

to question my chances. Waking up very early on the Sunday morning to strong winds and driving rain trying move my bivvy to the land of oz I feared my chances were slipping away from me. The morning passed and after fighting the conditions to reset my rods. I retreated to the bivvy. At around midday my right rod which was on a margin spot sprang into action. After launching myself out of the bivvy I was frustrated to find 3 coots circling

over my spot!!! After pulling that rod in and relocating it. To deeper water I feared my chance had passed.

As I started to pack down all my gear in the safety of my bivvy, the rod I relocated melted off. Grabbing the rod, I was soon connected to a very angry carp that had no plans on coming out of the water.



After it trying to run me round the island and cut me off and managed to slip it over the net cord. In peering into the net, I could see it was a decent fish. At this point being soaked through and being blown around all passed as lifted this fish on the bank feeling that the fish had some good weight to it. It was weighed very quickly and to my amazement it had broken a long time pb of mine.

A beautiful mirror weighing 31lb 1oz. You could say that at that moment in time for me the rain stopped the wind dropped and the clouds parted, and sun shined brightly. Slipping it back into its ice cold depths it made me a very happy man. Morale of the story is sometimes a coot can be your worst enemy and your best friend.

Be good, stay safe and keep carping people.

Tight lines.

Martin



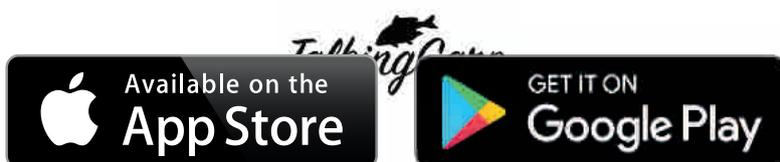
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A Van-Tastic journey
(Part 2)

By
Alex Sheldon

For those of you who didn't read part 1, you join myself and fellow angler Gary after a 72 hour session on the fishing mecca Linear Fisheries.

With another 8 days ahead of us on our UK day ticket extravaganza, we were bounding along in our borrowed van destined for the stunning Yateley Sandhurst Lake. So far, the trip had been a success with a number of fish to 28lbs between us, including some real Oxfordshire 'bangers.' However, we had already ran into spawning issues which was causing us some concern along with the weather.

Every day had been a scorcher which was encouraging the spawning activity and making the fishing tough. Today's forecast was set to be no different.... As

we tootled along in the "Bat Mobile" we were feeling refreshed after calling in at St Johns car park for a shower and a change of underwear. It wasn't all rainbows and smiles though with a couple of little problems niggling at the pair of us. Firstly, we contemplated if our spines could withstand the combination of pot holes and the less than effective suspension on the van.

The second issue was the fear that the fish at Yateley Sandhurst Lake could in fact be spawning as they were at Linear. With this in mind I called up the fishery bailiff for bit of info. What we established was as follows: The fish hadn't spawned this year yet, (not good) there weren't many fish being caught at the moment, (again not good) but they hadn't started spawning yet

(yay! something good.) A short drive later and we were both stood wide eyed looking out onto the famous Yateley pit for the first time and it certainly didn't disappoint.

The water before us was the absolute epitome of angling, giving the ultimate feeling of solace and total embodiment of the word "carpiness" if that's even a word! (we'll have to check with Mark Pitchers.) As we made our first lap of the lake every peg appeared more inviting than the last with overhanging trees, weedy bays, shaded margins, shallow bars, silty gullies, and lots of open water to boot. Whilst we meandered our way through every nook and cranny of the mature foliage lined paths, I was like 'a dog with two dicks' as we scanned the lake for showing fish or



bubblers. I then watched in awe as Garry ploughed his “Big Boy” tri-porter through some ‘thick bush’ before entering the narrow ‘back channel’ (It certainly looked like he’d done it before) to our chosen swims. Joking aside, we had ended up in a great area of the lake and a quick coin toss saw Gary on the left hand island swim and me on the right. The swims were actually ON the island accessed by a narrow bridge crossing the small ‘out of bounds’

(O.O.B.) area, leaving the main body of the lake out in front of us. Having never seen the place before and not having any clue on the fish behaviour, we chose this area for two reasons.

The first was due to spotting numerous fish cruising up and down the O.O.B. area behind us with some real chunks in amongst them. We were hopeful that the fish could move out into open water at night giving us the best chance to intercept them.

Secondly, these swims provided an amazing view over a huge portion of the lake so we could keep scanning for activity. Ideally the ‘Bailiffs’ or the ‘Pipes/ Little Pipes’ swims would have been our first choice based on where the fish were currently, but unsurprisingly being some of the most popular on the lake they were occupied resulting in the island being the next best option. The day was used to find areas and apply some bait along with soaking in the ‘Yateley’ atmosphere and enjoying some of the glorious sunshine we were having. We both focussed on a gravel bar running horizontally through our swims at 60 yards range. I had one rod over the back of it into the silty gully and one rod

right on top of it positioned on the shallow, firmest area. The third rod was cast 10 wraps as far to my right as the overhanging trees would allow, this was after following the bailiff's advice which would have been foolish to ignore. Gary adopted a similar approach with 2 of his rods out by the bar and the third rod dispatched to his left close to the entrance of the O.O.B. area. By 6pm it had become very apparent that

more and more fish were now stacked up behind us in the O.O.B. that you could have almost walked across them and disregarded the footbridge. There was one peg right at the entrance of the O.O.B. that can be used for stalking and by 8pm I couldn't resist heading around there with some kit.

Unfortunately, I had 'missed the boat' by less than 30 seconds because a lad had just dropped in there and looked to be unloading

his gear for the night. I attempted to have a quick chat with him however he seemed reluctant to participate. To be fair it was getting late and I assumed he was rushing to start fishing before we lost light, so I left him to it. How he quite managed to get his kit set up in such a small swim for the night I will never know. Half his bed chair and brolly were in the trees and his feet were practically resting on the butt of his three rods. Every credit to him, he somehow achieved it! As the sun descended and the night arose on a beautiful Yateley evening, in traditional 'Yateley' style, me, Ashleigh and Gary socialised over a beverage or 5 before retiring to the bivvies for the night. The following morning, we awoke before first light to be greeted by tons





by tons of freshly torn up weed all over the margins and our lines. Closer inspection told you all you needed to know as every strand was littered from top to bottom in eggs. Noooo, they were spawning!!!! What a gutter! To add insult to injury Gary was an image of devastation as he came over to inform us of a lost fish during the early hours. The fish had charged left as soon as it was hooked and the ensuing fight resulted in a

hook pull leaving Gary feeling very crestfallen. The O.O.B. area looked like a supercharged hot tub as the Sandhurst chunks created noise and commotion during their love making process. We were up shit creek without a paddle because Sandhurst Lake requires you to pay all of your intended trip up front to secure the booking.

At £33 a night and with 3 nights each paid for, we both weren't happy to

chuck the best part of £200 away. We stood on the island cursing our luck and helplessly awaited the arrival of the bailiff. Not only did we have the dilemma of potentially leaving Sandhurst, but also the question of where to go as this long awaited weather had the whole country spawning according to social media.

Whilst we stood contemplating what to do the lad from the O.O.B. area made his way across the footbridge and onto the island. The white stains littering his crotch and T-shirt indicated that he had either caught himself a fish or had spent the night under his broly playing a game of 5 vs 1. "Would one of you mind coming to do me a quick picture?" he said in hushed tones as if he

wanted it kept a secret. Gary and I couldn't wait to get over there and see a Sandhurst fish in the flesh, especially considering the lad had declared it was "quite a big one." Wow he wasn't kidding! You could have put a saddle on this mirror that was sitting in the retainer, it was a serious unit. We helped him get the fish up the bank and onto the Reubens, we then saw the needle slide round to over 44lbs and immediately offered our congratulations to the angler. There was literally no room to swing a cat about in his swim, so he donned the waders for some water shots, with spawning fish going crazy all around him. The fish he had caught didn't look to be carrying any spawn so was

probably a male or had already spawned.

Back on the island we discussed how strange the guy's behaviour was. Constantly looking over his shoulder, whispering, rushing about and generally shifty. Maybe it's because he knew it wasn't proper to be angling for spawning fish, or maybe it's just the after effects of landing a 44 pounder? Before we had even finished breakfast the angler had vanished with the wind and normality resumed on the

Sandhurst Island. The day passed quickly and at 3pm we finally got to talk with the bailiff who saw the spawning activity and immediately roped off the swims near the O.O.B. area. Any partial refund appeared out of the question as the owners stated that the whole stock wouldn't spawn at once. Therefore,



they insisted we fished other parts of the lake away from the O.O.B area so we weren't interfering with nature. I don't know your view on this, but we paid £33 a night because of the amazing stock in Sandhurst. If most of that stock is off limits which it definitely was, then we were getting a bad deal, but what can you do? We discussed the capture of the 44lb fish from the morning and were horrified to find out that old mate didn't even have a

ticket to fish!

To the distain of the staff the angler had tipped up late just before dark and obviously had the code for the gate. He caught a 44lb mint fish, packed up in a rush and got off the site before the bailiff arrived the following day! No wonder he was bivvied up in the bushes and acting shifty. In regard to moving venues, we decided to stay put. Any other venue we were interested in fishing seemed to have spawning stock anyway and we had already parted with the £198 to the Sandhurst owners. Already accepting that our time at Sandhurst was likely to be spent camping, drinking cider, watching the fish spawn and enjoying some of

Ashleigh's amazing camp cooking, to our amazement on the second morning, completely out of the blue, Gary's alarm had burst into life and he was bent into a fish. I was on hand to help with the net and after a very half arsed fight from the carp, we were staring down at an immaculate 25lb 4oz Sandhurst stunner.

As I poured water over the fish, Gary applied some fish care to the hook wound and then got the chance to have a proper look at his quarry. Almost a leather with only a scattering of scales along its dorsal line, behind the gill plate and on the tip of its tail. Every fin was perfect as was its mouth which is testament to how well the visitors to Sandhurst look after





of the same with another scorching day watching 30lb fish making babies without a care in the world and just enjoying being in the great outdoors. It's only on these

their prize. It all seemed to be over so quickly when taking the catch shots and video clips. Gary then got in the margins and carefully released the special Yateley fish back to its watery home. We hadn't noticed any feeding activity at all so assumed the fish had just fancied the hook bait, but Gary still topped up the area with half a dozen spombs to make sure. I waited

a couple of hours in case anymore fish were around before winding in to check all three rigs (all came in perfectly) and applying a bit of fresh bait to the spots. Another gloriously peaceful day passed as we sat out until after dark and consumed a cracking meal and drank in tribute to Gary's fish.

Our final day on Sandhurst was full

quiet sessions where there's not much action that you really get to appreciate how wonderful the British summertime can be, I absolutely love it. Ashleigh and I did a run to the shops to stock up on a few essentials before playing a game of 'Hide the Sausage, Van Edition' whilst on our travels. Returning to the fishery with a spring in our step I positioned the rods



for the final night on this majestic lake. Although I packed up the following morning with nothing to show for my efforts, I really had fallen in love with Sandhurst. It's everything I enjoy about carp fishing, a really mature lake, well managed, unbelievable stock of carp and very peaceful

surroundings. I didn't feel disappointed as I lugged the gear back to the car park as I felt we had both fished really well and had just caught the water at the wrong time. Some fish had started to slowly venture out of the O.O.B. and as a result the 'Pipes' and 'Little Pipes' had each done a fish

during the night. One of these captures was **ANOTHER 40lb leviathan** of a common but nobody else had any luck during our time there, despite the lake being almost full. Part of me was actually happy as I loaded my gear into the back of the van because now, I had 'Unfinished Business' with Sandhurst Lake and with that, an excuse to return next year. I don't know if it was my driving, the game of "Hide the Sausage, Van Edition" or perhaps a combination of the two, but the van now had a flat tire!!! I ended up having to contact a garage down the road and arrange for someone to come out to the lake car park to fit a new one for us. As my dad would say "There's always bloody summat,"

but it all adds to the adventure, I guess. I did have one beef with Sandhurst however and that was the toilet facilities yet again!!!

Those of you who read my last article will probably remember my despair at the Linear toilets. Well, Sandhurst made those look like a palace. You couldn't even open the port-a-loo door without fear of your eyes being burnt out of their sockets. Come on Sandhurst, all that money from anglers, get it sorted!

So, 'Where next?' I hear you ask. Well, the plan was to go to a venue called 'Thorney Weir' and looking at the photos on their Facebook page it was the venue I had been most looking forward to. Needless to say,

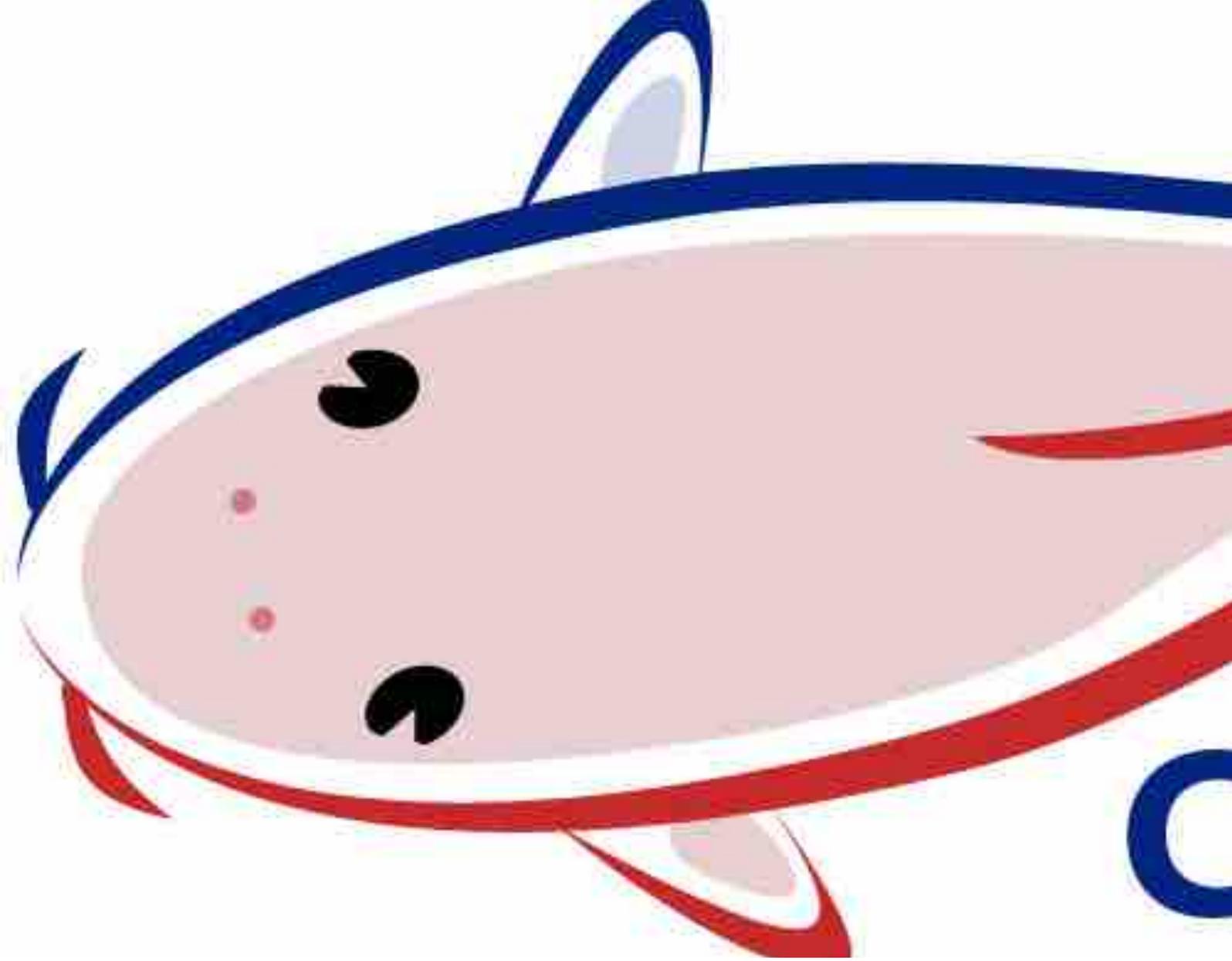
we got in touch the day prior and found out that the stock was well at it on the spawning front, meaning a rethink was in order. We had a booking in 3 days' time elsewhere, so with 72 hours left to fill we both got onto google to find our next mission. With almost everywhere spawning we were about ready to give up when we came across a venue called 'Thorpe Lea Fishery' which wasn't too far away. I called the venue and was informed the fish had already finished spawning and suddenly we had a plan the venue certainly had 'mixed' reviews looking on the usual sites and was regarded as a bit of a runs water.

Not our ideal venue but desperate times mean desperate measures. With our fancy new tire fitted and the van loaded to the max, off we trundled down the Sandhurst track with 'Thorpe Lea' as the next stop on this marathon UK road trip. to be continued....

If you have enjoyed reading this piece and are using social media, please check out my page and follow my adventures on Instagram @YourBestCatch90

Alex.





**LADIES BRITISH
CARP CUP**

Brought to you by **BCC**



BRITISH CARP CUPS



MIXED CARP CUP

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Pairs Qualifier Two



Orchard Place Farm Lake 7

We are pleased to be back at Orchard Place Farm for qualifier 2 of this year's pairs competition. It is almost impossible to guarantee fish at venues when starting so early in March. This match however turned out to be an absolute cracker, which was fished for the most part in very challenging weather conditions. None the less, we had 67 fish grace the bank in this one for a combined weight of 1,157lb 9oz giving an average of over 17lb per fish. There were 5 30lb+ fish out, the largest of which was 37lb. The back up weights were 13 x 20lb+ of which 3 were 29lb+.

First out of the bag in Friday mornings water craft draw were brothers Tim and Andy Swain who picked their favourite peg 10 on the point. Next out were Graham Price and Matt Smith, who went for peg 7 (Lee May and Paul Michael Smith won last year's event from this peg). Third out were the aforementioned Lee and Paul who selected peg 9. Fourth came Ian Beedell and Paul Poynter and they went for peg 2 on the other point. On this occasion the draw was king for three of those 4 pairs as they took the podium and qualified for the final. The winners were Ian and Paul from peg 2 who caught 18 fish for 324lb 9oz. Runners up Tim and Andy Swain who caught 13 fish for 215lb 15oz. Third place went to Lee and Paul with 8 fish for 145lb 11oz. There were three other pairs all challenging for third place on Sunday morning making it a very twitchy finale. As the final hooter sounded last year's winners took the honours. One fish to any of the chasers would have made a world of difference to the end result.



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Total weighing solutions
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BRITISH CARP CUPS

British Carp Cup Pairs Q2

Position	Competitors	Orchard Farm-Lake 7	Peg No	Number of Fish	Total Weight
1	Ian Beedell / Paul Poynter		2	18	324lb 9oz
2	Tim Swain / Andy Swain		10	13	215lb 15oz
3	Lee May / Paul Michael Smith		9	8	145lb 11oz
4	Billy Dummer / Ricky Dummer		11	7	134lb 14oz
5	Glen Wheatley / Duncan Warneant		12	7	129lb 3oz
6	Tony Picardo / James Drew		6	6	108lb 6oz
7	Kevin Durling / Gary Sharpless		1	3	47lb 8oz
8	Mick Ledger / Dan Moorcroft		5	2	16lb 6oz
9	Rob Tough / Matt Jones		3	1	16lb 5oz
10	Tony Reynolds / Ashley Izzard		8	1	9lb 12oz
11	Paul Butler / Robin Smart		4	1	9lb
12					



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Pairs Qualifier Three



Todber Manor Big Hayes

This is another water with good early season form, so hopefully we could be in for an exciting contest. Dave Bellew and Steve Lovell (peg 5) were first on the scoresheet with a 24lb+ mirror, which they soon followed up with a 29lber to give them an excellent start. Sandwiched inbetween those fish was a stunning scaley mirror of over 32lb for Karl Palmer to put him and partner Callum Gutteridge in the running. A few other pairs started to register fish on Friday but it was Saturday when the match came to life.

After catching a couple on Friday, peg 11 Luke Ratcliffe and Dale Shields banked a 19lb 15oz fish and three 20lb+ between dawn and lunchtime, they were now right in the mix. During a similar period peg 5 added another 8 fish to their tally with a good average of 21lb+. At 10am Saturday Lee Bruce and Nathan Crowder were blanking, which seemed strange considering they were first out in the draw. By night fall seven fish had crossed their net cords to put them in a qualifying spot, what a great day they had. Luke and Dale didn't manage to catch again, nor did Dave and Steve but they had put over 200lb on the scales and looked likely to qualify anyway. Now other pegs were starting to catch a few and the competition was hotting up somewhat.

Meanwhile out of the way in peg 1, Chris Purssey and Richard Shenton were quietly going about their business and slowly creeping up the leader board. With one fish on Friday, five on Saturday including three in a little evening frantic spell of only 10 minutes. This put them in touching distance of the leaders. Sunday morning saw them add three more to their tally to take runners up spot. Their last fish came only 2 minutes before the finish.

Lee and Nathan had four takes on Sunday morning, three of which resulted in lost fish. This did nothing for the state of their nerves. The 16lber they did land proved enough to secure third place. However, there were four other pairs all chasing the last qualifying spot with not a lot to chose between them. This made it a very exciting finish for any neutrals watching.

61 fish came out during the event for a total weight of 1,202lb giving an average of almost 20lb. Another great match and a quality venue for this early in the year.



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British Carp Cup Pairs

Q3

Position	Competitors	Todber - Big Hayes	Peg No	Number of Fish	Total Weight
1	Dave Bellew / Steve Lovell		5	10	212lb 15oz
2	Chris Purssey / Richard Shenton		1	9	177lb 7oz
3	Lee Bruce / Nathan Crowder		4	8	147lb 3oz
4	Luke Ratcliffe / Dale Shields		11	6	123lb 15oz
5	Jack Meyer / Lewis Swift		3	7	121lb 8oz
6	Luke Church / Jason Adams		9	6	108lb 5oz
7	Karl Palmer / Callum Gutteridge		10	4	100lb 1oz
8	Matt Wyld / Adam Wyld		2	5	97lb 11oz
9	Daniel Trowbridge / Ryan Mullins		12	3	56lb 14oz
10	Grant Westlake / Josh Bellew		8	2	39lb 9oz
11	Jason Gutteridge / Terry Donaldson		7	1	21lb 4oz
12					



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Ladies Singles

Berners Hall
Ladies British Carp Cup
2019



Berners Hall

Apart from the excitement of the watercraft draw on Friday morning, nothing else happened. The scales were not required in any peg, although there were a couple of lost fish reported. Saturday was a different matter however. At first light Paula Marriott in peg 13, by the island was the first to catch. She banked three fish for over 50lb. Just before 9am Sam Ely called us and a 15lb+ mirror was recorded on her score sheet. All went quiet again until mid afternoon when Jennifer Garrett in peg 5 had her first fish at over 23lb. This now gave us a first, second and third on the scoreboard but how it was anybody's guess how it would finish.

Saturday evening saw another small flurry as reigning champion Jane Henthorn landed a 15lber which put her in 4th place. Jen in peg 5 added a second fish which put her on over 40lb. Just after 10pm Jen had her third to take her tally to 73lb 1oz and take her past Paula and into the lead. Paula followed this with a very small fish, just 3 oz over the minimum required weight, but she was still in second place. At last it looked like we had a contest with a fight for the three podium places. After the busier day we were expecting a hectic night but it was not to be. First light Sunday, Paula had a brace to weigh. The first was 25lb 12oz and the second was a banger of 31lb 1oz. This fish was not only the biggest of the weekend but also the biggest in the history of our Ladies events. That was it for this match, but it appeared to be a tale of lost fish. As we were talking to the Ladies it seemed that there had been a lot more hooked but not landed.

Paula became 2019 singles champion, taking the first prize of £600, personalised Reuben Heaton specimen hunter scales and trophies. Jennifer Garret took runners up spot with a prize of £300, plus trophy and Sam Ely finished third taking home a trophy and £175 prize money.

The weather conditions were far from perfect, with a cold strong south easterly wind making baiting and casting difficult. During the course of the weekend the wind changed to a northerly. This didn't improve things much as the water temperature hovered around the 8 degree mark. This could go a long way towards explaining why only 4 pegs caught fish.



Score Board
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Ladies British Carp Cup

Singles

Position	Competitors	Berners Hall	Peg	Number of Fish	Total Weight
1	Paula Marriott		13	6	112lb 10oz
2	Jennifer Garrett		5	3	73lb 1oz
3	Sam Ely		6	1	15lb 7oz
4	Jane Henthorn		3	1	15lb 2oz
5					
6					
7					
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9					
10					
11					
12					
13					
14					



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Bookings now open for this years events !!!!

competitors and then 9am Friday 19th to everyone else.
Cost of entry £440.

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Belinda 09791 285864 Office 01159 812791

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

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

Hurry !!! Book now as places are filling fast



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

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

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

Q3 Willow Park 26th to 28th April

Q4 Kingsbury Pine Pool 31st May to 2nd June

Q5 Wetlands 21st to 23rd June

Q6 Newbridge Lakes 28th to 30th June

Q7 Poolbridge Q Lake 28th to 30th June

Q8 DDAP's Brooklands 26th to 28th July

Final Albans Willows Lake 4th to 6th October

Brooklands will be 16 places and max of 11 at Wetlands

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

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

Prize money

1st £5000

Runners up £2000

3rd £1000

4th £750

Booking now open

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Alpha One
Zero
by Kev
Beaumont



Like most anglers reading this, I only get so many weeks off work a year. I try to use these as best I can. Splitting amongst family holidays and others solely fishing with several day sessions a month but these don't really count. I always save a week for the back end of the year, usually for a foreign trip or like this year a week on Holme Fen for Rod Hutchinson's Social.

With this in mind, I'm often looking to hit day ticket lakes in or around Yorkshire with the odd further trip south each year to maximise my chance whilst my working life gets in the way of my angling!!

Over the last few years however there has been a new venue to my hit list right on my doorstep, Tees Valley lakes, a great well run

venue owned by Ste Alford with some real lumps to go at spread across 2 lakes approx. 2 acres each, Alpha which contains 56 fish to 31lb and Eagle which contains over 120 fish to 25lb 9 oz, by no means are the fish in either of these lakes swimming up your lines however the rewards are there and some big hits can be made if you hit it right especially on Eagle.

This week saw me take the short trip to Tees valley lakes and booked 48hrs on Alpha with the day time temps around 14c however the night time still dropping down to 2c so knew the fish would be on the move however still not quite woken yet and on the munch for spawning. On arrival I took a walk around the lake and spoke to a few lads who were leaving and as I thought there was

a few fish showing however with only 1 fish out all week proved they are still waking up.

I opted to jump in the same swim another angler had pulled out of which gave me a margin to go at which soaked up the first sun of the day and an area I expected the fish to be sitting in to soak up as much of the early rays as possible whilst also giving me access to a bar which sat 3ft under the surface should the fish be patrolling the upper layers. My swim was central to the main body of the lake with the far margin only 30 yards away forming the thinner part of a keyhole with an arm of water that run around the back of an island the perfect area for the carp to move out of the main body of water. Knowing the lake had

been fishing slow and the temps we had been getting, the swim still filled me with confidence as I had given myself so many opportunities to intercept them should they wish to play ball and feed.

A quick cast about with the marker to find the bar I knew sat only 10-15 yards out rising from nearly 6ft of water. With the fish still not on the feed I kept the bait to a minimum with only a hand full of Rod Hutchinson's KMG (high in protein fishmeal based bait) on the bar, fished over

with a simple stripped back coated braid rig finished off with the ultra-sharp Scorpion Curves by Carp Tackle online with a KMG bottom bait halved and fished back to back on the hair to match the hatch of the chops . The other 2 rods I opted to fish the far margin where the sun hit at first light and an area of only 3ft I knew would warm up quick and if any fish were in a feeding mood would surely visit.

24 hours passed and still no fish on the bank the temps on an evening were cold and

with a few days of 10-15c it really builds your hopes up and gives you a sense of spring and a false sense of optimism. Around 1300hrs just starting my last 24 hours, I seen a fish role just off the margin followed by a bow wave a few yards away which was clearly spooked by his mate giving there whereabouts away. They were where I thought however a bit further down the slope and not as tight to the margin as I first thought. Keeping things simple and not being one to jump on the latest trend or rig fandango just having confidence in an ultra-sharp hook and bait of the highest quality fished in the right area has proven time and time again to be the winning formula and in this case was no different. An 8 inch rig consisting of 20lb N-Trap stripped back



to create a hinge tied off with a simple knotless knot to a size 6 Scorpion Curve again tipped off with KMG halved back to back and a small golf ball size pva bag of chops and pellet. I flicked my left-hand rod on the area I seen the fish create the bow wave from after being disturbed, my middle rod on the area I seen the fish show not 10 minutes ago.

Within 30 minutes my middle rod sprung to life and rather than the line melting off the reel as expected in shallower water the bobbin simply rose 2" and dropped 2" this must of happened twice which was enough for me to get up and stand over the rods after witnessing fish in the margins on my local lake over the years picking up my rig and quite simply staying put and

shaking their head trying the rid the hook without hitting the lead clip and bolt rig affect, With this visual in my head I lifted the rod took up the slack and lifted into the fish of which certainly did spring into life upon doing so.

The fish powered off on a 15-yard run hugging the far margin with clouds of mud kicking up as it ploughed the bottom on its war path up and down for a good 5 minutes. It was certainly giving a good account of itself and eventually I had it in the margins and ready for the net. In it went first time, a stunning VS Mirror topping the scales at 20lb 10oz not breaking any PB records but its defiantly the most immaculate fish I've ever caught. Wayne Morgan who was just setting up in the peg to my left came over for a cuppa

and a catch up since bumping in to him nearly a year ago on the complex just in time to do the honours with the camera. The rest of the session was really quiet with the wind changing to a Westerly and even the day temps dropping to 6c which I think put them quiet.

With only the 1 fish under my belt in this session I was more than happy with how it went based on the weather conditions. By 1300hrs the next day I was all packed up and on my way home with a few pics of the new luggage range Rod Hutchinson have just released, some decent notes of my session to write up, great pics of a low 20 mirror and the newly gained knowledge of my session.

All the best,
Kev.

 **Ridgemonkey[®]**





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- CLEAR | 0.37MM | 20LB/9.1KG | 1000M



RM-Tec Mono

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- | | | |
|---------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
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| ■ BROWN 0.38MM 15LB/6.8KG 1200M | ■ CLEAR 0.38MM 15LB/6.8KG 1200M | ■ GREEN 0.38MM 15LB/6.8KG 1200M |
| ■ BROWN 0.42MM 18LB/8.2KG 1200M | ■ CLEAR 0.42MM 18LB/8.2KG 1200M | ■ GREEN 0.42MM 18LB/8.2KG 1200M |



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Chapter 10



Mike 'SPUG' Redfern



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

~The Best Laid Plans~

I had been told that agency work could slow down in the first month or two after the Christmas rush, but I had no idea that it could come to a halt. I was preparing for the odd day off here and there and had saved some money to deal with for those days but by the time May had come around I was well and truly behind on the finances once more. My mates were bailing me out in order to pay the bills and keep a roof over my head. When the time came to pay for syndicate tickets I could only afford one and really that had to be Kingfisher, as I had caught a load from the Catch syndicate. The big common and the big leather would have to wait (again). The work had begun to pick up and I was starting to pay my debts off, but as I am sure you all know, it takes longer to pay them off than it does to get them in the first place.

The season started on May the first and I couldn't afford to buy any boilies as most of my money went on catching up with my creditors. I was starting to get a little desperate and I phoned Kev Knight to see if there was anything he could do to help. "Well, if you start answering some questions in Ask the Experts in Carpworld, that'll help you out a bit, and then if you start giving us your pictures so we can use them, I'll send you some bait down. You know how it works, me old son," came his reply.

I did know how it all worked, I had been there, done that one and sworn never to go anywhere near it again. In fact in those four and a half years since I had left Solar, I hadn't even bought a magazine and was happy just melting away into the background. I thought about it and really I had no choice. 'You don't get something for nothing in this world,' I thought. 'I'll have to do it.' I agreed and Kev said he would send some bait down, even though I never did, or would, class myself as an expert as far as fishing was concerned. things up? Yeah I'll give you that one, but fishing? Behave yourself!

Jim Shelley had now joined Kingy and he started catching straight away. In fact, I think he caught a 30-pounder on his first morning, which was nothing new as he seems to cane everywhere he goes. I popped down to see how he was getting on and ended up doing the photos for him. It was a lovely dark-coloured

mirror with a couple or three big scales on its flank.

I managed to get down the lake for a couple of nights around the middle of May, but by this point I was only going through the motions really, just happy to be at the lake. While I sat there I came up with a plan of just how to get myself out of the once more. The plan would be to put my name down for some full-time work as I had realised that if there was no work coming into the agency, then quite simply it was tough. That wasn't good enough for me as I wanted to get straight with the house again, and quickly.

Dave Lane was also on the lake as he had recently moved somewhere near my neck of the woods. I hadn't seen Dave for years. Our paths had only briefly

crossed just as I started on the Brook. Dave being Dave couldn't refuse the offer of a barbecue, so we arranged a quick overnighter where I would bring the grub if he brought some red wine. Dave had already caught a couple of 30s out of the lake, but again that was another one that came as no surprise really.

Kingfisher has always had a bailiff called Wally. That's not his real name, I think it's Brian, but I am not sure. Now Wally is different to most other bailiffs to say the least. I think his favourite pastime is winding the anglers up and it's not uncommon for him to throw some (albeit light-hearted) abuse at them. I think it makes his day when he can wind someone up. Anyway, we arrived at the lake at about 4pm and I said to Laney. "Make sure you sign in and out, or Wally the bailiff will be biting your ankles!"

"Okay then," he replied.



Wally the bailiff.

Dave set up on Car Park Point, after borrowing my barrow, as he had forgotten his, and I set up on Paedophile Point which is next to it. I have no idea why it's called that, it just is. Anyway, with the rods out it was time for the barbecue and although Dave lost one, behind a bar I think, the night was quickly gone and the next morning had arrived.

Kev rang up, "You seen Laney? I can't get hold of him?" he asked. I had a look and I couldn't see him anywhere, although his motor was still in the car park and his gear, except for his rods, was still in his swim.

"I think he's chasing them somewhere round the lake," I replied.

"No problem," Kev answered. "Oh by the way, I need you to do me a favour. Someone has dropped out of a Weekend With the Chaps. Can you do it for me please?"

I couldn't say no really, but I will come to that in a bit.



blanker"

That evening it was time to pack down and go home. I was off to Chilham Mill the day after and Dave had to get back to work. I packed down just as Dave reappeared. "Can I borrow your barrow again?" he asked.

"Of course, I'll just wheel my gear back to the motor and then it's yours" I replied.

I got my gear back to the car and then Dave went back to retrieve his stuff. I was just putting the last of it into the boot, when Dave returned with a bemused look on his face.

"Your bailiff is a bit of a boy isn't he?" he said.

"Why, what's happened?" I said, knowing something had.

"Well, he asked me what I had caught and when I told him that I hadn't caught anything, he laughed, made one hand into a 'V' sign and called me a 'blanker', while gesturing with his hand.'

God I laughed! Laney didn't know but Wally did that to all of us if we blanked and the funny thing was, that Wally had absolutely no idea who Dave was, or indeed of his very impressive tally of carp. Now don't get me wrong here, Laney's ego wasn't dented at all. I don't think he suffers from that illness. The fact that he has no problem with the wording of the photo that goes with this story tells you that one, but I think it did come as surprise to him, that's for sure! It was funny and I laughed all the way home.

Upon returning home, I had a phone call from DHL at Stanton, near Bury St Edmunds. I had only been on their waiting list for a month and here I was being offered a full-time job. I had done some work for them previously and they had been happy with me. I had no choice; the agency was a great idea for the old angling, but I had to be more prepared financially for the lean spells and what with being £1500 in debt, I had to pay that off before I could get stuck into the fishing again. I said I would start a week later as I had a trip to Chilham to attend to first.

~Resurrection~

I have to say that I was somewhat nervous, of going down to Chilham and that was for two reasons, really. First and foremost, because of the fact I had been through when I left Solar, I hadn't really seen any of the boys for a while and I didn't know how many people had actually known the truth and it worried me a bit. The other reason was that this was a 'fish with the stars' type thing. Now that in itself poses a problem for me as I don't believe in that 'star' thing at all. It's all a load of rubbish in my opinion. Some of them love it and think they are stars and that's fine. Now if they called it a 'fish of the month' -up with some anglers you have seen in carp mags, I would dig it and anyway, I hadn't even printed a picture in nearly five years, so I hardly fitted into that category. When you put the two together, you can see why I felt a little bit uncomfortable about the whole thing, but with Kev helping me out with the bait, it was the least I could do.

Just addressing the 'stars in the mag' thing, I would like to expand on how I saw them back in 2001 as I left the trade. Hopefully it'll all make sense in a while. If you were into racing then you knew the best driver in the world was Michael Schumacher. The same thing applied to golf; it was Tiger Woods, and so on. Ever since I started carping, I have known that some of the finest anglers in the country never print a picture or write their stories. Of course that's fine, they just go fishing to catch carp and enjoy themselves. Take Lee Watson for example; the only way I could get him to write was if he wrote about failures and losses, yet there aren't many people who can catch them like he can. I certainly can't, that's for sure. All I am trying to say is, there is a very big difference between someone who genuinely deserves a star rating for their fishing ability, and those who think they are a star because they get space in a mag.

To me, a star is someone who signs up for their country and fights for our freedom unselfishly, or someone who gives up their life to go and help people in a distant country that I can't even pronounce. That's where my respect lies. Hopefully you'll see what I'm trying to say there. Now don't get me wrong, there are some very good anglers in the mags and most of them are the nicest people you could ever wish to meet, and as I walked into that tent at Chilham Mill, I was pleased to see the likes of Chemo (Ian Russell), Milky (Gary Lowe), Ronnie Buss,

and Mick Barnes. To say I was relieved was an understatement. No egos here then.

"Where you been Spug? I haven't seen you around for years!" said Chemo.

"Oh mate, I just got off with it all," I replied.

"Yeah, I can understand that," he said. "There's a beer over there if you want one."

I sat down, had a beer and started to take it all in. It wasn't long before this strange-looking individual with a shaved head came over and started talking. I had absolutely no idea who he was, but he was a real nice guy, and that was all that mattered to me. It turned out that this guy was Iain Macmillan, who had just been renamed Ting Tong. It turned out that the Tong was in just about every mag going and now there were about eight different mags! I couldn't believe it. Just about the only thing that had happened in the previous five years was the chod rig, and yet there were mags all over the place, all full of information about an ever-expanding sport. Carp fishing had certainly changed, possibly for the better,



We had a real good laugh:

I don't know, but it had changed and there was now a whole heap of well-known anglers out there who, it seemed, had caught a million 30s, from a place called Wellington Country Park. I had never heard of the place but it sounded good, though. It was certainly a different world than before.

As the night progressed I was slowly brought up to speed by everyone on some of the things that had happened in my absence, and to a certain degree I wish I had kept in touch with people a little more, especially when I found out that Mary Paisley had passed away and I didn't even know. If I had, I would have sent some flowers or something, as we always used to get along great.

By the end of the night, I was pleased that I had gone and when this rather drunk individual from Ipswich turned up and said, "Hi, I'm Russell and we are fishing together!" I was positively delighted to be there. We had a small problem and that was, who was I? I shoved an old copy of Big Carp in his hands, where I had written an article on Two Tone and said that I was called in at late notice, as someone had dropped out. He said he knew that, as he had paid for Derek Ritchie. I guess it was a bit like ordering steak and getting a cold pizza instead. Oh well, he didn't care and we had a real good laugh all weekend. I managed to land a 19lb linear and then lost one. This impressed my new friend, Tong, though as he remarked that he had never seen someone wearing union jack shorts dancing to celebrate losing one before! Chris Logsdon wasn't quite as impressed though, as he was just down from us and when I sparked the Kelly Kettle up, he got covered in smoke and shouted, "Spug. No fires!" I replied that it was a kettle. It was just like being back on the Brook again!

I came home and started my new job on the first week of June. I knew that fishing would again go on the back burner, and now I would have to make an extra effort to get down the lake, as 70-80 hours and four nights a week in the cab beckoned. I managed to get a night in every other week, until early August, but I never got close to catching one. It didn't take long before I had notched up 12 blank nights. Then I managed to get home early on Thursday evening. 'Seize the moment,' I thought, and shot down the lake early on the Friday morning to get a good swim.

~The Worst Of Weekends~

I decided that I was up for a bloody good social and that meant enough red wine and beer for two, along with a portable barbecue and as much carcass as possible. Whoever I was going to end up fishing next to was going to enjoy themselves and get a freebie dinner.

When I arrived at the lake there was hardly anyone down there. The weed had come up really badly by now and it had put a few off. I pushed my barrow all the way round to a swim called The Tins, which is on the front of the island. I set up by midday and then popped back to the bar for a couple of pints.

When I returned to the lake, Uni Dave had appeared and set up near me in a swim they called The Hyde, which is on the side of the island. I couldn't believe it. Of all the people to share your grub with, here was possibly the biggest food robber known to mankind only a hundred yards away. How unlucky was that? I told him of my plan but remarkably he wasn't up for it. It was too far away and he didn't want to reel his rods in, as he had spent ages getting them out.

Unperturbed, I flicked my rods out and then lit the barbecue. All that remained was to pop open the cork and sit there in the sun, having a nice time. Sitting there in the sun must have made me thirsty and hungry because by 8pm, I had eaten and drunk the whole bloody lot! I retired back to my bed chair, got down to my boxers and lay there feeling like a bloated whale, although a happy one. It didn't take long to fall asleep and soon I was dreaming of catching a big old 40lb mirror, hopefully at around 7.30 the next morning.

It was just getting light, somewhere around 3.30am, when I woke up feeling rough for some strange reason. I lay there on the bed with a bit of a pain in my side. 'Must need a ,' I thought. I got up and walked to the back of the swim to relieve myself, and after an enormous the pressure subsided and I returned to the bed chair. Then it happened; a stabbing pain, right in my rusty bullethole. I instantly knew what this meant. It was another telegram from Mr. although this time it had 'urgent' written on it. It was time to head for the toilet and quickly, as there was an accident waiting to happen in my boxers. I was about ten careful paces from my swim when the most painful stabbing sensation hit me right in my

and then in my belly. I squealed, as it felt like a red-hot poker had been rammed up there. I grabbed my butt cheeks and keeled over in absolute agony. There was no way I was going to make it to the bog this time. Back on my feet, I turned and faced my swim, thinking if I could just grab an empty bucket then that would have to do, as I was now in a proper state of disrepair. I made one more step forward and then the worst pain you could ever imagine hit me right up the again. It felt like an elephant was trying to me. I screamed out in pain and bent over double, pulled my tracksuit trousers down and just exploded all over the swim! I lay there sweating and feeling sick for about five minutes. I had never come across pain like it. I got to the broly and gulped down some water and then had a look at the devastation I had caused. It looked like a muck spreader had crashed. God I was embarrassed. I then spent the next 30 minutes washing the swim down, by pouring buckets of water all over the grass.

Eventually it was cleared up and I sat on my bucket looking out at the lake. The sunrise was awesome, I went and saw Uni, who always gets up early and told him of my accident. He laughed and took a picture of the sunset as I put the Kelly on. I swore that I would never be so greedy again, especially with such rich types of food and drink. As I was sitting on my bucket I saw two fish jump a good hundred yards or so out from the island. I quickly recast two rods on them and sat back hoping that I could get a bite, as up until now I had only landed one all year.

It was a few hours later at 10am when the first rod ripped off and I was soon leaning into a fish stuck in a weedbed a good distance out. I didn't fancy the boat and pulled away, trying to get the fish back to the swim. I pulled too hard and eventually the fish slipped the hook. What a gutter; 13 nights and just one loss to show for it. How's that for a year's fishing on your local syndicate? Especially after the year before.

Now they say you shouldn't kick a man when he's down, but when the next rod ripped, again on the showing fish, I felt well and truly kicked. The same thing happened again and this time although nervous of the boat, I went out with Ben Radley and we carefully approached the weeded fish. Ben was quite used to the boat and he very slowly edged it toward the carp. I was sitting there trying to work out exactly where it was, when it just bolted at a hundred miles an hour and made a successful bid for freedom. What a total and utter disaster! We got back to the island and I said thanks to Ben for trying. Somewhat dejected I slowly packed down and went home a beaten man. What was supposed to be an enjoyable little jolly for two people, had turned into the worst weekend's angling I have ever

I saw two fish jump.



been through. I was back on my feet, back to work, back to myself and losing the only two bites that I'd had all year on my syndicate in the same go. Bloody carp fishing - I hate it at times!

The week after, as I was driving along in the lorry, I received a phone call from Kev. "Right mate, we need someone to do our catch reports in Carpworld and run Ask the Experts. That will probably mean you doing a bit for Fox too. You interested?" I didn't see that one coming. Now if you remember, I had sworn that I would never get involved in the trade again, but the Weekend With the Chaps thing had more than restored my faith and it reminded me of all that was good in carp fishing. I knew how much fishing meant to me and quite simply there was no point fighting it.

"Yeah, I would love to, mate!" I replied and I just thought 'here we go again,' but this time I was not so wet behind the ears. I was surrounded by people I could trust.

"Oh, by the way, Kev, we are off to Les Quis in a couple of weeks. What bait do we do that goes all right out there?" I pestered.

"Active-8, mate," came his reply, "I'll send you some down." Happy days!

I phoned Martin Ford, who had now become the editor of Carpworld and we spoke about the new Mainline role. He said to me that I should definitely do it - well, after going, "Oh noooo, Spug's back!" We then spoke about any pitfalls that may come along and they boiled down to: whatever you do, don't go on the Internet and make posts! The reason for this appeared to be that it doesn't matter what you write or say, you just get thrown off by someone and because of this minority a lot of people just didn't bother to go on there as it usually ended with them being thrown off. That didn't really bother me as I usually get thrown off websites anyway. You see, these moderators don't get my politically incorrect jokes!

The next week I had to pick up a load of old T-shirts and bits until mine came through. I was really looking forward to the annual trip to Les this year as I had now spent three months sitting in a lorry in order to pay my debts off and I was just starting to go stir crazy. That last session on Kingy was to be my last that year and speaking of that year, I never even landed an English 20, so if there was ever a time to write about a full week's trip to Les Quis then now is a good time to do it!

~Seven days~

On the Friday we were due to go out to France, I was driving along in my rusty old bucket, thinking about the forthcoming trip when my phone rang. 'Ah, Noodle. Wonder what she wants?' I thought.

"Wotcha!" I said.

"Hi. You're off to Les Quis today aren't you?" she said.

"Yeah that's right," I replied.

"Best I pop round and recharge Fat Man then. See you later!" she replied.

Now what that means in English, is that she would come round and rub the head of the lucky mascot that she and her then boyfriend had given me, to recharge its luckiness and in the process get a couple or three free glasses of red wine. Fair enough, I could do with as much luck as possible on the fishing front. I didn't mind losing a bit of red wine though, especially if it meant Fat Man was at full strength.



Noodle, re-charging 'fat man'.

Hogg turned up at about 6pm. We loaded his car with all the gear and set off to make the trip down to the secure parking on the M20. As we travelled down the M11, I marvelled at his flash motor; no rust, a telly and even six gears. For about ten minutes I'd wished I'd revised at school, but then some of my old school reports came flooding back to my mind; Art (aged 14 years) 'Michael works loudly with maximum fuss and is progressing slowly.' Nah, spot-on that. Don't want to drive a car whose name I can't pronounce anyway (BMW).

As we travelled along, we discussed which swims we would like to fish. Hogg said if he had the chance that he would fish a swim called Jurassic on the Old Lake, as it had produced tons of carp that year. I didn't have a clue where I really wanted to end up, so I was open-minded. A lot of it was down to the draw for swims, which is done on the coach during the journey down to the lakes. Anyway, I was not too bothered as I had never really done that badly in the draw, usually in the first ten; Hogg, was usually in the last three, so no worries there then!

The other really great thing about travelling to Les Quis with Hogg is that, as he is married and spoilt, he always has an excellent collection of sweets and goodies in his rucksack. Now this is a godsend for me as I am never organised enough to purchase such luxuries.

We arrived at the parking at about 11pm and we were greeted by a cheer from the rest of the lads waiting for the coach. We had met them before, had a really good week with them, and consequently we had all booked the same week for a return trip. About an hour later, the luxury coach came to pick us up. This is one really nice thing about Les Quis; you get a 52-seat coach for 18 anglers, a bailiff and a helper, not forgetting any girlfriends who often come along for a chill-out and a bit of sunbathing, so there is plenty of space to sprawl out on the coach and get your head down.

After the ferry crossing, we did the draw for swims straight away. Hogg pulled out number 8 and I pulled out number 18. What a result! Last choice of swims, I have to say. Although I didn't let on, I did feel a bit disappointed. 'Oh well, just got to get on with the job in hand,' I thought. After the draw, Dangerous Dave (the bailiff) asked all the anglers on the coach who wanted to go into The Swindle, to which everyone agreed.

After a journey through France of four and a half hours, we arrived at the lakes at about 9am French time on the Saturday. After unloading the coach everyone had about an hour to walk round the lakes and have a good look round before coming back to pick the swims. As I knew the complex well, I didn't



The Tables.

bother to look round, I just had a beer and waited for events to unfold. When it came to number 8's turn, Hogg proudly announced that Jurassic was his chosen swim. Then at the end of the draw, I chose to go into a swim called The Tables, which happened to be next to Hogg on the Old Lake. I didn't mind this as after the lack of fishing I had done that year, I was just grateful to be there on a week's holiday. It also meant that between us, we could pretty much command the whole of the bay on the Old Lake. I was actually quite happy with that swim as I had seen it produce some good hits in previous years, although I had never fished it myself. Now all that remained was to barrow my gear to the swim, get set up, cast out and grab a few hours' kip before dinner, which we were told would be at 17.30 every day.

With the gear sorted, it was time to crash out and catch up on the previous night's lack of sleep. Just before I crashed out, I looked out of my bivvy and thought, 'At last, all set up, time to chill-out and forget about driving lorries, being stuck in massive queues all the time and all the hassle that comes with that.' Yep,

it was true, we were here and ready to go. Mobile phones off, it was all about the fishing now. So much for catching up on the sleep though, as an hour later my right-hand rod ripped off, and after a spirited fight, a chunky 25-pounder was safely in the net. I thought this would be a good time to go and wind Hogg up with the news of my instant success and while there, I knew I would be able to raid his rucksack for sweets and nibbles.

As I triumphantly strolled into his swim with news of the capture, I saw him struggling to lift his net out of the water with what looked like a real proper one in the folds. After all these years, his little estate agent arms had got used to picking up big carp. I kept my mouth shut and happily weighed a 48 for him. Now this is where the trouble starts with that tart, because the first thing he worries about



Is my hair all right.

when getting his pics done is how his hair looks! What a Shandypants! There he was, with a bloody great carp in his hands and all he could say was, "Is my hair all right?"

"YES!" came my time honoured reply.

Because of this act of vanity, I thought that even though it was the first afternoon, now would be a good time to punish him and I hit his rucksack just as he was struggling to put the fish back. Two packs of pork scratchings to the good, I returned to my swim. I had also tried to get hold of a large packet of Haribo, but I was told upon the capture of a 40-pounder I would be rewarded with them. I didn't think this was particularly fair as I knew damn well Hogg's wife would have put them in for me to eat at my leisure and stop him moaning about me when he got home. The challenge was set - I needed a 40lb carp and fast!

We went for dinner and I noticed that there were some new posters on the wall, just general health and safety ones. There was one with a picture of some weed on it and it was called Hogweed, which did of course make me laugh, but it turned out to be poisonous and when I laughed about it Dangerous Dave said, "Mate, you always get one. You have to let people know about these things" Blimey! I had been going out there for years and I had never been poisoned. Still, I guess that's the health and safety world we live in these days. I also told Dave how disgruntled I was that I was not allowed my Haribos yet. He laughed and said "You'd better get a 40 then, hadn't you!" It wasn't fair. Hogg's missus had bought them for me! It fell on deaf ears.

That night after dinner I found my spots, which were going to be two off the opposite tree line, one left of the swim and one to the right, just at the bottom of the marginal shelf, each with a handful of freebies round them. The third was going to be fished in open water with five kilos of freebies around it. In the early hours of the next morning my open water rod was away and after a slow and plodding fight, I was sitting happily behind a 39.8 mirror. The remainder of Sunday was reasonably quiet except for a couple of mid-doubles.

It was a roast for the evening meal and after some extra portions, I wobbled back to the swim about a stone heavier to let it all go down. At this point I would like to mention the two young lads who were sitting in the two swims to my left. As is the norm, myself and Hogg had thought of more appropriate names for them than the ones they were christened with; Rocket Man (a micro-biologist) and Hip Flask, stepson of Terry the Flask, an old Les Quis regular who we have met on many occasions. On the second evening it became obvious that they had more



39.8

technology around them than your local Argos; Ipods, DVDs, mp4 players, phones that cooked toast, you name it, they had it. The good bit about this was that every night over a bottle of red wine, we were treated to a full film spectacle. Top bombing in my opinion and indeed all part of the Les Quis experience on this particular trip. Anyway, both of the young'uns had previously caught fish to 38lb and were very keen to catch their first 40lb-plus carp. Up until Sunday night, Hip Flask had managed a few smaller ones but Rocket Man was blanking.

Sunday was to be a good learning curve for me, as I felt that with only a couple of doubles being banked, I really should have caught more. I mean we are at Les Quis here with a huge stock of fish, and two in a day when the rest of the complex was having it was not really a good statistic. It was time for a change.

The change had to be the tree line rods. I had to know exactly what was around the overhanging trees opposite me. Armed with my landing net pole I went and had a good feel around the far margin. I found out that it was undercut and



He can turn a bean into a caravan.

that there was a marginal shelf of about four feet behind the overhanging trees. Some tight-in casting was going to be needed.

After a full English breakfast on the Monday morning, I saw a change in fortunes, as five 20s and a couple of doubles came my way. However, Rocket Man was especially happy, as he caught his first 40 in the shape of a long mirror which weighed 42lbs. This was great for me as I could now sing my Rocket Man song to him, loudly, of course, and in tune. "Oh, he's a rocket man. He can turn a bean into a caravan!" Good eh? I thought that up all by myself. Hogg was laughing, but he was used to such acts of stupidity, as I am forever singing silly made-up songs while fishing. A few celebratory beers were had that night to wet the 40's head.

Tuesday morning started bright and early with a small double and a low 20 before breakfast. I was beginning to think at this point that maybe I was fishing too tight to the far margin, as I had found out in the past that although you may

get more runs by fishing tight in the edge, often the fish seem to be of a smaller stamp than open water bites. The proof of this was that I had landed 11 fish, of which only one was over 25lbs, which is unusual for Les Quis. My thoughts on this were quickly blown out of the window at around midday when a slow take resulted in my rod being bent right round to full test curve, and the line being stripped off the clutch on a slow but powerful run.

After about 10 minutes, a good fish rolled into the net. A quick glance at the fish confirmed that it was well over 30lbs. As we weighed it I couldn't believe that the Ruben Heatons settled just below the 28lb mark.

"Oh, come on. That fish has got to be over 30lbs," I said to the two young'uns. "Look at the size of it."

You may laugh at this point but what I had not noticed was that the scales had swung round past 30lbs and carried on going up to just below 58lbs! I'll be quite honest, at this point I completely lost it. I mean, after the year I'd had in England this was everything I had dreamed of! In a very loud voice I screamed out, "HARIBOOO!" knowing that at last I would have won my pack of sweets.

We reweighed the fish and settled on a weight of 57.8 lbs and then took some pics. I was over the moon. What a lump of a fish and a PB, and what a time to catch it. Brilliant! As I laid the fish down on the unhooking mat, I really couldn't believe its sheer mass. It was huge and everyone laughed because I couldn't believe that it was not a 30 on its first weigh. Dangerous called across the lake to ask me how much the fish weighed. When I told him, he replied that I still wasn't allowed my packet of sweets, as it had to be a 40-pounder!

At 17.30 that night, we went for dinner and it was really nice in the lodge with everyone giving me a pat on the back and buying me the odd beer, too! A quick look in the book showed that this fish was, at that point, the biggest mirror landed. The biggest common was just over 51lbs and had been landed on the Long Lake, so as of dinner time on the Wednesday all three lakes had produced nearly 200 fish in total, including three 50s and loads of 30s and 40s.

The better stamp of fish continued for me when after dinner I landed a 41lb mirror. "Now you've earned your Haribos" said Hogg. We all laughed, then out went the shout, "HARIBOO!" and the whole complex knew that I had landed a 40. Now this Haribo thing sounds a bit daft doesn't it? Everyone thought it was great, though, and from then on if anyone on the trip landed a fish over 40lb, they just shouted out "Haribo!" How mad is that? Even to this day, we still all do it, although it's changed slightly, but more of that later.

was everything I had dreamed of! 37.8!



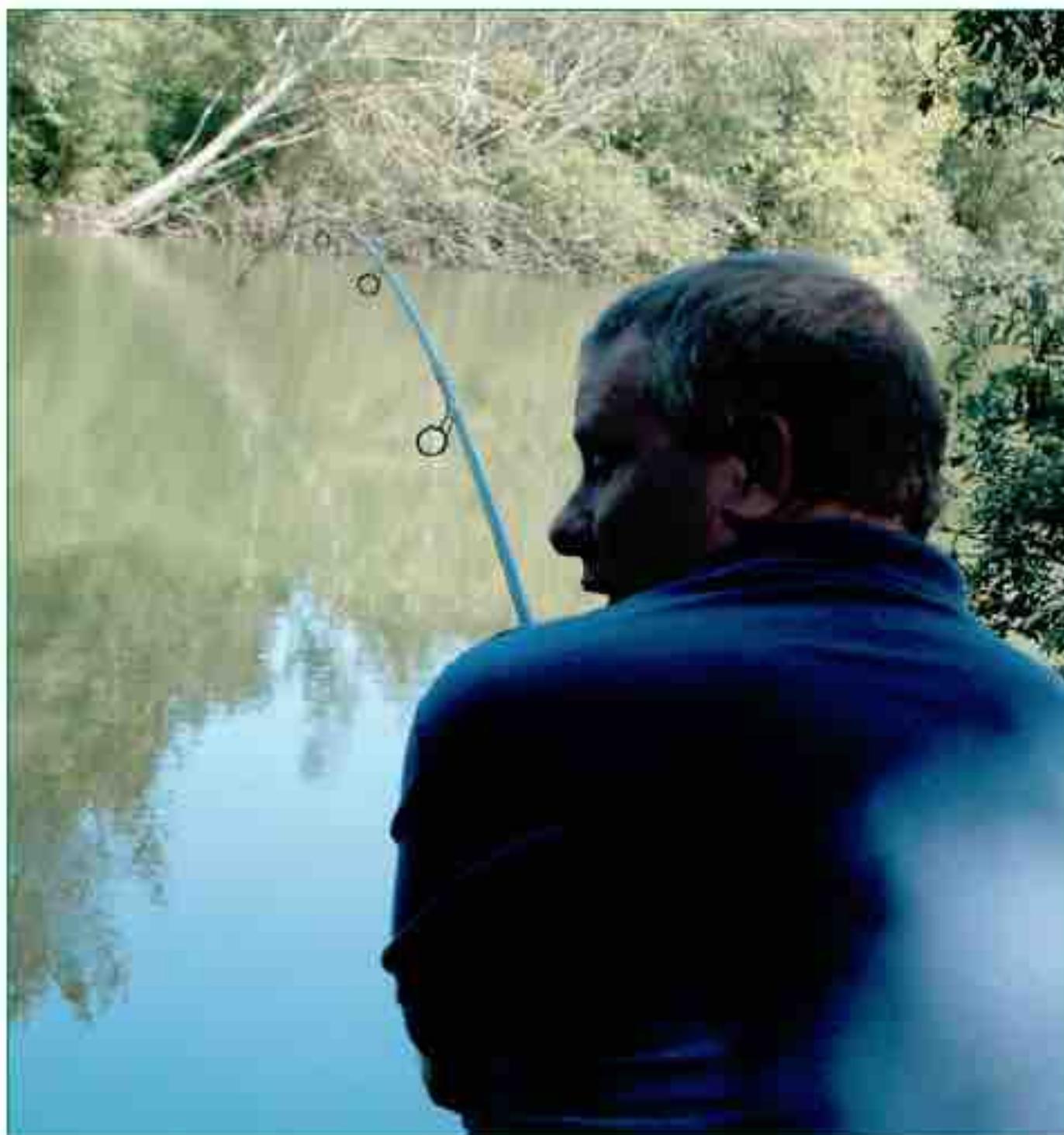
We all laughed.





We had a presentation.

Those of you who have fished France will know how quickly the weather can change and on the Thursday morning, all hell broke loose. It rained and it rained and it rained! This did not pose too much of a problem for me as my rods remained quiet for the first part of the day. However, the rain had the opposite effect in Hogg's swim, and he could barely keep three rods in the water at any one time. He was absolutely soaked to the skin, much to my amusement, and in the end



A bend in the rod.

I had to lend him some clothes as his were all in one wet pile in the tent. It got to the stage where I asked him not to cast out any more, as I was helping with the netting duties and was starting to get soaked myself.

During the downpour he landed another 40 which he was extremely pleased about as he had nicked some Active-8 out of my bucket and said it was my fault because it was my bait. In the afternoon, the rain eventually subsided and we were all given the opportunity to dry out. Rocket Man's net remained wet as he landed his second 40 of the week. All that was needed now was for Hip Flask to land a

40 and the week would then be a success for everyone. We had a presentation in the sunshine that afternoon and I finally got my hands on my packet of sweets. Dangerous came round to oversee proceedings, and while he was there and full of the joys of winning my sweets, I lent down and placed a flower behind my ear.

"Give us a kiss, mate," I said winking at him and shaking my head from side to side.

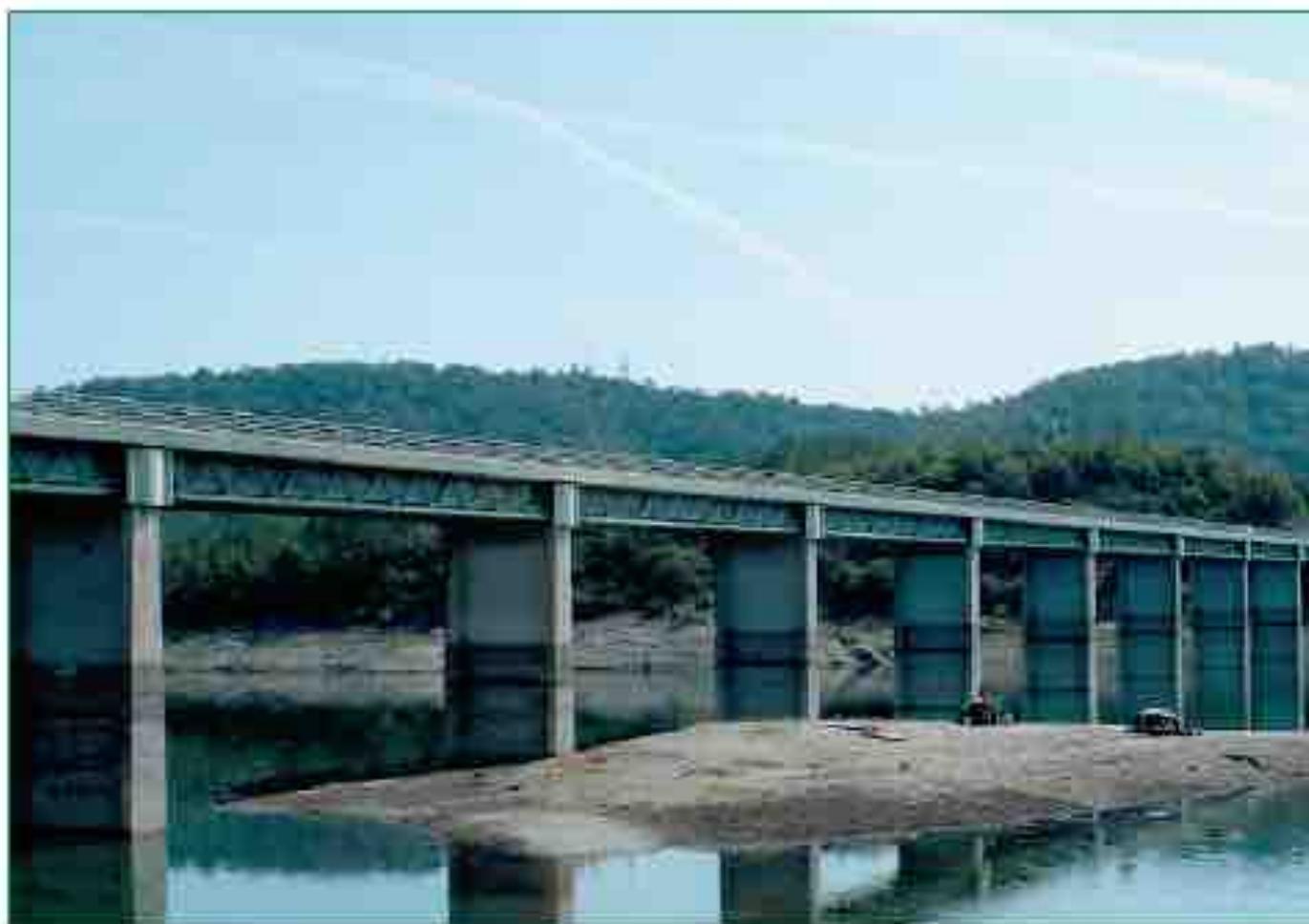
"No, Spug! That's the _____ hogweed!" he shouted out and everyone fell on the floor laughing. "See, I told you, son. There's always one!" he said as he walked away laughing. _____ my luck! Luckily, I didn't receive any burns off it though.

After that little mishap the sun grew warmer and warmer and Thursday afternoon turned out to be very busy for me with a 36 mirror, a 33 mirror and then a 34.8 mirror all giving me a bend in the rod. Thursday night is one of the barbecue nights and as we had a brilliant trip, we decided to have a bit of a drink-up and leave the rods out of the water for a bit. Dangerous and his helper, Brad, had been kind enough to get me a couple of bottles of red from the shops, and to make sure I repaid them this kindness I drank it all before wobbling back to my bivvy for the night. Sorry I tell a lie there; Hogg also had a glass, but just the one.

Friday morning started well with young Hip Flask hooking into what was obviously a fair-sized catfish and after a spirited fight and an excellent bit of netting by Rocket Man he finally broke the 40lb barrier. Although he obviously wanted it to be a carp, he was happy enough with a cat, so everyone in our little corner of the lake was made-up. Friday afternoons aren't so good at Les Quis because it's time to start packing things away as the coach turns up around 9.30am on the Saturday. Having said that, we have always found that anything can happen and usually does in the last 12 hours of your week's holiday.

The first thing that happened that night was that I landed a catfish myself at 32lbs; this was a PB for me. The second thing that happened was that Hogg landed his fourth 40! A whopping 48lbs, giving him a very impressive total for the week. Speaking of very impressive totals; for the week the whole complex produced 64 doubles, 108 over 20, 57 over 30, 34 over 40 and four 50s between 18 anglers and two bailiffs. Not bad eh? Beats the _____ out of slogging it out on the harder waters out there!

The coach turned up the following morning and guess who was last to be packed down? Yep, you guessed it - me! With all the gear safely packed onto the coach, all that remained was to get home, but before the coach arrived at Calais



Cassien.

the small matter of The Swindle had to be sorted out. I was lucky enough to win the £90 for the biggest mirror. I had mixed emotions on this because it was only half a pound bigger than my mate Ken's big fish and in some ways I felt we should have shared it. Having said that I was completely skint (nothing new there) and needed the money, so when Dangerous Dave asked me to the front of the coach to receive my loot and make a speech I could only think of three words to say, "It's been emotional." The whole coach burst out laughing.

I would just like to finish off by saying, that I pay to go out to Les Quis and I am more than happy to do so. I haven't given it the amount of coverage that I have in this book because I have some hidden agenda, like trying to get freebie trips and all the other that some do. I just love everything about Les Quis and it keeps me going when I'm slogging it out in England (where it really counts). I don't get carried away by the fish; they are holiday fish, but it's a really special place and it's been a big part of my fishing life, simple as that.

Of course there are other places in France and there is one place I will definitely try out and that's Cassien. I've had a quick look round and swear that one day I will give it a go when I get the chance.

~There's Always Time...~

Back in England and permanently stuck in a lorry could not have been further away from the fun we had in France. It was utter drillage. I was starting to get on top of the debts, though, and that meant I could at least afford to go out for a beer or two. It was during one of these evenings that I bumped into an old work colleague who told me an old flame was back in town and had been asking after me. We had 'sort of' gone out years before and I had known her really well. She had been abroad for a few years and now she was back and single. She loved the old hard rock and was up for a drink and a laugh. It took me two days to get her number and within a month, we were going out. I couldn't have been happier, even though the fishing in England had gone that year.

By the time Christmas came we were living together in Lyng, just half a mile from Kingy. I couldn't believe my luck, as I had always regretted not going out with her when I had the chance to before. She asked me if I was up for getting married, to which I said, "Bloody right!" She just had to get divorced first. Iron Maiden were about to play at Earls Court and we had tickets to go, and to top it all off, there were three 40-pounders not a mile from my door. It's no wonder I was grinning from ear to ear. As we say in Norfolk, the chickens had come home to roost, finally!

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Reviews

*Rig Marole freefall
tubing
by Mike McMahon*



2016 was a game changer for me as I discovered the fantastic Braided Freefall tubing. My syndicate has a strict leadcore and leader ban and is extremely weedy and there is an abundance of zebra and swan mussels which claim victim to many an angler. I had tried several companies tubing but I wasn't happy with the presentation, durability or just threading line through.

I remember a friend speaking highly about the original Rig Marole Freefall tubing and decided to investigate further. Well what can I say, they had brought out a new version in the form of the Braided Freefall tubing.

This is a very supple braided version that comes in a three colours to suit different substrate types. I wasted no time and purchased a pack of each. I took them down the lake to see what they looked like in the water and I was blown away, they sank like a brick and disappeared into the lakebed. Well they ticked all the boxes for me, heavy, supple, camouflaged, easy to thread and very abrasion resistant (you will not get cut of through this tubing due to the stainless steel inner)

Braided Freefall tubing is an industry first and still the only braided tubing available giving you an edge over other anglers that haven't made the jump.

It still utilises the highly polished stainless steel inner core making it ideal for threading monofilament and braided lines without the difficulties you face with normal tubing. It has an internal core diameter of 0.50mm making it suitable for monofilament lines up to 20lb (depending on

manufacturer and diameter)

The Braided outer takes on the water and sediment from the lake bed helping to not only camouflage the tubing but to add additional weight concealing it into the lake substrate ensuring the fish doesn't come in contact with it allowing them to feed in the area for longer increasing your chances of a pick up. Combined with the stainless inner core it makes the tubing very heavy and in comparison to leadcore weighs significantly

Product	Dry Weight	Wet Weight
Leadcore 1m	2.8g	3.14g
Brown/Black Freefall Tubing 1m	5.54g	7.40g
Green/Black Freefall Tubing 1 m	5.54g	7.40g
Sandy Gravel Freefall Tubing 1m	5.34g	7.45g
Brown/Black Freefall Tubing 600mm	3.40g	4.20g

more and is also much suppler.

Please note the above table shows results for a tank test and not out in the lake. The weights would increase due to the braid taken on sediment. Available in Black/Brown, Black/Green or Sandy/Gravel in 5 x 600mm and 3 x 1m lengths and manufactured in the UK.

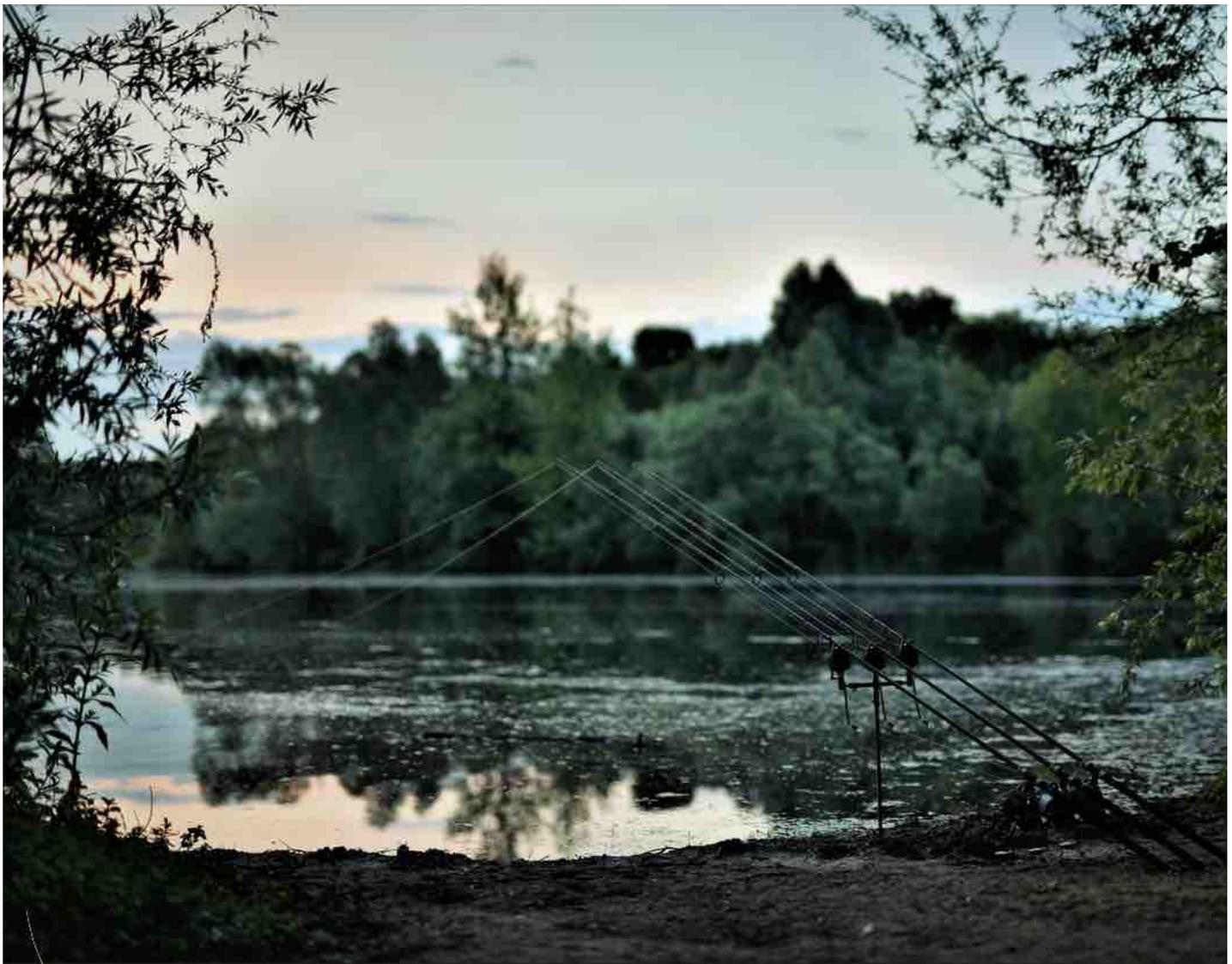
I'm sure you are reading this thinking its all well and good talking about the product, but does it help catch fish? You decide here are my results from February 2016 to August 2018 over 88 nights (880 hours)

12 x doubles, 14 x 20lb-29lb, 10 x 30lb- 38lb and 8 x 43lb -45lb

See you on the bank sometime (kettles always on)

Mike





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BE DISCREET | WE HAVE

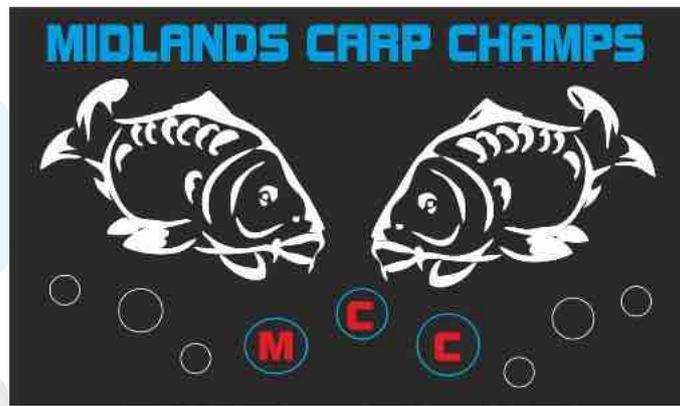
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Rig Marole

FINELY TUNED TACKLE



Event Overview:

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

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

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

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

Venue Overview:

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

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

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



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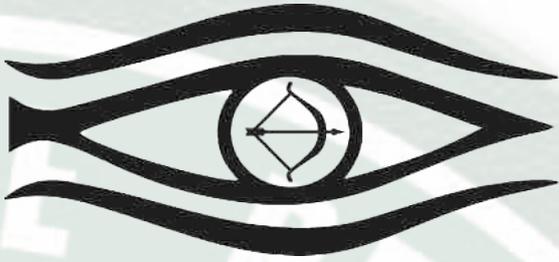
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Anglers and Cleaner Coast partners join forces to recycle fishing lines.

The Anglers National Line Recycling Scheme (ANLRS), Torbay Cleaner Coast Initiative (TCCI) and Odyssey Innovation Ltd have formed a working partnership to expand the opportunity for the recycling of redundant and lost recreational fishing line in the South West of England. With a growing number of initiatives recovering lost fishing nets and angling lines around the coast there was no formal way of disposing of the material other than landfill. Recycling of nylon fishing lines and netting is now viable and in the last 11 months, the ANLRS has established over 200 recycling points in tackle shops and fisheries nationwide for redundant fishing line to be collected for recycling.



ODYSSEY

— Innovation —

In a logical step, the groups are working together so that the TCCI has a route for the nylon it recovers to be recycled properly via the recycling scheme. At one popular fishing site, Hopes Nose in Torquay, the TCCI have recovered several ton sacks of lost monofilament fishing line, and associated tackle, using divers. This has accumulated over many decades and had created a tangled mat on the sea floor, which posed obvious threats to marine wildlife as well as meaning anglers lost tackle more frequently and escalating the problem. The TCCI are now working on preventive solutions for Hopes Nose through awareness, possible change in angling techniques, alternative gear and now recycling.

The recovered line is collected by Odyssey Innovations and then shipped to Plastix, in Denmark, that specialise in recycling fishing nets and the resulting material can be used for making a wide variety of items such as wetsuits, sunglass frames and even traffic cones., Indeed, Odyssey Innovations Ltd is now using the resultant material, from Plastix, in the manufacture of their marine plastic recycled kayaks, which are being used to clean up ocean plastic including fishing gear, from the inaccessible parts of our coastlines.

Through other collaborations like this one Odyssey Innovation Ltd has recycled over 50 tonnes of ocean plastic over the past couple of years with an ever-increasing capacity. Earlier this year the company ran a trial in Brixham with the local Harbour, and the TCCI, to recycle ghost and end-of-life fishing nets.

Odyssey Innovation Ltd director Rob Thompson said: “it’s a pleasure to be collaborating with such enthusiastic likeminded people, all dedicated to keeping plastic out of our seas and getting it recycled”

Viv Shears, one of the ANLRS volunteers, said “We are delighted to be working with the TCCI and Odyssey Innovations on this. Removing plastics in any form from our coastal waters and beaches is vital. Anglers

enjoy our coasts along with millions of others and we all have a role to play in removing waste plastics that our activities create whether that be as a tourist or an angler”

Jan Pritchard, sub group leader of the Torbay Cleaner Coasts Initiative commented “we are proud of this new partnership and have started reaching out to the local angling community and businesses to get them engaged in the recycling scheme, along with the cleaner coast initiative and it’s already being met with great enthusiasm.”

ANLRS

A non-profit, donation funded, volunteer lead organisation that is encouraging anglers of all disciplines to recycle their monofilament, fly and braided lines rather than being discarded in landfill or incineration.
Contact Details

Website www.anglers-nlrs.co.uk Facebook Page www.facebook.com/AnglersLineRecycling/

Email: anglersnlrs@gmail.com Tel Viv Shears 07843 306661 / Steven Tapp 07710 186476

Torbay Cleaner Coasts Initiative

Torbay Cleaner Coast Initiative are a group of organisations that have all previously been involved in marine conservation and voluntary projects. They share a common vision to work collectively to improve the marine and coastal environment within Torbay. The key objectives are to prevent and reduce marine litter pollution in Torbay and its impact on marine organisms, habitats, public health and safety and reduce the socioeconomic costs it causes.

Contact Details

Press Enquiries - Duncan Kenny duncankenny@live.com

Sub group leader - Jan.pritchard1124@gmail.com

Website <http://www.tcci.org.uk/> Facebook <http://www.tcci.org.uk/>

Email [link on website](#)

ODYSSEY INNOVATIONS LTD

Odyssey Innovation was born out of a passion to rid the seas of plastic pollution by founder Rob Thompson. The company takes recycled marine plastics collected during clean-up operations and creates kayaks and other products. In addition, they collect end of life commercial fishing nets and facilitate these being recycled.

Contact Details

Web site www.odysseyinnovation.com Email rob@odysseyinnovation.com

Facebook www.facebook.com/odysseyinnovation/ Tel: Rob Thompson
07766 174666



TORBAY
CLEANER COASTS
INITIATIVE



Catch Reports

Featuring -

Vader baits, Clear water fisheries,
wyreside Fisheries, Brooms Cross
fishery, White springs fishery,
Team X Stream, Plus many more



*Monthly
Catch Report
WINNER*

Matt Eade reports in with an amazing days fishing when he had himself a real red letter day recently when he landed some fantastic carp weighing in at 22lb, 28lb, 32lb and topped off with this fantastic 42lb mirror. Matt credits his captures to location, precise baiting perfect rig presentation using the Taska tungsten range.



*Monthly
Catch Report
WINNER*

Vader Baits

A very successful growing bait company based in and around Dorset.

Matt started rolling his own bait 3 years ago for himself and a couple of close friends. Success soon caught the eyes of other friends and anglers on the bank slowly leading to form a cracking team of 20 anglers all of which have had outstanding results within the UK and Europe!

Vader Baits is only made using the finest of fresh ingredients. Each bait is made to quality and perfection. Mass produce was not an option as this meant there was no compromise in the fresh ingredients we use.

We hold team social events throughout the year on some stunning waters mainly in the South West of England. We also have European social events which take place every 2 years on the team calendar.

Vader Baits is not publicly sold. This is great for the team as the exclusivity gives them a great edge!

There is an opportunity to become a member very soon as Vader Baits are looking to expand the team to around 30 anglers if this is something you feel you would like to become a part of please get in touch.

We hope to see you all on the bank sometime!

Vader Baits

Competition time!!! To be in with a chance to win the following bait package from Vader Baits simply answer the following:-

Q) Who started rolling Vader Baits 3 years ago?

- A) Matt
- B) Jeff
- C) Rod

Email your answers to

brian.dixon@talkingcarp.co.uk

3kg 14mm SaTaN boilie
1 x pot of SaTaN pop ups
1 x 250ml SaTaN glug
1kg of SaTaN micro pellet
And a SaTaN boilie enhancer!!





Team member Carl managed to get out this weekend to a local specimen lake with high hopes of a few fish as the weather was starting to look better.

He arrived Friday morning at 9am to a nearly empty lake with only two other anglers fishing it.

It started off slow with nothing for the first day but eventually at 1:15pm Saturday afternoon his rod screamed off with a lovely common at 14lb 6oz falling to a pre-enhanced black fudge boilie on the end, fished with a small PVA mesh stocking of black fudge micro pellet and crushed boilie with 4 boilies inside and a couple freebies scattered over the spot.

Nothing more that day but he was woken up at 4:30 am Sunday morning to a belting run. Hooked into the fish which felt like a decent carp and had a 10min fight with it till it managed to unfortunately spit the hook, he re casted his rod back on the spot then back of to bed. Sunday morning another lovely 17lb 11oz common falling for a 12mm SaTaN pop-up!

Great catches Carl

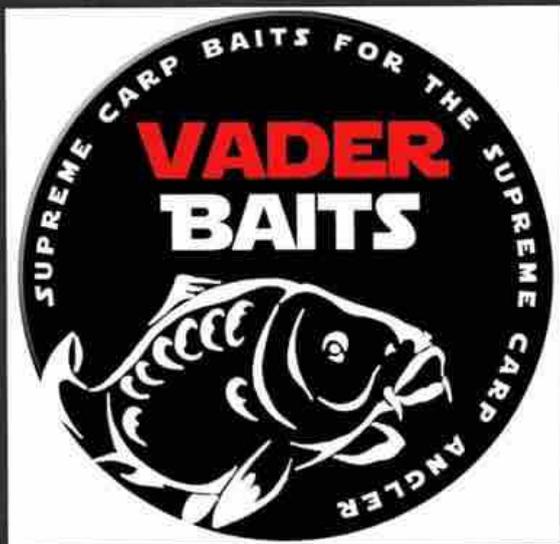


Team mates Matt and Luke went out for a 24hrs session over the weekend!! As soon as they arrived in their swim, they had the wind in their favour and witnessed a crash while setting up! Signs were good!! Luke Donald Hargrave choose to use an 18mm grafter boilie topped with a piece of corn inside a small solid bag filled with boilie crumb, matching 2mm pellet and grafter enhancer on his left hand rod .It had only been on the spot less than an hour when off the rod took and after a good battle with a stunning common he banked his new pb of 26lb some great angling and well done Luke !

Matt fishing similar tactics had to wait until dark for his chance! Using (testing) the new 14mm blackfudge boilie he stuck false maggot to the boilie that had a false corn topper on and used a small solid bag with a mix of boilie crumb live maggot and 2mm black fudge pellet + enhancer ! Just before 10pm his rod screams off and is grateful to see the net slide under this lovely 28lb+ mirror ! Awesome angling matt great way to open your 2019 account!!!!



Team member Richard headed to his local water on Friday evening for a 12 hour overnight session. With no luck in the recent weeks due to netting and a couple frosts he was hoping that the fish had turned back on. Setting out with a black fudge single in a pva bag of Grafter micro pellet and the other rod with a Grafter single and a pva bag of Grafter micro pellet he got to work. Shortly after the Grafter rod went into action resulting in a dropped run. Resetting the rod using the exact same method it sprung into life again resulting in a low double mirror being landed. The decision was made to switch both rods onto the Grafter and headed for bed. Thought the night the alarms sounded again resulting in a mirror this time the scales going 21lb 2oz. Set the rods again and back to sleep to be woken early hours of the morning to a screamer Richard had to really battle with this one from going around the island and fight hard to keep it out the reeds finally with it in the net the third mirror of the night and this one going 28lb 9oz the biggest fish that Richard has landed from his lake so far great angling Richard keep up the good work!



Team member Ross headed Todber Manor for a 48 hour session using SaTaN boilie crumb and a yellow 12mm Tutti frutti Tuna pop up in a solid bag presentation he managed to bag himself a named fish 'The Rhino' from the lake weighing in at 30lb 2oz great angling Ross keep up the good work!

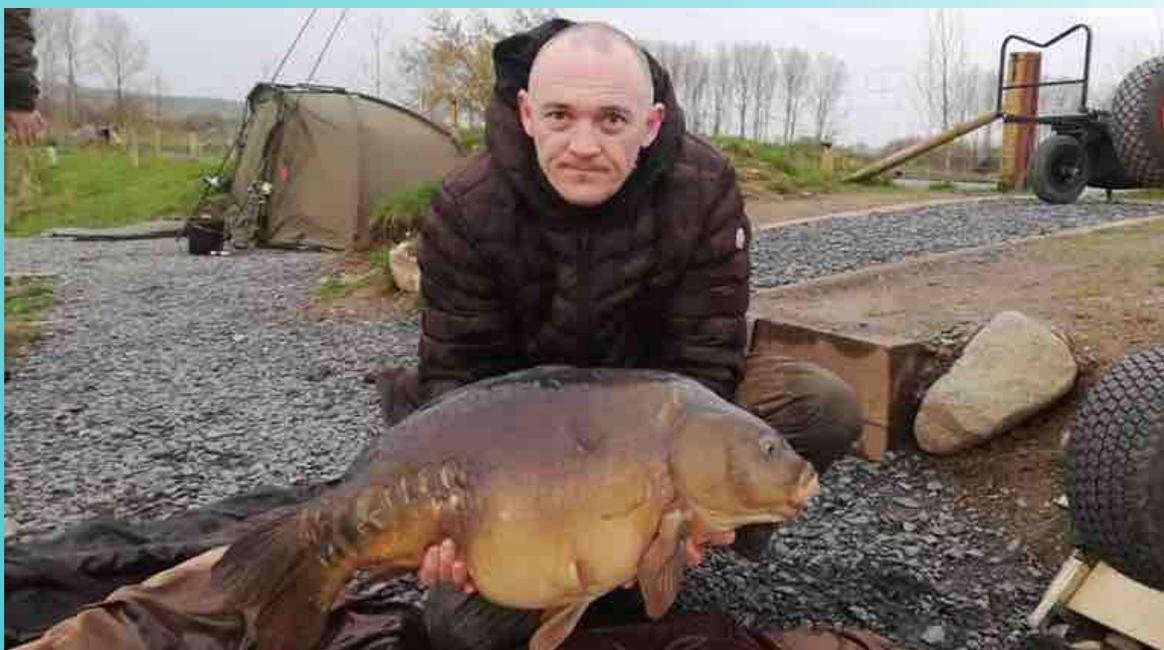
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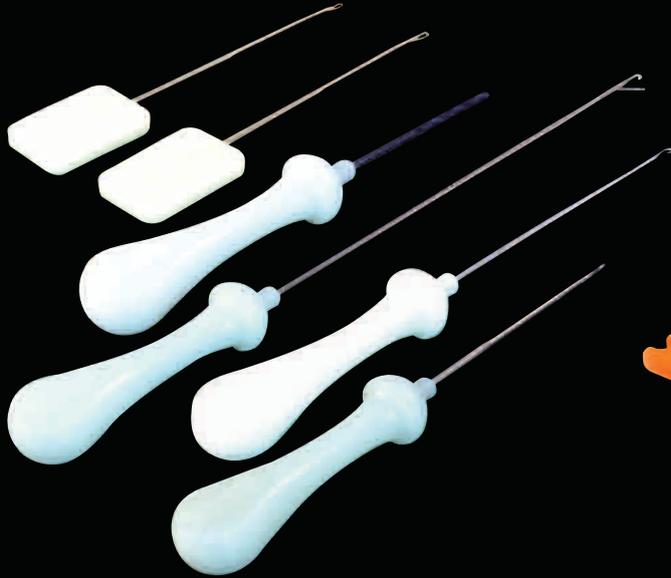
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 - Every life counts is a charity for dogs that a the UK for rehoming. One of the latest stories th
 - Lucy's 4 years of life has been full of pain a money making 'object', bred from, time and time body could take no more and her reproductive o use, she was thrown out in -15 degree temperat
 - 15TH – 17TH March 2019 – we held the o 28 pairs spread over Foxes, Bantons, Sunny sid
 - Well this week we have had it all with Storm Hannah towards the end of the week, with savag
 - 32 fishing being landed.
 - First place prize - £700 and 2 winter tickets
 - Second place - £350
 - Third place - £200
 - Biggest Fish – "The Pretty One" at a health
 - On Wyre Lake has been the first 35lb+ out
 - 27lb fully scaled mirror shortly after loosing
 - 21lb mirror just before first light
- All three fish were caught with a small scattering



liam
greenall
27lb wyre

www.wyresidelakes.co.uk



god and
jesus



Callum Reid
Snozza - 27lb
Bantons

Fisheries

in AID OF EVERY LIFE COUNTS – Donated
are rescued from romanina and bought over to
at touched us espically was a dog named Lucy.
and abuse. Her ears cruelly cut off , used as a
again, litters removed and sold, until her poor
organs literally disintegrated. No longer of any
ures and left to die.
our first ever Wyreside Open Doubles Match with
e 1 and Sunny side 2
m Gary at the beginning of the week and Storm
ge winds and torrential rain.

ny 32lbs.
t this year with the name of SPIKE
g one
of boilies.



Howard
25lbs Wyre



Jack
Smallman
26lb
sunnyside 2



josh morris
double

01524 792093

White Springs

GARNSWLLT RD
PONTARDULAIS
SWANSEA

SA4 8QG
TEL: (01792) 885699



Dan Smith
22lb 8oz
common 6a

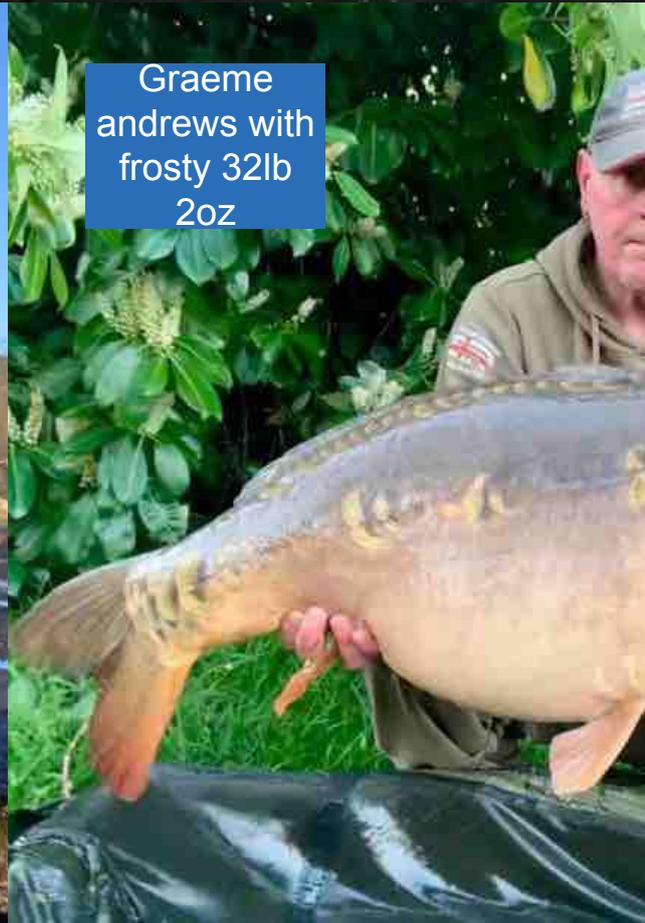


Mr Tuts 33lb
1oz Leon
Aubrey

Graeme
Andrews 21lb
mirror



Graeme
andrews with
frosty 32lb
2oz





Justin Davies



Stuart little
11lb common



Jonathan
Daniels 37lb
8oz warrior



It's time

Elite Tackle

Stand out from the crowd.... Don't

to get Serious!!.....



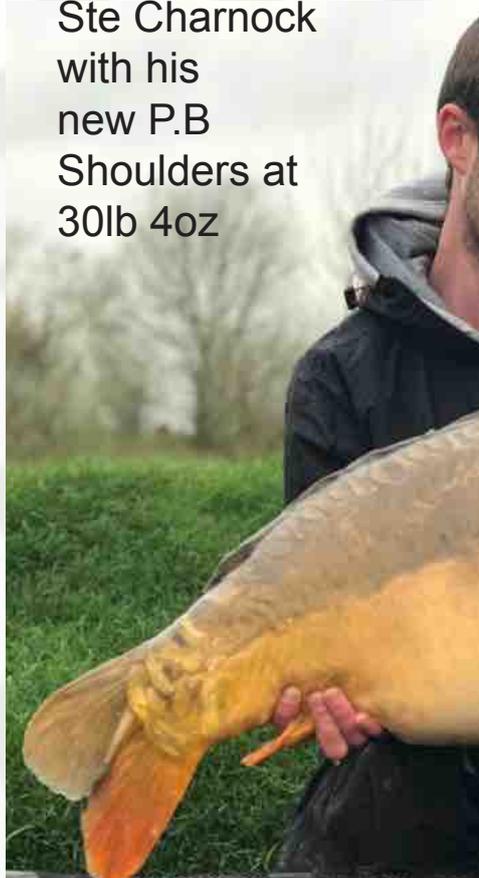
e.co.uk
fade into it !!

Brooms Cross Fishery

Specimen carp and coarse



Jake Sanderson with a Brooms Cross lump, The Bullet just shy of 30 at 29lb 14oz from Upper Alt..



Ste Charnock with his new P.B Shoulders at 30lb 4oz



Louis Lyon with a brand new 20 for Upper Alt at 23lb on the nose.



Will Carol smashed his P.B with Shoulders at 30lb 4oz.

Brooms Cross Fishery

Specimen carp and coarse



Ryan Taylor with a stunning 19lb 12oz from Upper Alt



Rich Hall with Courteys Fish, smashing through the 30lb barrier and coming in at 32lb 6oz.



Dave Tozer had a day session on Pilsworth res trying to break his zig curse he appears to have... when nothing was forthcoming on zigs, Dave switched over at around 5 pm to size 8 viper tackle curve on a Ronnie rig balanced with a 12mm white banoffee popup perfectly and resulted in the downfall of this beast.

Your Name: Dean Brandreth
type of fish and weight 16lb 5oz common carp
Location of catch Cheshire club lake
Info about the catch Dean had been out of fishing for years to sort his career Then decided to get back into it He has started going with his dad again and caught his first 2019 carp The weekend was going to be a blank, until he was packing up and his left rod ripped off and netted a 16lb 5oz common carp to save a blank It fell to Spotted Fin pineapple pop up on the bottom on a d-rig Plus with Taska Baseline end tackle.





Your Name: Dominic Jennings

type of fish and weight Common carp 25lb 3oz

Location of catch Wintons fishery Burgess Hill

Info about the catch Done a quick night fish seeing that the pressure was dropping.

Didn't take the bivvy as doing a quick night, the wind and the rain didn't get the better of me, I sat up all night and saw a fishing roll about 3am so cast on to it and at 4:30am my alarm single toned.

The common called my angry put up a brilliant fight after picking up my single bottom with 2 freebies around it.

Mainline cell boilie



Had a great weekend on club lake had a 11 fish haul caught on a viper size 6 curve Shank slip d style with 14mm link popups. Darrell.



Well what a way to start when joining to the Taska Team Mike Jones wasted under his belt with these two stunning Mike.





a new team... new member
no time in getting some fish
ng dark mirrors. Well done



Your Name: Scott Ordish

type of fish and weight Carp 34lb

Location of catch Loveclough

Info about the catch On arrival the wind was high with a strong gust, around 24mph. Mixed warm and cold.

All three rods in position traps set, watching the water looking for signs of showing fish with no avail, two things they were either going to be following this wind or getting behind it... anyway eyes peeled on the lake still no shows or any signs, light was just starting to fall, had the lines extremely tight bobbing almost touching the alarms. Around 19.30 the bobbing on the middle rod slammed down to the floor, mega drop back.

Struck into this fish, felt heavy. Nerves going... plodding... rod tip just slowly bending over (you just know you have a decent fish) got under the rod tip the scary heart in mouth moment, fish was just bedding down... giving the fish line, eventually he gave up. Slipped him over the net. 34lb new pb common.



Team Taska member Ryan Hoare has been itching to get back on the bank after breaking his foot, and he returned in fine style on Monks Pit, banking 7 fish including this 30lb common and 41lb 2oz mirror
Taska Baseline products pinning his rig for perfect presentation!



Your Name: Karl Brandreth
type of fish and weight Common carp 22lb 8oz
Location of catch Cheshire club lake
Info about the catch I had been there for three days and was packing up to go home, it was looking like a blank for me and my son Dean
But Dean's Rod burst in to life and had netted a 16 lber which saved him a blank.
Then an hour later my left rod went into melt down
And I netted this pristine common at 22lb 8oz And saved me blank
My carp fell to Spotted Fin Smokey Jack & pineapple snowman With Taska Baseline end tackle





Your Name: Anthony Doran
type of fish and weight Catfish
Location of catch Sefton park, Liverpool
Info about the catch Team X Stream member Anthony Doran landed this nice 20lb Common after a rude awaking from his alarms, it was a good night for the Doran brothers, well done men. That is park life..



Your Name: Chris Fell
type of fish and weight Mirror carp
Location of catch Sefton park, Liverpool
Info about the catch Team X Stream member Chris Fell, enjoying his 1st session of the year after a 6 months family break from fishing in the cold winter, he came back today 1st day of spring and picked a good spot to catch this lovely park scaley Mirror carp.

Your Name:

James

type of fish and weight

Mirror carp

Location of catch

Sefton park, Liverpool

Info about the catch

Team X Stream

member James with this lovely park warrior hooked on Tiger nut after a long fight. Park life



Your Name:

Joseph Lee

type of fish and weight

Common carp

Location of catch

Stanley park

Info about the catch

Catch report by Team X

Stream member Joseph Lee with this beauty park lake Common. 16 lbs park lake common 12 hours into the session well done mate top angling





Your Name: Josh Doran
type of fish and weight Catfish
Location of catch Sefton park, Liverpool
Info about the catch Team X Stream member Josh Doran landed this beauty after a slow start the alarms started ring and after a nice fight, he was surprised to this beast



Your Name: Lewis
type of fish and weight Common carp
Location of catch Sefton park, Liverpool
Info about the catch Catch report Team X Stream member Lewis with this beast of a Common Carp on this time fishing a new water, well done mate, top angling

Your Name: Alex Miljus

type of fish and weight

Mirror Carp 31lb 1oz

Location of catch

Linear, B1

Info about the catch I've been fishing 3 years and carp fishing since June 2018. I set myself a goal this year to get a 20 lber. I couldn't believe it when I landed this one!! Thankfully my great friend Matthew Cudworth who's been mentoring me, and Mark Steer as the fish had a rig tied round its bottom lip and there's no way I could have taken the pictures on my own. It was caught on Sunday morning after Storm Erik, caught on a single IB waffer.



Your Name: Christopher Morrell

type of fish and weight

18lb 9 oz

Location of catch

Woodland Waters, Lincs

Info about the catch

First carp trip of the year and this was the biggest of 3 carp. Caught on Xcel baits KSC/washed out pink KSC popup snowman hookbait over KSC soaked in CSL liquid.



munch baits

Citrus Blend Syrup

**A completely versatile PVA friendly syrup loaded with citrus extracts and organic acids developed to supply an easy to use tool for enhancing a multitude of baits. Due to its naturally dense consistency and water soluble ingredients it will disperse through the layers starting from the bottom up. Available in 500ml bottles
RRP £7.99**



Citrus Blend Boilies

**Bringing a new concept to high attract baits. Due to the inclusion of soluble low-range PH ingredients the Citrus Blend changes the surrounding waters PH level which mimics natural food signals. The ultimate bait for instant results no matter the water temperature. Available in 1kg resealable bags – 14mm/18mm
RRP £8.99**



Pink Fruit Syrup

**This remarkably dense viscous liquid has the ability to instantly heighten the attractive properties of any bait it is added to. Creating a stimulating glaze that will instantly disperse through the water layers from the bottom up. An impressive blend of soluble liquid fruit tinctures and powdered enhancers it will work effectively in any water temperature. Available in 500ml bottles
RRP £7.99**



munch baits



Pink Fruit Pop-Ups

These ultra-buoyant pop-ups boast a distinctively smooth fruity aroma due the complex fusion of liquid fruit tinctures and powdered enhancers. Using a superior buoyancy aid and food based ingredients they will remain popped up indefinitely continuously leaking soluble feed triggers.

**Available in 200ml tubs – 14mm/18mm
RRP £4.99**

Sweet Stim Syrup

This extremely dense PVA syrup has been specifically formulated to provide a universal tool to enhance the attractive properties of any bait it is added to. Packed full of natural sugars and specific soluble stimulants it instantly releases feed inducing triggers.

**Available in 500ml bottles
RRP £7.99**



Sweet Stim Stickmix

An extremely versatile ready-to-use stickmix manufactured from a revolutionary formulation of natural sugars and specific stimulants. Due to a mixture of liquid and powdered enhancers it has a distinctive texture that is easily compressed but will still break down quickly releasing a bed of food sized particles to trigger and sustain feeding.

**Available in 1kg resealable bags
RRP £5.99**



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Thankyou for reading and your
continued support

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

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dave@talkingcarp.co.uk



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

'The Talking Carp Team'

Brian Dixon
Mark Faulkner
Dave Harnick Snr

OUT
NOW



THE LINK UP!

Since we dived 'The Link' concept, countless prototypes have enabled us to 'lock-on' to what REALLY makes this fishmeal bait tick. In its final formula as an active, dedicated biter, **The Link™** has now proven itself on the World's most demanding venues to the World's most demanding anglers and will be ready to prove itself on what your fishing has been missing. Imminently. Isn't it time you linked-up with Mainline?

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