

Autumn's approach

By Myles Gibson

It doesn't feel like five minutes since I was sat behind the rods waiting for the first shows of the year, praying for the fish to wake up from their winter slumber and start mooching around the lake once again, now yet again the surrounding trees have started to lose their leaves and the summery green look is being replaced with an orangey golden colour as the autumn is upon us once again. The next few months have to be my favourite time of the year by far, as the water temperature starts to cool and the daylight hours are decreasing the carp know that winter is well and truly on its way and we as anglers can capitalise on this fact, as if you can locate their feeding areas they should be more than catchable as they feed up for the coming winter!

Now I will bring you up to date on what has been happening for me over the past month or so on the big pond. I have continued to fish hard, fishing a three night session most weeks and have managed to give a couple more of the elusive Stoneacre carp a sore lip. Although nothing colossal has found itself in the folds of my net I have managed a few more of the stunning upper twenties that the pit homes. I had been paying a swim known as Crows Point a fair bit of attention as at the time it was an area the fish would use either as a passing point or to feed on a regular basis. I had found some lovely looking areas out at mega long range at around one hundred and seventy five yards from the bank, (you can wade fifteen or so yards which makes life a lot easier).

There were small gravel scrapes around the size of a bucket lid with low lying onion weed around the size of a small bivvy



surrounding the spots; they were certainly spots created by the fish, but due to the range they were at I was unable to reach them at the time. Mainly down to the twelve year old rods being more than past their sell by date. I was looking at getting a new set of rods very soon so I decided to bait two of these spots heavily every chance I got. Not wanting to make the spots much bigger and therefore an easy target for fellow anglers I would take my time in baiting the spots basically covering the gravel scrape and a foot into the onion weed. On the first hit each spot received five kilo of whole and chopped N-Gage XP. The following week I was lucky enough to get back in the same swim and on checking the spots it was clear that they had munched the lot and both spots were now around two feet square in size. I had that week been welcomed

into the Grays academy and had seen and had a go with Ed's thirteen foot three and a half test Torsions and was very impressed to say the least- these things can't half chuck a lead.

That was the rod situation sorted, and knowing that on my next session down I would be able to get a hookbait to the baited long spots, I was buzzing to say the least and both spots had another good hit of the N-Gage in preparation for the coming week. I arrived the following Monday morning armed with the new rods, I had spooled two of the reels with fresh ten pound mono with long braided leaders for the two long spots. I wanted to use the leaders twenty plus yards long as I wanted the leader well and truly on the spool when I got out and above the weeded fish. Anyway I couldn't believe my luck when I saw noone was in the swim, so I loaded the boat and made my way round the lake grinning like a Cheshire cat. The first job was to get afloat and check the baited areas; sure enough they were both polished so the H-Block markers were dropped, that's two rods sorted. The other two were fished to a large silt bed off to the right where I had also kept a bit of bait trickling in. On checking the Met office I knew that there weren't any strong winds due that week, just a gentle south westerly....perfect! The new rods took a bit of getting used to but I soon had hook baits close to each of the longer spots- one of them was so on the money it was untrue. I thought it was close to the marker but when I looked through the aqua scope and saw my little two-tone black and white hook bait sat right in the middle of the small gravel scrape and the hinged pop up rig sat sweet I think the words were something like 'surely that's gotta go'. The other was just short of the spot, it had landed in the light onion weed but the pop up hook bait was clearly on show. Both rods were baited with a kilo of whole and chopped baits and that was it, traps set, they were staying out there till they got picked up or it was time to go. The other two were done in no time at all as I already knew the clips for the large silty area.





I use bright hook baits for most of my fishing and with all the rods done by early evening I settled down with the standard chicken curry and an early night. I woke around three in the morning so decided to flick the kettle on and sit up to see if I could hear anything moving, a couple wellied out that sounded very close to the longer rods and as the morning sun made its way over the tree line I saw a good fish come half out the water then flop back in just at the back of the area.

I saw another two show close by over the next few hours and was sure a take would come any moment. Just when I thought my chance was gone at around tennish one of the rods slowly tightened up and pulled out the clip, the fish was weeded from the off so I jumped in the boat and started winding myself out to where it had found sanctuary, with the leader well on the spool I started to heave the lot up, a weed bed the same size of my boat was soon on the surface next to me with my lead core right in the middle of it all. I slowly started pulling and tugging away at the weed bed, the hooked fish soon woke up and started thrashing around, the braided leader soon cut through what weed remained around the fish and I was back in direct contact. A short tow around later and I lifted the net around a scale perfect mirror. On the Ruebens she went twenty eight pounds, fifteen ounces. I was well chuffed with the result to say the least.

Nothing else happened for me that trip but I made sure to bait the long spots along with the silty area off to the right quite heavily on my last night in the hope the area would be vacant when I returned. Sunday night was soon back around and saw me heading south, pulling in to the carp park in the early hours eager to see if luck was on my side again and the popular area would be free. It wasn't to be though, not surprising really as the pond is relatively busy, even mid week, and for a pond of over forty five acres if the fish turn up in a particular area then there are very few swims that enable you to get at them. For example if they are spending time out at range in the south end of the pit then there is only four or five swims at the most that were you can get on them. I fished a swim I mentioned in my previous piece 'left gravelly' that week but to no avail. I did see plenty that trip though so it was clear that they were still spending a lot of time down that end of the lake. I was lucky enough to get back in the swim the following week and over a three nighter I managed a really nice mirror of twenty six pounds twelve ounces from the long spot again and received a take from the large silty area to the right, unfortunately I lost that one very close to the net, it wasn't a massive fish though, a common looking around the upper twenty mark, a gutter none the less.



That pretty much brings it up to date on what's been going on, I did get another chance the last time I went though, it was on a floater as well. I had found a few fish getting close in the cafe bay I moved on to them and after a short while got one or two taking the odd floater. After a frustrating few hours I finally got my chance but I was only in contact with the fish for thirty seconds or so before the hook slipped, I was gutted as to my knowledge there isn't that many captures on the floaters so that one would have really been nice.



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