

Really Wrecked SAC newsletter

Number 50, July 2016



As this is the 50th newsletter I have sent out to you all, I feel I should do something special to mark the occasion. But what? I thought of a Super Tackle Giveaway seeing how my tackle is rusting gently in a forgotten corner of my shed, but then, who wants rusty tackle? Apart from Steve, Adam and Smed, of course, but they've got enough of their own, so that's a non-starter.

Then I considered putting some actual jokes in, and actually making it funny, but as I don't know any jokes and none of you has a sense of humour, that seemed pretty pointless too. Then I considered something more abstract, like sending you photograph of some brutalist 60s architecture instead of a newsletter, or disguising the text as a Pokemon so that all you mad-keen Pokemon Go-ists can traipse around looking for it, like you would, of course. But that's just bloody stupid, so I'm not doing that either.

Sean suggested I write it as a sonnet, though I prefer epic poetry, as I'm sure you can imagine, but, despite the all-round brilliance of this suggestion and of the person making it, I have decided to save that for the 100th edition, when, with any luck, we'll all be dead.

So instead, I went back to the source and read Newsletters 1 and 2 all over again. Straight away I was transported back to a more innocent time, when we were in our 30s and 40s, the seas were full of fish, and some of Steve's reels hadn't seized up entirely. What struck me, other than the references to anglers who no longer fish with us, despite not having had the decency to die, was that they actually contained useful, fishing-related information. You know, like about how to catch different species, and what the club approach to fishing actually is. Okay, actually only number 1 had that sort of stuff in it, and by the time we got to number 2 it was all childish mockery and unpleasantness, but my main point remains true. These newsletters were originally intended to be helpful and encouraging for novices and experts alike. When I say "experts" obviously I mean "novices with some of their own tackle".

So in that spirit I have decided to return to first principles and write up a genuinely informative newsletter which will encourage all those of you

who fish with us regularly to redouble your efforts, and those whom we haven't seen for a while (like me, for example) to book up a few trips, because, horrid childish teasing and boorish banter aside, we'd actually love to see you. And if you're worried about feeling a bit useless, seeing how expert we must have become in the years since you last fished with us... A moment's reflection will dispel that nonsensical notion. Age and experience have just made our hands shakier, our memory of what works less reliable and our eyesight worse. It's just like it always was. With more falling over.

Club Dinner

This was well-attended, with many of the usual boisterous crew, though obviously we still miss Beef, and for some reason Jonathan wasn't there. I think he was doing some kind of arms deal in Syria or the Ukraine. Steve was also missing for the first time ever because he had decided to go and travel the length of Chile in a camper van, which meant that he was in a shack in Tierra del Fuego showing his tattoo to the Chilean gay community instead of where he should have been, in the Dorset Arms, drinking Old and talking bollocks with his friends. Well, some people who know him anyway.

As it turned out, we needn't have worried as, thanks to the magic of Skype we actually had a video conference with the grizzled old bastard himself, all the way from some godforsaken two-horse town in the middle of nowhere. Technology truly is a surprisingly fabulous thing, when you think about it. Apart from when you're on hold waiting for a Virgin Media Technology idiot to tell you to reboot your wireless router for the eleventh time. So Steve was there, in spirit at least, and maintains his 100% attendance record.

Another highlight was an emotionally charged ceremony in which we celebrated Chris's 50th birthday. Adam organised this, and many of you contributed to the present which formed the centrepiece to the event. Chris was visibly moved by the whole thing. Obviously, initially what we gave him was a crappy £9.99 beginner's rod 'n' reel kit in a fetching shade of magenta, which Chris actually appeared to believe we intended to

give him. However, as the reel on this particular kit featured LEDs that lit up when you cranked the handle, Adam and I had fallen in love with it and wanted it for ourselves, so we swapped it for a very lovely Snowbee **Deep Blue** Titanium Skad 20lb class rod. Yummy.

For future reference, if any of you end up on the receiving end of one of these present-giving ceremonies, remember, you're not actually going to get the rubbishy thing we pretend to give you first up, we have bought you something else, and we will eventually give it to you. Except for Adam's 70th or 80th or whatever his next significant milestone is. In that instance I can absolutely guarantee that the rubbish we hand over to him initially is the rubbish he'll be taking home.

Obviously, personally, I didn't especially want to give Chris his lovely present, not after the fuss he kicked up when I awarded myself the Really Eely Tankard, shouting and heckling about some trifling eel that he failed to get weighed at some point in the fantasy version of reality that he inhabits. But those of you with long memories will remember that this is what Chris always does when I catch a gargantuan snake, so I forgave him, and we were all one big happy fishing family once more.

So now, finally, we come to the trip reports. This is where I can get in my super-helpful comments about what works and what doesn't, what tactics to employ and what tackle is great. Well it would be, except that I'm not sure whether I actually went on any trips at all this year, and so I'm relying for my "facts" on the memory of Adam Frost. What he doesn't know about fishing could fit on a scrap of paper the size of the galaxy Andromeda, as long as you wrote really, really small. And missed out quite a lot of the stuff he doesn't know and maybe just focused on the stuff he really ought to know. That means it may be quite hard to glean any actual fishing information from his reports, but here goes.

24th Feb Pollack on the drift

This was our first trip after pollack of the year. It was cold, but we set off in good spirits, as the sea was flat and we were headed to the 'bass wreck' about 28 miles off. When we got there, *Brighton Diver* and *Sea Leopard* were already drifting it, presumably because (here comes the first fishing tip), their crews didn't fanny around for ages and had arrived promptly on the boat, and so got to the wreck in plenty of time. However, those other losers soon cleared off,

once it became clear that there were some real masters about. Pollack means lures on a long flowing trace, so on went the shads, redgills and sidewinders, and down they went to drift over the wreck.



Who's this oddly familiar fellow with the huge 39lb carp? Could it be Ian Gray? (Kindly note the absence of 'huge fat-bellied specimen' jokes.)

It was a big tide, which meant fast drifts, about 3 knots, for much of the day. Dave also reckoned the water was still a bit cloudy after 3 months of storms. That made it hard going. Hard, but not impossible. We did manage to take a few fish, with bass to almost ten pounds and pollack to sixteen. Sadly, the biggest specimens were all taken by three of Dave's regulars, as we had been unable to fill the boat with Really Wrecked members. (These extras were the "real masters" I mentioned earlier.) In fact, so reluctant were actual club members (that's you lot. And me.) to go fishing, that the trip was only properly quorate thanks to Adrian digging out another of his seemingly endless supply of friends who don't mind fishing with idiots. So welcome to the club, Martin Arnold. You may be tempted sign up for more trips, but don't do it, Martin, no good'll come of it, you mark my words.

Our lot did manage a few decent fish though, with Kim landing the best (club) bass of eight pounds and the best (club) pollack of 15lb. His brother Clive also managed a pollack or two, which was a major relief to him since these were the first pollack he'd caught on a club trip since pre-decimalisation days.

Adam, on the other hand, fished with even less than his usual aplomb. His fake deafness ("Sorry, I didn't hear you ask for a pint") has turned in to real deafness now, so he is entirely unable to hear the Skipper's "Away you go/Wreck

coming up/Down the back of it now/Up you come boys, we'll go round again" which means that he's constantly asking "What was that?" and "Did he just say that it's 'Down the crack of a cow'?" So (fishing tip number 2) if you don't want to be constantly telling Adam what Dave said, to the detriment of your fishing time, make sure you're on the other side of the boat. But (fishing tip number 3) in order to prevent Adam fishing on for hours after the wreck has passed, delaying Dave's steam back uptide and losing us all valuable fishing time, remember to repeat "UP YOU COME ADAM!" very, very loudly at the end of every drift.

Adam also managed to snap his brand new Greys Advent 15-20 rod on a snag on about the fourth drift. Far be it for me, or any other club member, to revel in another's misfortune but... well, we're all thinking it, aren't we? As you all know, under Club Rule 42b, all breakages must be paid for by Robin Eyles, so presumably by now Robin has bought Adam a new one. If not, the club lawyers will be swinging into action.

All in all, not a bad day, with about 15 pollack and 12 bass taken, including some decent fish.

22nd March Pollack, pollack, pollack

Another flat calm day saw us heading off into the middle of the Channel after more fat grey-green pollack. Dave worked hard all day, taking us to four different wrecks, but the fishing never really got going, with just the odd fish coming every so often. The fish were all taken about 35 turns up, which is higher than normal so remember (fishing tip number 4), if you're not getting anything in your usual 20 turns, keep winding, and try this throughout the drift, you don't know where the fish are going to be sitting.

Interestingly (and by that I mean "extremely boringly") *Sea Leopard* had been fishing the bass wreck that day, and apparently caught all its fish hard on the bottom. There's just no telling with fishing.

All the pollack we took coughed up sprats, so there was clearly a lot of food about, which may well account for the hard going. Sad to report, unlike the previous trip, Adam did rather well for himself, catching the most and the biggest pollack, though probably only because Luke, the now hulking, heavily moustachioed, Tom Sellick-impersonating son of Colin, was his designated carer for the day and was repeating Dave's instructions VERY LOUDLY.

In the end the crew managed about 20 pollack between them to 13lb, so not tremendous fishing, but not that bad, either.

4th May Um, pollack?

I shall gloss over this trip as far as possible. It was hard going, with the 6 hours over slack water particularly frustrating. Despite this, Beef, back from Oz (hurray!) managed to fluke a pollack on the decrepit old crap that Steve had lent him, assuring him that there was in fact a rod and reel somewhere under the rust, verdigris, spiders' webs and chicken shit that covered whatever it was that Beef was using.

The pouting fed well and Adrian's mate Russell eagerly hovered the lot up, claiming they were a delicacy in Stratford, E London. I think that says more about the East End than about the tastiness of pouting. As a result Adam has renamed these 'brown bream' as 'Stratford Salmon', and an amendment to club rules now states that this, officially sanctioned, nickname for the species, must be used by all members at all times.

Richard Hooper made it out on a trip without any illnesses of a life-threatening nature to spoil his day, or entertain the rest of us. Wonders will never cease. Having had his rod replaced by Robin, Adam managed to fish all day with this new new Greys Advent tip section without snapping it. Not even once! Well done the lad.



What's this? Beef and Richard Hooper out on a Really Wrecked trip at the same time? This picture has obviously been Photoshopped.

May 16th Cod and conger

A lovely day for it, with little wind and bright sunshine. Beef was with us again, as was long-time absentee Ian Gray. It's good to have you

back Ian. Maybe next time we'll let you catch some fish.

Also joining us after a period of absence was half of Brooksie. He has apparently had his second leg replaced with titanium steel and is basically the club Terminator now, but what we weren't expecting was the slim, not to say emaciated, figure that sauntered down the pontoon and on to the boat.

This willowy approximation of the great bear of a man that we know and despise was clearly too thin and feeble ever to have wielded a tazer or gone toe to toe with major figures of the British criminal underworld, so either the stories he's been telling us are the lies we always suspected them to be, or else he has been replaced, "Invasion of the Bodysnatchers" style, with an alien. If the latter, we can but hope the alien replacement is slightly less of a cunt than the original.

There is, apparently, a not-terribly-serious-or-embarrassing medical reason for his weight loss. Some thing to do with tonsils being removed or something, but I'm not 100% sure. I stopped listening after it emerged it wasn't embarrassing or life-threatening. On the other hand, once he had applied sun cream to his pinched features, he certainly looked like he was suffering from something terminal, or had recently joined the ranks of the undead.



Not Stratford salmon, but whatever Robin's holding looks almost as good.

Anyway, we steamed off south east and on the second wreck we drifted, we hit cod! Six rods bent as one, as our lures were snaffled by hungry predators. Next drift, four rods repeated the trick. At last, a trip to write home about! Yeah, as long as it was a letter of complaint. The rest of the 354 drifts of the day produced precisely two cod, so we got the hook down as soon as we possibly could.

The eel baits hadn't been in the water long before the telltale tugging of eels replaced the rattling of pout. Once again, several rods were bent in anger at the same time, as the eels began to feed in earnest. Sadly, for some reason, the eels that were feeding were eels that were auditioning for parts as replacement limbs for the new slimline Brooksie, so thin and lightweight were they. Biggest of the day was a 25lb leviathan which that one-time eel-crazy-fiend Rab subdued with his usual dogged mixture of stupidity and unpleasantness.

As Adam said in one of his "No this isn't a newsletter Ben, I just want to make you feel even more redundant and useless than you already feel" not-a-newsletter trip-report newsletters, if that feeble specimen wins the Really Eely Tankard, we'll have to melt it down. I'd go further and say that we'd also have to feed the molten award to Rab, as fully justified punishment for bringing this great old trophy into such disrepute.

27th June Flatfish Cup

At last the day of reckoning had arrived. Les managed to bribe enough of his ex-friends from Newick to brave the humiliation of being utterly outfished by the superior anglers and human beings of the Really Wrecked Sea Angling Club. So confident were we, we even allowed Les the home advantage of fishing aboard "his" man's boat i.e. Colin Penney's *Flamer*.

The teams

Heroes: Adam, Ben, Andy ('Barks') and Chris

Zeroes: Les, Simon, Kim, Pete + one of Colin Penney's special friends (only on board to act as a tangling saboteur, a role he embraced with great enthusiasm, tangling the Really Wrecked team's anglers with monotonous and predictable regularity. Somehow he managed to make it seem as though every one of our team were fishing between Smed and Jonathan all day.)

The plaice fishing at Weymouth is rubbish and has been for a couple of years. It turns out the vast, plenteous mussel beds are not actually indestructible, and the winter storms of three years ago literally ripped them away, leaving nothing for the plaice to feed on. Last autumn, it looked as though the mussels were making a comeback, with nets coming up with small ones, until this winter's storms just washed them all away again.

So the mussel beds have gone, and there are no plaice left off Weymouth, so we spent the day

drifting the Shambles for turbot and brill. The Hookers occupied one side of the boat and we occupied the other and, with our frozen mackerel defrosted and cut into strips, we set to drifting.

As you know, when a boat drifts, the people on one side of the boat fish with their lines going downtide away from the boat, while those on the other side fish with their lines going downtide and under the boat. The wind can complicate this, but it's broadly true, and as you know, it's much easier and more pleasant to fish with your lines going away from the boat. For the first few drifts, while we had the last of the flood, we Wreckers were on the nice side of the boat, though the wind was pushing us, so that our lines went more towards the back of the boat than away from it. But still, it was nice.

The day started well for us. Andy Barker finally managed to thread an entire rod without missing out a single ring, possibly for the first time in his angling career. Unfortunately, it seemed that ring-threading incompetence was actually contagious and that Chris Grant had got a bad case of it. First off, after fishing unhappily away for an entire drift, he realised the reason line wasn't peeling freely off his reel was because he'd got it wrapped around the blank between rings. This was particularly poignant because this was the new rod that the club had given Chris for his 50th birthday, getting its first outing, after loads of cancelled trips.

The fact that the predominant colour of the rod was blue, and hence cursed, according to club lore, did not, at that stage, cause any mutterings of a hoodoo, and Chris rethreaded his rod, taking care this time not to wrap it around the blank, but instead to take the most direct route through the rings. And he very nearly succeeded. Apart from the trifling mistake of missing out one of the less important rings on the way up, Chris got it absolutely spot on. There were definite whispers about "the curse of the blue rod" to be heard then, but undeterred, Chris retackled for a third time.

I'd really like to be able to report that this time, the line went up one side of the rod only and through all the rings, but I'm afraid I just can't. Somehow, the man who practically runs the Amex operation in the UK single-handed, managed to get the relatively-basic-to-all-forms-of-fishing procedure of threading the rod wrong FOR A THIRD TIME.

By this stage, Adam was splashing Chris with holy water, pressing his hand on Chris's forehead, yelling "The power of Christ compels you!", having already built a small pyre in the corner where he intended to immolate the blue

rod, thus freeing us from its baleful influence. However, Chris insisted he be given one last chance and finally, somehow, he managed the all-but-impossible, and tackled up in a relatively traditional manner. You may think I'm exaggerating events, but I'm not. If anything I am underplaying them, with the possible exception of the scene from the Exorcist, which happened exactly as I've related.

So we were now all fishing, and all our lines could spill freely from our reels. Unfortunately, by this stage, the Hookers were already two fish up on us. Undeterred, Andy struck back, and then Chris scored another flatfish, thereby, in one fell swoop, christening his new rod, giving the lie to the blue rod hoodoo nonsense and taking us into the lead in the competition by about an inch and a half.

I don't know whether you remember, or care, but these days the Flatfish Cup is fished on total length of fish caught, with adjustments for any uneven numbers of anglers on either team. Even without the adjustment for us only having four anglers to their five fishmongers, we were in the lead, by a solid inch and a half.

Unfortunately, it was at this point, approximately one hour into a ten-hour competition, that the tide swung round, and we, the Really Wrecked SAC anglers, found ourselves fishing under the boat for the rest of the day. I'm not saying that this is the sole reason why this was the last moment of the day when we were in the lead, but it definitely made it slightly less fun. Actually no, I AM saying that is the sole reason why we lost. I think next year I shall suggest either the boat alternates the downtide side every drift, or, if that's not possible, that the teams swap over each drift.

It was fun anyway, despite that, especially as we did all catch flatfish. Bearing in mind that we've spent hours drifting the Shambles for flatties and caught nothing, when I say that the four intrepid Wreckers caught 6 turbot and lost, it was actually quite a good day. In the end, the Hookers had 13 flatfish for 180.5 inches to our six for 86 inches, so well done to them. They fished well and hardly gloated at all. Neither of those statements is true. They did win however.

In addition to the 15 turbot to 8lb 8oz (this mighty beast being caught by our very own Reverend Adam Frost) and four brill to 5lb, we also had a small tope, a smallish blonde, an undulate of 10lb 12oz, a bass of 4lb and many dogfish, so it really was a good day's fishing. I must point out that both the undulate and the bass were taken by Chris Grant, so despite his super-efficient start to the day, his rod has

emerged entirely blameless for the debacle, and, even better, we even managed to get some pictures of Chris with fish.



Yeah, yeah, you won, blah, blah. Kim with a lovely 5lb brill. Which should have been ours.

4th July Cod and pollack

This was a reasonable day, with force 3 ish winds making it comfortable to fish, without being 100% safe from tumbling Kims. Obviously summer had not yet arrived, what with it only being July. So while thermals and flotation suits were optional, there was no suggestion of fishing in T-shirts. Obviously Steve was in shorts, but with legs like his, why wouldn't you?

We headed due South and ended up in the vicinity of the Greenwich Light Vessel. This was a rearranged trip, so the tide was not exactly ideal, being enormous, meaning we scooted over the wrecks at around three and a half knots for most of the day. That's fast, and it took quite a lot of lead to keep a nice gilling angle (defined as between 30 and 45 degrees to the perpendicular) (fishing tip number 5) to our lines. Sometimes even 12 ounces was barely enough.

As you might expect with a big tide, a standard gilling long trace worked best, with longish versions (12-15 feet) most effective (fishing tip number 6). Rhubarb and custard lures caught well, though as per previous newsletters, my personal jury is out on whether colour makes much of a difference. Those who experimented with different trace length and or methods (hopper, slow jig - see future newsletters for further information) (possibly, if I'm still feeling helpful) did less well, but it's important to keep trying different things, especially on hard days, as you never know when you might hit on the killer method for the day (fishing tip number 7). I'd always start from the standard premise that the more tide there is, the longer the trace, the slower the retrieve and the closer to the bottom to concentrate your fishing, as a starting point though (fishing tip number 8).



A much better fish than that tiny brill. Adam poses with his eight and a half pound turbot.

We welcomed a new member, one of Dave's regulars called Kevin, who claims not to have hated every minute and that he intends to fish with us again. Like Groucho Marx in reverse, this club doesn't really want anyone as a member

who is stupid enough to want to join it, but what the hell, it's never stopped us before, so welcome aboard! History doesn't record exactly how many of the 18 cod to just under 10lb or six pollack to 6lb Kevin landed, but apparently it was more than anyone else. Maybe he just wants to join so we can make him feel like a decent angler in comparison. Tragically that hasn't worked for the rest of us.

Sadly for Russell, also present, this time we failed to catch any Stratford Salmon, so it's likely the good folk of East London went hungry that night. Perhaps they feasted on Mudchute pâté (I'll leave you to work out what that is for yourselves) instead.



Chris poses with an actual 10lb 12 oz undulate, caught on his blue rod, which we took an actual picture of.

Club Notices

Publishing News

Mick Deacon, the artist formerly known as Two Dogs, deserves our congratulations for his work in helping to set up a new fishing magazine - *Saltwater Boat Angling* - under the editorship of Jim Whippy. It looks pretty good, and I'd encourage you all to have a look. You can see for yourself what Mick looks like these days at <http://www.saltwaterboatangling.co.uk/#/the->

team/4592163771. It would be nice to see the man himself out on a boat with us, of course, but I expect he's much too busy putting together the next edition to come and fraternise with his old mates now that he's a friend of the stars.

Trip news

We're heading off to Weymouth for the summer trip at the end of next week, so you can expect one of Adam's "No this really isn't a newsletter, despite the fact that it looks like a newsletter" non-newsletters shortly afterwards, unless I manage to beat him to it and write up one of these real actual proper "this is a newsletter" newsletters within 24 hours of getting home. Betfred are offering 5000-1 and your money back for first time gamblers. We'll try and have fun, but it's getting harder and harder these days. I don't think it'll be too many years before we're going round town between the Balti House and the Boot on mobility scooters.

It's worth pointing out that while we miss Jari and would love him to back and fishing at Newhaven or on the Weymouth trip, his spiritual successor seems to have been appointed. With barely days left to go before the Weymouth trip, Smed has suddenly remembered a very important subsequent engagement, which makes him unable to attend the event he booked months ago. He may well be washing his hair, in which case, I completely understand, as this would probably take an entire weekend and simply can't be put off for even one more year.

Fashion news

VERY IMPORTANTLY, if you would like the *club 2016 summer T-shirt*, which is a cracker this year and guaranteed to be a collector's item in years to come, and an heirloom your family will treasure for generations, please let me know your size requirements ASAP and follow this up with £11 paid into the club account (details below). If you only buy one stupid fishing club summer T-shirt this year, make sure it's this one.

Financial news

If you haven't paid your £10 subs yet, please do. The club does have expenses and your contributions are necessary to help keep things going. If Russell, Martin and Kevin want to become real fishermen, they should pay up and send me a quick mail to let me know. Here are the club accounts details, though obviously you ought to have these saved in your own online account by now.

Sort code: 83-20-02

Account: 00245798

If you haven't paid your £300 for the summer trip, please do so ASAP and let me know when you've done it. That'd be grand.

Tackle News

Richard Wilson, having seen and marvelled at my Excalibur on a club trip to Weymouth, went straight into the Weymouth Angling Centre, handed over his wallet to Andy and said, "Help yourself." In exchange they gave him a lovely 20-40lb Excalibur, which means he's now a fully-paid up member of the Excalibur owners club and is entitled to sneer at all other club members' lesser rods. The fact that has hasn't been fishing since his purchase is neither here nor there.



Philip Pepper papped in pic with pretty passive pussy. It's a wels catfish taken on the River Ebro, for those who care more about facts than genius captions.

Nomenclature news

Mr. David Simpson would like it known that in fishing and bantering contexts he should henceforth be referred to as "Simmo" and NOT "Simp", "Simpers" or "Simply Sausages".

From our Australian correspondent

Beef writes from his Australian hideaway to tell us of his latest triumph. "I thought my latest debacle worth a mention," he writes. "An unremarkable day of drifting the reefs north of Brisbane for Pearl Perch and Terraglin, and anything else, turned into a memorable day for gear failure.

"First the top eye of my trusty Conoflex Matrix fell off, but after ten years (at least) I couldn't get too upset, and I had a spare rod. The fact that it was a Grey's Advent - of the instant failure type - did give me a moment of trepidation, but it functioned as it ought.

"Nothing to write home about there, you might think. But what of the complete failure of the new

and shiny Penn Fathom, barely an hour later? The bloody useless piece of shit ceased to have a working clutch lever after two hours of moderate use and will never work again unless someone from Penn makes me an offer I can't refuse.

"So for me it's back to Mr Shimano for the winding stuff and sod the cost. Anyone got a Calcutta in reasonable nick to offload?"

It sounds like Beef has had a rough time, and is making up for it by making an early bid for the Voodoo Hoodoo Award that Adam though was in the bag after his Advent debacle.

Now, finally, here's that epic poem I promised.

*A crumbling ruin called Sean,
Was completely addicted to porn.
He spent all of his nights,
Browsing special web sites,
Before falling asleep come the dawn.*

And now, finally, finally, if you haven't been out with us for a while (yes, Marvin, yes, Nick, I do mean you, and no, John Ham and Rick, I haven't given up on you either), please sign up for a trip or two, as it is really boring seeing the same, awful, miserable faces every time. Even if the people wearing them have probably been replaced by aliens or T1000s or zombies.

See you all soon, I hope.

Ben



Who's this? Magnum PI? Where's the moustache?