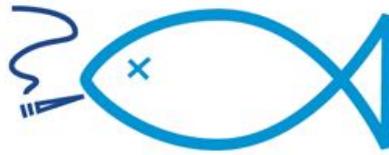


Really Wrecked SAC newsletter

Number 52, May 2017



One of the symptoms of growing old, apparently, is thinking that the world has gone to hell in a handcart. Another is using phrases like "gone to hell in a handcart", along with wondering how to get young Coster to stop spending all his time on Facebook. Well, as we look around at the carnage that surrounds us on all sides, and tsssk gently to ourselves while sucking disapprovingly on our Werther's Originals, it's reassuring to know that among the chaos, some things remain enduringly constant. Brooksie is still a cunt, I will use the C-word in the first paragraph of the newsletter, and the wind will always blow hardest on the days when we have a trip booked.

This phenomenon is known in meteorological circles as the "Ha Ha you've had another trip cancelled effect". That's the phenomenon of the wind blowing hardest on the days of our trips, of course. Meteorologists do, naturally enough, acknowledge, as does everyone else, Brooksie's cuntiness, but don't feel especially well qualified to comment on it, beyond general advice to avoid his company whenever possible and definitely to avoid putting to sea in more than a Force 2 Brooksie.

However, due to utterly unforeseen, not to say frankly unbelievable, circumstances, we have actually managed to get out on a couple of trips in the last few weeks, after a more typical start to the year which saw our first five attempts to go fishing cancelled without so much as a by your leave. This unfortunate alignment of the weather gods means that I have had to endure Adam's relentless nagging to write something stupid about fishing and send it to you, so here it is.

Before I rant on unfunnily about the fishing trips though, please allow me to rant on unfunnily about some other stuff which may or may not have some bearing on our lives as fishermen. Firstly, as you probably know, there are now a number of Marine Conservation Zones around the UK, and the evidence from those that have been in place for a while is that they bring huge benefits to the surrounding areas in terms of fish stocks. Secondly various regional fisheries

bodies, such as the Devon and Severn ICFA, and the Cornwall ICFA, are attempting to introduce bans on most kinds of netting in estuaries.

These efforts are being vigorously opposed by the commercial fishing industry, despite the fact that they will benefit in the medium term as much as, or more than, anyone else. However, it seems that turkeys still love Christmas and the fishing industry will always fight anything that threatens to safeguard their future and make fish stocks sustainable.

According to them all this green flim-flam and hippy nonsense is just so much bollocks, made-up by the well-organised and well-funded sport fishing industry. This ludicrous statement could only be made by people who had never been on a well-organised and well-funded Really Wrecked fishing trip or had tried to find the cash to pay the engraving fees for the 246 (and counting) trophies we currently hand out annually. The lobbying machine for the fishing industry is currently trying to persuade the Secretary of State for Stupidity that these proposed regulations (which she must approve for them to become law) must be blocked at all costs or else the Spanish will catch all our fish and sell them to the French for bouillabaisse or something equally horrific.

Well maybe the time has come to get a little less disorganised. Maybe it is time to write to the fuckwit in government (AKA the Secretary of State for the Environment, Food and Rural Affairs, AAKA the Rt Hon Andrea Leadsom) and let her know, remembering to CC your local MP, that in your opinion, protecting and preserving our fish stocks is quite a good idea, both for fishing and for tourism. It hasn't done Florida or Norway or Iceland any harm, has it? I, for one, would be quite happy to return to the days when 20lb cod, pollack and coalfish were reported in the fishing press on a weekly basis, and bass were as common and unexceptional as pouting. And don't get me started on turbot. Anyway, do something. Write something. It can only help. Except you, Barker, not unless you get a grown-up to check the spelling and punctuation before you send it. And the meaning.

Almost as importantly, the delightful boys and girls at the Weymouth Angling Centre have only gone and got themselves a lovely new web site, where you can now buy things at a really good price. Not only is it beautifully put together by a web developer of the very highest calibre, but the staff of the shop have spent a LOT of time getting the content right. So, go on, head off to www.weymouthangling.com, marvel at the ease with which you can find and purchase items, and then, on the last page of the checkout process, enter the code WRECKED101 to pay 10% less for your shiny things than you would otherwise have done. Whatever you do though, if you find anything wrong with the web site, or something that you don't like about it, DON'T TELL ME. I am not interested. My days of being helpful and friendly are over. Some might add "before they had begun", but they can fuck off.

Much less importantly, Adam has brought another lovely new web site to my attention, this one a new weather forecasting site. It's at www.windy.tv and if you don't instantly fall in love with the interface and graphics, you need to stop pretending that your laptop running Windows '98 ME can last "just one more year", and buy something a bit more up-to-date. It's gorgeous, and easy to use, and tells you all the same sorts of lies about the wind in the future as everyone else, but in an extremely pretty way.

Annual Dinner

Now, did I mention the annual dinner? I bet I did. Well, I meant to. It's hard to keep track of everything you know. Oh yes, there it is, in the heading. Right. So, well, yes, we did have a dinner this year, as we do every year. This year was very different though. Out went the old, boring awards and speech from the stuffy committee, and in came an entertaining and hilarious double act between Adam and me, featuring a few highlights from the previous year's fishing. It seemed to go down quite well. Of course, the rohypnol-based *amuse-bouches* before the starters may have helped a bit.

Somewhere in this newsletter is a list of all the lucky winners of trophies and special awards for 2016, so if you really want to know who won *Best small fish with slightly frayed fins and a brownish tinge (Sussex, shore section)* have a look through them. I think that prize is on page 652 or so. From memory, I think the winner of that one was Brooksie, though there is some concern, from the photo he presented to support his claim, that the "fish" was in fact his genitals. Though that concern does in fact apply to every photograph

that Brooksie has ever appeared in, including, of course, his lengthy modelling career in *Genital Fish Moulding Weekly* (incorporating *Sussex Sea Creature Sex Organ Displayist*).

There are a couple of items of note from the dinner. Firstly, for the FIRST TIME EVER the committee was unable to award one of the prestigious trophies. In this case, despite scouring our extensive and infallible archive of events from the past year, we were unable to find a single instance of vomiting, near-vomiting, slight nauseousness, a complaint of feeling bloated, indigestion, a bilious look or someone just being nauseating so we were entirely unable to foist the Breakfast Revisited Trophy on any unfortunate club member, either deservingly, or less so. Adam and I bravely dressed it up as a triumph of club manliness, but secretly we were heartbroken. Luckily this year the club has returned to former glories with an abundant, repeated and prolonged bout of full-on sea-sickness, the like of which we haven't seen since Robin's famous quay-side chuck (following a heavy night on the shandy in Weymouth. And when I say "the" shandy, I do mean one, half pint of actual shandy). Further details, in glorious technicolor, will be forthcoming in the trip reports.

In addition to being the traditional time of year for the club dinner, January is also the time when we mark the joyous occasion of Adam's birth. This year was particularly special as carbon-dating had revealed that Adam was about to become 6000 years old. By way of celebration, his long time carer and winner of the *All-England Trophy for Handling Intolerable Strain and Endless Rustling of Plastic Bags* (seven years running), Amanda Deadman, had organised a magnificent cake in the form of *Ocean Warrior* proudly riding the waves, with Adam and me on deck, with the "Adam" and "Ben" figurines fighting over a fish. This magnificent confection was a weekly winner in *The Great British Bake Off*, *The Fishing Race* and *Fish-O-Mania*, only the second time a cake has ever won the prestigious fishing competition.

Adam battled with what remains of his feelings manfully, and lost, and the tears in his eyes were clearly visible as he plunged head first into the icing and crammed half of the vast cake into his ravening maw.

After this moving spectacle, Adam was further moved by a second presentation. You, that is, the club, had come together to buy Adam a Daiwa Ryoga Bay 2025 multiplier, a reel so lovely as to warp the space-time continuum and silence Adam entirely, albeit briefly, as he cast his eyes

hungrily over the impossibly well-engineered and devilishly sexy chassis.

I (and possibly he) would like to thank all those who gave so generously to his birthday present fund, which grew so large that it briefly threatened to push RBS into profit for the relevant quarter. I don't want to single anyone out, but I would like to make special mention of Colin who put off completing the interminable renovation of his house to scrape together a suitable donation. Colin's house is now slated for completion in 2056, by which time Colin expects to be dead, an expectation we in the club intend to give him every assistance in achieving as swiftly as possible.



“It’s MY fish!” “No, it’s mine!” The cake seconds before Adam destroyed it.

Two Dogs "No Dogs" "Mick" Deacon was also among those attending the event and kindly brought a number of issues of his new magazine *Total Sea Fishing* (incorporating *South East Penile Sculpting Monthly*) for people to take away. Most attending took full advantage of the offer, despite few being able to read, and none recognising any of the fish species on display in the lovely photographs. It is a high quality mag, and if you

haven't had a look yet, please do, otherwise I may never see my family again. Will this do Mick? Please don't cut any more parts off.

Lastly and belatedly, Adam has finally got off his vast, pimply arse and put the fishing date allocations up on our delightful web site at <http://www.reallywrecked.com/news-and-dates/dates>. Even better, I have arisen from my athletic and toned posterior and coded a new little scriptlet, which takes all the fishing date allocations which Adam has finally managed to add and has put them together into a handy list organised by name. This lives here: <http://www.reallywrecked.com/news-and-dates/your-trips-this-year>, so to see the trips you're on, or are down as a reserve for, just scroll down the alphabetical list of names to your name and see the dates displayed. What could be simpler or better? I probably deserve a medal, or a cup or something.

Adam sent me a little disclaimer along with the email telling me he'd finally managed to press a few keys on his keyboard in the service of others which, for completeness, I suppose I ought to include here, in its original form (apart from correcting the obvious spelling mistakes and grammatical horrors).

"Note: None of these crews are set in stone. I've tried to make them fair & spread them about, but may have committed upcockance in the process. If there is a trip that you feel you really **MUST** go on - let me know ASAP. If you are currently marked down as a **RESERVE** for any trip, please keep that date free in your diary, as somebody is bound to fork up & be suddenly unavailable. Also, Ben & I are down for all trips [Editor's note: I, Ben, am not, being much less selfish], but we almost certainly won't be able to go on them all, so spaces will suddenly become available. If you're not down for any trips at the moment, again, let me know & I'll try to fit you in. **PLEASE CHECK ALL DATES AGAINST YOUR NAME.** 24 hours after this newsletter goes out, you will be considered 'confirmed' for a trip. That means, if you cancel & we can't find a reserve, you will have to pay. Usually we can find a replacement, but not always. Contact me at acm.frost@gmail.com."

And now, it is time to go fishing...

Trip reports

Wreck pollack, Friday 7th of April

After five, count them, five, cancelled trips in a row, a day dawned when we had a pollack fishing trip planned on Ocean Warrior where the wind was not 5 to 6 South Westerly backing Southerly

gale 8 to severe gale 9. Even more surprisingly, a few enterprising souls in the club managed not to cancel their booking the day before and were actually available to fish. Not a full crew of eight, obviously, that would ruin our perfectly good record, but six brave fellows prepared to try and remember one end of a rod from the other. We were topped up with two of Dave's regular "irregulars" who are prepared to fill spaces in a crew at short notice, even a crew as unremittingly cunt as ours. These two, Kevin and Colin, had in fact filled in as club members before and had a rough idea of how dreary the day would be.

On top of this volatile mix of unconstrained deviant predatory sexuality (Brooksie), vile bad temper (Adam), peerless stinginess (you know who), rod-misthreading incompetence (Barker) and legendary good looks (modesty forbids me from naming names), plus Simon, a friend of the Sick Man of Europe, Richard Hooper, and a newish member (and therefore without any inaccurate stereotyping to call his own yet), there was an additional body, in the svelte form of Paul Dennis, an editor of *Total Sea Fishing Magazine*, present to record our skill and good humour for an article in his magazine. Brooksie offered him a special feature and illustrated it by showing him his "five bearded rockling" but I'm not sure there's space in the forthcoming issue.

So with the weather set fair, and nothing to hold us back, we were on the boat bang on time, apart from the slight delay caused by some fucker going back to the van to collect bacon sandwiches for himself and his repulsive bearded fishing companion. That slight delay over, Dave gunned the engines and we shot off South East.

It wasn't a big tide, but the weather had been so crap for so long, and charter boats so restricted, that the seas surely had to be packed from seabed to surface with fat, gleaming pollack. Perhaps they were, but if so, they were specially trained pollack, able to dodge our lures with ease and avoid any kind of hook-up.

We had 20 pouting on the first wreck, and perhaps two small pollack, so Dave pulled us off it pretty sharpish and moved a couple of miles to another. This wreck was entirely different, with far fewer pouting. With the tide now fully slack, I was pushing the envelope of fishing technology by fishing slow jigs instead of the usual soft plastics for the pollack, but it wasn't until the third wreck that I got on the scoreboard with a magnificent pouting, which at least assured me that my slow jigs were good for something.

At first the fish were evenly spread around, with most people scoring at least one pollack,

although there was nothing over about 6lb. Adam joined me on the bleeding edge of fishing technology by also rigging up a slow jig and working lures up from the bottom. Typically though he had "forgotten" his jigs so it was my expensive bits of Tronix metal that were being risked on the wreck every drop down. Our slow jigging persistence was rewarded with a pollack though, which was pleasing. It's always nice when something new works. It wouldn't be fair to say they had outfished plastics, but they'd probably held their own. Clearly more R&D work is required before The Really Wrecked Scientific Research Team is prepared to make a recommendation as to their effectiveness.

Adam did use *some* of his own tackle, including his brand new Ryoga Bay reel, featuring a drag so smooth that silkworms are considering going into the sandpaper business - smoother than Adam spooning away your chilli as you briefly visit the men's room - smoother even than Stevie offering Sam a foot massage at 3am in the Sailor's. That reel, bought with your hard-earned cash, Adam gratefully christened on a very decent pouting, which it helped him subdue with slightly less fuss than usual.



Barks explains that he always cuts the tails off his plastic lures as the annoying wiggling really distracts the fish.

We were joined at one wreck by quite a large pod of dolphins, who took such a shine to us that they followed us to the next wreck and half way

to the one after that, keeping us entertained with their playful leaping, twisting, athletic antics, much as Adam generally does, until they finally worked out that if they wanted fish, they'd better find another crew.

We continued to switch wrecks as the tide slowly picked up, but to no real effect, until about mid afternoon, when the tide finally began to move through with some purpose. About then I managed a monster of around 9lb, which was briefly the best fish of the trip, till party-poopers like Brooksie, Simon Putnam, Mr Barker, and Kevin, or maybe Colin, caught bigger ones.

For a while it looked very much like Adam would be joining this elite band of specimen hunters, as he hooked and played a very large fish. Indeed as Adam battled this leviathan with a degree of care bordering on the psychotic, we, the crew, even knowing as well as we do how Adam can fanny around with a fish like literally no-one else on the planet, started to believe this might be the club's first twenty.

I would not be doing justice to the manner in which Adam applied himself to the battle unless I relate the small incident, which occupied what geologists are calling "the middle period" of the fight. The armourer's apprentice, Andy Barker, who'd drawn the short and twisted straw which saw him fishing next to our hero, had the extreme misfortune to become involved in a slight and inconsequential tangle which somewhat cramped Adam's style. Our unflappable protagonist, never being one to overreact to adversity, was calmness personified. "Oh for FUCK'S SAKE, Barks, you cunt!" he said in his usual cheery manner. "Will you just fucking untangle your line so I can play this fucking fish?" A brief hiatus ensued while Andy scurried about trying to fulfill Adam's request until our esteemed Club Secretary had had enough. "Look, just cut your fucking line, will you? Now, for fuck's sake, Barks!"

Despite the usual tsunami of sympathy which washes over the boat whenever Adam has any kind of misfortune, there were a few raised eyebrows at how suddenly things had escalated, when this was, after all, just a common or garden tangle, which is pretty much to be expected if you fish next to Jonathan Barratt's mini-me body double. Then things went nuclear as Adam took the law firmly into his rheumatic and nicotine-stained hands, whipping some scissors out from a pocket and hacking and slashing at poor Andy's line like a man possessed.

Am I exaggerating? Ask anyone who was on the trip. If anything I'm underplaying the not-so-veiled threat of violence.

Obviously it wouldn't have been at all funny had Adam's frenzy resulted in his cutting his own line but luckily we were spared that and were blessed to be able to observe, what seemed like days later, Adam's fish appearing a long, long, long way down in the gin-clear water. But wait, the water wasn't gin clear, and that fish wasn't a long, long, long way down, it was just under the surface and very, very, very small. If I were in a generous mood, I might have given the fish 5lb, and it wasn't even foul-hooked. No, Adam had outdone himself, yet again, and by the time the fish was boated, we'd drifted so far off the wreck it was a half an hour steam back uptide for one last drift before home.



Style guru Frost shows off his monster pollack.

To be fair to Mr. Frost, he was the day's equal top rod, along with Simon, on eight fish. My mum, whenever she's confronted by anything a bit odd, says "Stranger things have happened at sea." Now that I have seen Adam catch more

pollack than the rest of the boat, I know this to be true. The *Marie Celeste* had nothing on this. Anyway, despite the disappointment of being outfished by Frostie, everyone managed at least one fish, and most had two or three, so not a bad day overall - with 31 pollack to 11lb and one delicious gurnard.



Simon proved to be a highly competent angler, catching plenty of fish, and some of the best too. He won't last long in this club.

Kingmere Reef bream, Monday April the 17th

Just ten days after our first trip of the year, came our second, and our first trip out of Littlehampton. At this time of year, there's only one game in town and whatever Neil Sedaka might think, it isn't solitaire. No, it's breaming, and there's only one place to play it, and that's over the Kingmere rocks. And, if that's what you're playing and where you're playing it, then there's no-one better to play it with than Neil French on *Spirit of Arun*.

The tide plays a part in sea fishing, as a few of the brighter of our club members might possibly have worked out by now. At Littlehampton there's an additional complicating factor in that, over low water, there's not enough clearance over the sandbar at the mouth of the marina to let boats in or out, so you have to work around this. Given the times of low water, Neil gave us the option to start at around 6:15am or noon. Surprisingly perhaps, we opted for the early start initially, but when the forecast said it was to be blowy overnight, flattening off as the morning progressed, we changed that to the noon slot.

This meant a very civilised lie in and potter down to the coast, with the bonus that 100% of our six man crew therefore managed to make it on time. Neil and his lovely wife, Mick, arrived and made us feel very welcome on board their boat, and greeted Clive, who also has a boat down at Littlehampton, like an old friend. Given that they must have known Clive quite a while, this was a little scary, as most people cross the road to avoid meeting the fucker a second time.

We set off as soon as there was enough water, and there was only a slight scraping sound as we made it over the bar. Neil's boat is a lovely 40' Lochin, and his preference for fishing just six anglers meant there was lots of room for all of us, and even for all our gear. Another bonus was the fact that the rocks are only about 20 minutes offshore, so in no time at all we were anchored up and fishing.

Neil recommends a single hook running leger for bream, rather than a paternoster, and using the lightest lead you can just about hold bottom with. That's so you can trot your gear back to the fish, and also so you can lift the bait off the bottom easily, to entice a bite, especially if the bream are being a bit reluctant. Small hooks are the order of the day, with most people using 1/0 long shank patterns, but some going down as small as size 2. Bait was squid strip or half a squid head. Neil likes two pieces of squid on the hook, with the first hooked twice through an end, the next piece once, and then the hook twisted round to go through both pieces one more time. This helps ensure the bait is well presented and doesn't spin in the tide or on the retrieve.

Now Clive, having his own boat at Littlehampton, and knowing the Kingmere Reef pretty much as well as most skippers, and having fished for the bream there more times than Adam has fallen asleep on deck, well, you'd expect him to have a rough idea of what he was doing. Sadly, in the context of this newsletter, this actually turned out to be true, and while he didn't

have the first bite, he certainly had the first bream. And the second. And the third. It was really quite annoying.

At this time of year, what with it being early and all, the bream haven't yet spawned and are a bit cagey, unlike after they've spawned, when they're suicidal and the likes of Beef, or Kim or even Stevie might catch something. Keeping an eye on Clive, it became quite clear that he was working his bait, not only back in the tide, but up and down in the water, to entice a bite. And having got some interest, he was continuing to work his bait, trying to lift into the fish, rather than strike them on. For most of the tide he was also using a longer trace than the one Neil recommended, at about 5-6ft, rather than 3ft, but we'll gloss over that.

Eventually, the rest of us cottoned on a bit and started to catch a few bream of our own. Richard W had just landed a nice two and a half pounder, or possibly more than one, when he came over all quiet. He sat down at the front of the boat, apparently relaxing and taking stock. He did this for a while, then he decided the bream weren't feeding hard enough and burst into action, leaning over the gunwales and groundbaiting liberally, over and over and over again, like the kind soul he is. And to think that last year was the first in living memory when we had been unable to award the Breakfast Revisited Trophy. Where were you when we needed you then, eh, Richard? This was a bravura performance, worthy of several trophies, not just the one.

Maybe that'll teach him to buy actual sea sickness medication from a chemist, rather than relying on some lucky heather bought off a passing gypsy woman. In actual fact, the remedy Richard used was scientifically proven to be even less effective than lucky heather, being a homeopathic remedy, called, I believe, *Loadabolloquum*, which is guaranteed to lighten the load on your wallet, with no other nasty side-effects, such as treating any known ailment.

Another top-notch club performance was dished out by world casting champion and all-round athlete, Simpering David "Simpleton" Simpson. To start with, he proved that age is no barrier to behaving like a complete Barker, managing to miss a rod ring in tackling up. Is it just me, or is the club collectively getting even less competent as it gets older? We never used to have this problem with rods. Or was I just too stoned in the old days to notice when we did?

Not content with this, he also managed to tie one of the finest rigs used by a club member since Nick Coster's balloon rig for cod, or Chris

Grant's celebrated hookless leger. Having threaded a bead on his line, and attached his swivel, he added another bead, then his zip slider, another bead and finally his hook. Can you see what is wrong with this picture? *Simmo's pre-tied rigs* - coming to a dustbin near you, soon!



Robin shows what he can do when he's not being pestered by that incorrigible twat, Rab.

As the tide slackened through the early afternoon, we were using just 2oz of lead, but the bites rather dried up. At that point, Adam and I, who as you know, are extremely innovative anglers, decided to dispense with the leads more or less altogether, and to float fish for the bream, using sliding floats. I say "floats", which is true in my case, but Adam likes his floats to be visible, using a Dhan buoy when fishing for gudgeon in a canal, so as you can imagine, at sea, with a swell and stuff, he was using something last seen clanking its bell on the western edge of the Shambles.

The technique is to fish with the bait a couple of feet off the bottom, which was about 40 feet below us, I think, and to drift the float back with whatever little tide there was. I was first to strike, winding into a bream without even having seen a bite, which was a bit of a shame. Then I had a proper bite and struck into another fish, and then, finally, Adam got in on the act, though obviously there isn't a bream alive strong enough to pull his float under. Or indeed a marlin, and possibly not a submarine either.

After an hour or so of this delightful diversion, during which we moved to another mark, the tide was trotting our baits back quite fast, and even though we'd probably had proportionally more bream float fishing (i.e. some) than the others had

had legering (none, or maybe one), Adam had had enough and packed away his vast float and went back to his bottom rig. I persisted for a few more trots through, and then, when someone landed a delightful little pouting, changed to livebaiting for bass. This was not, initially, much of a success, but after a while it became more of a total failure, with my float whizzing back as far as my line would allow, maybe 250 yards from the boat, in less time than it takes to mis-thread a rod, without attracting any hungry bass.

Eventually I just left it anchored about 100 yards away, hoping that I had enough lead on to keep the little pouting down where the bass might be. This might not have been the case, as a black-backed gull swooped down and took the bait off the surface. There was talk of a possible new club record, but as I am already the holder of the black backed gull record, I was less excited. Luckily, the hook hold in the pouting's upper lip eventually gave way, and I was left to retrieve my tackle without having to unhook an angry gull at the end of it. Shame.

We fished on till early evening, with Clive catching the most fish, while Robin, freed from the unpleasantness and discomfort than goes with fishing with his "friend" Rab, was able to fish with a degree of skill and freedom rarely glimpsed before, and caught probably the biggest bream, at just over three pounds.

We ended the day having landed 37 bream in total, all in lovely condition, and beautifully coloured, most of which went back. This was partly because we're naturally conservation minded, apart perhaps from Steve "The Butcher" Newham and Phil "Gurnard flattener" Boxall, and partly because one of the conservation measures I ranted on about above means that there's a catch limit of four fish per person per day on the Kingmere, which we all agreed was a jolly good idea, and more than enough. In fact we didn't even take that many home. It was a lovely day's fishing, and we're really looking forward to the follow-up for tope and rays in a month or so.

Even more...

No, no, don't run off just yet, there are a few more club notices to throw out your way, on the off chance you're still awake. Firstly, there are a few trips with spaces left on them, if you're keen for more. These are a wrecking trip on June the 19th, and two inshore cod fishing trips on November 20th and December the 11th, all out of Newhaven. In fact, I've just made the page with all your bookings on it even *more* useful by adding a table at the top of the page which lists

all the trips with spaces on them - <http://www.reallywrecked.com/news-and-dates/your-trips-this-year>. That's two medals I deserve. Give Adam a call or email him to book the new dates.

Lastly, I may have mentioned that we had a journalist from *Total Sea Fishing* with us on our pollack trip out with Dave. Well, the resulting article has now hit the newsagent's shelves, and it doesn't look good. Can I ask each of you to go into your local Martin's, WH Smith etc etc and buy up all the copies of the June issue please? Then we'll just quietly shut down the club and pretend that none of this ever happened. With any luck we'll all be dead by the time Brooksie's pals start *Operation Monkfish*, so we might just get away with it. If not, I'll see you all in court.

Cheers,
Ben



Busted! Quick, what's the escape plan?

Oh yes, those 2016 award winners...



What a treasure trove! Or is it just a picture of Newhaven's famous scrapyard?

1) Specimen medals

Bronze

Kim Hodges, pollack 15lb (51.3%)
Chris Grant, undulate ray 12lb (52.6%)
Steve Newham, undulate ray 12lb (52.6%)
Adam Frost, spotted ray 4lb 9oz (52.7%)
Adam Frost, spotted ray 4lb 12oz (54.9%)

2) Skipper of the Year

Ivan Wellington

3) Chris Grant Media Award

Mick Deacon, Salt water boat angling

4) Picture of the year

Andy Selby, Photobomber of the year

5) The Novice's Cup

Russell Lowrie

6) Breakfast Revisited

NOT AWARDED!

7) Cuntly Hat of the year

Andy Freeman, cuntly skull cap

8) Grim Reaper

Phil Brooks, Dawn of the dead

9) Pathetic excuse

Simon Smewing, Summer opera instead of Weymouth

10) Voodoo Hoodoo

Adam Frost, Advent Plus snapped like a twiglet

11) Steve Newham Cup for Optimism and Cheer

Phil Brooks, "worst year ever..."

12) Flatfish Cup

Newick Hookers

13) Andy Freeman Cup

Andy Freeman, Forgetting his reels!

14) Rig of the year

Phil Pepper, LED squid rig

15) Seaford Tangler

Russell Lowrie, "not my braid, gov"

16) The one that got away

Ian Gray, First trip for years – blanked

17) Paul Millmore Conservation Award

Clive Hodges, BASS fanatic

17) Best Catch (non-fish)

Andy Freeman, 7lb 2oz lobster

18) Pathetic fish

Andy Freeman 7oz greater weever

19) Bass Cup

Kim Hodges 8lb

20) Spotty Fish

Adam Frost, 4lb 12oz spotted ray

21) Coley Cup

Kim Hodges, 15lb pollack

22) Cod Cup

Steve Newham, 9lb 12oz

23) Really Eely Tankard

Ben Eveling, Andy Barker (jointly landed) 36lb

24) Ladies Cup

Kate Holt, does everything but land Tony's fish

25) Fish of the year

Adam Frost, 4lb 12oz spotted ray

26) Clubman of the year

Andy Freeman, Good year for trophies



For those not present to see and marvel over Japan's finest ever creation, here it is.