

# Really Wrecked SAC newsletter

Number 47, May 2015



So I did my usual thing with this newsletter. I waited for the next trip to happen so I could fill it with the kinds of thrilling stuff you're used to and which gets Colin's juices flowing. Don't ask which juices by the way, and DON'T try to imagine. In fact, forget I mentioned it. Sorry. So I waited, but the next trip was cancelled, and then it was postponed for a week, so I thought I might as well wait a little longer. But then that one was cancelled. But by then it was only ten days till the next trip, which was cancelled, obviously, and then rescheduled, so I waited a bit longer... And rinse and repeat, ad nauseam. And now it's July 2019. Hang on, no it's not, that's just what Adam, in his frenzy to get me writing a daily club newsletter, would have me believe.

It is in fact still May 2015 and barely two months since the last newsletter, which was, let me remind you, the second of the year *so far*. One might be tempted to follow "fa" with "kinell" in appreciation of my efforts here. But you won't, I know, it's only me who appreciates them, and then mainly only because it gets Adam off my back for 24 hours.

So anyway, there is in fact a trip to tell you about, one of those pollack and cod trips we do at this time of year. It will differ from the previous trip report in that it won't feature any interminable and fallacious theories about what the fish are doing while waiting to snatch at any passing ludicrously-coloured lumps of rubber. Thanks for the positive feedback on that. Oh wait, there wasn't any. Not that I'm bitter. Oh wait, I am.

No, this time, I might speculate on the psychological state of our membership as it waits for the take that never comes, except we all know what it is – angry impatience bordering on psychotic rage, with dark hints of a delusional belief in our own abilities as an angler. Or perhaps I'll cogitate in the direction of the various packed lunches that club members bring with them, except that that would be, unbelievably, even duller than me going on about fish and lure action. I might even deplore the general state of banter aboard the boat these days, and yearn for the return of Brooksie and his anal beads, except that would be bloody stupid because he's one of the very few human beings ever to have lived who can actually reduce the level of sophistication of our banter, without making it any more

entertaining. In fact, he's very probably the anti-Shakespeare of banter. If, in some twisted universe somewhere, he ever found himself in the company of Oscar Wilde, there would be a titanic, cosmos-destroying explosion as wit and anti-wit particles collided, annihilating each other and releasing unimaginable energies as the Strong Banter Force which binds us all together and prevents us flying off on to different boats was liberated in a catastrophic event, known to future scientists (though there wouldn't be any, as they'd all be killed in the cataclysm) as "The Big Twat".

Anyway, onwards and upwards, as I often say, without ever really meaning it. So, some club notices... It's the Summer Weymouth Trip fairly soon – the 21<sup>st</sup> and 22<sup>nd</sup> of August to be precise – and it promises to be an unparalleled extravaganza of fish-catching, the likes of which has not been seen since Jesus advised Simon Peter to cast his nets over the other side of the boat (John 21v1-6). The dates are a little later than usual this year, and all authorities on the subject are unanimous in agreeing that later is better at Weymouth.

So if you haven't thought about it yet, I advise you to think about it and then call or email Adam (01273 478886 / [adam.frost@ukipme.com](mailto:adam.frost@ukipme.com)) indicating that you'd love to come. According to the list of participants already on the web site, we have a "Scoop?" planning on attending. If Scoop could turn that into an actual "Scoop" or "Not Scoop", that would be very helpful. I also heard a rumour that Jari is **definitely** coming this year. As if...! How absurd an expectation is that? Perhaps someone could let me know.

Another who has expressed an interest is that ever-popular D'Artagnan lookalike, Tony. He's apparently **very keen indeed**, so we fully expect to hear on the day before the trip that he's on his knees carpeting the nearest Holiday Inn that very weekend. But as long as you book up and pay up, Tony, you're free to spend the weekend up to your ears in gripper rod and underlay if you so wish.

If either Jari or Tony don't confirm their intentions soon, though, they may be forced to battle for the final place in the traditional club manner i.e. a fight to the death in the silty mud of Newhaven Marina. I must just warn Tony at this stage that while it is relatively easy to grievously

wound Jari, indeed, on the way to the muddy battlezone, he'll probably slip off the pontoons breaking both legs and stabbing himself at the same time, it has thus far proved impossible to actually kill the indestructible fucker. So I'd get my booking in now, if I were you.

And can I ask those clever folk who have already booked up for the trip to pay £300 into the club bank account? The sort code is 83-20-02 and the account number of 00245798. I'd much rather you did this in the modern bank transfer way and let me know by the old-fashioned expedient of email or text, though you can also Skype me, or catch me on Google+ Hangouts, Whatsapp, WeChat, SnapChat or Facebook Messenger. But if you really must, you can also send a cheque payable to The Really Wrecked Sea Angling Club to me at South Mill, South Mill Road, Amesbury, Wiltshire SAP4 7HR. Right, that's enough admin, here's some fishing stuff.

#### **Newhaven 13 April 2015**

Our team for this trip was bolstered, hugely so, some might have it, by the welcome return of a prodigal son. Yes, Beef was with us, having been called over to the Northern Hemisphere on urgent romantic business with Liz (his wife) in Venice. And he thought he might as well top up the romance tank while over here by stopping off for a bonus day's fishing. Wives love that, as we all know.

Also joining us was Robin, fresh from his tackle destroying triumph of the previous trip, to see what new gear of his could be ruined, along with his unpleasant sidekick Rab 'Neil' Cook, also fresh from a gold-medal-winning triumph, his in the World Unpopularity Championships. We also had relative newcomers Adrian and David along with the perennially awful Adam, Steve and Colin.

The day was set fair, and we were anticipating sunshine, though it was cloudy when we set off, but at least the sea was pretty flat, with just a fairly gentle swell left over from the 5-7s that had blown through in the previous 24 hours. Dave had decided on a long steam to the East to see if the cod had started to show. The South Western wrecks had pollack but no cod, apparently, and Dave hadn't been out East for a month.

During the long 25 mile steam, the murky clouds slowly began to dissipate, and there was even a slight hint of watery sunshine thinking about breaking through. Colin expressed his surprise, saying that he had been expecting fog. Within seconds we were enveloped in a thick pea souper, all thanks to Cassandra Pearce and his gloomy and eerie soothsaying skills. The temperature plummeted in the fog, leaving David's teeth chattering and leading me to offer him a

coat to augment the flimsy summer clothing he'd come inadequately clad in. The cold clammy fingers of Colin's prognostication stayed with us all day, meaning we never really warmed up.

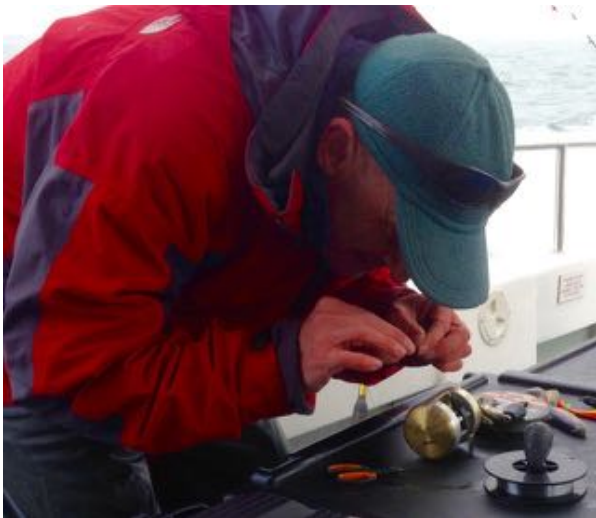
On the way out Robin set about seeing if he had any tackle that remained unsmashed by Kim. Luckily he did, but for some reason one of his few remaining reels was entirely smothered by what I can only assume was his grandmother's attempt to knit him a reel cosy out of braid. For a man like Robin though, with his dextrous, effeminate fingers, this did not present much of a challenge and in the twinkling of an eye (45 minutes) he was reduced to slashing and hacking at the knitting with the blunted butter knife he uses to fillet his fish; or which he would use, if he bothered to do such unpleasant manual tasks. The reel liberated, our hero set about recharging it with fresh braid with a pernickety precision not seen since Liberace left us to tinkle the ivories celestial.



*Robin's reel cosy was a thing of beauty, much like its owner.*

After what seemed like hours, but was probably only in fact hours, Dave slowed the engine and we leapt with joyful alacrity for our rods. A variety of ridiculous and expensive lures adorned our rigs. Despite having travelled so far East in search of cod, everyone had opted for a traditional flying collar/long trace rig, instead of a hopper with its two foot trace. So down went the gear and blow me if we didn't have four or five rods bend over within thirty seconds of the leads hitting the bottom. Even more atypically, those four or five rods were not accompanied by scowls and requests for Dave or Jas to come and glove us off the wreck.

Nothing enormous came over the gunwhale on that first drift, obviously, as Beef was already safely aboard, but equally clearly, five fish is a pretty good return. The second drift was pretty much the same and so was the third, but after that, things dropped off a little. It wasn't a big tide, and what flow there was had already started to drop away a full hour before the slack. Dave thought we needed more tide and headed off to another smaller wreck in the vicinity. "Yeah, nice little lump this one," he reckoned. I assumed he was talking about Adam, but it turns out he wasn't. He wouldn't have said "nice" in that case, I suppose. Or "little". And "lump" would have sounded a lot more like "cunt".



*Rumpelstiltskin hard at work spinning braid into gold.*

But it was a nice little lump, with fish on it too. Again, the fish were nothing special, but they came at a steady rate and were more or less spread throughout the boat. The tide dropped off further, and with it the fishing, though we continued to catch the odd fish. Dave decided it was time for another move and once again the new wreck started fairly productively before tailing off. Adam sagely observed that on these wrecks the fish probably go off the feed after a few drifts, what with all that noisy clunking of leads on the bottom. Yeah, okay, I know what you're thinking, but let's face it, it's not as stupid as some of the crap he comes out with.

While we were merrily fishing away on this latest wreck, well, I say "merrily" but you know what I mean. If you're new to this newsletter experience, or are giving them a try again after a few years clean, let me spell it out. I have never

come across a more miserable bunch of long-faced moaners in my entire life. "Merrily" in this context means not actually having a full-on strop and attempting to beat fellow crew members to death with Colin's friendly billy-club before dumping the bodies overboard and pointing the boat towards the Atlantic and a lonely death drifting the wide ocean.



*Why we do it. Apparently.*

Anyway, where was I? Oh yes, fishing the latest wreck. Right, so there we were, drifting and shadding, when suddenly, Steve, with his ex-pilot's eagle-eyes, began frowning off into the murk, possibly towards the East, but it might have been West. Or South. Or North. Look, it was foggy, okay? I don't have a bloody compass attached to my person at all times, do I? So, there's Steve, all distracted-like, with eyes widening like the shower curtain has just been pulled back to reveal Norman Bates standing there holding Steve's filleting knife in his hands *without having asked to borrow it first and paid the hefty deposit*. His rod may have dropped with a clatter to the deck from his nerveless fingers, I can't quite remember. Anyway, I do remember his pointing off into the eerie rolling banks of fog saying something like "toon army". We all stared off in the direction indicated by his bony digit, wondering what a load of pissed geordies, stripped to the waist and chanting "Ashley out!", were doing out at sea, but then we saw the advancing wall of water and realised he was actually trying to say "tsunami".

Luckily, as you all know, in deep water, all of a tsunami's energy is kinetic i.e. it zips along at a fair old lick until it hits the shallows when it piles up into a towering wall of potential, as well as kinetic energy. Thus, the wall of water confronting us was possibly only five or six feet high. Equally

luckily, it wasn't actually a tsunami, as far as I know, but was probably a rogue wake. But whatever it was, it was bloody massive, and it did look really weird emerging from the fog on an otherwise totally flat sea, heading straight for us. It gave us just enough time to secure our tackle, grab hold of something, and laugh as Colin's tackle box fell over. Somewhere just out of sight there must have been the most truly enormous cargo ship heading for England with Brooksie's weekly supply of special beads, animal porn, trafficked Eastern Europeans and, of course, the world's entire supply of frozen prawns. We all expressed profound regret that Kim hadn't been there to share the experience with us and react as only he can i.e. by falling over comically, but you can't have everything.

On the same wreck, we were accosted by some of those migrating birds that we see every year about this time, and which Steve delights in slaughtering. Word must have spread among the avian community, as this time, despite Steve covering the deck in bird seed and breadcrumbs, all of the poor, exhausted and starving little fellows gave us a wide berth and, if anything, sped up in their efforts to flee. Either that, or they were insectivores and really what Steve needed to tempt them was some of the cockroaches that have so successfully established a breeding program in Smed's tackle box.

Oh. You want to know about the fishing. Well doesn't the fact that I'm going on about birds and waves give you some kind of clue? Yeah, we were still catching the odd fish, but it was pretty slow, and remained slow for the rest of the day. Slow, but painful though, with my fingers cut to buggery again on braid, hooks, gaffs, filleting knives, discarded needles from the club drug-users and various other sharp edges. Fishing is a much more hazardous activity than most people imagine.



*Yeah. Ow! No, look closer. See? It really stings!*

Anyway, in the end, we headed off home with our bounty from the sea, which consisted of about 35 cod and 15 pollack, none quite reaching double figures. Once again the lordly (and no-longer lardly) Robin Eyles, did not deign to sully his hands filleting or gutting his fish; this time, letting the orc-like Rab do his dirty work for him. This same Rab did actually show me a neat new way of skinning my fillets, so he's not all bad. No, wait. He is.

So, not a bad trip overall, but roll on the summer and some great big eels. See you for some of that, with any luck.

Cheers,  
Ben