

Really Wrecked SAC newsletter

Number 48, August 2015



I have been overcome by a very strange feeling recently. Bizarre does not begin to cover it. Unsettling, eldritch, eerie, disturbing - all of these are words. Some of you may be familiar with some of them. Apart from Brooksie of course, who only appears to understand two words, "butt" and "plug". No, I tell a lie, he also understands "anal". "Trapezium", that's another word, although that one is possibly less relevant than the others. "Mordant", there's a cracker. "Buckminsterfullerene" is probably the best word ever, even though it sounds like it should be two words. I won't define it, no matter how piteously you beg me.

Anyway, I was on about a feeling, I think. Yes, I was reading an email from Adam, and I found myself feeling slightly jealous of him, and of Brooksie, and Andy Barker and various others. Yes. You're right. That *is* weird. I think the last time that happened, I was dreaming that I'd been eaten by a shark while making love to Donald Trump, while my friends watched from the sidelines counting sacks of gold, eating ambrosia, and having their brows mopped by nymphs.

So from where did my unbecoming jealousy stem? Well, they'd just been to sea and had caught some conger eels, and I honestly can't remember the last time I did that. And they'd also had fun with cod on the drift, so all in all it had been a lovely day. That wasn't why I was jealous though. At the end of the email, Adam reminded me that in theory I should be writing another newsletter, and he's not, and Brooksie's not and in fact not one of you bastards would be, so I'm jealous of him, and him and him and all of you.

But enough self-pity (as if there could EVER be enough of that). Has anyone noticed how everything is slowly morphing into a football team these days, including us? By this I mean not that we're overpaid, spoiled brats who fall over at the slightest hint of disturbance, although Adam, on minimum wage, is certainly the former, and Kim definitely does the latter. No I'm talking about the recent spate of nicknames we have taken on board. It was bad enough when good old Phil Brooks became "Brooksie", like he was one letter short of a Scouse soap from the 80s, but now that nice boy Andy Barker appears, from Adam's most recent email, to have morphed into "Barks". What next? Will Steve become "The Newt", Sean Geer

"Sicknote", and will we be reduced to chanting at the svelte form of Beef "Does she take it up the arse?" (N.B. Very Important Note to Liz, unlike with David Beckham, at whom this football chant was traditionally aimed, referring to the very lovely and obliging Victoria, this does not, obviously, have anything to do with you. It refers, rather, to Betsy, Phil's delightful old Mitchell 624, which accompanies him on every fishing trip, and which Phil plans to christen with a fish one of these years. "Take it up the arse" is a technical fishing term to describe up the ability to, um, crank up the, er, power of the reel under pressure.)

Now contrast all that crude nonsense to the aforementioned "Beef". There's a sturdy, old English, middle class nickname. He's not "The Boxer" or "Philsie". "Scoop", there's another decent nickname, a permanent reminder of his boyish enthusiasm to get that exclusive photo. "Smed" is a beautifully poetic portmanteau of "smegma" and "bread", and conjures up that most delightful of traditional boyish pastimes, as perfected by the cream of our country's youth at Eton. It is a nickname to keep you warm on a cold winter's night. But add that "s" and "Smeds" instantly sounds like he should be playing for the Tractor Boys and have recently been charged with sexual assault and resisting arrest outside a nightclub in Ipswich. Though thinking about it, this is Smed, so that last bit could easily be true.

So let's give this a rest. In fact, in keeping with our angling techniques, I think it would be nice to buck the current trend for increasing informality and return to decent upstanding Victorian values, referring to each other as Mr Frost, Mr Newham, Mr Elliot, and that cunt Rab. In addition we should refrain from flagrant displays of naked tackle and should only ever fish with our rods decently clothed in their rod bags, or sturdy rod tubes, preferably from within the confines of special fishing machines from whence we communicate with each via telegram, viz "Mr Frost you have entangled my piscatorial equipment stop You are a cunt stop Please stop stop Yours with every semblance of cordial enraged irritation Mr Eveling"

Sometimes I get to about this point in a newsletter and question whether it would be wise to go on. Whether, in fact, you deserve this unstoppable torrent of complete and utter tosh.

Then I picture Robin's gormless face, or Clive's glistening shaven pate, features twisted in malicious glee as he wonders whether anyone's awake enough to notice him pitch that vile fucker Marvin overboard, and I decide it's the very least you deserve. If there were any way of making this more painful for you, believe you me, I'd try it. God knows I've done my best over the years.

Anyway, I know that by now, you've all given up and have tossed this labour of love aside with a snort of contempt, or possibly a hoot of derision, and will read no further. Apart from Liz, of course, who will read to the bitter end, as she plots her foul revenge under the entirely mistaken misapprehension that I made up the stuff about Betsy and that I have somehow implicated her in all this disgusting filth. Nothing could be further from the truth, of course, Betsy's as real as you and I or our newest member Cedric Algernon Fuckwitterston, but you can also bet your bottom dollar that none of this would have made it into print were there not 12,000 miles of good, honest British soil separating Liz from me. So I know that my readership has dwindled to one non-angler (though that could apply to any of us, of course) so I feel safe to go on to matters pertaining to fishing and our club.

Notices and stuff

Firstly and MOST ESSENTIALLY, the Weymouth summer trip is coming up and so those of you lucky enough to have secured your berth on this two-day trip of a lifetime must now cough up the £300 necessary to prevent the Really Wrecked Legal Team (Colin and Luke Pearce) coming down on you with the full force of their incompetence. Bank details are as follows - pay by BACS into the account named Really Wrecked Sea Angling Club, number 00245798, sort code 832002. Please deposit funds therein forthwith, or, if you really, really must, send me a cheque to South Mill, South Mill Road, Amesbury, Salisbury, Wiltshire SP4 7HR. If you haven't already, you really, really must do this NOW. In fact, it's way too late for any cheques to clear, so just pay it by BACS. Let me know by email (ben@eveling.com) or text (07798 625064) when you have done so.

I also need packed lunch orders for Friday and Saturday for the lovely and excessively tolerant Jan of the Marden. She needs these by Wednesday evening, i.e. about three hours ago, so tell me now, now, NOW. Just so you know, we'll be meeting in The Rock public house (<https://goo.gl/maps/H4f53>), the not-quite-as-great-but-very-close-to-the-Marden alternative to the Boot, on Thursday evening. This is so that latecomers (Adam, me, possibly other, less important people too) aren't faced with a 20-minute walk just after arriving in order to get a

crafty pint in before bed. I hope that the Boot-fanciers (Steve) will put up with this for one night, as it would be great if we could all end up in the same pub this year, otherwise I'll be forced to book us in to the Sailor's next time!

I have kind-of arranged that we can drop our tackle off on Clem's boat on Thursday evening when we arrive, carefully stowing it in the starboard fish hold, as we have done in previous years. When I say "arranged", what I mean is that I've just texted him to ask whether it's okay and he hasn't replied yet, but I bet he says it's okay. If you haven't taken advantage of Clem's fishy hole in the past, get in touch and I'll tell you how to recognise it.

Those of you who are cursed not to enjoy the bounteous plenty of the seas off Portland have also been handed a barely-deserved reprieve. By this I mean we still have a place or two aboard the good tub *Wild Frontier* with that useless drunken sot, Clem Carter. You can sign up for either or both of Friday and Saturday, just DO IT SOON, i.e. today. Or sooner i.e. tomorrow, but with a time machine.

Secondly, oh, I'm not sure, there's probably some info about something. I suppose I could offer you the opportunity to purchase one of the extremely limited edition 2015 Club T-shirts, featuring, as the theme... ah, but that would be telling. The theme is only ever revealed during the arcane unveiling ritual at Weymouth, so if you're not coming, you'll just have to wait and see. The cost of these badly-drawn and ill-judged items is a mere tenner to you. But wait, the club shop now also features club baseball caps. These attractive items will have you mobbed by hordes of adoring fans of whichever gender/orientation is your preference (apart from Brooksie, whose obscure predilections are only catered for in particular establishments in the Kentish hinterland). They come in any colour, as long as it's navy blue, and feature the club name and logo in the usual configuration. No self-respecting club member who hasn't already had the club motif tattooed on his or her arse can possibly afford not to buy one, a snip at whatever I can get away with charging. Look, it's all for the good of the club you know.

Thirdly, I find myself almost entirely without photos of fish for this newsletter and would remind you that we're all the poorer for it. Please take photos of all fish, even ordinary ones, or unusual events, such as Les smiling, and then send them to me. Without them, these newsletters are merely a collection of random words arranged so as to cause maximum offence. As a punishment for this laxity, I am using some old favourites to spice things up a little, the first of which is overleaf. You have been warned. I'd stop reading here, if I were you.

Fourthly, and much against my better judgement, I would like to thank Clive for his brave and sterling efforts to keep the club lead bucket far too heavy for any of us to carry, by spending one of his precious evenings, or possibly several, making up leads for us to lose. He is a better man than all of us, with the obvious caveats concerning the doubtfulness of his gender.



Well, I did warn you...

Trip reports

Now, in a spirit of unbelievable generosity, here are some trip reports from the past few months. As usual, we've had to fight to get out, with the Flatfish Cup trip in particular only finally being successfully contested at the FIFTH attempt. Now there's dedication for you.

Ocean Warrior 29 June 2015

This was our first trip far aaaaaages and we were all so desperate to go fishing that we couldn't raise a full crew and had to cast around desperately for any kinds of odds and sods to fill the boat. Step forward the dynamic duo Richard and Richard, Hooper and Wilson, two excellent contenders for the Novices Cup. Mr Hooper has actually been a provisional member since at least 1997, and has signed up for approximately 320 trips but has managed to come up with a variety of flimsy medical excuses for failing to attend every time, leading to Adam, in a prime example of life imitating art (with this newsletter taking the part of 'art' and one of Adam's emails filling the role of 'life' (as in "Life's a bitch and then you die")), labelling him "Sicknote".

Kim made an early bid for Club Trophy glory with the cuntiest hat seen for many a year, featuring a long flap of greasy fabric to protect his swan-like neck from the cruel sun. Those years in the French Foreign Legion were not wasted on the lad.

Anyway, Dave set the controls for the heart of the sun and went South, a long way South. What greeted our merry crew (and Adam) were wrecks packed with largish codling, or smallish cod if you prefer. Drifting with rhubarb and custard sidewinders or orange shads fished hopper style was very profitable from the off, with many cod to 8lb taken. Richard Hooper proved to be a man of taste and style, and unveiled the second nicest reel in the club, in the form of a beautiful shiny blue Avet twin-speed multiplier. Brooksie's response to seeing this gorgeous bit of kit was as predictable as it was unwelcome - "Mmmmm, that'd make a lovely butt plug."

Andy Barker was far less interested in catching cod and set about proving that Robin's record scallop taken gilling on the drift was no fluke, by snaring a beautiful 8oz specimen of his own. Adrian could easily have topped this non-fish specimen when he hooked and could have landed the club's very first jellyfish, but he shook it off his line rather than facing its deadly stingers. This reprehensible behaviour has been noted with dismay by the club committee, particularly as it is the second incidence of record-avoidance in the recent past by one of our crew of so-called anglers. Astute members (an empty set) may recall the return of as massive a greater weever as has ever been seen on a club trip, before it could be weighed, by another new boy, David Simpson.



This is the ONLY picture I received from the trips detailed here. I am so disappointed I can barely bring myself to point out just how cunty Andy Barker looks.

Just to prove what a useless bunch of non-anglers the rest of us are, the fresh-faced Mr Wilson, proceeded to outfish all other, more established, club members, taking a cod on each of his first three drifts before declaring himself satisfied with his haul and refraining from catching another fish for ages. As it turned out, this reticence may have had something to do with his tummy, as it seems that the gentle lapping of minute ripples against the hull of Ocean Warrior may have proved too much for his delicate constitution. Either that or the sight and sound of Brooksie, Frostie, Barks, Sicknote *et al* proved more than he could stomach. Either way, the club has its first proper winner of the Breakfast Revisited Trophy for several years. I would just like to point out that the facts of the matter only emerged later in a series of emails in which Richard confessed to his crime, Adam, our eagle-eyed correspondent, having entirely missed the event itself. A confession like this surely also puts him in line for the Andy Freeman Cup for Blind Stupidity. So after just one trip, this lucky lad could be in line for three trophies.

Our other novice, Mr Hooper, waited until the hook went down at half time (note the continuing football metaphor, as this is the only language Adam understands these days) to distinguish himself in front of the awards committee. Once Dave had positioned us nicely upstream of the wreck, down went a boat-load of mackerel flappers and cuttle baits, including one attached to our hero's rig. It wasn't long before the eels were nosing around the baits, and shortly thereafter, Richard was carefully winding down (N.B. Adam, NOT striking like a frenzied hyperactive child denied his Ritalin) into a fish. The hook bit home and the fish felt the full force of our newest member's mighty arm. Sadly, for some unaccountable reason, as soon as the rod assumed the gentlest curve, the knot connecting leader to braid parted as though it had been barring the path of a miniature Moses. I expect Richard had forgotten to moisten the knot as he drew it tight. Or perhaps a granny knot isn't the best means of connecting leader to main line.

Quite a few eels succumbed to our angling skills, though nothing over 25lb made an appearance. Adrian decided to make catching these smallish fish more entertaining by using his 12lb class gear, and eventually succeeded, so well done that lad.

In the end the score stood at 50 cod to 8lb, five pollack to 5lb and twelve eels. A very pleasant day out, company excepted.

Flatfish Cup 7th August

After four attempts to contest the Flatfish Cup at the usual Weymouth venue aboard Colin Penny's

Flamer, we gave it up as a bad job (Colin had no free dates left) and took up Nick Coster's kind offer to hold the event aboard his 29ft Aquastar, *Sabre*. He knew where plaice, turbot and brill could be found, or so he claimed, and it seemed foolish not to take him up on his offer. The teams were a little uneven, with only Les and Mick representing the Newick Hookers, while Nick Coster (aka Captain Ahab), Adam, Phil Pepper and Adrian were fishing for Team Really Wrecked. The rules were that all fish were to be measured tip to tail, with Newick fish counting double to even things up, and the largest total would win.

Nick's first mark produced no plaice, only dogs and pout, but on the second mark, Les opened the scoring with a plaice of 14 inches. 28-0 to the Hookers. That was it for plaice, so while Nick waited for the tide to turn, he took the crew to a wreck about 15 miles south where everyone filled their boots with large codling (or small cod) to about 7lb. When the tide slackened Nick headed to the offshore banks and the turbot and brill they hold.

Adam struck almost right away, with 19-inch turbot - 28-19 to the Hookers - followed by Adrian with a 16-inch brill, at which point the Really Wrecked Team had stolen the lead 28-35. Sadly, that was as good as it got for the Hookers, with Phil and Adrian in particular, taking fish after fish to leave the adjusted final score at Hookers: 62, Really Wrecked: 149.5. Les was delighted to relinquish the trophy in his final year in civilised company before heading off to live in Scotland, and has promised he won't just pack it up and take it north with him. We wish Les all the best, and hope he somehow manages to be slightly less of a miserable cunt north of the border in sunny Scotland. As if.

As well as the flatfish and cod, several gurnard were taken, including some nice tubs over 2lb. This caused a bit of a hiatus as Adam had to be physically restrained to prevent him cooking and eating the poor wee things there and then. Adrian also caught a nice cuttlefish and Nick top scored with a magnificent 4oz (dry weight) oily rag, which is a brilliant new club record.

Nick was a splendid skipper all day, put us on fish, and in all respects (other than his actual fishing) seemed thoroughly professional. His boat is well equipped and comfortable and any club members fancying a good day's fishing would do a lot worse than to spend a day with Nick. Apart from the fact that that would involve spending a day with Nick. Plus he only made one cup of tea, and that was liberally flavoured with Adrian's Cup-a-Soup. And there was no coffee, which is the only thing that stops Adam from falling asleep on the job. Useless bastard.



This is what happens when Adam doesn't get his coffee. Don't let it happen again.

Ocean Warrior 12th August

We managed another trip on Ocean Warrior recently, much to everyone's amazement. Once again we were reduced to scrabbling around to fill the boat due to a number of regulars realising they were actually hopeless at fishing and taking up something easier instead. Colin, for example, is now spending more time curating his collection of African dirt, and Jonathan has thrown himself full-time into his hobby of spamming the world with inappropriate emails. With nowhere else to turn, we finally had to give Phil (of the Pepper variety) a second chance to introduce someone new to the club. He has been on the new member blacklist ever since he invited his brother to Weymouth for an orgy of excess that made a mockery of our reputation for clean living and morality. However, beggars can't be choosers, so we decided to take a punt on his pal Fabio, or Lola, or Savio, or something. Of course, as I am relying on Adam's impeccable records of this trip, "Savio" might indeed be his real name, or it might be a nickname and his real name is actually Reginald St John Stevas, I have no idea. Anyway, we'll call him "Savio" for the time being.

The sea was flat and friendly as can be, so Richard Wilson would probably have waited till we'd left the marina before throwing up. The day was a bit overcast, but it was warm and the rain mostly held off. It was a small tide, ebbing for most of the day, Dave's favourite sort of tide for eeling, and he headed straight for a big eel wreck about 15 miles south.

The crew fell to drifting to start with, with the usual rubbery suspects, i.e. rhubarb and custard Sidewinders and orange shads, doing the damage, this time on long flowing traces with the

fish high up in the water. The small cod/large codling were still there in abundance (Q. What do you call a disco for small cakes? A. Abundance) and the crew managed about 40 of the perishers before Dave got the hook down. Savio entirely failed at any stage to stagger into the cabin with some crack whore he'd picked up semi-conscious from a Weymouth gutter, so he proved himself a much more suitable member than Phil's last introducee, despite proving himself not entirely unfamiliar with a fishing rod (unlike the rest of us).

With the hook down, the eels were soon playing ball, and the crew proceeded to land getting on for 100 of them, but nothing bigger than 25lb. Dave's had a few trips this year without landing a decent eel yet. Where have all the big eels gone? Gone to young girls every one, I expect. Phil and Steve also had a go for bream and managed three or four between them.

I was lying about Colin and his dirt collection by the way, he was actually on the trip and landed 12 eels, though how he found the time to fish, in between regaling the crew with entertaining and instructive anecdotes about shark fishing in Florida, I have no idea. If ever you're planning a trip to a certain clinic in Switzerland, it may prove cheaper and more effective to pay a visit to Colin and ask him to tell you the full story about his recent holiday.

Adams' email about this trip went on at great length about the shocking state of Steve's Penn Formula 15 reel. The stench of hypocrisy that emanated from the email was nauseating. Adam's tackle takes the concept of "maintenance-free fishing" to a whole other level. The only reason Adam doesn't realise that all his reels have seized up and his rod rings are all missing their liners is because he never catches anything.

Anyway, it sounded like a fun trip, all the better for my not being on it. However, all that nonsense stops now. I'll be back and the fun will be over. I look forward to seeing some of you in Weymouth and the rest of you in my Donald-Trump-related nightmares, or possibly on Ocean Warrior.

Cheers,
Ben