

Another first at Treesmill

I expect you buggers thought I was exaggerating about the carp angler from hell in his four wheel drive. Well, how about this one. I was passing Treesmill and happened to have the rods in the car as you do, so I dropped in for a swift angle. It was stinking hot and pretty no hope to be honest but, as they say, you can't catch them with the rods in the holdall.

I set up at the entrance to the bay. The bay itself is fast becoming too weedy to fish. I got the rods out, put back leads and the kettle on and sat back expecting sod all to happen other than the kettle to boil. However, this was not to be the case. A couple of sprightly young ladies, (both well into their seventies), turned up on the bank opposite with three dogs. I thought to myself, "Here we bloody go again" fully expecting a canine aquatic display as usually happens up there. However, this was not to be the case, or at least not quite so. The two ladies hiked their floral print skirts up and tucked them into their knickers. I became quite flustered. They then proceeded to wade out quite close to my baits, followed obediently by the dogs. What really pissed me off was that they were wading well above their knees and I got reported to the committee for doing the exact same thing last year. Now you might think that this was bad enough but it doesn't end here. Both the ladies produced a bottle of some sort of potion and lathered the wet dog's coats with it. It smelt a little on the antiseptic side and I very much doubted it would enhance my chances of capturing a specimen of cyprinus carpio. One of the ladies informed me it was Bob Martins flea and tick shampoo and asked if I was having a good day. I assured them that I was and thanked them for that gem of information and proceeded to pack up. I was even more hacked off when I discovered that neither were members of the angling club so there was little point in me reporting them to the committee.

I moved to the old pump and lobbed them out once again. One on the bar, one on the sand burrow and one on the drop off. Kettle on again and it hasn't even boiled before some guy comes jogging along and strips off in front of me and the ladies. I was looking around for a dog, sheep, cow or similar but all he had with him was a young boy - which worried me even more. Fortunately he didn't have a bottle of head and shoulders in his hand. Little did I know what was to come. Bollock naked, the guy ran into the water, out along the bar and impaled himself on my flouro yellow pineapple pop up. Lucky for him I was using barbless on the Stoney Bakers. The buggger swam over to the sand burrow and I suspect he had a piss over my right hand hook bait. He wasn't a member either!!

Now why the f**k is it that I pay £75 a year for the privilege of not being able to wade above my knees and these buggers who aren't even members and pay sod all can go fully submerged.

A grumpy and discriminated against,
Gert