

Medway Man

Bob Morris

Regular readers of this column will be aware that I really value the mysterious element that is always present in angling and even believe this to be the main essence of the game. I often fear that this aspect, in particular, is under threat from the 'TMI' (Too Much Info) age. This, of course, is only a personal view and I can totally understand that many anglers today feel that it is all just part of the scene these days and is just the same as how you might use IT to investigate a holiday destination - in order to cut down the options etc.

The mystery of fishing can also have its downsides which may, on occasions, quite literally, drive you nuts. This is particularly true when it manifests itself in what I like to refer to as the 'Bums Run'. This phenomenon usually restricts itself to inflicting a prolonged spell of blanking which will often defy all attempts at reversing your fortunes, In extreme cases however, this Piscatorial Purgatory can extend to injury to ones person or even the breakdown of the motor vehicle while on route to or from a session. Although infrequent, it has even managed to infiltrate my personal/domestic/business life and cause unforeseen circumstances to crop up at short notice and completely scupper a planned session altogether! I have never been a believer in fate - as this would suggest that 'what is meant to happen will happen' etc, although this theory in all its many forms is still popular and persists in all corners of the globe! It is my firm belief that we achieve our finest results through our own endeavour - both as individuals, and a species. If this were not the case then It is likely that we would all still be living in caves.

In the world of angling we (thankfully) don't know it all yet and for this reason although we try to banish as much of the element of luck as we can, there are just too many variables and 'Buggeration factors' involved, for much of the time, to allow us to be as consistent with our results as we would like.

As you might have guessed, I am on the end of a pretty fair bit of a kicking from the piscatorial gods at present and I am finding it hard to remember when I last had a run of good fortune. This is most distressing but I have to tell you that I am still really enjoying my fishing - and the challenge of turning things around. This is partly because I am always fascinated by the diverse waterside bird/wildlife activity that is particularly abundant at this time of year and varies greatly from one venue to the next. With the spring and summer migrant birds arriving and the emerging amphibians and reptile species, it really is a great time to be out on the bankside. Only last week I spotted a Marsh Harrier, two Buzzards and a Red Kite, almost at the same time - also a Sparrow Hawk came into view shortly after this. A great bit of spotting!

Nice fish - wrong species!



It is logical that when things are not happening for us in the way of action, that we start to examine our tactics, rigs, baits and so on and this has, on occasions, led to discoveries - such as new ways of presentation, more effective bite detection or even new areas to fish that we might have previously ignored. Sometimes however, none of these factors are involved in your run of misfortune and it would appear that you just have to sit tight and wait for the piscatorial pendulum to swing back in your direction. Having spent so much of my life fishing, I have got to the stage where I am now confident in my choices of methods and bait for a given situation and feel that I am also not too bad at picking swims and times to fish them. None of this confidence seems to help when the 'Bums Run' decides to attack. This recent bad spell goes back to last summer when I experienced a veritable famine of tench action, this was then followed by a rather poor pike season and, so far, this Spring/Summer appears to be following in the same vane! Just to demonstrate the intensity of this phenomenon, I fished a water with my pal Ian last week - with tench as the main target. Ian had not fished there for a couple of years and had recently, due to other commitments, been unable to join me elsewhere for at least twelve months. We fished adjacent swims for a twenty-

Tench are the target



Hérons at dawn - It's good to be out

