

## **Two Days To Remember At Wild Boar Farm Pool.**

I fished Wild Boar Farm Pool several times during the period 7<sup>th</sup> May - 9<sup>th</sup> September 2006. I recall that on most occasions I had planned to fish at Frank's Pool but on arrival discovered that a competition was taking place and that therefore a diversion to Wild Boar Farm was necessary.

I must confess to having developed quite a soft spot for WBF, as I affectionately call it, even though I was once terrified by a herd of rampaging cows which surrounded me as I was packing up and started to chew my coat and tackle! I noticed that they had come through the open gate of the next field so I jumped up and down, shouting and waving my landing net wildly until they returned, presumably thinking that I was too noisy to bother with or just barking mad.

Club members who have fished WBF will know that the pool is a shallow 12 inches at one end and a deep 6 feet plus at the other. Unfortunately many of the deeper swims have over hanging branches which limit accessibility for the angler and can be used as a means of escape by the faster and bigger fish. One such specimen saw me as an easy target on the 22<sup>nd</sup> July when I foolishly left my rod unattended whilst answering a call of nature. The carp (for that is what I think it was!) shot under the nearest tree and by the time I got back to my rod it was all over bar the shouting.

Having lost this respectable fish, due to my own carelessness, I made an early New Year's Resolution to 'never leave a rod unattended again', call of nature or not.

Saturday 5<sup>th</sup> August was a calm, dull and very hot day from the outset. The temperature gauge in my car read 16C as I set off from home at 8am and the weather girl predicted a rise to 22C by afternoon. I gave the small pool near to the caravan site a try until 10am but with no bites or evidence of fish I gave it up as a bad job and moved to WBF.

I set up my stuff near to the large stone, sat well back from the water's edge and fished about 10 feet out with a light float and size 12's hook. Starting off with red maggots over trout pellet at a depth just off the bottom I had caught eight small rudd by noon and had also noticed some discolorations appearing in the water which I assumed were the result of fish rooting on the bottom for my trout pellets.

I adjusted my float to 6 inches over depth and started to rotate maggot, worm and soft hooker pellet to see if I could catch something other than rudd. After a quiet period of about 30 minutes my efforts were rewarded with an 8 ounce mirror carp beautifully scaled and in perfect condition. It had taken the hooker pellet and although small had given a good account of itself. I discontinued the worm and maggot and concentrated solely on soft pellets whilst feeding the swim after each cast.

The day got steadily better as I persevered with this approach. After about 20 minutes my float shot off so rapidly towards the vegetation on my right that I almost failed to see it in time. Luckily I managed to stop the fish burying its head in

the weed and becoming yet another 'one that got away!' I applied side strain to pull it back in to my swim and the blighter set off again towards the willow bush on the opposite side of the pool taking line rapidly as it went. Fortunately it stopped for a breather before it completed its journey and I was able to pull it back to my side of the pool. After a further run towards the shallow end I was able to get my net under it and lift it clear of the water. The mirror carp was clearly not keen on being weighed as it wriggled constantly in an effort to get out of my sling. However, eventually the 4 lb 5 ounce fish calmed sufficiently for me to admire and photograph it before returning it safely to the water.

The larger WBF mirror carp are impressive creatures. They all appear to have deep red pelvic, anal and lower tail fins. Though perhaps the most striking feature of all is their astonishing bright red lips. Who ever heard of a carp wearing lipstick?

Using the same technique I managed to put two other local residents on the bank before the end of the session. The first weighed in at 4 lb 9 ounces and the second was just one ounce short of five pounds. Spurred on by this my best session at WBF, I was determined to try harder and with luck land something over the five pound mark.

My next visit to the venue on Saturday 26<sup>th</sup> August was a thoroughly enjoyable day that I remember vividly. As I motored down the A6 in the morning my mind was focused on achieving the five pound target. Having now retired I do not like to use the 't' word very much, as with it comes that hint of pressure that we can all do without, but on this occasion it seemed appropriate.

I did not bother with worm or maggot this time preferring to cut to the chase and use soft hooker pellet from the start. Again I fished over depth near the large stone using the same end tackle as before. I was soon in to bites and during the first few hours caught a dozen or so small rudd and crucian carp which incidentally fought fiercely given their size.

Periodic swirls on the surface told me that something larger was in my swim perhaps enjoying the trout pellets I had used as ground bait. The first mirror carp of the day took my soft pellet within seconds of a cast and moved off at high speed just below the surface creating a bow wave and startling smaller fish as it went. I never cease to be amazed at the power of these incredible creatures as they make their first run for freedom on being hooked. This fish was no exception and sprinted towards the 'Private Fishing' sign in the centre of the pool. I knew that to let it play 'ring-a-roses' with the sign would not be a 'pocket full of posies' for me, so I nervously encouraged it to change direction by applying as much tension as I dared. I kept the fish circling in the shallower water until it came up for air and was ready for the net.

Imagine my delight to find that this magnificent fish weighed 5 lb 4 ounces exceeding my previous best and achieving my objective for the day.

A second angler who arrived at lunch-time obliged with the photograph attached and also took one of his own to convince his wife that the pool actually contained fish.

Unexpectedly, given the disturbance to my swim, I was delighted to catch two additional mirror carp of 5- 1 and 3- 8 during the afternoon session.

As the light faded a small but perfectly formed 9 ounce mirror was the result of my last cast on my second day to remember at Wild Boar Farm pool.

Alan Harvey.  
25th February 2007.