



K&H RBL AC

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The Kingswood Legionnaires' Newsletter

The Old Fisherman And The Fog

Welcome once again to another exciting Christmas edition of your favourite angling newsletter. Looking back over the year it has been one of those non-descript type of seasons so far. Nothing untoward has really happened. No-one has fallen into the river, no-one has tried to impersonate any other member to nick their winnings and nobody has had a huge catch of... well anything. That has left me with a bit of a dilemma this year because as you know I like to write a nice traditional spooky Christmas tale based on one of the year's most memorable moments... but there wasn't one. So I guess you'll just have to do without your story this year... unless you really want one... and do you? You do don't you? Oh alright then but I'll have to make it up.

This is a story so wicked it will have you quaking in your wellies. It has everything from blood, grit and lust to intrigue and mystery, from danger and calamity to unashamed sex, drugs and rock and roll. But be warned it also contains big words, some meaningless words and some made-up words. It's x-rated, it's for adults only and it's nothing more than absolute filth... enjoy!

It was during some time in the not too distant past when a gentleman of some considerable years did arise from his bed with the calling of the cockerel. As he scurried around in the darkness and made his way downstairs to the kitchen he had for sure awoken the rest of the household. Boiling water for a mug of tea and enough to fill his billy-can he made himself some breakfast consisting of oats, milk and honey. After he had broken his fast he then proceeded to make a packed lunch of baked bread and hard cheese. His angling attire and equipment was duly stored in the outhouse to where he made haste as time was now a factor to be considered. His quarry on this day was not only to catch as many fish as possible but he was also to be a willing and eager participant in a locally held fishing competition. The contest had been organized by a well-established fishing club, of which he was a proud member.

The old man loaded up his cart with all the rods, poles, nets and bait he anticipated might be required for the session and then set about bridling his trusty horse, which he affectionately called Brian. As they began their journey towards the river bank, the sun announced its arrival by peaking over the hazy horizon and the moon fell away beyond the distant hills. As the light of daybreak became evident a cold swirling mist rose from the warming grass and hedgerows. Within minutes the mist had thickened and visibility was becoming problematic to the extent that he was now unsure of his actual whereabouts. As he pondered his location he listened carefully for sounds from other contestants, who by now would have made their way to the river bank. It wasn't long before he heard voices coming from the direction of the river and so he made his way towards them. As he drew nearer he pulled up in a field and proceeded to head towards the noisy crowd ahead.

Carrying his tackle and tuck he made his weary way along the river bank towards the voices which were becoming louder by the second. The mist had now thickened to a blanket of fog and visibility was limited to within a few inches. As he approached the other contestants he handed over his stake of 10 groats for the pools and hoped for a good draw, but unable to see the others clearly he did not speak much for fear of mistaking their identity. At a loss to understand why everyone was hoping the water wasn't too cold, he drew a numbered ticket from a pail that was passed around and then gingerly made his way to his designated fishing place.

He put together his finest cane rod together with his prized centrepin and set up to fish legering style. Although he couldn't see the river because of the dense fog he thought that it would be coloured due to some recent heavy rain, so his intention was to use worm on the hook. A little time went by and then came the shout for all in. He was a little bemused by some of the loud splashing caused by some of the other competitors around him, which was followed by shouts and laughter. At first he thought someone must have fallen in but reasoned that the fog was condensing the noise making it sound louder than it actually was. He fumbled around inside his leather box, which was on the grass beside him and pulled out an almighty great lob worm. He impaled the feisty worm on a large hook and cast it out into the direction of the river waiting to hear a splash. A little splash soon followed and he settled back into a hollow on the bank.

Noises of laughter and splashing were all around but it wasn't going to put him off his concentration. He had looked forward to this day for many weeks and was determined to win a pot of silver sovereigns for Christmas. As he waited for a pull on his rod he dreamed of landing the fish of a lifetime. If only he could catch a fish so big he would have a tale to tell for generations to come, he thought. Suddenly he felt a fast and forceful pull and he quickly set the hook into his prey. It fought like a demon for over half an hour. It splashed the surface water and writhed around like a python on heat. He thought he would never get it to the bank but it was finally subdued through his true grit and determination to win the contest.

He could just about make out a shape through the swirling fog as he reached into the water and pulled his catch to the bank. It was bigger than he ever expected and he shook with nervous excitement. As he dragged the exhausted creature up onto the grassy bank he instantly jumped back in absolute shock. For a moment there he thought his catch had turned out to be not a fish at all but a young scantily dressed girl of around five and twenty years, in what looked like bathing attire. Panic set in and he ran along the bank looking for someone to come and verify his most unusual victim. He ran along the bank shouting for help but there was no response, nor could he see any sign of any other fishermen. How strange he thought, as he made his way back to his fishing place.

A sudden wind picked up and to his delight the fog was moving away fast. Within minutes the fog had mysteriously disappeared completely and so had his catch of a lifetime. He looked into the water, searched the undergrowth and looked all around but there was no sign of a human being either dead or alive. It was like the whole day had been nothing but a strange dream. Perplexed, he packed away his fishing rod and made haste towards his trusty mount when he came across the local farmer. "Heyup" said the farmer, "ad any luck today?" he enquired. The old fisherman told the farmer of his experience and how he caught and dragged out the body of a young lady. "Oh no you didn't" said the farmer. "Oh yes I did" said the old man. This went on for some time until the farmer said. "You couldn't have hooked anyone 'cos no-one has ever swum in this river since a young girl drowned back twenny year ago" He added, "She became entangled in a fisherman's line and her was surely drowned."

The old fisherman scratched his head as a shiver ran down his spine and the farmer bid him good day. Back on the cart and fishing equipment duly loaded he set off on his journey home. What had happened was hard to comprehend and the more he thought about it the more troubled he became. By the time he arrived at his village he was shaking like a certain Mr Stevens and so thought he'd better call into the Queens Legs for a drink to calm his nerves, assuming the Queens Legs would be open of course. When he pulled up outside the public house he could clearly see that no less than five of his close fishing friends were sitting in the bar chatting away. When he jumped down from the cart his legs were like jelly but somehow he managed to drag himself inside the warm and inviting inn and stumble to the bar. "Yes moi lover" said the buxom barmaid. "What can I do ee for?" The old fisherman ordered a jug of ale and then moved towards his trusty friends who were sitting in the corner by the main window. "allo you ol' git" came the salutation. "What's bin up to and where's you bin?" came the enquiry in unison.

The old fisherman sat down with his friends and began to tell the story only to be interrupted half way through by one of the men. "Ere, our fishin' contest is next week you old dodder" With that the men laughed out loud. And so another grisly story is written... never to be told again.

Match Results

Barton Farm, September 13th

A straight-forward club match on a river that looked lovely and on a day that presented us with some very pleasant weather. But it's not about the weather, it's not about the taking part... it's about the winning! So it turned out to be one of those days where no matter what you tried nothing really worked. It kinda started badly when we had to peg a long way down the track due to another match, which had been pre-booked. This saw many of us into the field beyond the gate and we all thought that it was going to be a bumper day for bream fishing. Not to be and so it ended just like a Man U game... disappointing. Top striker on the day and man of the match award went to Clive Purshouse with a mean net of roach and a few bits for 4lb-5.5oz, which included a nice semi specimen roach of 1lb exactly. A very likely winner of the roach cup me thinks. The runner up purse had to be fought over by Bob Hole and Paul Pitt and was declared a draw.

The Crane, Keynsham, October 11th

A few of the Frome Vale lads joined us for this friendly inter-club contest which helped swell the numbers up to 15. As it happened the end peg, no 15, was my fancied peg for the day and I was lucky enough to draw it. It wasn't a bad

day by any stretch of the imagination as roach fed all day long apart from the odd quiet spell when marauding pike put in an appearance. On the final whistle I was sure I had taken the spoils with a nice net of roach to 7lb-6oz. However, I hadn't allowed for "Lucky Leigh Wakefield" who was drawn a couple of pegs below me and was also into the roach all day. His 8lb-14oz was just too much and defeat was staring me point blank in the face. Well at least I'll probably get second I thought. But as I walked towards the bunch of rowdy cowboys I could see a certain Paul Pitt was wearing a smirky smile. His last minute big perch meant I was only going to be eligible for the minor payout in third place, much to my total dismay. Now if Leigh wins the Christmas match than I'm going to demand he takes a drug test as I suspect he has been puffing away on some performance enhancing drugs, whilst all the time I've been on the usual hallucinogenics.

Kelston Match

If you turned up for this one you were on your own as it was cancelled.

Next Match

The next match, in case you didn't make it or was a little uncertain, is the Christmas match. It will be at Stowford Meadows on the river

Frome and it's a club member only match... apart from those outside of the club who have been invited to join us. (It's a kind of softener in our recruitment process). It's also a 3-way knock out between me, Bill Croom and Leigh Wakefield, so may the best man win.

Individual Points Aggregate

B.Lloyd	5
B.Knight	24
B.Hole	17
B.Croom	19
C.Purshouse	16
J.Mack	5
E.Davis	2
A.Maggs	17
P.Pitt	21
S.Jefferies	3
I.Brice	5
L.Wakefield	21

Pairs Aggregate

C.Purshouse & B.Knight	19.03.0
B.Croom & B.Lloyd	10.05.8
B.Hole & A.Maggs	13.13.8
L.Wakefield & P.Pitt	25.01.0

For Sale

John Thompson has some very long waders for sale. He says they come up to his neck, so if anyone wants to buy them give John a ring and haggle over the price.

He also wishes to thank everyone for their kindness and concern and looks forward to seeing you all sometime in the new season.

Live Your Dream

My personal coach keeps telling me to live my dream. But I don't want to have to run stark naked along the river bank with a rose between my butt cheeks singing I'm a lumberjack and I'm okay.

Club Chub Record Smashed!

New member Ian Brice landed a 4lb chub during the Chippenham match held at Riverside Drive, which is a new club record.

Just Bumming Around?



Who is this angler arsing around at one of our matches? If you recognise this bum then contact your local fashion police and report him for indecent exposure.

Final Thoughts...

Another Christmas is upon us and a New Year awaits. Another year older and not necessarily wiser as we continue to pursue our quarry. What else would we do if we didn't fish? It doesn't bear thinking about. Our happy little club continues to function and continues to grow and I for one am proud to be a member. I hope you are too and I hope we will continue for many years to enjoy the bankside banter. Some of us are now well into or at least fast approaching our twilight years and as long as we have our health we should be okay for another season at least. So on that note I wish you all a very happy Christmas and a peaceful New Year and look forward to seeing you all on January 10th at the Crane, if not before.

Merry Christmas!

