

# ¿40 Testing



## ALEX BRANSBY TESTS THE NEW ¿40

### Session 3

With conditions continuing to stay on the mild side for November, I loaded the car early in the morning full of hope that maybe, just maybe I hadn't used up all my luck for this year.

These last three or four months had seen me hit good form over on Bluebell's Swan lake in Northamptonshire having landed many of the large known fish and as it turned out I was on a bit of a roll. However, I was under no illusion that this would last forever. Experience tells you that a lean spell is never too far away in this game.

A couple of hours later I pulled up to the lake to be greeted by quite a refreshing change. There was only three other anglers on the whole lake, which meant I actually had a fair bit of choice for once. Knowing one of those anglers was my old mate Jimbo, who was set up in the shallows at the southern end, I popped over for a brew and a catch up. After watching the water for a bit there was nowhere that particularly looked favourable so I pitched up next door until any signs of fish activity were forthcoming. We stayed up long into the night watching the water but the whole lake just looked dead.

After a few hours kip my eyes were once again glued to the water at first light in the hope that something would give away its whereabouts, but still nothing. Of course it would have been so easy to stay put for my last 24 hours and enjoy the social aspect but when I don't get that "feeling" I just can't settle and Jimbo knows this.

Twenty minutes later the gear is all packed away in the motor and I'm scanning the water down the other end for signs of fish. Typically after monitoring the lake for half an hour I decide to dig the brew kit out of the motor when I hear a good fish crash out somewhere. Dam it...where are ya?.....BOOOSH!.....aha...I spy!

As luck would have it they were starting to show over a familiar spot I had fished a few weeks previous. It's an area of light silt that rapidly drops off from 11ft to 14ft at around 70 yards range and happens to be very rich in bloodworm, which they had obviously begun to harvest. Two rods were duly dispatched to the spot about ten foot apart, each baited with balanced Mistral i40 hook baits followed by a small amount of spod mix containing chopped i40 boilie and mixed particle. All was quiet that evening and I was left wondering if I had made too much disturbance and should have perhaps just stuck to fishing singles to the area instead?

10am the following morning, time was running out and I was due to pull off around midday. I was just coming to terms with what was going to be my first blank session in a while, when I receive a single bleep and saw the bobbin fall to the deck to signal a drop back! On making contact with the fish it kited straight around to my right margin and broke the surface. I could see it was a good common and after going in the net first time of asking the scales confirmed this by recording a weight of 39lb 10oz....result!



Jimbo came down to do the photography and after congratulating me through gritted teeth we both saw a good fish roll right over my spot. Not wanting to make any further disturbance I decided not to replace the rod but to just leave the existing rod to fish on its own. Besides I had literally an hour left before I had to leave. Having just packed everything away in the motor apart from the single rod and net I was now starting to count down the minutes when the lone rod tightened up and held. Seeing the rod tip then bounce was all the indication I needed and on picking up the rod the resistance on the other end told me another large carp was the culprit. After a slow dogged fight taking place in the margin I finally netted a stunning scaley mirror that spun the needle around to settle on 34lb 8oz... surely now I'm riding my luck!



**Be lucky and remember its not over till its over!**

**Alex Bransby. Mistral Baits Team.**

---