

# EDEN'S LAKES! *In France!*

**FRENCH SPECIAL! AND WHAT A SPECIAL PLACE THIS IS...  
THIS YEARS/NEXT YEARS SUMMER HOLIDAY IS NOW SORTED!**

*"Here We Go!!!"*

5 a.m. on a July Tuesday morning and my alarm clock sounded, and it's never sounded so good, because today I'm going to France! My first ever French fishing trip. Eager to get going, the wagon is loaded in double quick time and hit the road to get to Stansted Airport.

Still grinning from ear to ear as the plane nails it down the runway with Mr. Cockrell (the captain of the ship – well, plane) pointing it France bound. "Down with the French and on with the English we screamed!"

After checking out the local forecast from the link on the Eden Lakes website, I expected to land in a dull, hazy Limoges. But I was pleasantly surprised... Doors open and we walk into thirty degrees of stunning sunshine. As we walk through the arrival's gate, we are greeted by Adam, and within a minute of shaking his hand, we're handed a "Welcome to France beer." Nice touch!

*Touchdown!*

After leaving the airport, we begin gathering some information about the complex. Adam explained that we'd be fishing the North Lake and described some of the lumps we could be getting stuck into. With some of the tales he told, our eyes instantly lit up and we couldn't mutter much more than, "Are we there yet?" and "How far is it now?"

A short while later, we arrive in the local town and then follow some

bendy back roads down to the premises. As we sit down and have a coffee and a biccy, we browse through some of the catch reports that previous anglers had completed over the previous few weeks. Sheets and sheets of doubles, twenties, thirties and forties. 'Right drink up Joe, let's get started.'

After loading up the wagon with all the supplied gear from the barn, we drive across the road to the North Lake. It looked wicked, is 5 acres in a pear shape with one shallow end and one deeper. We greet the honeymoon couple, Chris and Natasha who would be fishing opposite us. They had spent their first week driving down and seeing a few sights then their second week would be spent here in Limousin.



▲ A fine French forty on our last evening for Natasha.

▼ Another lump for Chris.



*Location...*

Joe and I walked (more like skipping) round the lake like two five-years-olds in Toys 'R' Us, keeping our eyes out for showing fish and trying to pick which side to fish.

Joe took the left hand side and I took the right. I would be fishing in two and a half to three metres of water with a tree stump feature and some other branches just before the halfway mark. There had to be a few milling around in there!

Joe would have a large space of water to fish to with a bush on the back margin which looked appealing and several other features dotted all over in one to two and a half metres depth of water.

Adam insisted on setting our bivvies up for us as we got the armoury out. With a couple of markers only 40ish yards out in the water, we smashed them out bang on the money. Well, we could hardly miss! We got the rest of the gear set up then headed up to the house a little later for some fine, home cooked cuisine.

*We're Away!*

Back at the swims the traps are set again and after a long day we both decide on an early night. After dozing off, I'm awoken to "Goooooosey?.. Goooooosey? I'm in!"

I shot out the bag and grabbed the head torch. It soon became apparent that Joe was into a lump. After a long hard battle with the fish, and believe me these kippers can fight! I slipped the net under a fine 35lb 8oz mirror. I looked on in awe and wondered when my first bite might come.



▲ Are we there yet? (No Goose, we haven't got on the plane yet – Ed:)

It couldn't have been much more than another hour and I hear the call again, "Goooooosey!" A similar battle again and this time the needle bends round to 30lb bang on. I return to the bivvy and wonder how confident I am on the spots...



▲ Second fish – second thirty. Back of the net.

*Goosie's Turn!*

A short while later, I'm woken to one beep, then three or four more – the rod is bent round and we're away! With my PB being 22lb I was sure that was about to be beaten. A fifteen-minute scrap and an aching bicep later, my first French fish is landed – a new PB n'all!

A 28lb 4oz mirror equals one happy Goosen. The rig is whacked out on the spot again; I go back to bed and have another look at the piccies. Just before sunrise I'm woken again, the middle rod rips off and again I'm into another whacker. Thinking I may have even hooked one of the big cats because of the force it was taking line at, I stood for another 15 minutes playing the lump.

Finally, Joe got the mesh under it. "Is it bigger? Is it bigger?" I squeaked. "I think we've got you a thirty, Goosie!" Sure enough the



▲ First fish for the Goosen – all 28lb of it. Result!



▲ Angus with another.



▲ Joe with another Eden brute.

scales spun round and read 30lb on the button. I was now even more chuffed than before.

## Game On!

Well, morning came and Adam comes round to see how our night panned out and he's got brecky – mega! What can only be described as a monstrous baguette, loaded with fine (thick cut) French bacon, herb sausages and two pucker duck eggs, Mmmm! Good work ol' boy.

After brecky, I reeled in and walked down the end of the lake and went to the chalet. After banging a stiff coffee together with all the kit provided, I jumped in the shower. I've got to get one of these at home; it's got spray jets that come out the side 'n everything! Feeling refreshed I returned to my pitch to get the rods back out.

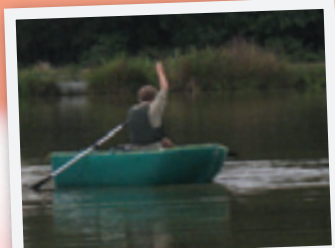
The day would produce more action with another two or three fish each from low- to upper-twenties, one of which being a 23lb 8oz common, which could be called nothing but "awesome." The thing I liked about this lake, apart from the evilly hard fighting fish was that there didn't seem to be a set feeding pattern, you could just pick one up at any time.

Another bite would follow for Joe, and soon we realised this one was a big 'un. Unable to contain the immense power of the fish, it unfortunately got caught on one of the snags. Joe then went out in the boat to see if he could free the – (how he put it) "huuuge fish", and indeed he did. In fact, he almost netted it; you should have seen his face when it came off. The

'definite forty' (so he says, but no-one else saw it!) spat the hook inches from the net. He then threw a bit of a paddy shall we say, so I left him to it. He does get himself excited on these big jobs!



▲ Brecky!



▲ Joe doing battle with his 'forty'.



▲ The 'anglers lodge'. "In here you'll find a power-shower, toilet, microwave, cooker, English electrical hook-up."

## Teatime...

At 6.30p.m. we go back to the house to have another meal with Chris, Natasha, and our fantastic hosts, Adam, Lisa and their four adorable girls. Once again the spread was amazing, and complemented with a fine glass of red. After squeezing in a large bowl of ice cream, we said our 'thank yous' and headed back to the lake.

Would we get more sleep tonight?? After a stunning sunset, we sat and checked our catch lists and it was four apiece. Could I beat Joe on my first trip abroad? We won't go into past events! I knew my baits were bang on the spots, so I felt quietly confident for more bites during the night. Joe would get the next bite at around 1a.m. This would result in another big mirror. Bugger, one down!

before now. As I said, there didn't seem to be set feeding times on the lake, but when they switched on I would seem to get a take, then Joe would, and by the time they were in the net, Chris or Natasha would have had one. It was sometimes hard to keep more than one rod in the water.

We spent the rest of the day sipping apple juice and catching fish. Twas splendid!



▲ Two in the net for Goose. How many have you caught now, Joe?



▲ Live the dream kids...

## My turn...

A quieter night this time, which wasn't all together bad as getting a few hours good kip was what we both needed. Fear not though, by 8a.m. the ALM's are back in action.

The excitement of hooking these fish is second to none; they fight sooo hard that until it rolls under the net you really have no idea what you have on the end. Fifteen minutes (ish) later and the next one is landed. As I peer over Joe's shoulder and glance down at the net, I can see thirty number two. A couple of quick piccies and weigh, this time 30lb 8oz. Mega PB number two!

A perfect looking mirror, and to be honest, was probably uncaught



▲ Special Delivery for The Goosen. Before 9.30a.m. as well!



▲ "Dear Santa..."

▲ The face says it all.

## STUPID Face ALERT!

*It's normally Rob Bell who pulls the funnies at CARPology. Not anymore! Here's some of the snaps you wouldn't normally see...*

## Home Time... Baaad!

On the Thursday evening we sat round the dinner table, reminiscing over the week we'd had. Trying to work out how we could change our flights and stay the weekend or when we could make it back again.

We were both gutted that we had to leave in the morning. Another meal was served which was fit for a king, then an apple

turnover and cream for afters. Yum! After looking like there may be a storm on the way, we returned to the bivvies and got the rods out before the rain began to fall. As the sunset came, the sky gave some awesome colours, which made some wicked photos and made us realise that we were staying at a really special place. Everything was perfect. The fishing, the facilities, the company and our hosts, were all spot on.

Another night of little sleep, due to the constant flow of bites meant we'd bagged up another

three or four each. I woke Joe to let him know I had two in the net! We got the first one out and took the photos quickly before returning it. A real long, lean, upper-double. The second looked much bigger, and indeed it was. The scales this time read 31lb 8oz; my biggest of the trip so a pucker result.

Like a kid at Christmas I looked with joy as we took a few piccies. Three thirties for the both of us. We had both fished well, so it only seemed fair I brought the tally to level – twelve a piece.



▲ WARNING: Stupid face alert #1.



▲ SUPER WARNING: Stupid face alert #2.



▲ "I knew I should have went..."



▲ Chris baiting up for another nights action – check out the sky!



◀ Our last meal with our fantastic hosts. Good times.



▲ One in the net... one on the end. Mega!



▲ Joe with a last minute whacker.

▶ Final morning 30lb 8oz. Nice way to finish.



## Au Revoir...

Adam would again bring us another one of his baguette specialities at 9.30a.m., which are worth going for alone! We then made plans for what time we'd leave. Lisa came up to say, "goodbye" to us shortly after, we couldn't thank her enough for the five star treatment we'd had.

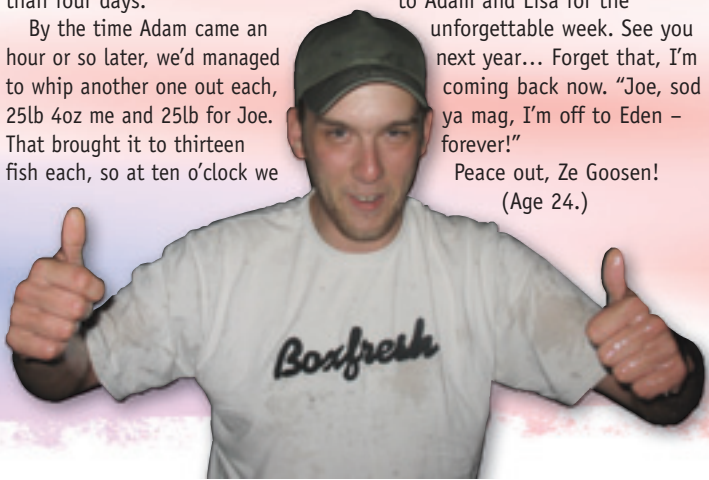
In all honesty, we couldn't grumble at anything. Everyone was so friendly, the hospitality was awesome; it felt like we had known them all for much longer than four days.

By the time Adam came an hour or so later, we'd managed to whip another one out each, 25lb 4oz me and 25lb for Joe. That brought it to thirteen fish each, so at ten o'clock we

called it a draw and reeled in. It seemed fair to end level.

Joe had seventeen bites and I'd had fourteen, so there was no way we could quibble about the quality of fishing. Our sincere thanks go to Adam and Lisa for the unforgettable week. See you next year... Forget that, I'm coming back now. "Joe, you mag, I'm off to Eden - forever!"

Peace out, Ze Goosen!  
(Age 24.)



# FINAL Fish TALLY'S!

We hooked 32 fish.  
We landed 26.  
Here's the breakdown...

## JOE (THE ED.) WRIGHT



- 20lb mirror
- 30lb mirror
- 35lb 8oz mirror
- 24lb mirror
- 27lb mirror
- 23lb 8oz common
- 20lb common
- 20lb mirror
- 30lb 8oz mirror
- 5lb mirror
- 13lb heavily scaled mirror
- 25lb 4oz mirror
- 22lb 8oz common

## ANGUS (THE WORKIE) IVES



- 30lb mirror
- 28lb 4oz mirror
- 27lb 8oz mirror
- 22lb 8oz mirror
- 23lb 8oz mirror
- 31lb mirror
- 25lb 4oz mirror
- 22lb 8oz mirror
- 30lb 8oz mirror
- 17lb mirror
- 15lb common
- 25lb 2oz mirror
- 26lb 12oz mirror

Fancy a trip? You'd be mad not to go! CARPology outcome: We've been to plenty of French ponds now, and in all honesty, this is probably the greatest of them all. So do yourself a serious favour and buzz Adam on: 0033 5556 54401 or check out the website at: [www.edenlakes.co.uk](http://www.edenlakes.co.uk)

BOOKING...