

# Fishing the NYSD River Tees water on the Richmond and District Angling Society Permit

By Chris Jones

The opportunity has arisen for Richmond members to fish a different river from the Swale home ground. It's not costing anything and it's not much further from home than the nearest bit of the Swale. However, it's a totally different and quite unfamiliar animal that requires leaving my Swale comfort zone. It's also likely to force me into fishing the waggler, not something I do much on running water these days.

## Day 1

Despite my best efforts, I couldn't get anything going at stick float range with any regularity. I did manage a few small dace, of the size that left me pretty underwhelmed, before biting the bullet and switching to the waggler. That little extra range made all the difference. Dace came very regularly for the next forty minutes or so then it died off, the dace only biting at the very head of the swim.



The reason for them moving upstream became quite apparent when I hooked something that pulled back a bit. The culprits turned out to be decent sized perch. A similar pattern emerged for the rest of the afternoon. Tiddly dace, quiet, decent perch, back to the tiddly dace and repeat. The last decent perch, of four around the 1lb 8oz mark, arrived just before my self imposed six thirty time limit and was a nice way to end a decent day.



A couple of firsts for me today; an inverted overhead rainbow and sparrow-hawks hunting kingfishers up and down both banks. I've no idea how much the perch weighed as, knowing it was going to be a long walk, I'd pared my kit right down to essentials. I was glad I had when making my way back up the aptly named Heart Attack Hill.



## Day 2

Went back to the stretch of river I fished yesterday and went in by a different access point aiming to fish a different noted peg. After three hours of being bitted to death by a combination of minnows, dace and chublets, I couldn't resist taking the long walk back to yesterday's perch spot.

After the best part of an hour without a bite in the perch swim, I was beginning to wonder whether the long walk had been a good idea. I couldn't even snaffle a dace. I had the depth set so it was just dragging bottom. The end of the run shallows slightly, so the float toppling gently was the signal to strike and retrieve. After many such retrieves without incident I struck into an unexpected resistance which wasn't the bottom. Played what felt like a half decent perch for a reasonable length of time when it slipped the hook, as they do. A bad bout of angler's tourettes followed. Within five minutes or so another bout followed as a second one pinged off. Fortunately, I redeemed myself very soon after. A solid, obvious bite was followed by a good solid fish scooting across the river at a fair rate of knots, clutch ticking nicely. At that point I really wasn't sure if it was a big dog chub or one of the elusive barbel. Only when it started coming towards me did it start to feel like a perch, albeit a pretty good one. Thankfully, it had done all its fighting mid river. By the time it came to netting it was about done, so no heart in mouth mad dashes under the nearside undergrowth.



After yesterday, I'd made space for my scales. I was certainly glad I had when it showed 2lb 11oz. I may have had slightly bigger in the dim and distant past, but they have gone un-weighed. That makes it a definite PB rather than the previous wishy-washy 2lb, 2lb 8oz (if I was lucky) that I'd have claimed. Lost another smaller fish later on, but didn't really care, and polished the day off with another of broadly similar stamp to yesterday's fish at 1lb 5oz.

The wildlife put on a different show to yesterday - I've never seen a squirrel swim a river before.