

# Welsh Qualifiers

by Mike Flynn

Well talk about the expression “doesn’t time fly” well sure enough the trip to Portugal seemed only hours old and it was off to Cardiff to compete in the last leg of the welsh qualifiers, were we were told to expect large numbers of whiting and the odd cod, but in measure matches the whiting are the main species to be caught.

We set off in the early hours of Saturday coolboxes stuffed with that oily fish mackerel were the order, my travelling companion was Mr P (price) followed by Shane who was to stay in Cardiff for the Open to be held on the same venue the following day, a phone call on the way down to wake our international colleague Joe Arch was met with a grunt do you know what ~~~~~ time it is, and we were not the first to phone thank god, Joe confirmed the previous weeks matches were won with bags of fish up to thirty in fact were common place ,Mr Price’s ears were stood to attention in fact so were mine ,well we were in for a busy match Yes action at last!!

We arrived at our destination to be greeted by Ivor Smith of Newport who had just returned from pegging the beach. Low numbers were favoured and the queue formed to chose their pegs. Joe picked my peg only to groan ‘not you next to you again’,

while my thoughts were ‘would he cast straight’ (snigger). With the match only minutes from the start, rigs were being baited up by the dozens of anglers ready for an onslaught of fierce biting whiting, the whistle went and in went the baited rigs. Anglers waited with baited breath for that well known whiting tug only for that famous statement to be made to everyone’s dissapontment “you should have been here yesterday”

A pattern soon formed with very few fish showing. The section I was in contained six other hopeful’s were it seemed likely that the end peg of John Griffith was going to be the hot peg he soon had a fair number of fish on the card whilst Joe and my self were struggling, this required a change of tactics were a three hook clipped rig was sent far out into the Bristol channel then out of the blue , a well awaited triple. Out went the baits again too a similar range quickly followed by a double and another and so on until the fish disappeared. A quick glance down the card. Twenty fish, was it enough?

Well, yes was the answer. A small change in tactics can alter the result and even better, my colleagues also secured zone wins. Armed with what he saw that day, Shane was able to produce a victory on the following day.

