

Postscript to my day at Ravo.....

As I reached the jetty at 6 o'clock, a blessed relief to all, I had a panic call from Ann at home, my son in London and my daughter in Lincolnshire. They had all had an SOS from my phone suggesting I was in some sort of emergency (how did the phone know about my fishing?) and that I was located in the middle of Ravensthorpe Reservoir.

What to do? I wasn't answering the phone for some reason - too busy chatting - and Ann rang 999. This set off a ridiculous chain of events which only slowly resolved itself once everyone realised that I hadn't thrown myself into the water. My son was so frustrated by multiple emergency calls that he suggested I'd better be drowning to justify such ructions.....The appropriate end to a perfect day.

It was only later that I saw Mark Searle was also on my list of emergency contacts. He very sensibly ignored the calls.

Did I mention the fact that I fished for an hour or so with my special Ravensthorpe damsel?

The one with no hook. Grrrrrrr!

I went fully barbless a year or two ago. Could this be the next step?

Chris