

Fast Hemp Confidential

**Witchcraft Water Secrets Only
Fool Anglers Ignore** (*Especially
When Night Fishing*)

**Billion Dollar Business Owner
Eager To Hire Curious Anglers
For** *'Silly, Annoying Quirk'*

**Outing The Tackle Shop
Bullies At Last** (*King Wulfstan*)

And more...

*Stuffed with life changing ideas
for free thinking anglers only*

Dave Alston

FAST HEMP CONFIDENTIAL

LIFE CHANGING SECRETS FOR FREE
THINKING ANGLERS ONLY

DAVE ALSTON



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To your absolute...

"FREEDOM!"

FAST HEMP CONFIDENTIAL

A vast... dear fellow angler!
With happy welcome I bid you to lay down your burdens as you glide into my Aladdin's carpet of hemp, broken boilies, particle brothery and half finished lures for a good feed to fortify your merry heart.

Welcome...

Chopped worms, maggot, caster, pinky, squat... sloppy brew.
Carp, Tench, Barbel, Dorado, Salmon, Shark or Catfish too.

Scopex?

No.

Anyhow...

All waits for you in this meaty mix below.

Quickly though for the sun is fading fast... or other bigger, sleeker fishers will steal your portion, bagging up at your expense... *all before we set the stove for a brew.*

And we don't want that.

So...

Feed on.

For as the apothecary prepares his medicine... so I my bait buckets.

Though remember...

Pre-baiting in one spot is essential to hook the roaming mind.

And because...

Setting the hook correctly into a life changing quest for an anglers liberty or more tackle buying trips more frequently (*ahoy tackle droolers*) requires studying these few pages assembled most diligently.

You will see for...

Herein I proudly present the only fishing volume I know especially dedicated to this most noble task, nay '*high calling*' of turning even fair-weather anglers into champions in that most mysterious and tricky aspect of... life itself.

Our slim volume tells all in utmost privacy.

Hence I salute the curious mind which leans closer.

Respect bro.

Respect.

For would you not agree...

Are not we a most gallant breed who fish?

Being willing as we are to turn aside from the rampant villainy of this mean world to breathe real air, to appreciate what life is really about?

We see what others never will...

We cherish what others willingly ignore as they rush past and on into the abyss of the worst excesses of life... *such as wasting precious time or even lives on what does not really matter.*

Quite.

Thus for many nights I have visited this spot under cover of darkness to bait you up. To get you hungry.

To click flint. To spark a flame.

However...

I must warn you, should you take the bait I will strike like a cobra. Or if I fail to strike in time... you'll swim off.

Soft lip intact.

Furthermore, let me say right up front...

If you seek guidance on hauling chunks, or golden match winning glory... I'm halfway clueless in that regard and '*Fast Hemp Confidential*' is not for you.

Abandon this bait boat now therefore and swim for shore.

My old skool cat food boilies, hunks of bread, maggot and caster techniques are most antiquated I do confess. Different times.

Just an old angling dog with sparse new tricks.

Yet I couldn't care less frankly.

Considering there's some cunningness I possess too...

For it's been well said that tricking a wary fish is triumph enough in itself.

Quiet cunning goes a long way to that fine end. As does STEALTH and a sharp hook too. Other than good line, what need we more?

Get the basics right. All will follow.

I also concur with the old Dick Walker quote ¹...

“ *The real carp angler in my book, is he who consistently catches carp. How big they are is largely irrelevant.*”

That said...

Before I begin these sparse few tails of do and dare...

A fair warning to those of a weaker constitution. **Not all which follows is politically correct.** Weaker dover soles may take offence.

No surprise.

The stinky bait I use puts many to flight. Yet it's used for good reason...

1. To rid my swim of 'Breamers' instead of doers.
2. To attract **only the free thinking angler**, *seeking unusual ideas.*

Some lines I cast are controversial therefore. If that worries you, **quit now.**

Unsubscribe.

I won't be offended.

However for you braver souls not moved by rough appearances or annoying points of view on everything under the sun (*e.g. POLITICS, religion or the supernatural... what else is more fun debating though eh?*)...

Then WELCOME.

A mind bombing angling adventure is about to begin for you because I think it safe to say, we may all agree on this...

**All it takes is one good idea to
*CHANGE EVERYTHING.***

Doesn't it?

And you're probably teeming with them... like tadpoles in a tench pit.

Even if you don't think so.

Let's begin.

GRASS CARP NEVER SMOKE GRASS

Not many carpers target grass carp.
Truly the ugly duckling.

'Proper' carpers ignore them.

Therefore...

As is my lunchtime habit, walking by the Lancaster Canal where they first got introduced in UK, one day it struck me with unusual force...

1. Grass carp never smoke grass.
2. They're almost sterile fish here in Blighty.

This first point is not surprising.

Grass carp were not designed to smoke grass in the first place. Silly for them to even try. It would look weird... smoke coming out their gills.

Secondly...

Grass carp can't breed well in Britain anyway... it's too cold.

Yup.

Same reason the Romans cleared off.

So why bring 'em, these nerdy long fish?

Because of some science boffs experiment... that's why.

Basically these misfit carp, got dumped in the wrong country by the boffins. They can't swim back. Even their sex life is wonky now.

So much for a legacy, when you can't breed.

Grim eh?

Yet...

Across the channel in the blissfully harmonious **United States of Europe** this same species breed like rabbits on skunk. They grow fat feasting on 'weed' banquets laid on by our continental overlords.

Basking in the Euro fed Shengen sunshine they grow to 80LB chunks.

Here in UK though... *grass carp are a flip flop.*

And the point of all this cloudy ground bait with practically no substance is this...

Your confidence withers. Growth stalls...

When you get dumped in the wrong place in life too.

(Like knowing you chose the wrong swim... yet stay anyway and blank).

Similar to some anglers lives actually... no matter how hard you try. You blank your way through life.

Or say...

Perhaps you try and mate.

Same thing happens, wonky ending...

Divorce slashes your heart open. Your guts splashed all over the sticky tackle bag of your life's experience for all passing coots to see.

A famous quote frames our tragedies thus ² ...

“*The mass of men lead lives of quiet desperation.*

How to change though?

Well thankfully perchance in the rye...

A forgotten angler hands to us **the golden key of liberty for any fisherman** ready to kick the doors of perception clean off their hinges.... and stride into their own glorious destiny.

Henry Thoreau advises thus ⁽²⁾

“*I learned this... that if one advances confidently in the direction of his dreams, and endeavours to live the life which he has imagined, he will meet with a success unexpected in common hours. . .*”

And to further guide hapless anglers better (*I myself being more hapless than most reading these gruelling confessions*) a quote misattributed to same Thoreau goes deeper still ³ ...

“*Many men go fishing all their lives without knowing that it is not fish that they are after.*”

So on to the pinnacle of our terse tail...

What are you fishing after in your swim called life my friend?

Answer that, along with the 'non' Henry quote above too and your life can become...

One big bucket of chillied, hemp frenzied, maggot throwing, lure whipping, alarm screeching, chunk hooking, Salmon leaping, Marlin whacking, Mahi Mahi feasting, roach whipping, match winning JOY!

Fishing freedom for all.

Or put this way...

Maybe from loathed poacher to beloved lake owner.

(Why not?).

Ugly duckling to swanlike magnificence.

Or from zero to hero.

Like our next story *(almost)*.

**OUTING THE TACKLE SHOP BULLIES AT
LAST... A YOUNG VIKING TAKES ON
KING WULFSTAN.**

In a hardy town nestling by icy sea in that venerable and pleasing Kingdom of Northern Britain lived a most unusual man.

An angling man of principle as our flinty fable now reveals, with wondrous consequences for all blessed readers that happen upon this curious fishing tail.

That being said, I your kindly narrator must warn you about what shortly passes before your eyes...

Tragedy lies ahead.

Wickedness too.

Pay it no heed though.

Pass through it.

For good and evil happen to us all.

None are immune.

Thus press on...

Such bold attitude will stop you losing every good thing

gained by a focused reading of this disturbing lesson, (*albeit learned from the pain of an honest, yet truly done over angling brother*).

And even more so...

If you wish to swap your life of servitude to others and sally forth into the business of healthy profit for yourself.

In particular...

Should you choose for your calling the high sport of selling fishing tackle to anglers delirious in their happy addiction.

(Or any other angling life-casting frolic you take a fancy to, for there's more than one way to skin a sprat young Mahatma).

That being said,

Should you choose this noble pursuit...

Then my prayer for you is that the fishers of this goodly kingdom gladly cross your palms with genuine plastic fivers.

And as you peddle your fishing booty, after pre-baiting their lairs my toast is that YOU be handsomely rewarded by our great and kingly sport.

And it's true...

The sellers market is indeed most sturdy (*for any astute enough to avoid the quicksand or pirate ships roaming these treacherous waters*).

Anyhow, lets stay positive.

Who knows...

Collect enough of Her Glorious Majesties' slippery blue plastics and one day what you gather in small bundles may grow enough to fill barns upon the vast estates and attendant fishing lakes you plan on owning.

Could it happen?

We shall see.

For not everyone has the robust fortitude for such adventures.
And none knows the future. Certainly not I.

Yet... as the good book says...

'Only believe.' (Mark 5:35 KJV)

I heartily agree.

And though you may not be in such a happy state yet.

Nonetheless...

Just imagine how happy friends in the Dog and Duck would raise a glass to their exalted pal 'en Francais', the owner of three 'well carpy' private lakes.

Expressing genuine thanks to your worthy name, they being the only ones from England you allow to fish for free once a year, while less connected carplings are forced to pay a French Kings ransom to cast a spod there.

Yes truly...

Astounded by the change in your circumstances, they can never thank you enough for your kind invites. They can never hope to repay your generosity. Nor would you require it either.

After all, what are mates for?

Yes.

This is you...

YOU.

Beloved indeed.

And why the devil not?

For who knows what life's mysteries may reveal to the diligent seeker.

So read on and remember...

Glean both from the signposts to bliss and equally... be wary of the warnings from our heroes life as it unfolds below.

Both will serve you well.

Now Begins Our Strange Fishtickle Selling Saga.

Upon first glance our angling adventurer appears most ordinary. Yet outward appearances are cunning fellows.

Truth is deeper than that.

And so it was on this occasion.

For deep within the chest of this brave yet plainly attired soul beat the hidden heart of a champion.

Tho' he knew not his very own gift, nor strength.

Nor had he slightest inkling of the vast reserves of inner power laying untapped inside him. (*Is that not so with even the noblest of us?*).

Instead...

One stormy winters night, angling for Tope in cold sea off northern rocks we find him... brutally tossed this way and that by peculiar and troubling thoughts.

The slashing and stinging rain on his face... the pounding murderous waves tearing at the dark slippery rock he perches on for shelter.

All these perfectly mirror his perilous state of mind.

Inner doubts question every possible outcome he tries to predict, giving him no rest.

Yet just as oddly...

Every now and then, as the silvery moonlight appears for a few fleeting moments... *suddenly EVERYTHING makes sense.*

He fills with optimism and peace.

Terror subsides.

An inner knowing that somehow he's on the right path grips him instead of anxious doom. Something good lies ahead for him.

He is sure of it.

And from dusk till dawn he wrestles back and forth like this, fishing on deep into the black November night.

A lone figure.

Casting far out into the vicious cauldron of boiling spray.

When suddenly...

The bell on his rod top bursts into shrill ringing.

And as his beach-caster wrenches down with jagged lunge he finally leans into a worthy fight of a fish.

A dogfish...

Not monstrously large for it's worth. Still a fish for all that.

Yet by morning a change had come over our reluctant winner.

The whipping sea had not bent him. Nor doubts crushed his resolve. He was no longer afraid like other men.

His decision now clear.

And peace... at last!

As first light of dawn flickers across the bay, the rains clear east and faint rays of sun peer through the early mist he determines...

“ Today we will see a fine winters morn. A fine day for me and my future too.”

And thus...

Emerging from the jagged rock face he spent the night upon, he begins to cross the wet shining sand on the ebb tide.

In the rising steam and misty mask of dawn his rods in their quiver look almost like arrows.

In the distance the metal work he carries could even be mistaken for the legendary Viking sword, the feared Ulfberht... *terror of all Saxons.*

Now the tracks he leaves in the soft sand are somehow different. **The tracks of a warrior.**

His gaze different.

In the twinkling of an eye, all is changed.

All in it's place.

Remember too dearest reader, that I your kindly narrator know this brave fellow personally.

I can attest he indeed has a steely resolve and warlike countenance once his mind is clear. A resolve none can turn.

With that our scene is set.

Therefore...

Let's run swiftly to the crux of our tale.

You'll find it to be a profitable journey (*for either pure or mercenary reasons*) which will soon become clear.

The Stone Of Destiny From Decision Is Set

Next day, upon his kitchen table, by steady hand our Viking draws out his personal map of prosperous destiny. A plan of attack.

A prophecy of victory?

Maybe.

And within three months his eager plan is hatched.

The runes impossible to deny now.

The deed entered into.

And even when naysayers abounded, jeering him, fake booking him to within an inch of his life strewing wicked untruths across his path...

“ *Turn back, turn back, your way is beset with devils.
Your journey too unknown. What if you run out of
money? What if you fail!*”

Yet the call he'd come to heed, nay to love... was louder than any such whispers of fear from lesser man cubs.

He'd suffered them so oft, these bream-like soles.

They haunted his nightmares.

No fight.

No dreams themselves but to shoal up with others only to be ground baited and swim-feedered to death.

These the truly lost.

The living afraid.

Drifting in dreary groups, underwater, onshore or online to be reeled in for the pleasure of men.

Kept in keep nets their whole lives... their bruised, bleeding scales lifting by every hour. Breamers... *too afraid of working out anything for themselves.*

Instead...

His pounding heart now urged him on...

'Faster, faster, FASTER up, uP, UP!' to the battle lines. His beloved razor-sharp Ulfberht in hand and more thunderous than any Samurai edge, his mind runs.

His body follows. Nothing would change him now. Not family. Not friend. Not foe. His face set as flint...

And to what exactly?

Well to what many reading this most excellent tale would envy, would we not?

To launch a suitably excellent, (yet modest) fishing tackle emporium of the highest calibre, filled with utmost good natured banter and desirable gear.

Thus a fishing tackle business was born.

Clinging a stones throw from the foaming waves where our hero first heard his call. His choice of premise pleased him well... *and was suitably, ahem... cheap.*

Beside very sea...

Filled with the fishy prey he desired to aid other anglers to catch in return for their now almost worthless silver, for this

was the age of those pesky scoundrels confederate across the channel.

That very crew sworn to not only crush our most glorious and beneficent Sterling.

Yet worse...

With audacity of the devil himself even attempting to steal the very heart of old England and bury it confederate within a new country shortly to be announced...

The pompously titled '**United States Of Europe.**'

They who'd with impudence touted their army ready to take charge of our green and pleasant land enforcing the drug like calm of it's cowed citizens.

A brave new world promised.

These shadowy traitors had perfected the cunning dark art of magical plots and political intrigue.

Eating their fill of Bilde-burgers and guzzling champagne barges, they lapped up caviar relish, dipped in the blood of Brussels fries.

Dark men.

Callous skeletal women whispering orders.

Statists hell bent on power.

Alas.

It looked like good 'Old Blighty' was lost forever.

Yet...

These nefarious souls reckoned not on that quiet, silent mass of English might which when roused roareth like a magnificent, fearsome beast.

And roused indeed they were to a muscular victory, when one yellow toothed old tiger nameth 'Nigel' stirred up a veritable hornets nest of trouble against their brigandry to such extent their game was exposed to all with eyes to see and ears to hear.

However...

I digress.

So let's return to our champions tale.

Back At The Tackle Shop...

To be fair...

Our heroes armoury to undertake such a vast task was frugal.

At best a few quid.

Yet much like the old Norsemen setting out with nothing more than sword, longboat and warrior comrades to cling to, they conquer new coasts at will... *with nothing but sheer guts and daring.*

How dare they start with nothing!

Yet they of all men knew...

That gold, lands and pretty maidens await for men of courage, who just blinking well set sail!

And likewise our fledgling Viking too...

He had what the venerable Jews (no mean ancient warriors themselves) calleth that 'chutzpa!'

For is it not so that without chutzpa there can be no adventure?

Nor fun either.

For who knows where such adventure may pitch a soul on the tricky waves of life (*if he puts forth with suitable bravado*).

Into danger perhaps?

Absolutely.

Of that you can be certain.

For it's into danger our reluctant hero passes now.

King Wulfstan's Lair.

Now to the rival...

Less than half a league along the shore, Saxon King Wulfstan held court over more than a few fat tackle and baitly emporiums.

Barons, customers and staff alike swore their undying fealty to fierce Wulfstan each day.

His profits were plump.

His salesmen well trained.

His rule ruthless.

His spies... everywhere.

And one spring morning...

A loyal old wizard of many years espionage who runneth from tale to tail, tackle shop to suppliers and reps alike, whispered in the kings ear of one newly arrived upstart nary a few streets away.

This raider he saith... *'Dareth to cast no less, right across your very kings swim bladder... in plain view... into your lap of plenty to get a bite or two from your roachlings, not to mention pollacks too sire.'*

Wulfstan replied...

“ So he of North face, cometh to my dominion to plunder my rod and reel selling proclivity doth he? I shall crush him like a fly!”

Thus the assault on our hapless Viking began...

All the while the naive sole of our trainee champion pushed on with vain hope.

Thrusting with dagger like vigour into every task to build his fishing business, yet every request to stock Fox, Preston, Diawa, Nash, Sonik, Wychwood, ESP, Trakker et al is met with hostile ridicule.

What witchcraft this?

What villainy afoot?

None...

Simply THE EXERCISE OF POWER.

Almost costing our dear Viking his business whole.

For unknown to him...

A royal decree had gone forth from Wulfstans vast oracle that none rep was to supply our fledgling tackle seller. *Not one hook nor maggot.*

Indeed.

He told them plain and tippie.

Should they dare flout his new law...

Their lucrative accounts with his myriad emporiums would be forfeit.

Thus...

Crushing our Viking mercilessly, Wulfstan crowed...

“ *’Tis business young maggot. Dog eat small cat. Chub eat slug. No hard feelings foolish Viking. Suck it up and while you’re at it... stuff your Ulferht antics in unsunny brine for you are alone... I’m league with many.*”

And so it proved true.

His business verily withereth on the climb.

Two lonely years followeth of barely surviving on dead sea gulls washed ashore near his bleak and by now almost joyless emporium...

NGT was all our brave hero could peddle to stray passers by now and then to keep a candle lit.

True,

NGT tackle is meagre cost for such fine rugged gear.

Yet... ’tis slender profit once sold too.

Hence even though gnarly Wulfstan knew no skill with the rightly feared Ulferht... *his Saxon war chest of gold cut sharper.*

And his spies served him well...

For henchmen do not serve for no reason.

They know which way their cod is gutted.

There was no crossing the line.

No hailing the young raider or switching to his cause. No spontaneous (CIA backed) scarab uprising.

No heroic longhouse celebrations.

No wine. No beer. No rosy maidens.

Nay...

Warlord Wulfstan kept all under his iron grip.

And at this stage you may well ask...

“ *Is this nothing less than a tackle shop bully at work?*”

A fair question to pose.

You may judge so.

Anyhow...

Isolated thus our adventurers profits began to shrivel.

Until one day he unexpectedly hit gold.

The Viking Allies With Oriental King Woojin.

Little hinges do indeed swing open big doors.

So it proved for our hero with the next quite extraordinary turn of affairs.

For one dank November afternoon our lonely stallion, desperate and holed up in his man cave considerably consoling himself, he turneth to that oft consoler of troubled soles, ye Olde Internet.

Therein he stumbled upon an odd piece of fishing tackle which he hoped could help him lurch a counter attack to Wulfstan's perfect cruelty.

Whereupon...

Our young Viking begged supplies of electro-bite-cryers from one King Woojin from across the eastern seas. He a portly

tackle maker of the oriental style (*and no mean business baron himself*).

Contacting Woojin in the heart of the mystical 'Three Kingdoms' (or Gojoseon as some nameth the famed emerald jade land) our hero made his move.

With his second last piece of gold he ordered one hundred alarming...

'Special bite tipper offers.'

Yes, biters which seriously tipped you off...

So when a fat codder hit the raggie.

Or carp the boilie.

The alarm would tell it's tale, sing out and hearty angler strike.

Buzzing good stuff I tell you!

What's more... NONE ELSE in all the Barony Of Northern England was selling them neither!

Nice.

“ *This could be a veritable landslide monopoly if I play my piper well*”

... thought the young Viking.

And so began his first test of the selling.

Did they sell?

You bet they did!

Oh the JOY!

Blessed be the saviour of our young adventurer for he soon

began making a few hundred quid a week. All by pushing silly plastic Gojoseon bite alarms.

Sea fishers loved em!

Carpers tripled em!

(Breamers ignored 'em, but come on... live and let live).

Bottom line?

They sold... *LOTS*.

The post office near his shop verily hummeth with joyful merriment, shipping his bountiful orders.

So a hasty contract of blubber was signed to the effect the Three Kingdom manufacturer would grant our hero EXCLUSIVE DISTRIBUTORSHIP in this realm of our beloved and most blessed England.

The cunning Gojoseon baron knew there were OODLES money to be made. He looketh with deepening satisfaction on his new protege.

So our warrior had done it, with powerful backing too. None could compete against him now.

Or so he thought.

**And That Dear Reader Is Where
I Your Trusty Narrator Enter
The Happy Scene.**

I immediately foresaw potential of said bite flagger. Proven sales. Ravenous shoals of buyers awaiting his new stocks. Exclusivity.

What could go wrong?

Hmmm...

Not making hay while sun shineth worried me though...

For I knew Wulfstan's spies were close.

And as news of this profitable seller leaked out I feared others could topple our raiders newly acquired crown of exclusivity.

Hence...

I quickly ran a bursting viral plan of internet marketing expansion by him.

He burst forth with joy in return!

“ Oh kindly narrator, we shall be rich beyondeth our wildest breams! Praise be, PRAISE BE! Let's do it guvnor. I'm in!”

(And other such phrases I'd never heard fall from the lips of any other Viking I know).

However...

After three months, then seven months...

Nary a bald coot had changed.

Not a whit of our profit plan actioned... not a single extra penny won. Just tooing and frothing, humming and baaing.

Piffle talk.

Wishy, washy piffle talk.

I warned eagle eyed vultures would too soon descend on our winner should our young visionary not strike the greedy, feeding market hard and fast.

And Wulfstans watching spies would steal it from him as fast as blink. To no avail. He ignoreth.

Why though?

Was my fee too great?

'Tis possible, for 'twas a few groats per alarm sold.

Or...

Perhaps our hero felt too secure in Woojin's fickle word. Or lingered too long in the cosy cocoon of his few hundred quid weekly electro-bite profits.

Or...

Maybe fear, slayer of the great mass of 'could have beens'... got to him, *for their evil companions doubt and self loathing oft quench even modest plans for plenty too.*

No matter...

He never did grab this fat market by the tail and force it yield the waiting gold to him... nor exploit the expansion King Woojin planned had he first proved his worth in Blighty.

So guess what...

HE LOST THE LOT!

What!

I hear you cry...

How could heaven permit such double cruelty?

Well...

Nothing to do with heaven's permission this.

It was down to what old warriors fear most in the eery dawn before a great battle... *loose lips.*

For one day...

Inside the great, thickly and private walls of his tackle shop

fake book group, our Viking let slip in merry conversation the good name of oriental King Woojin of Gojoseon.

And...

Even boasting of the location of his secret factory in said far off Eastern mountains skilled in the most ancient art of bite alarmistry.

Reader prepare your sack cloth and ashes.

For all was lost instantly.

How?

A lurking Facebook spy, posing as our Vikings friend seized opportunity by the throat, *IN DAYS* threw up a rival website selling the very same electro fishbite-flaggers as our hero... yet cheaper still.

This spy was not from Wulfstan's bloodthirsty crew either.

Nay...

He was a wandering raider just like our own Viking.

A ne'er do well *nobody*.

No matter.

He attacketh without mercy.

Ripping chunks of profit from the neck of our surprised tackle selling victim running the same offers in fake book, *he began to bleed him most efficiently*.

Then came the final blow...

Within weeks this pretender took the crown bequeathed to our hero earlier in our sad ballad.

And so it proved...

By royal decree from the Three Kingdoms, King Woojin signed over exclusive distributorship rights to this new pretender to the fishy scene.

The distributorship was his.

Fickle Woojin switched allegiance just like that.

Our Viking lost all.

Today the other raider selleth untold thousands of these clever fishbite-trippers at the click of a rat... *as I your kindly narrator did foretell should have been our Vikings happy and cash printing lot in life.*

True...

Our hero still opens shop, yet the moment destined to sweep him to greatness is fled from eager grasp.

Plunder once hooked, *yet not landed.*

A legend lost...

Will he get another chance?

How do I know, for good and evil happen to us all.

Can I tell the future?

Nay.

Evil came.

Good too.

What remains is up to you.

Yet it's acting fast and striking with white hot speed when the good we long for hastens on our shore, *that we make certain our destiny in the earth.*

That we secure a future worth living if ready.

So up, uP, UP my young warrior...

Up to the fight.

Jump from the long boat out into the spray, for adventures await you... *JUST DON'T DELAY.*

Your Ulfberht will not fail you...

Yet sure as I narrate this stubborn tail, hesitation will if you doubt when the fair maiden of rosy opportunity bids you jump to join her on new shores and profit at will.

The 7 Rules Of Plunder.

When you take to your longboat, remember these few rules. They will serve you well to navigate to richer lands... *especially be you novice in matters of commerce or profit and loss.*

1. Act fast when opportunity presents itself.
2. Loose lips sink ships.
3. Spies abound.
4. Train well in whatever affairs of life you wish to enter.
5. Contracts in blubber (*handshakes*) are worthless.
6. Raiding strong kings stirs up trouble... avoid such for a kings resources are more than a raiders. Lest he crush you like a fly.
7. Know who your real friends are. Sometimes kindly advisers are just that. As the good book sayeth...

'For by wise counsel thou shalt make thy war: and in multitude of counsellors there is safety.'
(Proverbs 24: 6 KJV)

So there noble reader endeth our daring tail of do and almost try.

Of a Viking who set sail for glory in tackle selling... *only to stumble.*

That said...

His is a cautionary tale for every hopeful raider reading this paltry, grit filled treatise.

And remember...

It was not King Wulfstan who did him in.

Nor Wulfstan's bullying tackle empire ways.

Or his spies.

No it was...

A chancer who stole the secret he'd dropped when victory came within his own whispery whisker.

Time will tell if our hero hits it big yet.

I hope so.

Either way never forget though, he's still afloat.

He STILL sails his own tackle filled longboat.

A fishy emporium loved by all. Thus in this alone our viking is truly successful, *for without LOVE and friends what have we left to cling to on this slippery ball of mud?*

Just a sharp, lonely Ulfberht?

Nay he's loved by young and old alike.

Plus now...

Wiser and stronger, *OUR RAIDER YET LIVETH TO FIGHT ANOTHER DAY, still free to chart his own destiny.*

Is he battle scarred a little?

Undoubtedly...

Yet his scrapes with cruel fortune merely revealed to him
what deep inside he knew all along...

Life is better lived FREE... and WITH LOVE.

So now, dear furry fly maker our yarn is spun.

And I your kindly narrator must leave you to write crafty
King Woojin concerning something brand new we may all sell
with limitless, profit pulling joy.

Lastly though *and for angling business owners only...*

Are you a much loved boss?

If so, wouldst thou unlock the secrets our young adventurer
missed so tragically at his outset?

Then take a quill and fetch yourself over to *Geni.us/wulfstan*
for there awaits a message you do well to study.

**'CROUCHING SALMON ANGLER
POACHING WOMEN' TRICK MADE
FAMOUS BY MATT HAYES**

Pure charm or intrigue?
You decide.

However...

This overlooked back story of well known TV angling personality Matt Hayes excited me because he let slip two secrets which could help **struggling anglers get what they really want** from life...

Without 'going weird' either.

The two secrets are...

1. Audacity.
2. Perfect planning

Too boring?

Maybe you're right...

Yet perhaps that's why Matt Hayes has carved out a lifestyle many anglers would love to emulate.

His 'trick' applies to two types of anglers...

Those who want to **build a brand new lifestyle** from angling and those who need to **find someone to love** while they do it (*without going nuts*).

The ploy kills both these stones with one feather.

It's called...

The 'Crouching Salmon Angler Poaching Women' Trick.

And Matt Hayes has it honed to perfection.

Here's how this clever trick works...

Matt's a Brummie.

From Smethwick, Birmingham to be precise. A down to earth, no nonsense area of the Black Country. Once industrial.

Tough.

Hardworking, stand on your own two feet entrepreneurial folk. A friendly neighbourhood too.

And there's our first clue...

Brummie charm.

Friendliness.

Relaxed '*be yourself, friendly charm*' is what Hayes has.

And it's probably this which more than anything contributed to his success in life. His angling life in particular, though it's not just angling he loves or is good at either. His photography rocks too.

Yet in all this...

He doesn't take himself too seriously.

He loves good banter.

Childhood pals like 'The Duke' Mick Brown still fish with him after all these years.

And perhaps because Birmingham has an international perspective, different cultures don't seem to phase him.

Maybe that broad outlook reflects in his fishing too...

Because Matt Hayes is just as happy ledgering for chub in winter, chasing Marlin in the exotic Azores or tricking salmon in Norway.

And...

It could be a big reason these doors of blessing opened to him down the years is this friendly '*boy next door*' quality.

Because...

Bottom line, he's still a Brummie boy at heart who just loves fishing. The still '*Crouching Angler*' wherever he casts a line.

Creeping low beside reeds, hiding behind bushes...

Stalking his prey.

Be they basking carp or chalk stream brownies.

It makes no difference.

Trotting for roach or reaching for a 40lb salmon on the Gaula in Norway where he disappears each spring with his wife to her Fishing Lodge... angling still seems to thrill him.

Which I guess makes him the true...

'Crouching Salmon Angler.'

That said...

It's what you spot when crouching low to trick your prey

which is the difference between success and failure. Or whether you catch or not.

Matt's trick seems to work with women too.

When discussing his life in fishing with the late Kevin Green, Matt put his success in pursuing romantic adventures in Norway like this ⁴ ...

“ *It seems I was the first to poach one of their women!*”

And he certainly did.

One of Norway's finest.

As sleek as any fresh run queen of the river.

Spotted when crouching for a salmon no doubt, he cast a fly then struck... or did she lure him first?

Either way, he landed his Norwegian maid.

Yet...

How is that even possible?

How is it possible a lowly Brummie canal fisher...

Ends up hooking this amazing fishing lifestyle including the canny lass who owns a fishing lodge on the very best salmon fishing river in Europe?

How dare he!

Who gave him permission?

The same one who gives you permission actually.

In fact...

The two pearls below give ANYONE permission.

1. Audacity.
2. Perfect prep.

If you don't ask you don't get. Simple.

So be bold. Be brave. Audacious.

Yet if you're not ready when opportunity hits, it'll swim right past you... *whether fish, woman or man.*

Matt Hayes was ready all his life it seems.

Prepared.

Perfect prep means CONFIDENCE.

Confidence in turn gives you the audacity, the chutzpa to strike while the iron is hot. The steely nerve to **ask for what you want and get it.**

The good book puts it like this...

*"Ask and it will be given you. Seek and you shall find. Knock and the door shall be opened to you."
(Matt 7:7 NIV)*

Or put another way Matt shares philosophically elsewhere (about losing fish actually)⁵ ...

“Better to have loved and lost, than to have never loved at all.”

No cast. No bite. No catch.

Without you knocking first... nothing will open.

Hence...

The door Matt dared knock was the No1. Fishing Lodge in Norway. And he married the lass who answered.

So to wrap this codling up...

How can you use this 'Crouching Salmon Angler Poaching Women' trick to hook the lifestyle (or guy or gal) of your dreams?

Well these final gleanings could help...

1. Be yourself.
2. Be friendly.
3. Be ready (4Ps: Perfect Prep Prevents Putrid Performance).
4. Know what you want.
5. Don't worry about where you've come from.
6. Go after what you want (*don't worry what others think*).
7. Ask and knock until the door to your blessing opens.

PS And this is a biggie...

When you **get what you want**, don't end up 'going weird' with everything going to your head.

Because...

If you become a pompous ass it's easy to lose it all.

Life is short.

Kevin Green who interviewed Matt above is no longer with us.

So be thankful as your blessing unfolds, humble too... much like Matt Hayes, Kevin Green and Mick Brown actually.

SECRETS I LEARNED WITH THE TALIBAN BOILIE MAKERS OF PAKISTAN

Once when I was smuggling Bibles high up in the Hindu Kush of Northern Pakistan on a treacherous dirt track, our wheezing Toyota jeep (*rammed with sixteen people, scrawny chickens and too many jerry cans*) broke down... drive shaft just gave out.

I can't think why.

You don't want to break down here though. No one likes being shot, especially not us molly-coddled westerners, for this is Taliban country.

Frankly though, being shot is preferable to some things which could happen if you were kidnapped here by certain brigands. Especially if caught with sneakily concealed Bible bait like me.

We broke down 70 miles from Afghanistan.

They whose Mujahideen used to skin Russian soldiers alive when fighting the USSR in the 70s and 80s. They'd fold each Ruskie back inside their own skin then sew them up again in a most tidy manner.

Not unlike a PVA bag I suppose, though I never use PVA because it's plain wrong don't you think?

(No? Please yourself... it's a free world, for a few more months).

I concede though, PVA bags do make one think of fishing...

And so to pass time while the rudderless driver and five excited passengers jabbed the broken driveshaft with a 'magic' screwdriver I went down to the river.

Wondering if any fish were moving I pondered the following...

- How big do fish get in the Himalaya?
- What type of fish can you catch in Pakistan?
- What is the best bait to catch them with?
- What would the Taliban use to catch fish?
- Would their bait work in Britain?

Plus...

If we got captured and they knew I was an angler, would they let me go if I told them I could cook a good fish curry?

Anyhow...

The sweetly singing torrents of this deep gorge flanked by snow tipped peaks had an almost hypnotic effect on me.

Spotting two goat herders high up on a flinty ridge it struck me **how wild and free mountain folk are.**

I longed for similar liberty in my life.

Such scenic grandeur reminded me of how all men should be left alone as God intended *(without making PVA bags of them).*

Free to enjoy fresh clean mountain air, clean rivers and great fishing for wild fish, not mucked about like F1s or worse.

Yes, this small glimpse of freedom did me good.

I was glad for the break and peace of mind having just suffered 24 hours of Khyber Pass diarrhoea.

Try that for fun with one toilet stop in seven hours banging across the roof of the Hindu Kush in furious jeep 'death wish' driver mode.

The diarrhoea hit big after feasting a little too wildly on local green chilli chicken the previous evening.

Our host was a worried looking restaurant owner who begged us to stay overnight with his family in their mud-brick hill fort compound.

He insisted it was too unsafe for us 'gora' (whities) to camp here alone *as nearby cutthroats would already know we'd entered the valley.*

Anyhoo...

Next morning after carousing in his fort singing mountain songs, much dancing and quirky delights we awoke to rooster crowing.

Whilst...

High in the pass above an eagle cried as it circled the icy Himalayan crags. We also discovered our host was not a Talib... *always a nice start to the day.*

Meanwhile,

Back at our broken jeep...

After two hours of enraged effort our drive shaft was bust as ever.

So instead we and a few other disheveled passengers boarded a passing 'flying coach' already rammed to

bursting with wiry mountain men and gutsy, fiery eyed women.

Somehow they squeezed us on top and off we jolted.

As we bucked and careened our way back down the Karakoram to Rawalpindi in assorted modes of transport I did get answers to my fishy questions though for those interested in bait breakthroughs.

Untapped knowledge to help any angler catch big with *secret baits no one in UK knows yet*.

In Pakistan I Discovered...

They have cool fish like Trout, Carp and Rohu. Some get really big like Mahseer and Rohu.

What was the best bait?

Well,

I quietly rumbled their best bait secrets for you as follows...

Boilies are all the rage for carp fishing in Pakistan.

They are most often large egg size too.

A bit like the old fashioned paste style ones we used in the 70s and 80s. *However it's their clever recipes which rustle up a few surprises though.*

Of course chilli and garlic are nothing unusual now to carpy anglers here in Britain.

Neither is Haldi or even one of my favourite herbs for cooking certain robust curries... good old Methi.

It is used in Northern Indian/Punjabi/Pakistani and Bengali cooking in four forms; fresh green leaf, dried leaves, hard brown seeds and white powder.

Personally I love Methi, though it makes you stink.

The English name for it?

Fenugreek.

Still for many bait makers Fenugreek is old hat. It's no secret. Though you can see why carp love it so much... it stinks for MILES!

However...

These Pakistani anglers have more tricks than just Methi and Haldi powders up their shalwars (*and it pains me to say so, being a good Indian Punjabi myself*)...

Nay they have stacks of clever bait making tricks which I humbly pass on to you now, if you promise to keep it hush, Hindu Kush, hush.

And at this point may insert a little proposal please?

If you agree, here's my suggestion...

The irksome idea which follows could change an observant, fast acting readers life from one of servitude to that of unbridled joy.

Who knows...

Taken seriously you may even be able to kiss your boss on the chips, eat falafel all you like and embark on the bait fueled fishing adventure of a lifetime!

(Or... don't believe me. I careth not).

Anyhoo...

This Is What I Stumbled Upon...

A number of Pakistani anglers catch lots of big carp on

various types of paste/boilie style baits and ground baits. They roll them with herbs and spices, similar to those used in Indian Cookery.

What sort?

I'll tell you...

Delectable **Mahua** (*the irresistible gooey glug which drives fish INSANE with desire*) **Jaggery, Jalwatri** too.

Look, I'll level with you. I use Haldi, Bazaar Masala and Methi in my baits. They work like gangbusters.

Heck, I even catch carp on chappati balls! (*Yup, good old 'Atta' boilies, cheap too - £5 for 10KG bags :)*)

So...

Imagine if we mix these battle tested Pakistani bait combos already proven to catch carp out there... *and quietly slip them through the Chunnel at dead of night into our beloved Blighty?*

Might their baity spicycles give us an edge?

Maybe.

Therefore, here's my (*probably silly*) fishing bait business idea.

In fact...

I'll give you two of my (*admittedly weird*) ideas which combine what we love about The Great British Curry and catching bigger and better.

NOTE: This section is for '*free thinking anglers*' only.

'Free The Angler' IDEA 1:

Set up a bait brand based on spices above you know catch. Field test them here in UK yourself.

Call it something like...

- Balti-Blitz Boilies
- Nicely Spicy Carp Baits
- Curryholic Carp Baits

You get the gift.

Your brand will instantly stand out in a sea of same old, same old scientific HNV boilie sameness.

Grab all website domain names associated to block deeper pockets from nicking your idea.

After you've proved your bait works yourself, get on the forums and Fakebook etc. Get testers to double check it catches and is no fluke.

Once tested sell it on the forums, Fakeblock, Instapram etc. Then expand as fast as you can.

Online marketing now makes selling your oyster easy peasy.

Whether it's Ecommerce using Shopify, selling direct over Amazon or teaming up with established bait companies and licensing your nicely spicy inventions to them.

(There's an easy 'no mess' idea for you... LICENCE YOUR BAIT RECIPES to established bait companies).

The sky really is the limit.

Advertising is so easy now.

Start at £5 a day to test your idea. Even solo-preneurs get massive reach with these adverts.

Pinterest, Facebook, Instagram, Twitter, Google Display Ads, YouTube Ads... *what's stopping you?*

Listen...

Paid advertising is still cheap if you know what you are doing. Don't go mad.

Start small.

Test carefully.

Don't fall for Internet Marketing 'Guru' hype...

Or worse still, pay some rogue outfit thousands for SEO which disappear into the night leaving you stuffed and nowhere on Google either.

Now the second idea I promised you...

'Free The Angler' IDEA 2:

This one I admit is not all about curry's secret hand in your spicy baits nor their rich wallet picklings.

Sorry for leading you off the garden plank.

That said here's why...

Just before going to print I realised I was holding something back from you. Something important.

I didn't want to tell you it though. I'd written something else for you until I was interrupted...

“ Oh, hells bells LORD! Do I really have to tell them that good idea?

“ Yup son. Tell them... or else.”

I heard in reply.

So despite the lateness of the switching hour I called the printing presses to a screeching, juddering halt.

Next certain addicted anglers were probed with this dastardly, below the belt inquiry...

“ Dear fisher, if I could grant you but one modest wish what would it be?”

Their response was unanimous...

“ Oh granter of wishes, slip me an easy way to FISH MORE and WORK LESS!”

And in a flash, I saw their not unreasonable plea is shared by many a revered angling visionary too.

Consider Del Romang⁶ ...

“ I don't know where the inventor in me came from. I had absolutely no electronics knowledge whatsoever back then and **all I ever wanted to do was go fishing.**”

Del Romang (Delkim Bite Alarms).

Or this modest fellow⁷ ...

“ When it came to the end of my apprenticeship, there was no contract for me... so as much as my Mum didn't like it too much, I signed on and went fishing!... **I just wanted to go fishing!**”

Martin Locke (Solar Tackle).

Weird eh?

No matter how much we go fishing...

We always want to go again don't we?

If that describes you then here's an idea to fire up (*especially if you're wrestling hideous workloads, uncaring boss, poor pay or idiotic past career moves*).

Instead,

Consider a new future where you...

- *Get paid to show others how to make secret baits.*
- *Get paid to coach anglers how to catch big fish.*
- *Get paid to show anglers how you tie flies.*
- *Get paid to show how you make custom rods.*
- *Get paid to show folk how you craft plugs/lures.*
- *Get paid sharing how you craft custom floats.*
- *Get paid teaching anglers to take cool photos.*

Or much more.

Curious?

Then what follows may just thrill you.

There are five steps...

1. Get a high quality smartphone.
2. Open account at [Crowdcast.io](https://crowdcast.io)
3. SHARE your knowledge with less knowledgable fishing bods like me.
4. Be yourself. Be bold. Be confident.
5. Charge us. (*What you know is valuable*).

Firstly,

Let's consider...

Carp Angling Tuition.

For instance, Adam Penning runs just such a Carp Angling

Tuition service. He coaches anglers who want to up their game learning from this master.

And clearly anglers love him ⁸ ...

“ This must be one of the best presents I could have got him... He had a great day with Adam and learnt so much that he was previously unaware of, even after many years of carp fishing. If you're thinking of a gift for your partner/husband... a tutorial with Adam is a must. Only downfall is the constant name dropping to friends: Adam this, Adam that ;)

Nice work if you can get it eh?

However, there's a problem even a genius like Adam Penning faces, not to mention regular bods like me.

SCALE.

Sadly it's brain busting hard to do it.

i.e. It's nigh on impossible to increase your income without increasing your work hours. *The glass ceiling smashes you right in the bonce.*

It's a frustrating Catch 22 because if you have an obvious gift to help others like Adam has, *you want to help as many people as possible don't you?*

So what's the answer?

Well...

At the risk of repeating myself.

Check out Crowdcast.io

And honestly...

If you can't work it out from them, perhaps you're not

destined to **take advantage of the staggering new opportunities tech is opening** *for the inquisitive willing to test new ways anglers can get paid now.*

New income streams.

Unusual?

(Perhaps, 'til they become the norm later, like YouTube).

However for pioneers perceptive enough to **see what others miss** when something first starts to bubble and fizz and make money...

This new world is just beginning to roll out so your timing is perfect.

Furthermore...

When 5G hits, wow!

Remember though, **this is the big secret...**

Using tech like Crowdcast means instead of working 'one to one' **now you can work one to MANY.** *For freelancers (or those quietly seeking to grow a second income) this is a dream come true.*

Yup...

WORK ONE TO MANY.

Anyone can.

I do mean anyone. This tech is so easy to use now.

Heck, as we speak...

Over at Crowdcast even women teaching stuff like knitting can get paid using nothing more than laptop or smartphone plonked on a dining table.

Or consider other niches from our list above...

Imagine **teaching 50, 100, 200, 500+ people a month** how to say... **take amazing photos of their big fish catches** or... how to tie flies?

Also how would you feel...

If every 30 days their monthly members fees are automatically deposited into your bank?

Satisfied?

Especially if the actual 'hard graft' type work each week you do online was a few hours tops?

Sceptical?

I get it, so check out these three models yourself.

They all work well...

1. **Host a live monthly 'club.'** (One weekly or fortnightly class. *Monthly recurring fees*).
2. **Host live 'schools.'** One weekly class for 4-6 weeks, (normally held 3 times a year.) *e.g. Custom rod building school twice or three times a year (COOL IDEA ALERT BTW!)*
3. **Pre-recorded DIGITAL courses.** No live element. 100% automated. Attendees learn at own pace. Runs 24/7/365 automatically. *e.g. Custom handmade float making course (record videos on your smartphone).*

You share a class online, then answer questions.

Here's how you do it...

1. Teach one 60-90 mins 'class' live via Crowdcast or similar (*there are others yet I've found Crowdcast super reliable, affordable, way easier to use than GoTo Meeting, Webex etc*).

2. Host dedicated 60-90 mins Q&A later in week. *In Q&A folks get direct access to you for questions. Works well when you send homework based on the weekly teaching class.*

In detail...

Run 'teaching' classes Monday nights 7pm. (10-200+ in class). Done by 8.30pm + 20 mins Q&A.

And remember...

Instead of being paid (say £30) for just one hour (*by one person*) you're paid £30.00 x 10* if 10 people are in your club/class etc.

Powerful eh?

Then run Q&A sessions Thursday at 7pm. Folks ask you questions on what they learned Monday, plus homework set.

(For example, get attendees to share photos or files they did for homework live with you on screen. Everyone sees them. Whole class benefits as you answer their 'hot seat' questions).

What's cool about this business model?

1. Scalable. Work 'one to MANY.' You'll help 10, 100, 200+ yet by 'working' just one 'smart' hour.
2. Multiply your pay: You MULTIPLY one hours pay by 'X' amount of your attendees :)
3. It's simple. You only need a smartphone, laptop, email and Crowdcast type app.
4. People love having direct access to mentors. You get to know members well too. *Because of that rapport they persuade friends to join too.*

I've run this model (*not teaching fishing... I'm too weak an angler!*) on Crowdcast. It works very well.

We charged £600.00* to attend a 7 week school (7 lessons total). Mon: Class. Thur: Q&A. *Folks from UK, US, Hong Kong and Australia loved it, even though time zones meant 2.00am or 5.00am attendances for some!*

Lives changed.

Made great friends too.

I also did consulting for a client pulling in **over six figures a month*** using this simple idea. He ran the monthly 'club' version with over 2000 members.

He never appeared in person though. *He just PRE-RECORDED a fresh new video once a month for his club.*

In fact he's a novice about his niche, so he hires an EXPERT to teach in his videos for him instead.

He's a bit of a maverick, yet **by being different and thinking** outside the box he makes good money.*



*** NOTE: This Is A Legal Disclosure...**

*The figures * above are NOT a promise. They're NOT typical.*

I've no idea what you might or might not make should you try similar ideas. It's impossible for me to say isn't it?

So I'm NOT making you any income promises here whatsoever. Not even hinting at all. Got that?



However...

I must say, the REAL POWER of using an app like Crowdcast is this... *via your smartphone you possess a LIVE TV STATION in your pocket!*

Imagine...

If you're a dab hand with an SLR then the fishing photography niche could match you to a tee.

You set up your SLR (or iPhone) on the bank.

Film your session live.

Perhaps show camera set ups, teach on light, colour exposure for example. Anglers watch live, ask a few questions at the end. *(Though mostly on Q&A night).*

Your next class lesson might be shot inside, say about using Photoshop, special effects for photos etc.

Whatever...

As you share, everything is auto-recorded on video for members to access in future too.

Only those who pay get access, yet get this...

You can also set up Crowdcast to *STREAM LIVE AUTOMATICALLY* to YouTube, Facebook etc.

See what I mean about your own TV station?

Cool eh?

Anyway, I've bongled on enough about this.

So to finish up..

Look.

If you've got a talent others say you're great at... why not share it online and get paid too?

After all, if like Del Romang et al you keep saying ...

“ *I just want to go fishing.*”

Then do something now...

Before others take your idea and get paid to Crowdcast it as you're left behind sitting and crying in the dust.

Yet act now because with imagination and cool new tech like I shared today anyone could do this.

Why Not You?

Anyway, hopefully this second idea helped slip you a simple way to FISH MORE and WORK LESS eh?

Therefore,

Let's wrap this chattering chapter up.

As I do...

Let me finally answer the other question which arose by that windswept river in Northern Pakistan...

“ *What bait would the Taliban use to catch fish with?*”

Easy peasy...

The same ones non Taliban anglers use of course.

Oh yes, the very last question...

Fish curry?

Never cook it personally.

Though I do knock out a cracking Methi Gosht.

However...

If you want a famous Punjabi fish dish then Amritsari Macchi is the most famous, crispy and luscious of them all. Highly recommended.

**BALDING MAN'S WILD FISH SUCCESS
RUINED BY TOO MANY ADORING
WOMEN**

Have you ever heard of such a thing?
*'Balding middle aged man drives hundreds of thousands
of women wild with 3 WEIRD FISH WORDS... ends
up too successful.'*

Yes.

It happens.

So in that deep gold lined vein, let me ask you...

How much new fishing tackle can you buy for £10?

Or put another way...

What bait can you get for £1?

A few maggots?

Maybe.

However...

Imagine you launch a global one man fish brand to overnight success not by investing £100,000, £1000 nor even a £1 coin...

But simply by singing THREE FISHY WORDS in a really weird way to mainly women as they walk past you... (*without winding their boyfriends up either*).

Well as crazy as it may seem...

You're about to meet the balding middle aged guy who did just that and in the process catapulted himself into global super stardom.

It seems nuts.

Yet ladies from every walk of life...

From Bentley driven aristocrats to pretty slum dwelling tramps alike, they can't get enough of him.

A virtual harem of teary eyed hot flushes.

They swoon over all he does.

As a result...

Hundreds of thousands, in fact millions of fans worldwide are wild for him... the majority of whom are adoring, dotting women.

Weirdly guys like him too.

Yet...

His is in fact, the simplest business in the entire world. One which...

- Has no product (bar fishy happiness).
- Needs no business plan.
- Needs no website.
- Doesn't sell anything.
- Makes everyone happy.
- Is extremely lucrative?

Who am I talking about?

**The London
Fish Seller Of Course.**

Or if you are a You Tube afishonista you may know him as befitting his average Joe song title...

'One Pound Fish Man.'

And what a joy he is.

I promise you...

If you don't know who he is yet you're in for a huge treat.
Your life is about to be made richer.

Unless you have a heart made of stone that is, or are just a plain *'bah humbug'* misery to all around you.

In my eyes though he's a winner.

See for yourself online ^(9,10) ...

BEFORE (*Total unknown version*)

Geni.us/nobody

AFTER (*Wow! Instant James Bond!*)

Geni.us/noway

In today's world of fake baits (*love 'em btw... Frank Warwick's work great for me:*) Fakebook, Instapram image mad society...

This chap's desperate normality is totally refreshing.

So here's my carefully sharpened hook point...

How did a complete unknown immigrant unleash all this

fame and success into his previously seemingly super average London life?

Simple...

**He Used His Private Stash
Of 'Roach Glue.'**

The inner glue unique to you.

Which holds you together.

Gear which secretly makes you YOU.

Not the copycat you...

The real you.

The mysterious hidden stuff that makes everyone awesome.
Yup... everyone.

Each of us has a gift.

Roach glue gets it out so folks see and love it.

This crazy fish seller used his...

Will you?

Listen, a world is waiting to line up and adore you...

To buy your stuff, sing your songs, read your books, watch your films, buy your music, fly your inventions, eat your recipes, buy your custom made rods...

Your hand made flies, your custom boilies, your wickedly effective pike plugs, to wear your breakthrough head torches, your new carp seats...

Your WHATEVER you like... *your* YOU.

So will you?

Get it out your heart and let the world see.

Because young cutlass...

**We Want What YOU
Have Got!**

Kevin Nash did...

He used roach glue too.

Sewing home made carp sacks (*with his posh girlfriend and Mum's help*) working half the night juggling engineering shifts.

In the end demand forced him to take his inner muse seriously and jack his job in. '*Happy Hooker Tackle*' (*now Nash Tackle*) was the result.¹¹

It took the tackle world by storm.

And you could make the case it was roach glue which pulled it all together.

It's tough stuff too. First it sparks the idea. Then fuels the hard work needed to kick a dream into reality like Kevin did. To push past every obstacle. To ignore the knockers and jealous haters. *To win.*

And there's the secret of roach glue...

**It Can Be Weak Or Strong
Depending On ONE THING...**

Whether or not you use it.

That's it. Your choice.

The miners parable puts it thus...

"For whoever has, to him more shall be given and he will have an abundance; but whoever does not have, even what he has shall be taken away from him." (Matt 13:12 NAS).

Yup.

Use it or lose it...

That's the whole essence of roach glue.

You can be you.

However...

I have a sober warning to wrap you with too.

I wish there were a happy ending to this sinisterly lurid tail, yet sadly not... *because our singing friend nearly ended up in jail.*

Why?

Because he got too successful that's why.

And was swiftly deported back to deepest Lahore.

Seems the tax man got wind of all his new found fame and some say sizeable fortune.

Who knows...

Perhaps he became impossible to ignore after so many ladies rushed his fish stall... queuing round the block after sniffing rumours of his staggering success?

That said...

When he hit big the customs boys got wind of something fishy too when reviewing his ahem... 'Student' Visa.

And booted the bewildered bard from Blighty.

So...

Did too many adoring women ruin it for the balding fish entrepreneur who dared a little dream?

Maybe...

Yet could be his roach glue came undone.

Make sure yours doesn't.

HNV (NOT LSD) HIGH PROTEIN BAIT OR HSP?

As a child of the sixties, my memories are crystal clean as we hurtle warp speed towards the bright dawn of 2020.

For example...

Back in '69 as an inquiring six year old in my happy African home I recall '*One small step for man, one giant leap for mankind*' crackling forth from our beloved friend the radio.

Neil Armstrong's astonishing, other worldly speech hinted at a future where technology could open brave new worlds for radical, exploring minds.

I wasn't interested.

I just wanted to roam free in the bush hoping to spot a leopard, sneak a look at Dad's gun... or hunt greedy catfish along the Shire River with him in his cool boat.

However...

Back here in Britain at the same time, alert minds pondered if scientific advances could make anglers bait more potent.

HNV baits were the result.

Or to give HNV it's proper title...

High Nutritional Value.

Fred Wilton back in the 60's proposed the idea of HNV baits on a theory (*a hunch more or less*) that being wild creatures, carp would naturally seek out the highest nutritional food source to survive.

From those humble beginnings the whole modern bait scene has vomited us up a wonderland of baits resulting in multitudes of stuffed carp sacks (*not to mention big barbel and huge tench*) ever since.

Fred kicked the door open.

Others muscled in.

However...

As modern bait experts tell us, there is simply no point in stuffing a bait with 80-90% protein hoping it becomes attractive... *it must be NICE to eat too.*

Or so enjoyable carp even begin to crave it on a Saturday night, like a good chicken Jalfrezi, Mattar Paneer or Lamb Bhuna.

Put another way...

A highly sought out HNV carp bait is one with laced with 'high food signals' i.e. That carp naturally crave anyway... *strong attractors waft amino acid trails and draw the fish to bait which they instantly recognise is good for them.*

Thus...

Modern science blends with ancient carp cravings.

The result is...

Bang, you're in!

However,

Never ever make the mistake of confusing HNV with LSD.
Your results could be disastrous.

Now let me issue a warning; I've never used LSD as a bait additive for fishing and never will.

It would be wrong.

Not only that but it would probably kill all the fish which go near it, so don't.

Additionally after some very odd trips as a mutinous youth and death of a well loved friend who killed himself while tripping, I say again...

Don't.

Plus why use a drug the CIA used for brainwashing experiments on folk (*who had no idea they were being drugged, electrocuted and much worse*) in their secretive *Project MKUltra*¹² mind control program anyway?

No.

Use HNV instead.

In addition...

If you also use HNV rolled **infused with HSP**, you pretty much can't go wrong. *Plus you'll have all the new fish catching goodness... with a happy sole too :)*

And for any alert buccaneers reading this...

Selling HNV baits (*especially laced with incredibly potent HSP*) could even unlock a life to do what you wish, should you hunt it down badly enough.

It's up to you.

All you need is a freshly opened mind.

And don't listen to naysayers who say the market is saturated... *'Everyone and their dog sells baits now.'*

Yes, but they're not selling yours are they?

Remember...

Anything is possible.

Fred Wilton just followed his own curiosity trail (*remember a 'THEORY' is just fancy science talk for GUESSING*) and rewrote angling history.

And you're allowed to guess too ;)

Have a think...

How would it feel to launch a bait which catches more carp than any other in the history of angling?

You'd be proper LEGEND.

Especially now...

When everyone says... *'It can't be done.'*

You're too late.'

Piffle!

And if baits really don't do it for you, then what about this *IDEA for electronic bite alarms instead?*

Why not...

Use **WOOD**.

Sophisticated wood like Ebony or Mahogany for electronic bite alarm casings, not boring old plastic.

Imagine how classy they would look and feel?

Exclusive. Unique. *Age beautifully too.*

And if my simple idea seems a bit daft, hold fire! It may just prove a happy goldmine for you if you're creative.

Why?

Because **cool cats are already making ethical profits** from it.

Look at Grovemade.com (*especially if you love Apple*).

Look at "*We deliver love*" Treehut.co too.

There you go.

Who knows what you might come up with if you simply **THINK DIFFERENT** for as we all know...

**'It Only Takes ONE Good idea
To Change Everything Doesn't It?'**

Who knows where your creativity will lead you.

Oh yes, last thing...

What is HSP you ask?

Apologies, I nearly forgot... *Holy Spirit Power.*

He never runs out of ideas either.

All you need do is ask.

Who knows, he may be the unlock bait, tackle or angling business idea of the century for you.

Why not?

Just ask Him.

Here's a perfect example...

And an insane recipe (*for a black catfish woman too*).

Listen to this true story...

Deep in sleep THS* revealed **the exact ingredients of a wonder hair restorer** to a broke black lady in a dream. She woke up, copied it down *and became the first ever black millionairess in America by selling it.*

It's a mind bombing story.

And back when to be a millionaire was almost impossible for black men, let alone a destitute black woman from the deep south.

Yet you see...

Her dream was so POTENT, it wouldn't let her go.

Have you had dreams like that too?

You know, *eery lifelike VIVID deep night scenes.*

Dreams which stay with you for years?

If so then check out her story at Geni.us/dreammysteries because such dreams open PORTALS INTO YOUR FUTURE.

Want proof?

Did you know *Einstein confessed his entire life works success was due to ONE WEIRD DREAM?* (See Geni.us/dreammysteries for the inside story).

And of course how can any carp or specimen hunter forget Del Romangs extraordinary story?

Did you know he got the idea for Delkim electronic bite alarms direct out of *a sensational DREAM?*

It's true.

This is the story ¹³ ...

“ *The idea for today's Delkim actually came to him in a dream in 1983 when he woke up with a start in the early hours and ran naked downstairs to run a piece of fishing line across the stylus of his record deck. (Remember vinyl?) The resulting Patent Application invented the Delkim Vibration System...*”

Like I say,

Never ignore your dreams!

Anyhoo, our time is spilt again.

So let's race to the next chapter, though I must caution you it carries a hideous warning.

**(THS = "The Holy Spirit" as in... "Father, Son and Holy Spirit." Real person...MASSIVE power. Giver of all life. Revealer of dreams etc :)*

This supernatural stuff annoying you?

Okay, you know what to do...

1. *Unsubscribe.*
2. *Delete this book.*
3. *Rant and rave on social media.*

4. *Scream with rage as you jump up and down on it.*
5. *Chuck it in fire once properly jumped on. (That should do it).*

There...

Feel better now?

Anyway if the supernatural weirds you out, DON'T read the next chapter.

WITCHCRAFT WATER SECRETS ONLY FOOL ANGLERS IGNORE... ESPECIALLY NIGHT FISHING

Have any of these weird things happened to you when night fishing?
If so this chapter is important.

Strange stuff like...

- On some lakes you feel 'eyes' are watching you (*they are*).
- The lake suddenly goes 'eerie' silent (*between 12.00am-3.00am?*).
- Sudden huge drop in temperature, even on baking hot summer nights.
- You hear footsteps dragging past your bivvy (*yet no one is there*).
- You witness 'people' walking the lake... or on it (*but you're alone*).
- You hear inexplicable strange voices, growls, even screaming?
- You awake with something sitting on, smothering or holding you.

- Groups of strange women dance at midnight near the water.
- A sinister 'black presence' suddenly invades your bivvy.
- Some waters you NEVER night fish... *'cos of a well creepy feeling.*

Well if any of those ring a bell then what follows will open a huge can of worms. And once **the genius is out of the bottle** you can never put it back.

The only thing you can do is TRY to drive it away.

Because believe me, if you don't...

It will be back.

I only want my wife or a fishing buddy for a brew in my swim... *not some malevolent creature ready to sink it's claws into me as I nod off waiting for a run.*

And so at the risk of scaring bream like soles who sneaked in to read this under cover of darkness without paying let's begin.

Though, I'm gonna need to back up a little to start.

You see...

I was born in Africa.

Right beside two prized, though quite spooky spots.

First...

A towering mango tree in our garden eternally pregnant with the sweetest most luscious golden fruit... *yet writhing with legions of grotesque snakes.*

Green mambas...

One bite and you're dead.

And the second spot?

The sweet 'laughing' river at the foot of our garden.

Only it's laugh was cruel and deceptive too...

For in the same way you'd NEVER climb our mango tree unless you'd sucked in a cultish death wish, you'd also never swim in our cute river either.

You see under it's dancing ripples swam a vicious killer.

Bilharzia.

Our '*sweet river water*' was crawling with it.

The Bilharzia parasite impregnates and infects you through a tiny flatworm which eats deep into your flesh through wet skin.

Of course...

Bilharzia can be treated though it still kills 200,000 globally every year.

Nasty.

However...

Not as nasty as '*dark creatures*' which lurk under or beside water waiting to catch vulnerable anglers on certain lakes and rivers (yup, even in Britain).

Especially if you night fish often.

I say this because ignorant anglers so easily...

Blunder into dangerous fishing spots without realising who secretly controls these 'no go' areas.

For in certain cursed places strange beings reside, waiting to

ambush humans visiting these lonely haunts. *I'm not talking crocs or snakes either.*

No...

Much worse.

I'm talking SUPERNATURAL beings.

Tricky for us night anglers because after twilight is when they come out. We can't see them, yet they sure can see us. At our most vulnerable too.

The optimum time?

Between midnight and 3.00am.

Then deadly 'shape-shifters' emerge from water. They 'fly out' on their 'night fishing trips.' During these special hours they specialise in fishing for human soles. Blood sacrifice baits.

With real blood though...

Mixed up in bowls by spells and incantations.

Dangerous?

You bet...

(SPECIAL NOTE FOR JEREMY WADE):

Read carefully what unfolds next.

For if you're an angler which unwittingly picks up their supernatural bait or worse, what follows is the only way you'll get free.

NOTE: *I highlight the amazing angler Jeremy Wade as we begin because he's often sought 'blessings' from local Witchdoctors to give him permission to fish or if fishing in a certain spot has been rock hard.*

In return they prepare animal sacrifices (chicken entrails etc) in rituals which he participates in often.

Then mysteriously...

He always catches (seriously difficult or big) fish which previously evaded him until he enters the witchdoctors compound.

However...

It's tit for tat.

Scratch my calabash pot, in return I'll fasten a leg iron on you.

You see...

Because of this, the supernatural inhabitants of these deep swirling pools now know him... *by name*.

Little does this gifted angler know **he has entered into an agreement BY RITUAL SACRIFICE** with the invisible world. Not the good side either.

Imagine that, you have made...

A contract.

Sealed in the blood of the slain victim.

Anyway...

Before we uncover what it all means let me warn you in serious seriousness...

What Follows Is Not For Children.

Do NOT share it with them, any of a weak constitution or any scared of their own shadows.

Here is the crux of it.

What's not widely understood in the West is...

Witchcraft is often used to summon water spirits up out of the water to work 'on land' or to lure humans down into the water.

Spirits in, around and even under the water are contacted by magic.

Tranquil looking water anglers fish all the time.

Witchdoctors both fear (these spirits) and use the water for their sorcery.

Covens of witches meet nearby lakes and rivers for their rituals (*especially lakes where there have been murders or suicide... for reasons you'll see in a moment*).

Sound far fetched?

I agree.

At one time I was skeptical too.

However...

In Africa they get it.

Western advances don't phase Africans.

No...

They know this stuff is real.

And ever since a young child, I knew you didn't mess with the strange sorcerer who lived in the village next to my house.

It's true, for Malawi is infested with witchcraft.

In our poor African nation there are frequent mysterious disappearances (*of albinos especially*), because certain individuals need fresh body parts for magic rituals.

Here... sorcerers even kill people by magic.

I wish it wasn't true, yet it is.

Same in Papua New Guinea...

For instance I remember good friends of mine, (a missionary couple) once told me a disturbing story...

One evening at dusk, their perfect jungle peace was shattered upon hearing screaming coming towards their house near the sea.

They rushed out.

What they saw made their blood run cold.

A woman was flying down to the beach **IN THE AIR**. *A real woman... five feet off the ground in the air, traveling at speed.*

She was from the village.

Utterly terrified as if hurtling to death (*which she was*) and screaming for help she shot past them down to the water.

As they rubbed their eyes in total shock...

The woman was dragged out to the waves and began to be pulled **UNDER THE WATER**. She was thrashing and kicking the sea yet her arms were rigid, like they were being held.

Then something even weirder happened...

All at once the couple saw these strange 'beings' (*who'd been carrying the woman through the air*) 'materialise' and become visible to their naked eye.

They instantly saw into the invisible realm.

And it was terrifying...

Muscular, 'alien looking' creatures were plunging the woman deep under the boiling water.

THE SPIRITS...
Were Drowning Her.

One was in charge, a female type.

The other three male.

By now the missionary and his wife were praying at fever pitch because the woman was being murdered before their eyes.

When all of a sudden...

The 'female' type spirit in charge shouted at the other three that they couldn't take her now because this couple... *'Had more power than them.'*

So...

They had no choice but to let her go.

The terrified victim then struggled out of the waves helped by the couple who'd run into the sea and grabbed her by this time.

Crying and coughing water, once safely inside their house she explained the tortured ordeal they'd seen.

It transpired that...

Due to a dispute with a neighbouring family someone paid a local witchdoctor to summon spirits to kidnap and drown her.

They'd paid for her to be killed.

The magic invoked was very powerful.

Thus...

The spirits duly summoned went on their night mission, flew to her hut and secretly slipped inside.

There they caught their prey and next, flying through the air, carried her screaming to the crashing waves where they began drowning her.

Water spirits evidently.

The missionary and his wife saw it all. Only their strong prayer saved the woman.

And I tell you...

Nothing else would have stopped them killing her.

Nothing but their prayer.

A very special prayer in a very special name.

(A name which terrifies every witch, warlock and demon in hell, even the old serpent himself actually.

You'll get that name shortly in case you ever need it... even if you don't believe. Who knows, one night you may need to refer back to this chapter for help in a hurry).

I understand if you are skeptical.

I never believed either...

*Until some really weird stuff happened to me after **a witchdoctor in London** did Obeah rituals on a man who then **tried to murder me**).*

Anyhow...

Regarding this woman in Papua New Guinea.

This was a first hand account from a down to earth couple who I knew well back in the eighties.

This stuff is real.

Especially in Britain.

- Druids.
- Witches.
- Warlocks.
- Ghosts.
- Poltergeists.

And much more...

Yet many don't realise how real this stuff is.

However.

For perceptive anglers who've tasted even a little of life's mysteries...

We know different don't we?

For example let's look at something which often haunts night anglers from the list above.

The Case Of Poltergeists.

So what is a 'poltergeist' exactly?

It comes from the German, meaning...

'Noisy ghost' or "Noisy spirit who disturbs" (and often by crashing around, throwing things [physical things] or angry shouts or aggressive speech.'

Thankfully I know how to deal with them now.

So when I fish at night they can't touch me.

However, **I do recall when one lived in our home which was disgusting unpleasant**, especially after what it did to our guests one weekend.

Here's what happened...

(You may find it useful because what you are about to read is frequently experienced by many night anglers too).

And it's true.

Certain lakes and **their cursed grounds do hold these creatures**. Some, seething cesspools of them.

Anyway this is the story I'm compelled to share despite how uncomfortable it may feel for us both...

One Weekend We Had Friends Over.

We were renting this huge old house.

With ten crumbling bedrooms, massive living room and giant marble fireplace it was way too big for us because we were college students back then.

Plus...

We felt things were a bit off when after moving in an odd job man confessed he'd once found a dead badger in the kitchen freezer when looking for a pizza one lunchtime.

Hmm...

Here was the thing though,

When we used to sit in the living room trying to keep warm *(even in front of a roaring fire, the place stayed stone cold)* **we always used to hear strange noises upstairs.**

It was weird.

We'd hear someone open a door upstairs. Then they'd walk along the landing. Next they'd clunk down the stairs.

Anyone in the living room would hear it.

However oddly...

As soon as we opened the door to see who it was the noise stopped. **No one was ever there.**

We'd stand in the hall scratching our heads wondering what was happening.

So...

We'd go upstairs.

Walk along the landing. Same thing.

No one there.

Next we'd TRY and go in the empty room at the end of the landing. Yet...

We never quite felt brave enough.

It was FREEZING. Even in blistering summer.

And it just felt really, really bad. *Very threatening.*

If you tried to go in there, even in daytime, you'd run out just as fast with a shiver of fear. Like an icy cold blanket was suddenly thrown on you.

At first we thought our kids were to blame...

We'd run upstairs to see if they were messing about. They were always asleep. Next day they'd always say they'd heard nothing and slept all night.

Anyhow...

That was the background to our guests coming to stay for the weekend. A couple from New York.

Sturdy types.

Not afraid of anything.

(As our cousins from across the Pond tend to be).

Until...

They stayed in our old English country house in Northumberland.

Here's How It Went Down.

Friday evening we all retired to bed.

Couple slept in the living room, in front of the blazing fire.

With a nice sofa bed in there you'd almost think it a romantic setting *(we didn't tell them about the creepy stuff we'd suffered previously).*

Next morning at breakfast we inquired how they'd slept. And they replied... TERRIBLE!

The wife was in a seriously bad way.

Really shaken up.

She was so scared she couldn't even explain what happened. Her husband had to tell us instead.

He said at about 2.00am she woke up with a start.

She was just lying there in the dark in the big old room, when suddenly she heard the door upstairs at the end of the landing open.

She thought it must be my wife or I going to the bathroom.

Anyhow...

She heard someone walk along the landing.

Then...

Come down the stairs.

Then walk across the hall to the living room.

Then she heard someone...

TURN THE DOOR HANDLE.

By this time she really expected (and hoped) my wife or I were about to walk in.

Sadly not so.

We were fast asleep upstairs!

What happened next though is the most freaky because I know *it has happened to LOADS of anglers when night fishing.*

Too many in fact.

Suddenly this weird THING got inside the living room and was prowling about. Next it walked right over to her bed.

Then the worst part of all...

IT GOT ON TOP OF THE WIFE.

And started smothering her!

- She was terrified.
- Clawing for breath.
- She couldn't move to wake her husband.
- Desperate, she started praying in her mind.

It was like her body was paralysed.

Anyhow...

She carried on praying until she was able to speak a little. As soon as this happened she started praying out loud and told the wretched thing to get off her.

All of a sudden it let go and shot out...

(NOTE: The 'cold room' was directly above the living room, which seemed to be where the creature lived).

By this stage she shook her husband awake.

She was crying uncontrollably.

Strange eh?

As we heard the husband tell his wife's story we were pretty disturbed and felt we just had to do something.

Thus...

After a hearty breakfast to strengthen our resolve we realised we had no choice but conduct an exorcism. We had to drive this alien beast from this old mansion forever.

So we set forth Bible in hand.

And within half an hour the deed was done.

We cast it out.

It didn't like it to say the least.

Yet it went...

Then what an incredible change came over that gloomy old place.

The whole house took on such a rosy glow.

In particular the 'cold room' (*which really was the best appointed bedroom*) became enveloped in such a wonderful sense of warmth and peace.

So much so my wife made it our new bedroom :)

It was a great. We never had 'night visits' again.

Anyhow I share all this not to scare any fellow angler. Just to warn you. Be careful where you sleep when night fishing.

Some grounds are cursed.

In just the same way some houses are haunted.

(Yes, some grounds/estates/lakes/rivers have literally been hexed, or cursed).

The last thing I will say about the story of the big old house above, again...

BE CAREFUL WHERE YOU SLEEP.

Or what house you buy.

If it feels weird, then it may not be wise to buy it.

Women especially have a very keen sixth sense when all is not well with a place, so guys listen if your beloved tells you...

“ *Honey... let's NOT buy this place. There's something wrong here.* ”

She's right.

Same with fishing some swims at night.

Unless you **know how to defend yourself if malevolent forces attack you in the dark**, maybe night fish friendlier waters, no matter how big fish grow in 'darker' waters?

Especially be wary of...

- Waters where murders have taken place.
- Waters people use to commit suicide.
- Old battle grounds (Saxon, Viking, Pict, Roman, Cavalier etc).
- Known 'High Places' where witches or warlocks gather to practice dark arts. Rituals in high places establish territories and call down (or up from water,

or under the earth) spirits to patrol the areas they seize.

So.

Let me ask you again...

Have any of these happened to you when night fishing?

- On some lakes you feel 'eyes' locked on you (*they are*).
- The lake goes 'sinister' quiet, still. (*12.00am-3.00am?*).
- Huge icy drop in temperature even on scorching summer nights.
- You hear footsteps outside your bivvy (*yet no one is there?*).
- You see 'people' crossing the lake in a mist (*yet you're alone*).
- You hear aggressive voices, or blood curdling cries?
- You awake with someone smothering you in the dark.
- See mostly women dancing a circle beside your water at midnight.
- A hideously dark presence enters your bivvy without permission.
- Some waters you NEVER night fish... *because that uneasy feeling creeps up on you at dusk.*

**If so prepare yourself
for this last section...**

And I'll open the freshly slain can of bloodworms I promised you could guzzle down earlier.

However...

Don't say I didn't warn you.

The stuff which follows is NOT FUNNY.

It's deadly serious. *DEATHLY serious.*

Anyway.

Here goes...

Proof about everything I've shared above is in a short PDF below. Help yourself. It's free.

No email required. No catch.

It's written by an African.

One who used to work for *the 'other side.'*

He was a 'night prowler' like my friends in Papua New Guinea shared regarding the drowning woman earlier... though sadly many times worse.

An extremely dangerous shape shifter.

As I say...

This PDF has a strong WARNING attached to it. It's not kids stuff. (*Leave this chapter now if you need to.*)

Here's a tiny snip...

(Remember I mentioned blood sacrifice baits?) ¹⁴

“ *In another corner of one of the rooms I saw (what I later knew as a 'chamber') a water-pot filled with blood and a small tree in the centre of the pot, a calabash and a red cloth by it. I could not continue. Now I knew that I was a dead man.*”

(Similar to **the type of village room Jeremy Wade visits on River Monsters eh?** *Now you know why in one episode a witch doctor was frozen stiff by a type of fish Jeremy insisted he help him catch. His deathly fear was real. It was based on his experience of the supernatural).*)

In fact...

The revelations this African shares in the 30 page PDF below are so mind-crashing, they tried to kill him for releasing **the forbidden material you are about to read** into the public domain for us.

Witches and warlocks couldn't destroy him though.

They tried.

By then he'd stumbled on even MORE power.

Now no matter how many witches are sent after him at midnight, no matter how powerful their magic, or even if they use blood sacrifice baits.

It does not matter.

He is free.

I for one am thankful for what he has shared.

It's **opened my understanding up to the supernatural** in a way I never knew before.

Now when **I night fish alone** and look up at the stars I often think of this unusual African.

I appreciate what he has given to the world, even if **some of what he says is hard to understand** and admittedly for some is difficult to believe.

Anyhow...

Get your 30 page PDF at Geni.us/watersecrets

(FINAL WARNING: This true story contains some graphic content. *Some may find it disturbing. Don't blubber on Social Media I didn't warn you*).

And secondly...

Check out my true story about the London witch doctor. Read it at Geni.us/witchdoctor and it's called...

The London Witch Doctor
And The Man Who Tried To Murder Me.

I hope both these examples help explain what you may have experienced when night fishing or why unnerving things happen to you, *(even after you return from these lonely spots).*

Believe me...

Your experiences ARE REAL.

The veil between natural and supernatural is thin.

There are ways to access it which are dangerous.

There are ways which are safe.

For example...

In the PDF above our friend even shares how *the ground and water used to open up to allow him to go down under the ground or travel under water.*

He was always escorted through these portals by spirits whom he'd covenanted by blood with... many times specific water spirits.

In the second example where I share my story it also details the name which defeated the man trying to murder me and *the grotesque things speaking from inside him who'd taken over.*

Cursed beasts.

Anyway this is all to help you so....

If weird stuff suddenly kicks off when you're fishing at night then everything you need to fight back is there for you in these two resources I've shared.

And frankly,

Without them...

If you encounter the type of beings we've discussed above like ghosts or poltergeists etc... *you might just want to RUN LIKE HELL, (especially if you see them eyeball to eyeball).*

I wish you all the best...

Especially next time you zip up your bivvy.

**BILLION DOLLAR BUSINESS OWNER
EAGER TO HIRE CURIOUS ANGLERS FOR
'SILLY, ANNOYING QUIRK'**

Can you tell a good fishing story?
If so lean in inquisitive turbot.

And imagine...

A sturdy happier, FREER version of you striding across
history. (*Fishing rod in hand*).

You...

A contented dover whole, no longer satisfied begging muddy
estuary tides to wash stray morsels your way.

Nay, you've outgrown all that.

Instead as a free thinking angler a vast open sea of fat cod and
lively fun awaits you.

Blue skies...

Crystal blue oceans where dolphins and marlin play,
frolicking in sun and surf.

Why not join them?

There's Good Cream Too.

Imagine being paid well.

Maybe more than you get now *(or picture this... even while you GOOF OFF FISHING as I prove in detail for you in this chapter).*

Then if you shape up, you may later reflect...

How fast your clever side hustle blossomed to support your obsession.

Yet 'Hey... *who's complaining*' you whisper as you cast out again and fire up a brew.

Content with the world. **Content with you.** Happy family. Admiring friends. Peace.

And who can put a price on that?

Especially in our nut job filled world of chaos, wars and rumours of war.

All because of a certain 'silly' anglers trait wealthy business owners need from you badly. *(Though I warn you... vagabonds may try to rob it off you).*

That said... why not give yourself permission to dream once again?

Because remember...

'It Only Takes ONE Good Idea To CHANGE EVERYTHING' Doesn't It?

So let me introduce you to BB, a true living legend I met one balmy Autumn in Florida.

For BB is without doubt...

The ultimate gent to revive long dead dreams you may have thought could never come to pass.

I'll warn you though his unusual ideas are LIFE CHARGING, (*even if like me you're a tickle older*).

They hook deep into your psyche.

Yet despite running a billion dollar business, BB is the ultimate anti-guru too.

All because...

His renegade business started back in the dirty slum.¹⁵
Birthed in a wasteland where dog faced hoodlums roamed at will. Bloody beasts stealing rivals drugs, guns and women. The strong preying on the weak.

Night prowlers.

And where you never left the office alone, even in daytime. (*They had to hire ex-police to escort staff to the car park. Imagine. Grim indeed*).¹⁶

All of life was there.

Rough?

You better believe it.

Thus intrepid young BB had to adapt FAST.

To Learn A Cunning Street Fighters Way Of THINKING To Survive.

To rise above the ghetto.

To push past the surface level of filth, degradation and wickedness outlying this fledgling band of lily white working desperadoes on a mission.

And of course to later lead these peculiar gifted misfits (some would say) on **to spectacular greatness.**

Unbridled joy.

Unrivalled success.

A lasting greatness now arching over twenty countries and which one of them ('MMF' one of his close advisers, art collector of renown and much more) describes as ¹⁷ ...

“ The best job you have ever had.”

(NOTE: *Carp, Catfish, Marlin or Tuna anglers. You will love this.*)

Well, I must say...

Old BBs wisdom made it happen for me.

Could his secret work for you?

No idea pal.

This quiet American I speak of does not know you from Adam does he?

Nor do I.

For all we know... you may be a walking disaster!

So why should he hire you?

I don't know.

(Obviously it makes no difference to me. I've secured my pilgrim waders already).

However I will say...

If you know how to harness this one 'silly,' almost annoying trait below it could set you up for life.

(Or not, if you botch things up).

Plus...

There are other pitfalls you need to watch for too.

Tis' true in all walks of knife though is it not?

For as we saw in earlier chapters, even lusty Vikings bent on reward may meet their downfall if they underestimate the strength of older, craftier or better funded opponents in battle.

History is littered with arrogant young turks oft surprised by the power of the elders they meet when rushing in to plunder seemingly easy pickings.

So be careful.

I warn you because even in this industry I love...

Weasels May Try To Rip Your Flesh
(Or steal from you, which is just as grim)

They stole from me.

Others tricked me...

I was mercilessly plundered on these very same high seas just when I thought my cargo secure and fair haven certain.

Cunning weevils trounced me all the time. Thousands of pounds whisked out of my cracked tackle box, all to due to my gullible stupidity.

Being wet behind my ears did for me.

Thus I was plunged headfirst into a **dark sticky cauldron of £22,000.00 worth of credit card debt.**

Love life tanked as a result.

Cherished marriage hanging by my skinned feet.

Seriously...

Everything I touched seem to fall apart.

And now my princess wanted to leave **the home I'd turned into a rotting corpse.**

Who'd have blamed her?

All because I was gullible.

In the end 'twas only the kindness of heaven that rescued our love from shipwreck. *Those crippling years nearly broke me bad... so my advice is simple.*

Before you set sail...

Be careful who you get your advice from.

Am I being reasonable?

Just remember at the outset though...

Life is spelled RISK.

Yet risk is not all bad, for without risk there can be no innovation. No profit.

No growth.

So you ready to risk meeting BB now?

**Then With Your
Permission Here Goes...**

You'd probably never give this billion dollar business owner a second glance.

And so it was with me.

I had no idea who I was speaking to when I met him during a special conference at the Delray Beach Marriott in Florida.

Jumping the lift after breakfast I gave my usual cheery 'Morning, how are you doing?' and asked which floor the stranger in a tatty baseball cap required. I pressed the button and we whizzed down together.

Then as I turned around he asked cordially...

“ Do I know you?”

Suddenly scales fell from my eyes.

I couldn't believe who I was talking to... none other than 'BB', legendary American business owner.

Libertarian. **Deep thinker.** Not to mention all round cool cat. Before me stood the very man who built a billion dollar business from nothing...

Literally from scratch, hand built by simply THINKING UP NEW IDEAS.

Astonishing...

His company started sharing ideas which were not the norm. They wondered if anyone out there felt the same as them.

Now four decades later, it appears they do. So this '**Not the norm' thinking** is a lot more normal than media try to fake us believe.

Thus since launching in 1979 this stupidly simple business is growing hand over fist... *now 1 billion dollars per annum.*

In fact they've got more clout and subscribers than the Wall Street Journal. So don't worry, the silent masses are there. Loud too.

Amazing success story eh? And what's it built on?

**'IDEAS Dave. Amazing ideas.
All plucked out of thin air!'**

And guess what... there's **more than enough** thin air to go around **for us all**.

(Why not... for you and I know it only takes one good idea to change everything don't we?).

Anyhow...

We shook hands, passed a few hearty pleasantries and then he asked...

“ *What do you do David?*”

I answered *'Er... I'm a writer!'*

He asked what type of writing I did. *(I answered, nothing of any note... just pure drivel mostly, as you dear reader can attest is so).*

No matter, he was kindly disposed to meet a fellow pen pusher and suggested we talk again over the conference.

So refreshed by tufty banter we went our way.

Later as I lunched on chargrilled Dorado high on a lazy beach restaurant veranda, I pondered the mysterious circumstances which led me to meet perhaps the greatest living proponent of **this strange \$2.3 trillion dollar industry** we on the inside of adore so much.

Weirdly though...

As waves crashed the shore below and spray gently misted my new glasses, **an inner knowing** began to grow that BB would say something which would affect my life, even my destiny that very day.

Not tomorrow. Not next week. **TODAY.**

I just tingly inside kind of knew it.

Has that ever happened to you?

You know **something amazing is about to happen.**

Before it even happens.

You just know.

Well.

I didn't have to wait long...

For BB was keynote speaker that evening.

Later inside the great hall, waves of crackling anticipation at hearing this exceptional man rippled the ranks of ruby cheeked attendees.

I was early for there was no way I was missing his rare appearance for all the tea in Uganda.

Then just as in my premonition as BB began speaking... *he made a mind bombing statement.*

One I suspect 96.12% of rookies missed (*or thought too simple to write down*).

Not me!

I flagged it instantly.

You see...

Those 18 words made the couple of grand ticket price, board and flights seem a steal had I paid six times over.

Terse. Few. Simple, yet LIFE CHANGING words which have gripped me ever since.

'No wonder he has nine houses...'
I thought to myself.

18 STAGGERING words of career, nay life illuminating guidance.

I promise **I'll tell you those crypt smashing words** because they'll open a portal in your future for you.

First though consider this...

How would you feel if it was you who blundered into BB instead of me?

Rather this time the kindly genius sits you down with a coffee, sugar, cream and seven fat donuts...

And ballpoint in hand, proceeds to draw out a personal blueprint just for you. A rare chance to try for...

- A balanced TIME RICH lifestyle to do more of what you enjoy most (*angling, golf?*).
- A pathway out of debt, even the prospect of financial security as your chops grow?
- Buy the tackle you crave (*if 'newest and bestest' is your tippie of choice*).

Plus did you know...

This is a sector where **no experience is preferred** to hiring dull minded employees content to stew in careers where no one may think for themselves?

They are the last types BB or those like him want to recruit. (*You're not a dull 'cubicle' type are you?*).

Instead...

Here crazy ideas are highly esteemed.

Eccentrics rule.

Where weirdly even failure is valued as an asset.

And believe it or not where *failure turns out to be the unusual gift which keeps on giving.*

Where free thought is law.

Strange?

(Don't worry. *I'll explain it better in a second*).

Anyhow, how would you feel if it was you who'd met BB instead of me?

Then let me spill the beans on what he, I and a number of 'underground' writers consider the best kept secret industry of all. *One which could suit we anglers above all others on earth.*

Ready?

**Well Hold Onto Your Seats Lumpies
And Gravymen Because This Is Where
It Gets Exciting If Like Me, You Love Fishing**

The opportunity BB and I are so excited about is unorthodox.

You see BB is a writer.

And he heads up an empire of independent thinking writers drawn from as far as USA, UK, EU, Asia etc. Indians straight out of India too... *whose mother tongue ain't even English!*

Yet not clingy or needy writers begging publishers to help them make it in life.

Or gullible newbies duped by the latest "Write a Kindle Bestseller in 97 Minutes" guff peddled by slippery Internet Marketing sellers either.

No.

This is a radical, tenacious... almost 'otherworldly' breed of writer.

You see...

Right now BB is on the look out for dissatisfied THINKERS who are a bit 'out there' like him.

That's because he discovered a **secret to wealth hidden from 99.3% of writers** who'll never succeed.

It's this...

The stuff people are willing to pay good prices for is the UNUSUAL.

*The EDGY.*¹⁸

OUT THERE kinda stuff.

Stuff folks never come across in the normal daily grind which gives hope. Which CHANGES LIVES.

And here's the rub.

BB and those like him spotted something truly remarkable (*proven over 40 years*)...

So often it's the MISFITS, the oddballs, even scoundrels escaping a past life, who tend to unearth rare hidden gems which get the breakthroughs these companies and their readers crave so deeply.

Obsessives.

Curious, even unruly types who somehow just **KNOW deep in their gut they've something more** to give (*even if it's lain untapped, hidden for years*).

In short...

They believe, they've GOT SOMETHING DECENT *actually worth saying.*

And it seems they do :)

Why?

**Because Everything Else
Is So BORING NOW!**

Today people crave HARD TO FIND stuff.

How so?

It's obvious...

Fakebook sameness is killing everyone. Instagreat perfection.

Perfect bodies. Perfect lives.

Perfect photos.

Perfect fish.

Billions of minds groomed to think, look and act the same way? (*4891 backwards?* Some swear 'tis so).

Perfectly boring too?

You tell me.

**Take Modern Carping
For Example...**

A few years back in the game, I'm super excited to be carp fishing again after a break of nearly thirty years yet... *I'm drowning in endless rivers of carp guru videos and tutorials.*

Why?

Everything looks the same!

Myriads of studio perfect bagging up videos.

Giant super bred fish caught (*so often self hooked on bolt rigs... even 6oz, 8oz, 12oz leads!*) and posed by some who seem more concerned how good they look on Instapop rather than their catches welfare.

Really?

'That's a bit harsh Dave!'

Maybe.

Yet look...

If they really cared about their catches they'd put fish back immediately... end of.

A quick photo and off she goes!

Sorry did I offend you?

Then dear irked reader, it's about to get far worse!

How come?

Because whether you agree with me or not the true story below shows without doubt why...

**We May All Get Banned From Fishing In UK
Way Sooner Than Any Of Us Realise.**

'Whaddya mean Alston... and this better be good!'

Well isn't it obvious?

Look how hunt saboteurs crush anyone daring to oppose their will.

Remember...

Their iron bar wielding thuggery¹⁹ got hunting banned here in Britain.

So it seems... *in UK might is right.*

For example isn't it ironic the **Hunt Saboteurs Association** claim the moral high ground with their... '*proud to be aligned with the AntiFA Network*' mantra²⁰ then act... **just like Fascists :** ⁽¹⁹⁾

Yet their foot soldiers have no clue they're being manipulated.

No surprise.

Their deft handlers are well versed in statecraft insurgency.

Cunning shape shifters just offstage, *yet easily spotted if you dare spit the blue _ _ _ _ out.*

For example...

Spontaneous Arab Spring?

Yeah right.

More like carefully plotted '**Order Out Of Chaos.**'

Which poor mums and dads across the Middle East pay for by the blood of their screaming, dying children.

With Tony Blair the chief instigator of the lot.

The man who set the entire Middle East ablaze, **his hands still drip with the blood of the innocents** from Iraq to Syria.

(Not to mention inspiring the subsequent extremist chaos unleashed in France, Belgium, London, Manchester etc).

What's that all about then?

Like I say...

'*Order out of chaos.*'

No...

There is no dialogue.

Just a jackboot to your face.

You think they'll be kinder to anglers?

Not in a million years.

These black hooded vigilantes view you and I as scum.
Because we fish recreationally.

In fact, some are... *now calling for us to be shot.*

Don't believe me?

Look what the Angling Trust reported on 8 MARCH 2018
from the Hunt Saboteurs Facebook page...²¹

“ *Let's shoot some anglers instead... that would be a win all round.*”

Therefore.

Ponder this please...

As more animal liberation brigades discover large fish are being caught and kept for hours in sacks or nets what do you think will happen?

Who do you think they will target? What happens should a ringleader start **inciting the mob against us on social media**?
It won't take much.

Imagine...

A clarion call for a '*day of rage*' against YOUR lake on Facebook goes out.

Legions mobilised against you at the swipe of a phone.
Swarms of masked saboteurs shouting.

Spitting on you.

Throwing rocks in your swim.

Crowding your bivvy. Playing their drums. Stamping the ground. Kicking your stove over.

The right evidence, the right incendiary device and whoosh!
A raging inferno is lit against us... *from photos of large carp in sacks perhaps?*

Or God forbid, they get hold of a **photo of a huge dead carp in a sack.**

Am I being too dramatic?

Maybe.

Yet history does not lie.

Look how they already hunt down in packs any who dare
oppose their totalitarian views.

Thus by spinning, dominating and controlling the media narrative they update Stalin's doctrine for our modern age...

“ *Print is the sharpest and strongest weapon of our party.*” ²²

Joseph Stalin wasn't wrong.

These thugs use his covert methods to the hilt... on us next?

Where has **the voice of normal decent England gone?**

Just picture, our beloved fishing trampled.

Gone.

I'm talking about...

The day they take your rods off you.

Then because might is right, fishing will be banned by law.
Don't think it will ever happen?

I hope you're right friend.

I really do.

I say that because for some of us, a fews hours honest escape
fishing is **one thing left which helps keep us sane.**

A ray of hope.

A flicker of **freedom in an unfree world** to cheer us on in
quickly darkening times.

Hmm...

Seems to have gone a tad bleak now hasn't it?!

Oops.

Let my passion show.

*(Told you 'Fast Hemp Confidential' wasn't for feint hearts or the
easily offended... so if you want to go please do).*

Anyhoo.

Shall we lighten things up a bit?

Fair enough.

Though agree with me or not, that 'Hunt Sab' stuff gets the
blood going eh?

Good.

You have your own mind.

I won't try to change it.

After all...

That's what **FREEDOM** is, **being able to express different opinions**, yet still respect the other.

Isn't it?

And being free...

Saying what others won't.

Spicing things up a bit, making stuff exciting again... applies to business too. Which for the 'BB' type of businesses I mention...

IS THEIR LIFEBLOOD.

It's the secret sauce quietly making them squiggly oodles of cash.

And look,

These companies simply must find more writers with **this odd 'gift' anglers have in abundance** that I share with you below *or they're goosed, big time.*

And to get started you only need...

Insatiable curiosity plus this one almost 'silly' trait BB prizes so much as I told you earlier.

Would you like to know what it is?

I'll tell you.

Though first you'll want to know what business we're in...

The Unusual Happy Industry I Speak Of Is This...

Direct response copywriting.

You know of it?

It's

Simply...

WORDS explaining neat IDEAS...

Which sell.

“

Ugh!

That's it! I hate selling. You just want to sell me stuff. Hate it!"

Fair enough you raise two valid points.

However...

What have I tried to sell you?

Nothing so far.

I will though, just wait and see.

That said, may I ask...

**Do You Get Angry Because Diawa, Delkim,
Shimano, Hardy, Nash, Abu Garcia
Sell Tackle To You?**

Do you hate your tackle shop for giving you special deals or great offers?

No?

So what's wrong with writing to sell cool things?

Look...

If you feel queasy about selling I get it.

I used to feel the same (*As a Christian in business I often felt guilty. A lot in fact. Comes with the territory.*)

That is until one icy winter a superb salesman sold me a butter-soft leather coat.

He made shopping a pleasure.

To this day I recall *how much fun it was buying from him.*

He didn't sell me at all. His passion for good clothes did.

After that...

It hit me, if there's nothing wrong with buying, there must be nothing wrong with selling... *if done well.*

It's flip side of the same coin.

So here's the big secret...

Buying is selling... *just the other way round!*

Same with copywriting.

Therefore, when you write...

Remember we all love buying anyway.

Be helpful.

And just help us get what we want ;)

Picture you are writing to a good friend to help them with really **good advice. A real friend willing to help.**

Never sell rubbish.

And...

Refuse to write for bad companies.

The best piece of advice on this is over 2000 years old, yet it always works.

I speak of 'The Golden Rule' of course...

*“Do to others what you want
them to do to you.”
Matt 7:12 NCV*

Do you like others ripping you off?

No?

Then don't rip others off when you write either.

Anyhow...

I'm not here to persuade you to do anything.

(I've secured my way. You do what you like).

However, it's late so let's rush to rack this up...

**So Who Exactly Is This
Mysterious BB anyway?**

I'll tell you...

His name is Bill Bonner.

He heads up a business known as **'The Agora.'**

It does over a billion dollars a year.

And is growing like weed in CA.

Yet here's the clever thing...

Agora splits it's divisions into affiliate/franchise companies located all over the globe.

- Europe
- Asia
- America
- Latin America

NOTE: Branches need inquisitive new writers!

Here's an excerpt from one of their job adverts (AUG 21 2018)
Agora Financial Australia...²³

“ ... You'll be editing and writing for an email and online audience. **No experience is necessary** but curiosity and willingness to learn new things quickly is a must... **Don't bother with a CV** - in my experience they're useless. I want to hear why you are the best person for this role in your own words.”

Did you see that?

No experience necessary.

Yup, these guys do things a bit differently.

Remember they have offices all over. Why not consider a position in one of their UK offices *or discuss working remotely from home with them?*

They are open to it.

See for yourself...

(JULY 2018) copy job advert for Stansberry Churchouse Research in Singapore...²⁴

“ Thrive at the beating heart of the Pacific century. The level of development and efficiency and quality of life here puts the west to shame. The future is here. Come be a part of it. **(Or... stay at home, if they can figure out how to make it work!)**”

Spot it?

'Stay at home' i.e. work remotely, perhaps from wherever you are reading this. Why not?

Now because of 4G, remote copywriters can carry their 'office' wherever they desire (via laptop, tablet, smartphone etc) whether Starbucks, library, museum, lakeside, sea or inside a companies offices.

Who cares as long as you hit 'send' in time eh?

In fact for certain types of fishermen like big carp anglers who spend days even waiting for one bite,

Remote working also means you may be able to...

'WORK' WHILE YOU FISH?

Research ideas, brainstorm headlines or write full pieces while your bite alarms stand guard for you.

Imagine.

With 4G (and 5G next year)...

YOU GET TO MAKE YOUR BIVVY YOUR OFFICE!

How cool is that?

There's an idea for you.

Picture the scene... you writing and getting paid... *while you fish* :)

Sound crazy?

Perhaps, yet hear me out...

You see, GOOD writing needs quality thinking time. And **what do we anglers do most when we fish?**

We think.

For example...

Chris Yates writes waiting for bites. *DEEP thinker.*

Big carp angler Dave Lane writes down by the waters edge too. On 28 July 2017 Carp Talk Online did a piece about his book *'Fine Lines'* with a photo of him writing beside his bivvy while fishing.

No '4G' iPad though. More like 'A4' pad and pen ;)

Another perfect example is Gary Halbert, who was an angler too.

They called him...

'The Prince Of Print'

And for good reason...

Gary was one of the greatest copywriters of all time.

He wrote the most widely mailed letter in history.

The sales letter you see below was sent in the post **more than 600,000,000 times.**

Mailed for more than THIRTY YEARS *it just kept selling, selling, selling!* Dang rocked to say the least.

And guess what...

Gary only typed 361 words on one side of paper to pull off **this sizzling bank heist of a letter.**

361 words...

Which kept hooking sales non stop for thirty years.

30 YEARS!

Plus as an aside...

You Might Write A Book
(Though That's Way Harder)

What is fascinating about the story of this incredible piece is that **Gary Halbert was struggling financially at the time.**

It really was do or die for him. He simply HAD to make this letter work or he was done for.

And boy did it work... it converted up to 23% of those who read it into buyers. Imagine that.

Out of every 100 readers... 23 thought... *'Hey, this is cool! I'm buying from you!'*

One letter paid him well.

Though as free thinkers it's not just money. *We desire the lifestyle of LIBERTY* most of all don't we?

Well on that,

Here's how Gary Halbert describes his 'working days' as a copywriter...

“ *I'll tell you what: Making millions with nothing but a few legal pads and some ball point pens in-between fishing and diving in the Florida Keys sure beats creating drivel for some stupid ad agency or licking boots at IBM!*” ²⁵

See for yourself.

Read his letter at Geni.us/361words

(I'll wait - it'll take you less than 2 mins)...

Did you notice how easy to read
(almost boring) those 361 words were?

Now do you see why **this type of writing is RADICALLY different** from begging arrogant publishers to accept your desperate novel?

Way easier to...

Write one fast letter, rather than sink months or years writing books for fickle readers with gnat like attention spans now.

Anyway...

Let me hand you one of Gary's most powerful secrets which perfectly applies to us anglers.

You see...

YOU NEED THINKING TIME to write well.

And stories about how Gary Halbert worked are legendary...

He often used to abandon his home office (*er... kitchen table*) and disappear off into the gorgeous Florida Keys in his boat.²⁵

Once out there he would go fishing or diving. Eat. Drink. Think. Fish. *Mull over his research and ideas.*

Basically allowing his cranium to do the subconscious grunt work for him.

Why not, if you can goof off while **your brain does the work for you... cool eh? :)**

Then after percolating for hours...

BOOM!

When an idea hit like a finger shredding tarpon hit he wrote it down fast. Imagine... *bagging big ideas, writing in intense 50 minute bursts.*²⁶

And then, a few of them in the bag... your work is done for the day.

Picture it.

Just floating around the glory of the Florida Keys... *hooking into fat, line ripping IDEAS!*

Thus...

Gary lived life like a free booty raiding PIRATE... plundering at will.

Cool eh?

So let me ask...

Could you **write something and get paid well for it**, possibly even while you fish?

Could you write 361 words for a small sales letter?

If so, many good companies would be happy to pay you. You could start part time. Keep your day job. Of course, to start your money may only be average.

(Ahem... you're a novice. What do you expect?).

Yet once you get going...

Your side hustle success may surprise you.

Maybe not to stacking millions heights like our affable *'Prince of Print'* above, yet even modest progress could empower you to **buy the gear you crave.**

Or **carve out a brand new life** totally.

That's what I love actually...

You can tailor your writing gig totally to YOU.

Hence, some of **you reading this will end up full on pirates**

hauling big booty. Others dashing weekend warriors topping up your salary for holidays or new Shimanos etc.

It's up to you.

For example...

My story started because I needed to **learn new skills** to help pay off that wretched £22,000.00 debt I told you about that was garrotting my marriage.

I was so depressed then too.

Thankfully getting free from those evil shackles came to pass partly because I blundered into **this fascinating new world** I'm sharing with you today, which I must confess... **I fell in love** with.

However...

My story doesn't mean you need to switch careers like me.

Or you might...

It's up to you.

Because... *demand for your help is huge.*

And if you get this down, I mean... really NAIL it... people may almost beg you to work for them.

For example...

In 2014 a high flying UK agency wanted to hire me full time.

What did they offer an old daftie like me? £84,000.00* sterling a year. (*A tad under \$140,000.00 US back when exchange rates were better at the time*).

And get this...

That was to help just two of their clients a month with this stuff... *bonuses would come on top too.*

However...

I turned them down.

Why?

It was a high reward, high risk type deal.

Good money.

Bad (heart attack style) stress.

(I'd done work for them previously, which though getting them great wins, pushed my health to the edge because I overstretched, looking after up to five clients at once!).

And who needs that?

Not me, not for all the tea in Kong's jungle hideout.

Plus...

If you can do this.

I mean, do it well.

Why Not Just Write For Yourself?

That said, some prefer reliable monthly money like the agencies offer. So I get it if that's more you.

Yet I will say...

*£84k is high for agency work like this in UK, though for BB style companies in the USA, then seriously... for decent direct response writers... *some consider earning that almost chump change.*

With proper training...

If you **graft like a hungry dog** you could go far... or not if

you botch it up (*Let's get real shall we? No one can predict your success, or failure, certainly not me!*).

BB has companies in Blighty too btw.

That said...



*** NOTE: This Is A Legal Disclosure...**

The salary mentioned above is NOT a promise. It is NOT typical. I was offered that because I'm good at what I do. However most people will NEVER acquire the skills to perform at that level because they are just too lazy.

Let me say once more...

Those results are not typical. You're better off thinking if you get into direct response copywriting, you'll earn nothing for years because you may suck at writing.

Or you may be the next Gary Halbert!

I don't know do I?

So I'm NOT making you any income promises here whatsoever. Not even remotely hinting. Got that?



Either way though...

If you're an angler I PROMISE YOU, no matter what you decide there's one trait which already gives you a huge advantage over other 'regular' copywriters.

What is it?

I speak of the two sentence secret BB revealed to me back on that peachy autumn day in Florida.

It changed my life.

So.

As you've been a great companion thus far...

I'm just gonna drop it on you right now.

**Want To Know The 'Silly' (Even Annoying)
Anglers Trait BB And Bosses Like Him
Eagerly Seek In NEWBIE WRITERS...
Even If You Have ZERO EXPERIENCE
Or Plumb Failed In Other Careers?**

If so then without aplomb...

It's the simple ability to tell a good story.

YES FINALLY!

The cat's in the keep net.

Here's what you've been waiting for all this time like a free lined potato ignored on a commercial...

The mind bombing Bill Bonner statement which changed my life is...

“ *All that's needed to be a good copywriter is to find a good story... then tell a good story.*” ²⁷

There you go.

In all it's elegant glory.

Too simple?

(Good, please keep thinking that).

Remember, this from a man whose business makes over 1 billion dollars per annum doing just that.

And copious container ships brimming with their newsletters cross our globe covering these topics...

- Finance and investment.
- FREEDOM AND LIBERTY.
- Health and wellness.

*'Sorry to interrupt, yet I feel compelled to prod and ask you... **any idea how cool this is for us fishers yet?**'*

Think about it...

WE ANGLERS ARE PROBABLY **THE BEST
STORY TELLERS ON EARTH** *aren't we?*

I'll prove it too...

Think of all **those cheery times you've held the pub spellbound** recounting your bilge busting, ice-cool tails of angling bravado.

Holding forth in the Masons Charms over each one of your screeching, rod bending... big fish catching exploits!

Gudgeon wrestling in Spain.

Bonefish fury in Florida.

Slapping chunks in Kent.

Or...

*When your pal nearly died in A&E getting his stomach pumped because **you secretly glugged his sausage sarnies.***

(Still after trying to avoid a hospital trip by using a pellet pump on him, it's probably best you took him after all).

*Or dazzling ladies at the bar explaining **why you sport a black velvet eye patch** after nearly hook-pulling yourself into an early grave striking too hard one night.*

Or when you stepped on a nail, ignored it for a week and amputated your own kidney with a saw made from a hair rigged baiting needle because despite your blood loss...

You heroically refused to surrender your swim to the clan of knuckle draggers who recently joined your club.

(Only after the hallucinations wore off did you realise you should have amputated your foot instead. Oh well, at least a kidney pays your sessions bait bill so that's alright).

And...

Let's draw a deft bait box lid over your endless 'one that got away' line busting tragedies you force family to endure.

Total underwhelm to them.

Deep philosophy to you.

However, ignore their scoffing.

LISTEN...

Your mysterious power at telling these furry waterside myths is... *worth good money compadre.*

So...

In a seriously long winded way...

Bud.

You were MADE FOR THIS!

For who else on earth can tell a feisty tale with more thrill than the noble FREE BORN angler?

Free born indeed...

Erect. Elegant. Forceful.

Keeper of the eternal rapt attention.

Yet gentle.

Loved by all. Hated by many... (*especially hunt sabs, mark my words*).

Kind too.

We cut a dashing silhouette do we not?

Standing by the blazing hearths of our own steadfast home fires pontificating on all and sundry.

Nay, but **speakers of truth we be** and make no apology either.

For when not casting a line,

We stand fast by our cowering family...

Berating the blubbering, pitiable masses crowding the BBC news mics on our screens each night.

Clueless, lemming-like TV hordes who know not why they stumble into the grave misfortunes of life's traps, gallows and gantries... *nor why the world is going so weird.*

Why should they? How could they know?

They don't fish!

They've never spied the Almighty and his fearsome work out in the wild mountains, rolling seas or a dappling lake dotted with dibbles in June.

Will they ever get a handle on the spinning reel of life?

How should I know?

Am I God?

No matter, let's wrap this squealing crank up.

For frankly I'm running out of stream...

All the filibustering baiting up effort it's taken to get you this far has stained my hands robins blood red.

Deep red stains, seeping down my honest white shirt front...

Still at least it's not real blood eh?

Unlike certain Machiavellian masters pushing their 'benign' institutes for ahem... 'peace and security' while deftly stalking the globe seeking whom they devour.

Though as you can see with ever widening eyes... *the crimson prints which stain their deadly steps tell all you need know.*

Will we tell others though?

For in the end the question always is...

Red _ _ _ _ Or Blue?

'Nuff said...

So let's rush to the finish line apace.

Good waits there.

So kindly maggot snuggler...

Would **you like a slice** of the faction I've thrust into your creamy, gold lined fishing future too?

Okay then.

Here's what you must do.

(With warnings so weasels don't rip your mousy flesh like mine when I started)...

Your 7 Step Checklist To Infinity And Then Score

1. Learn the basics of how to write so when approaching folks like BB you're not clueless.

2. Understand it's gonna take you either TIME or money, probably both to learn. So read good books.

Do the best courses and get going. Write every day. Skill = time. Build samples.

3. Grow contacts in trustworthy direct response companies. Be patient. Be consistent.

4. **Look into your own muse.** Which of *'the big three'* direct response sectors do you resonate most with?

Health, wealth or relationships?

These three pay best. So look for companies in them if you seek higher rewards with heftier cheques.

5. Make a hit list of the head hiring honchos (easy). They want to be found by new cats like you :)

They need you to turn their own fat profits.

Go after them.

6. Be bold.

Good bosses here don't care if your CV sucks (*remember the ad earlier*). They want radical thinkers.

And embrace failure anyway.

It's your ever faithful friend.

Suck it up.

Use it as fuel.

7. Avoid smiling wolves in fluffy sheeps wolf hats posing as friends, or the wicked weasels I warned you about earlier once **you start getting good...**

What do I mean?

Let me illustrate by what (sadly) happened to me.

Once upon a time...

A devilishly cunning copy manager of a well known company deftly stole best part of my 21 page letter.

I'd previously sent it to him after a 'shoe in' intro from a big hitter who recommended me after being quite excited by my writing.

(Rewind. I do not have court worthy proof, yet I strongly suspect, this green eyed chameleon stole my work).

You see...

In good faith I sent him an almost entire letter to try and convince him I was good enough to write copy for this prestigious company.

(This was in my feeble naive days).

So after I'd sent it and other samples...

And despite all manner of 'Awesome Dave. Can't wait to work with you... blue skies ahead... it's a formality!' puff talk, he stopped answering my emails.

What was going on?

Nothing...

For me that is.

Plenty for him though...

For him... deep thick rich veins of fat copywriting fees (*he wrote sales letters for money too you see*).

Plus succulent **prime slabs of ongoing royalty payments** also lay ahead... for him.

'Oh Didn't I Tell You About Those?'

Well...

On top of your basic fee you can also earn royalties every time your letter / email / adverts get sent out.

Royalties are **the secret Goojin chilli sauce** of course. *The zing which gives you the zippy cash zang.*

Depending how good your letter is, royalties you get may range from a few hundred, thousands or way more.

The extra income is for winners.

Your winning letter then becomes known as a 'control' letter other copywriters try to beat.

Anyhow...

Suddenly six weeks after this manager blanked me I get an email from his companies website pitching one of their Investment Services.

However... **their email went to my full sales letter!**

Yup.

This clown had ripped the whole thing off.

The very same. Same angle. Same structure, everything *and pretended it was his work.*

It got worse.

It got sent email blast after email blast. (*This happens when your*

copy makes the company good money. The more it's emailed, the more the copywriter makes too).

Next...

It started mailing by post (physical letter) for well over a year... *only happens if your writing rocks.*

Annoying?

Yeah, yet it was my own fault.

Honestly though... *I deserved to be cheated.*

Don't let it happen to you.

Don't let weasels bite you. **Don't be naive like me.** This is the warts and all bit no marketing 'gurus' ever tell you... *so go in with your eyes wide open.*

4. Above all... BE CONFIDENT.

You've got something very special few possess. We anglers are BRILLIANT at telling stories aren't we?!

And even though our 'silly quirk' annoys some (our nearest and dearest!) *it's this very ability which is so highly prized for writing direct response copy.*

So...

Value it!

Also never hawk your wares on marketplaces like Upwork, PeoplePerHour or Iwriter unless you want your talent to be viewed as virtually worthless.

Listen.

You need to **value you.**

So be confident...

Confident To Be You!

To speak and not fear what people think.

To stake a claim, even if others laugh in your face to begin with. (*They won't later*).

To become a MASTER of this noble art where **free thought is the rule**.

For one thing is for certain...

As we enter dark days up ahead, more than ever **free thinking anglers are needed** to speak up before thinking for yourself is in itself deemed a crime by the idea police.

Make no mistake. They're coming quickly and not just to take our rods from us either.

Still think I'm joking?

Look at this then...

Imagine the Gestapo or Stalin's KGB had this tech below back in their day...

The Ability To Read Our Minds In Real Time.

Well an ex director of DARPA, Regina Dugan* was employed by Facebook to do just that...

To build what doctors call 'wetware' type software, to interface between brain, mind and machine.

Hence...

At Facebook's F8 2017 conference Dugan asked ²⁸...

“ So what if you could type directly from your brain?”

Tech wizards with limitless funds mean it too...

For deep in the secretive labs of **‘Building 8’ (modelled on DARPA yet just for Facebook)**... they’re developing embeddable brain sensors to provide this ‘wetware’ join between both mind to mind and computers too.

**(NOTE: Before Facebook, Regina Dugan was head of Google’s Advanced Technology and Products team and director of DARPA [The Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency] who develop emerging tech for the US military to deploy.²⁹*

Interestingly, Dugan only lasted 18 months in her role at Facebook doing this... why so? ³⁰).

We’re entering a brave new world where...

You literally *‘communicate at the speed of thought.’*

You will speak by thought.

TECH ASSISTED BRAIN TELEPATHY.

Inside Facebook too...

It’s a giant leap for humanity monitored by the **all seeing eye of our new tech masters.**

Like Deep Sonar actually... *only dropped inside your brain and way more sophisticated...* so the elites can spot where your fishy thoughts are heading?

Yup.

This amazing ‘evolutionary upgrade’ to humanity 3.0 only requires a probe wired into your brain.

Remember though...

Their probe in your brain allows our masters to INSTANTLY SEE EVERYTHING YOU THINK, DECIDE AND DO (*because ALL your thoughts will run through computers, whether communicating to humans or just thinking to yourself 'alone'*).

This is what they are planning for us.

In fact another ex Darpa drone Dr. Philip Alveda, CEO of Cortical.ai speaking of similar work boasts ³¹ ...

“ *Now we have a blueprint for direct interface from one brain to another.*”

He goes further ³¹ ...

“ *We can have telepathic communication, not just of vision, but of all our cognitive awareness.*”

Weirder still...

Go to their Cortical.ai website. They don't even try to hide what they are doing (*all funded by rivers of DARPA military cash of course!*).

See in plain view ³² ...

“ *Cortical applies the latest discoveries in neuroscience to build increasingly anthropomorphic machine learning tools, **DIGITAL TWINS and ARTIFICIAL PEOPLE.***”

(*Emphasis mine*).

Creepy?

What do you think?

I'd say so.

Because what if your thoughts need 'corrective' treatment if deemed 'deviant' (*like mine as an outdated, old skool Christian?*).

Well, work it out for yourself.

Maybe they will replace me with a DIGITAL TWIN that THINKS 'CORRECTLY' like them!

Or maybe they will switch both you and I off... and replace us with obedient artificial versions instead eh?

As I said above...

Hitler and Stalin dreamed of days like this.

Now we live in them.

Therefore...

Here's my (*not so subtle suggestion*) to help if you can.

Please...

Take Up Your Pen And Write!

You see...

There's a whole lot more at stake here than just **earning a few extra quid** to buy your next set of electronic bite alarms.

Or even making a mint by writing for direct response companies from the luxury of your 'bivvy office' at your favourite lake.

Sure that's cool.

(Very cool and why the heck not?).

Though that's NOT my reason for glugging this whole bait trail of fast hempiness to get you here.

No.

If you **consider yourself a free thinker.**

If free born ideas excite you.

And you agree that...

'The pen is mightier than the sword.'

Then my plea is... wield yours now!

Start writing.

Because **the free world needs you.**

NOW.

As I've said though, my course is set.

My pilgrimage secure.

And if you'd rather walk away. I get it.

It's scary to be different. *Writing this scares me.*

However I do know, a few valiant anglers will also **arise and defy the coming purge alongside me.**

And if even just ONE does, it will be worth it.

So one last time, what of you?

Red ____ or blue?

Copywriters Resources

THE AGORA: The umbrella business Bill Bonner founded and heads up.

Loads of Agora affiliated (franchises) companies to choose from. Have a really good look at them. There's sure to be one to feel at home in. One whereby with a humble attitude you may well be able to almost **craft your own dream job.**

Still don't believe me?

Then hear it from Mark Morgan Ford (MMF)*³³ in an article from their staff handbook...

“ *If you are lucky, you may discover an opportunity to slip into your 'perfect' job. More likely, you can identify the job you want to do here and move toward it step-by-step by making adjustments.*”

CFO Bob Compton³⁴ on freedom you'll enjoy...

“ *We see the greatest results when employees grow by methods they themselves have tested. Agora shows you point A, the beginning, and point B, the end. How an employee gets between the two is up to them.*”

There you go...

It's up to you.

Cool eh?

Yet remember there are loads of other direct response businesses to write for besides Agora.

The world really is your oyster.

Gary Halbert thought so and lived like it too.

A free spirit in an age of desperate beleaguered drones clocking into jobs they loathe, yet never do anything to break free. Decades in the same rut, dreams dying on the vine.

Gary refused to live chained like that.

I won't either.

To finish....

Here are the books and courses I promised you.

BOOKS:

Scientific Advertising: Claude Hopkins. (A few quid. *Essential***).

The Ultimate Sales Letter: Dan Kennedy. (A few quid. *Essential****).

Breakthrough Advertising: Gene Schwartz. (Between \$97.00-\$416.50. *Essential *****).

RBs 2nd Book: (Mind Charging. No cost. Young white guy too. 265 pages. *Critical These Days ******).

COURSE:

Accelerated Program For Six Figure Writing: American Writers And Artists Institute (AWAI).

(\$497.00. *Essential *****)

These resources will jumpstart you on the way to get hired...
FAST if you do them of course.

Now onto our final chapter. *Let's rip!*

WHAT'S MORE IMPORTANT, MORE TIME TO FISH OR MORE TACKLE?

Of course...
That's a trick question.

The cool thing about this life is you can have both.

It's up to you.

You get to choose.

Plus if you are obsessed with swanky new tackle then no matter what I, your darling or even your kids say... *you're going to buy more of it.*

Nothing will stop you.

Though beware, fishing can become so addictive it starts to destroy other things in life that matter.

And when they are gone, they're gone for good.

Angling aces are not immune either.

Famous carper Simon Crow's marriage went belly up due to this strange compulsion many of us have... *to go fishing, sometimes at the expense of all else.*

For some though, even fishing 24/7 365 days a year would not be enough.

And that my dear reader is textbook...

ADDICTION.

It happens.

And angling became an addiction for me too.

In fact, it got so obsessive I was forced to change.

That's why I stopped fishing in 1984. My addiction was derailing the most important relationship of my life.

Thankfully I got free. Now I'm fishing again after nearly thirty years time out *it's more rewarding than ever*.

An oasis of joy whether...

Winkling out brownies in sparkling Scottish burns.

Casting an ugly slug for chub, or marmite cheese pasting barbel on the Ribble.

Or...

Netting wily wildies from ignored Northern tarns outfoxed by my silly home made baits.

All my trips whisper the same love song to me...

FREEDOM.

And that will never change.

So with that said as well as my weak, scratching pen allows... time has come for me to leave you alone.

You must go too, for night is coming.

I wish you the best.

It's been nice lingering by the waterside with you today.

Talking top tails and putting the world to rights.

Hopefully should we meet by some happy river bank or lake in times to come, *with your permission I consider you a friend I'm honoured to fish with.*

A brother in arms, easily spotted among our heroic band, for now it appears more than ever, good men and brave women must stand up and be counted before it's too late.

Tight lines.

Dave.

Fishdontwork.com

Dontworkgo.fish

PS For questions on what you've read inside '*Fast Hemp Confidential*' email me privately.

And for angling bosses...

If you run a fishing business go to *Geni.us/ripping*. It's survival could depend on it.

See you soon!

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

David Alston is a copywriter.

Check out his sites...

Davealston.co.uk - *Direct response marketing.*

Fishdontwork.com - *Life changing ideas for free thinking anglers.*

Or if you run an angling related business...

Dontworkgo.fish - *Because bosses deserve to fish more don't they?*

Dave's also the author of... "*How To Unlock God's BIG Plan For Your Life*" which you can scoop up at
Godsbigplanforyourlife.com

