

# TOM'S BOOK



A COLLECTION  
OF FISHING STORIES

by  
ROBERT OLSEN

DESIGNED & ILLUSTRATED  
BY THE AUTHOR

# Tom's Book now available in paperback



**Tom's Book** is a personal project - written, illustrated and beautifully designed solely for his son. Those that saw the draft persuaded him to publish.

The limited edition hardback version (distributed by Fishing Booksender) sold out as soon as news about it was released. A paperback version is now available directly through **Amazon**. Simply visit the Amazon books website and type in '**Tom's Book Robert Olsen**' to view details and to order your copy.

With a foreword by John Bailey the book consists of 184 pages with 21 chapters. Each is illustrated with a full page drawing with chapter heads in pen and ink. It is a very personal view of fishing involving friends, barbel, grayling, chub and salmon from the Wye valley, carp and tench from hidden pools, trout from streams, crazy thoughts, fun and a meeting with Bernard Venables that brought his childhood fishing full circle.

TOM'S BOOK



IT JUST ISN'T CRICKET



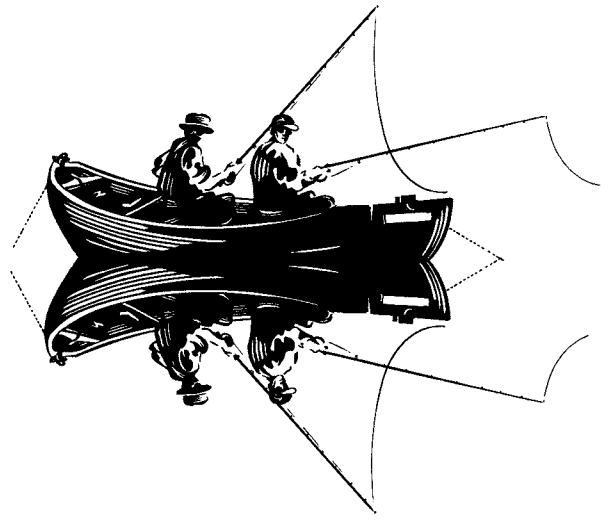
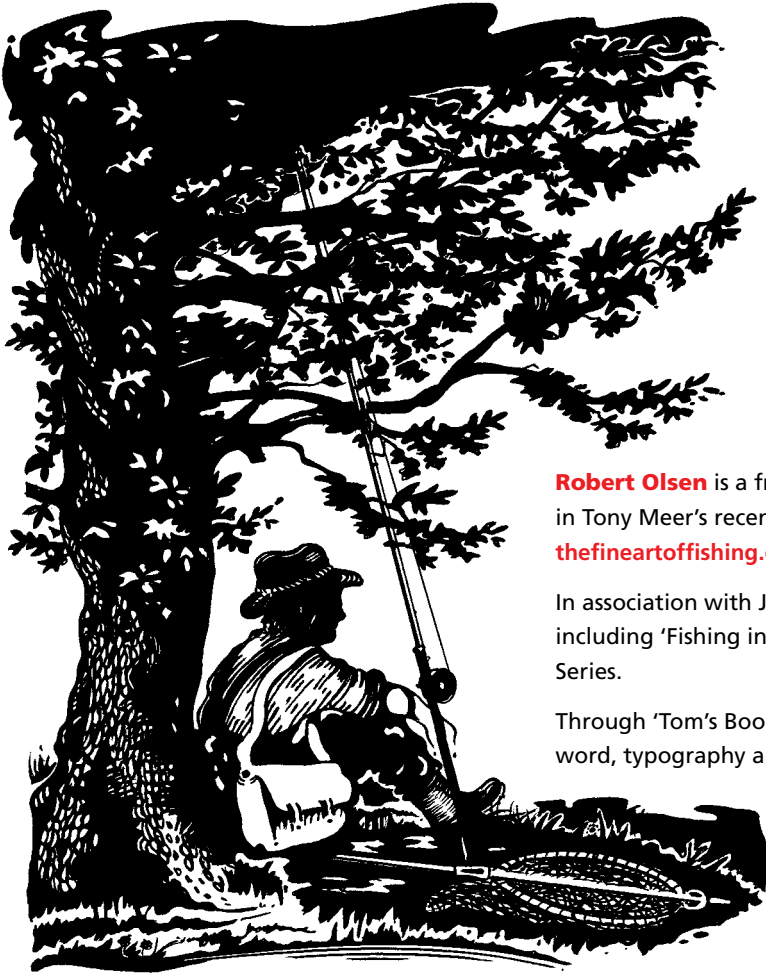
GRAYLING & TROUT - WALES

*Beer and fishing go so well together that it surprises  
me that more people don't fall in.*

As I drive towards Builth Wells, the road narrows and begins to follow the Wye as it slices through the surrounding hills. Glimpses of the river bounce through the trees like a psychedelic light show. It gets a little dangerous as I try to judge the level and condition of the water whilst driving at 60 miles per hour. Anticipation and excitement have a habit of speeding you up, even though the reason I came up here in the first place was to slow down. Entering Erwood, I stamp on the brakes, lurch to the right and cut through a narrow opening flanked by dry stone walls. The back end of the car slides a little as I hit the mud track. I nearly always miss that entrance.

I open the door and step onto a light frost. I have the river to myself so I have a stretch and take time to reacquaint myself with the view.

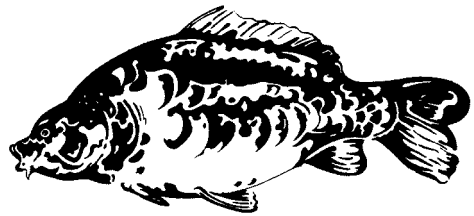
It's spectacular. That's why someone built a wooden fishing hut up here. Actually, 'hut' is too small a description, whereas 'lodge' is too grand. It sort of sits in the middle - a very desirable 3 to 4 bedroom wooden structure with running water and electricity. On the roof there is a natty cast iron weather-vane depicting a fisherman that confirms that the morning is still. On the inside, huddled around the sleeping quarters, there is a kitchen, bathroom and a lounge area with French doors that open onto decking and a view to die for. I have never been inside (it's always locked) but I have strained through every window and keyhole



**Robert Olsen** is a freelance artist whose work was recently included in Tony Meer's recent book, 'Angling Artists' and runs an online gallery [thefineartoffishing.com](http://thefineartoffishing.com) where limited edition prints from the book are available.

In association with John Bailey, he has also illustrated several fishing books including 'Fishing in the Footsteps of Mr. Crabtree' that accompanied the TV Series.

Through 'Tom's Book' he has brought together his love for water, the written word, typography and illustration into a single volume.



## THE POOL



TENCH & PIKE - THE LEA VALLEY

*Having neglected the fishing rod during adolescence and 4 years at art college I moved to London where a chance meeting had me digging up worms.*

Every true angler conjures up a secret place. A place in which to spend his endless days. A place where the fish never stop growing, where the only sounds are the plop of his float and, after a very short pause, the screech of his reel confirming contact with yet another monster. This is a place where the fish leap and swirl to greet him in the early morning and where they sulk in the dense weed as he turns for one last glance on his journey home.

This is an image which has been passed down through angling literature from generation to generation. It's all very romantic stuff and it is how all of us fishermen like to view our pastime, yet fishing consists of bad times too. Of days when the rain is cold and horizontal, the sun far too bright, or the stream you have decided to fish is polluted, dried up or packed with other individuals who thought about the potential of the place around about the same time as you did. Even so, against all the odds, it is possible to stumble across a place that retains the essence of all those early books, a place that makes all those hard days worthwhile and downright necessary. I have been fortunate, I've stumbled into a few of these places over the years, but the one that got me in tune with what fishing in its purest sense is all about was the place that my great friend Rod Green simply ended up calling 'The Pool'.

I had been introduced to Rodney by his parents whom I met after

