

## All flights cancelled for today!!

Fog usually means a disappointing morning for most wildfowlers however when the mist lifts your luck could quickly change, that's how it was for a young teenage wildfowler one murky December morning.

Having set my alarm the night before all was set for a slow drive on iced and foggy conditions. With the fog lights on we carefully arrived at the road end parking spot. Our thoughts for a flight of geese were none to good as visibility was only about 10 metres and the usual amount of distant lights were known where to be seen.

We headed out along the sea wall with tall reeds behind and river in front of us. Steven selected a well known spot and I went 200 metres west. Once in position I slid my binoculars out of its sleeve and that's about the time when I heard the first sound of distant goose talk some where out on the mud flats. It was dry and frosty with a stiff breeze, all we could do was to wait by the edge of the mud flats crossed hoping for a change in weather, day light was now creeping in, it was obvious it was not going to be a normal morning's flight.

Steven must have been doing his famous fog dance, after about 20 minutes a small gap appeared and before we knew it a large group of pinks sneaked out between us offering a great chance, if only one of us had been in the right spot. Miraculously the fog came back in, Steven quickly moved position to where the previous birds had passed without the remaining birds seeing him. The fog lifted and after 15 minutes the last group headed towards him. I anxiously watched 2 shots were fired and 2 birds tumbled out of the sky he had taken them well out in front so as to avoid searching in the reeds behind.

When I got back to congratulate him he had already collected the birds. Steven cleaned the estuary mud from them and lay them ready for my inspection. This was his first right and left below the high tide mark and it was all thanks to the fog. On the journey home we discussed what stock to add to the roast, I had been reading an old book by Rosemary Wadley titled from Field to Table so we settled for Cider with one and red wine with the other, well worth trying.

\*Fog requires to be respected by the wildfowler for one would not venture out on the sand or mud whilst it's about even with today's modern devices

