

## **A Field full of Widgeon In Scotland**

One night. I went wild fowling in a certain part of Thunder Bay, and it's a place I'd never been before and I was speculating that I was gonna find a widgeon flight line. Because you know once you find one that they like using you can use it all the time So I went but as usual the widgeon never came off until way into the dark They came too late, but they were flying over my head, dozens and dozens and dozens of birds coming over the top of my head Anyway, I never got a shot. On the way back to my car, I'd maybe about a mile to walk and as I was walking up a line beside the river Findorn I could hear hundreds and hundreds of widgeon whistling. The moon came up so I climbed up a bank to look into a field, and the field was covered in snow, and you couldn't have put a penny piece between these widgeon. It was about the size of a tennis court. And they were all lying there melting the snow so they could get a feed off the top, but now I could have put both barrels on there and came away with 50, but I never fired I never told anybody about it, but it was one of these things.

I've never seen it before And I've never heard anything, you know, I know geese do it. I've never actually witnessed it Or so I came away with that and it's like it happened yesterday I can still picture up birdies screaming at the top of their voices Waiting for the snow to melt or the frost to melt off the top of the crop