

First time wildfowling (and any type of shooting) with my mentor who I met via enquiries with WAGBI. Morning flight at Langstone Harbour in February 1977. It was freezing cold and a hard frost; I was in totally inadequate clothing. There was just the two of us on a massive marsh watching the sun rise and the mud bursting with life. This set me on a lifelong passion for wildfowling. A lone teal appeared like a bullet out of the sunrise and being shot.

That mentor took me on a two year voyage of discovery in Langstone and Chichester Harbours until he felt I was ready to go it alone. I shall be forever in his debt. I carried no gun – just observing.

*75 years old when the memory was collected; 26 years old at the time it was created.*