

Wildfowling memories – My first teal

One of my most memorable days wildfowling was when we went on a paid shoot to a flooded splashed area. I'd never seen anything like it — there were hundreds and hundreds of ducks flying around. We all spread out around the water, and the keeper went into the corner with his dogs to slowly push the birds towards us. It was just incredible to watch, seeing that many birds moving at once.

Later, we moved to another spot near a river that ran into a big lake. I was standing near the water in my waders when suddenly I saw something I'd never seen before — a group of teal, maybe half a dozen together. They appeared so quickly, and I didn't really have time to think. I don't know if it was luck or skill, but I managed to pick one out and bring it down. The keeper saw it fall and told me it was a beautiful shot. I honestly wouldn't have expected to get one at all.

Even though we only came away with one duck, both me and my dad were really happy. It wasn't just about what we shot — it was the whole experience, being out there, seeing that many birds, and spending that time together.