

My first chance at a wild goose. One of my first times out on the foreshore near Inverness. Walking backwards as the tide came up the beach/mud, trying to shoot wigeon that flew over us by the lights of the oil rigs in the bay for repair. The seemingly endless stream of wigeon...

The cold! My first greylag was the following evening, same place. Laid in the mud, a chance at a skein the darkness and 1 bird down to my 16 bore. Retrieved by my dog. Difficult to remember being happier – or colder! Dragged off the shore by my 2 friends, suffering from hypothermia – a lesson learnt.

*60 years old when the memory was collected; 20s when the memory was created.*