

Up in Scotland shooting on the Tay with my best mates and their families.

Headed down for an evening flight with my 12 year old son - who has been out and watched me shoot plenty - my friend and our dogs.

[My son] has been shooting a 20 bore for the season and wanted his first experience at ducks. We went off on a stalk after teal and mallard and found some! My heart was thumping more than ever watching him creep into the duck. When he was comfortable and had a safe, clear shot – bang! A mallard down as the ducks lifted there was a second bang which I never expected and he had a flying teal. Two firsts for him and two fantastic retrieves for our new young lab and memories to last a lifetime.

I remember the noise of the estuary – all of the estuary sounds of ducks, waders, wind. The smile on my boy's face. A proper father-son moment. Man and dog working perfectly together.

*42 years old when the memory was collected; created same year,*