

With Dad. The windscreen was icy. The estuary was frozen – great sheets of ice. We walked past the scary lime kiln in the dark. My wellies were too short to wade the stream so Dad lifted me over. A robin followed us all the way to the Point. It was bitter cold as we waited. The robin sang us a song. As the ice cracked in the main channel Dad told stories of his younger days, outlining punt gunning. I had aching fingers and couldn't mention it to Dad. Teal screamed past us – no shot.

I remember the colours of the sunrise and the bird sounds. The huge ice sheets across the mud. Seeing Dad so happy. I didn't want to go home.

*64 years old when memory shared; 11 years old when memory created.*