

## **Becoming a wildfowler - A Somerset Tradition Passed Down Generations**

I'm 19 and started wildfowling at 17.

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My father shot for the BBWA club quite a few years ago, and after seeing my interest growing in the sport he signed us up. So far, my knowledge is rather limited but from experiences with my father and other members from the club, I am slowly expanding my understanding.

We don't get the opportunity to go out as much as we'd perhaps like and have only managed about 5 or 6 excursions this season. We hope for our circumstances to change for the upcoming season allowing us to get out a lot more.

My dad and I get the opportunity to spend time together and hone our common interest. We both enjoy our time outdoors and find it peaceful to be sat around cover trying to catch a glimpse of activity in the skyline.

I can still remember the first duck I shot, it was the first time I had done anything like that. I remember the duck circling a pond we were stood around and the way it almost froze in space just before collapsing its wingbeat and attempting to drop into the water.

Unfortunately for the beautiful drake teal, I was watching this from the butt end of my barrel. I still remember the way the duck looked before dropping, the thud when it hit the ground, the ripples that followed its landing in the water, and the look of it dead on the edge of the pond bank.