

Going wild

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I was out on Wicken Fen this morning:



Spring was definitely in the air. This is a willow bud:



And I loved this regrowth from recently pollarded willow (essential to keep the trees in

shape, and which does them no harm as they always regenerate):



There were birds. I tried photos of marsh harriers, but failed, as I did of little grebes, excepting this one:



They are called dabchicks for a reason: they always look as if they have just hatched.

I liked this of a goldfinch pretending it was a reed bunting (which were around, but were not photographed):



And the dinosaur of the fen, as I think of herons, was out, fishing diligently, and clearly successfully:

