

Going slow

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Some friends have suggested that I do some serious birdwatching over the next few days. They seem to think that I should be spending some more time in the company of reedbeds, rather than video cameras, my iPad, or writing on my blog. They seem to fail to comprehend that I often combine these activities. Nonetheless, I have been persuaded to spend some time with them. If there are some delays in moderation over the next two or three days, that will explain the cause.

Today began near home, at Welney. We were there for six hours in all, and I got off to a bad start by forgetting to take a card for my camera, so I had to rely on my phone instead. A good day's birdwatching was had, nonetheless.

Greenshank and green sandpiper were back, already on southward migration.

Yellow wagtails were spectacular.

Ruff were around in good numbers.

A marsh harrier was, almost inevitably, present.

So too were black-tailed godwits, and house martins and swallows were literally filling the air at some points.

There were reed warblers too - four at one point, all happy to be seen, which is rare.

And a snipe appeared, skulking as usual.

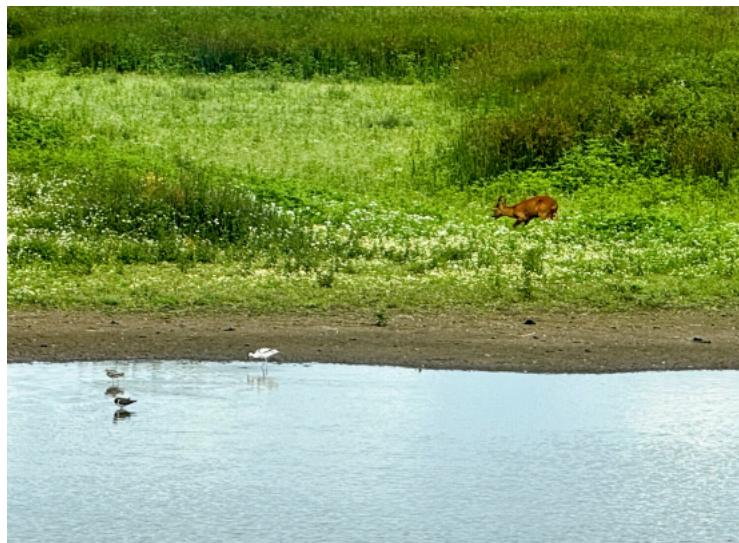
A lot of coffee was drunk.



East Anglia was, as usual, offering big skies:



A roe deer got a look in, with an avocet, a lapwing and a ruff towards the bottom left.



Baby starlings were on the bridge:



The bindweed was looking magnificent:



As was the yellow loosestrife:



And the orange or spotted jewelweed, which looks like an orchid, but isn't:



And this cow just seemed to want to have a chat:



My thanks, as usual, to all the team at Welney.

We might go further afield tomorrow. I will see what happens.