

Retreating

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I was going to write a piece this morning about why discussing removing Andrew Mountbatten Windsor as eighth in line to the throne appears to be such an irrelevant topic for debate, when we should be removing the monarchy in its entirety.

Then, after thinking it over, I decided I really needed to take a trip past Sandrungham. I will, of course, not be looking for the person in question. I will instead be heading for the Norfolk coast and some birdwatching before the winter is over. Today's forecast of good weather makes that a more attractive option.

Please forgive me if I take some time off. The last of the winter's sanderling (a favourite bird) are calling, and the only place to see them is on the tideline as they rush in and out, always just on the right side of the advancing and retreating waves where their food might be found. Their situation always seems so perilous, yet they survive, expending vast amounts of nervous energy in the process. A bit like us, then.