

Roll: **20240922-59870**

Camera: **Canon EOS 5D Mark III**

Format: **Digital:Full Frame:33MP**

Year: **2024** Month: **September**

**Subject:** Skylarks in heavy rain.

**Notes:**

I drove to Skylarks in very light rain but I was anticipating much worse. I intended to try out my new camouflage fleece, camouflage water proof poncho and waterproof camera and lens cover. I was towing the camera and lenses in my seat trolley and had my tripod in a new case over my shoulder. The ground was still fairly hard from the summer weather but the puddles were deep. I was following a path around the lakes using a very detailed map, which I cannot now find which makes it difficult to pinpoint exactly where I was. I did discover that there is a fenced footpath, for public use, that runs parallel to that around Hacketts fishing lakes. The fish lakes are surrounded by dire warnings regarding the private nature of the lake and grounds. I think that Hacketts, if that is what they be, loose more with this approach than they ever would if they allowed the public to follow the one path. The public path was overgrown and hard to access, so I took my chances on the more pleasant "private" route.

There was not a bird to be seen, nor a call to be heard. I trudged around dragging the trolley through muddy slippery pools for a mile or so and became quite tired before, when on the South side of the lake following a path between a hedge and a substantial copse, I could hear some ornithological singing. The rain was little more than moderate at this stage so I began to set up shop, getting out the gear erecting the tripod and attempting to mount the camera and fit the covers, before resting my laurels on the trolley seat. The process was not complete when the heavens split asunder and God vented his wrath at my importunity. The task was now impossible and I was obliged to repack and trudge on.

Eventually I came to the "Herebeorg", a replica Anglo Saxon building, used as a hide, by the lake. A chap was already there with his tripod mounted binoculars. Obviously a keen bird watcher, he seemed to resent my presence and did not return my sullenly cheery greeting. I unpacked my gear and after a very few minutes, he packed up his, and left. So there was just me, and the rain, and some long haired, soaking wet red cattle, huddled by the shelter, in the pouring rain.

There was little to see, just a few desultory geese and ducks some distance away on the lake. The light was very poor and, even with the tripod, the shots I took were mostly unusable. I preserved these four only to serve as momentums of the day.

After some thirty or forty minutes I decided to call it a day. I packed up and set off to complete my circuit back to the car. I hadn't gone far when I realised I had forgotten my phone and had to return. I left the trolley in bushes while I did so, as dragging it around had become increasingly vexatious.

Perhaps unsurprisingly, once back on the main, metalled, path the rain ceased, the skies brightened, and the birds began wheeling and swooping around overhead. The thought I gave to unpacking and trying again was cursory, to say the least.

**Dates:**

Times and dates are taken from the EXIF metadata. The chronology has been checked and I believe it to be accurate.

**Frames:**

145729	22:09	14:57	<b>The Ornithologist</b>	3.72	400	<i>f</i> 2.2	1/33
145848	22:09	14:58	<b>The Ornithologist</b>	3.72	400	<i>f</i> 2.2	1/25
145921	22:09	14:59	<b>The Ornithologist.</b>	3.72	400	<i>f</i> 2.2	1/25
145942	22:09	14:59	<b>The Ornithologist</b>	3.72	400	<i>f</i> 2.2	1/33
150041	22:09	15:00	<b>The Ornithologist.</b>	3.72	320	<i>f</i> 2.2	1/30
F47B9375	22:09	13:32	<b>Geese in the rain.</b>	560	2500	<i>f</i> 13	1/640
F47B9377	22:09	13:34	<b>Geese in the rain.</b>	560	2500	<i>f</i> 11	1/640
F47B9378	22:09	13:36	<b>Geese in the rain.</b>	560	2500	<i>f</i> 11	1/640
F47B9379	22:09	13:42	<b>Geese in the rain.</b>	560	2500	<i>f</i> 11	1/500



20240922\_150041 - The Ornithologist.



F47B9377 - Nature reserve on a wet day.



F47B9378 - Geese on a wet day.



F47B9379 - Geese on a wet day.