



determined to get back after them the very next day. Nature holding true to fickle form, the conditions changed overnight. The wind settled and the skies cleared. The birds remained cagey and worked a different part of the farm. Why birds choose certain locations over others has always been a mystery to me, and the place the birds had chosen to work that second day was predictably inconvenient, to my way of thinking. At times like these, I fall back on an old hunting adage:

Rule #1: Be where the ducks want to be.

Rule #2: You can't kill 'em from the sofa.

Taken together, these rules mean the waterfowler puts up with a certain degree of discomfort and inconvenience. The onus was upon us; we had to change our tactics if we wanted to change our luck.

Without these boats I would never have (cont'd)

# MOMENT

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