

Tuesday 06/05/08 0945-1330 Woolston Eyes**Bright Sunny and Warm**

My arrival at Weir Lane was greeted by a small flock of **House Martins** which were dancing about in the blue skies and whilst I bathed in the (almost seasonal) warm sunshine I could hear the chirping of several **House Sparrows** leaving a feeling that all was well with the world on this early May day.

To further my enjoyment I was soon joined by a chirruping jolly crowd of Team 'Eager Tuesday' who were more than happy to share the next few hours a wondering round my favourite reserve.

Needless to say progress was slow as this place soon called a halt to our paces when we started to pick out the birds at the weir/basin area soon counting **Black Headed Gull**, **Tufted Duck** and **Great Crested Grebe** onto our day list.

A move onto the west bank of number two bed then started the adding of summer migrants to our tally including **Whitethroat**, **Willow Warbler** and **Blackcap**—all singing out their varied songs.

Arrival on No3 bed came eventually and once we had all noted a **Long Tailed Tit** nest which was set high in a patch of gorse we found ourselves peering out from the raised platform on the South bank of the bed taking in the North South aspect of this bed and adding **Ruddy Duck** to our count.

No3 bed interior had undergone a little trimming back in order that it could regain some of its more open aspects for breeding birds such as **Sedge Warblers** as these birds in recent years have almost deserted this bed as the habitat no longer suited their needs—needless to say as this work is only recent none of this species was noted during our visit—only time will tell.

The new steps to the tower hide gave all a chance to first encounter the **Black Necked Grebes** before we all turned our attention to the centre hide for even closer birds of this rare breeding bird (in the UK).

An amble round the path that circumnavigates the bed included a pause at the Linley Hide and then a dash to the South Meadow where a **Lesser Whitethroat** was strutting its stuff. Then before we all started to frazzle in the sunshine we slowly melted off home. Dave