

SFPT Orchid Glade report : November 2017

On winter's doorstep

At the Orchid Glade today (November 9th), the reserve is not exactly lifeless – far from it – but it is as though someone has pushed the ‘pause’ button. Motionless, hushed, waiting: they are better words to describe the scene as autumn begins its russet finale, and winter hovers in the wings. The pond looks very low at the moment, and the velvet mosses at its edge are spreading across the wet exposed mud. In the absence of frost, the sea of alder shooting skywards from cut stumps has barely faltered in its growth.

Gone are the swathes of colourful flowers and the hectic goings-on of all the insects attracted to them. As yellow leaves drift to the ground, it is clear the whole place is closing down. A cock pheasant calls and whirs his wings in a distant thicket, and a sparrow hawk glides with deadly intent above the bare trees.

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