

## A Family of Pheasants

Edward Enfield

**MOWN GRASS, HASELBURY PLUCKETT**  
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I always think a pheasant in the garden raises the social tone of the house by a degree or two. Peacocks are all very well, but noisy and a bit over the top. A handsome cock pheasant conveys a certain cachet as he struts about the lawn, which puts one way ahead of the Jones's without any vulgar ostentation.

So when a cock pheasant arrived, naturally I took steps to feed him so that he would stay around. He quickly grasped that he was on to a good thing and brought his hen friend along, and we would watch the pair of them wandering about the garden as if they owned it. Then the hen seemed to make herself scarce, until one day I came across her about two yards from the front door, right up against the wall of the house, nestling among some rockroses and looking rather nervous at the thought that I had spotted her. I tiptoed away, and when I next noticed her I found that she had been sitting on ten eggs. We would pass and re-pass a few feet from her nose; the postman and the newspaperman came and went; she never moved. A number of visitors came to look at her but she sat as firm as a rock and looked right back at them.

**ENGLISH HARE**  
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