

Good morning!

This chilly winter day I am visiting the capital of Sweden, Stockholm. I am taking an early morning walk along a quay in town.

The city is not really awoken yet. Most people sleep. But suddenly I feel a strong intimacy. Between a duck and myself. She watches me curiously while she eagerly continues her morning toilet.

Next to her, the mate still sleeps with the beak far inside the warmth of the wing.

The whole plumage is given a thorough clean-out. She pours water over her, while shaking her entire body and smoothing her feathers. Her head - has a duck a face? - expresses satisfaction and happiness.

The morning cleaning ends with a intense fluttering with the wings. The last drops of water fling to all sides. She is ready for the challenges of a new day.

I cannot omit to say, 'Good morning', as I turn around and move on.



Stockholm, Sweden, January 2016

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