

We walked in Ercall Woods on 5 May and saw wonderful swathes of bluebells and the next day one of our members found this in The Times:

Who needs a red carpet when you can have a blue one? Our bluebell woods are in full cry and to step inside them is a feast for the senses: that wash of gorgeous colour; that delicate, sweet fragrance; that gentle music of spring queen bees foraging. With Britain home to more than half of the world's bluebells (*Hyacinthoides non-scripta*), the bluebell wood forms a quintessential British landscape. In Scotland, *Hyacinthoides non-scripta* is often known as the wild hyacinth, while Scots use the name bluebell to refer to the harebell, which is a summer flower. Perhaps "wild hyacinth wood" has even more of an alliterative poetic ring than "bluebell wood"?

Jonathan Tulloch