

A Friend for Life  
By Abby Putnam

“Yes!” I exclaimed after hanging up the phone. Suddenly, I thought back to what had just happened. My mind wandered back to a few minutes earlier.

*“Ring, ring!” The phone rang. I looked at the caller ID. My uncle was calling.*

*“Hello?” I questioned, picking up the phone.*

*“Hi. You will never guess what I just found out?” He teased, making me really wonder.*

*“What?” I asked, now more anxious than ever, “Come on, tell me!”*

*He started, “Ok, fine. Clam down. If you give me a chance to talk I could tell you. The lottery moose permit results came out today...”*

*“Oh my God!” I interrupted.*

*“Would you let me finish?” He yelled angrily, “Yes you did get a moose permit. It is a cow or bull permit. You can get either.”*

*“Oh my God! I can’t believe it! What area is it for? I asked, shaking like a leaf on a windy autumn day.*

*“I’m not sure. You will have to check it out yourself. I gotta go. Bye.” He replied.*

*“Bye, thank you for the good news,” as I jump with joy.*

Then I heard the “click” that told me he hung up.

After I hung up, I pressed the power button on my desktop computer. Once it was all warmed up, I clicked on the Internet icon and went to the VT Fish and Wildlife website. I looked up lottery moose permits, and typed in my last name, and sure enough, there it was! My permit was for area E1 and it was for bull or cow. I couldn’t wait.

During everything I did that summer, I always thought of my upcoming moose hunt. While I was on vacation that summer, I remembered driving by a moose while we were on the highway and suddenly I remembered it again. Throughout this entire vacation, all I wanted to do was go out scouting. After a while of doing this, the rest of my family got bored with scouting and I was forced to do something else.

When this vacation was over, I went back to my fantasies about shooting a moose. One day I thought of waking up in the morning and seeing one outside my cabin, and

another day I dreamed of seeing one at the top of the mountain and we had a long journey back down the mountain. After counting down the days until my hunt, FINALLY it was time to pack up and get ready to go up north to go moose hunting.

After a few hours of driving, we arrived at our cabin the night before the season started. It was late, so we all went right to bed. In the morning, the three of us got ready to head out as a family. My dad was the guide, my mom the second shooter to back me up if anything went wrong or if I didn't see one, and me, the one with the moose permit. Right before sunrise, we hopped into my dad's truck and drove several miles to the place we would park and headed out into the woods at daylight.

After a long day of hunting without seeing any moose, I was tired and sort of disappointed. It seemed like our hike was never going to end. Finally, we came to a log road. After walking on this road for a while, a man in a dark blue, Toyota truck pulled up beside us and started to talk to us. He had a bright orange hat on a camouflage shirt. He talked for a while about hunting and was excited to see that I was the one holding the permit. "It is so good to see families out hunting together and teaching the next generation of hunters how to do it right." He had explained. After talking with him for a while, he offered us a ride down the road to our truck, and we accepted. Right before we all got in, he said, "Oh, by the way, my name is Tom," and we introduced ourselves to him.

Once we arrived at our destination, we thanked Tom. He said that if we wanted to know some good spots, he could bring us to some good spots, so we set a time to meet him in the morning.

In the morning, Tom brought us to a ridge where he had seen moose before while he was bird hunting. Sometime in the middle of the day, we saw two cow moose. I got my gun up, but they were walking away from me. When I looked through the scope of my rifle, I only saw a dark brown spot and wasn't sure what part of the moose I was seeing, so I didn't shoot.

When we got back down off the top of the mountain, we told Tom what had happened. He was excited that we saw one, and happy that I didn't shoot because I couldn't see all of the moose. Then, Tom told us that he would be leaving the next morning to go back to his house in Massachusetts. Although we had just met Tom, I was

sad because it felt like I had known him for years and he gave us great hunting tips. I may not have been successful on this hunt, but I did make a new friend who shared the same interests as me. Tom was far more experienced than I was, but I still felt like I could talk to him about hunting and he could give me great tips. Tips are always good from a fellow hunter who is more experienced than me.