

Deer season of 2009
By Hunter J Bruleigh

It was the deer season of 2009 and it was the season for first. I managed to get my first deer with the bow. I got my first buck which was an eight pointer. I also got my first deer with the muzzleloader. I was able to tag out this year.

It was October 3 2009 the first day of bow season. I was a miserable day out it was raining and it was a little bit cold out side. It was an early morning wake up and out to my grandfathers my Dad and I go. I sat in my stand early that morning. I did not see anything. We brought it in for the morning around eight thirty. We headed for the house for some breakfast. We went back over to gramps around noon for our evening hunt. We went out to our stands around one thirty two O'clock in the afternoon. We were sure that is was going to be a good night. I sat in my grandfathers stand which is a nice enclosed building in the middle of his orchard. A few hours went by and it was four. I looked out my window to my right and there stood a deer. It was under an apple tree that I knew was twenty five yards from the bottom of my stand. I grabbed a hold of my bow and knew it was my time to try it out. I pulled it off the nail where it hung. I hooked my release to my bow. I got out of my chair and turned to see that the deer didn't know I was there, and saw that it was eating on an apple. I drew my bow. The deer looked up not noticing that I was there. I steadied my eye in the peep sight held my bow steady and let fly. My arrow struck the deer perfectly right behind the front shoulder. It reared up on its hind legs and fell over. I got down out of my stand and ran down to our truck. I honked the horn a few times for dad to know to come up to me. I waited and waited but nothing. I went back down a tooted the horn a few more times but nothing. I decided to head down to where my dad was hunting. I got down there and let him know that I got one. By the time we got up to gramps stand and we started tracking the deer it had been about 30 minutes. It was raining and there was no blood to be seen. I knew the general direction of where the deer headed. We got 50 to 70 yards in the woods from where I shot and there was my deer.

It was November 17 the first Tuesday of rifle season. The first few days we hunted our tails off we walked and walked but did not see a deer. I got out of school at 2:30 and got a text message that my dad was waiting out side. I got all my stuff and hurried out to the truck. We hurried as fast as we could out top my grandpa's. We went up on a piece of land that we take care of for a man from Atlanta. Dad told me to go up on the top of a hill and sit up against a piece ledge that is up there. On the way up there I came across this deer trail that was really packed down. It was about fifty yards from where I was going to sit. I put down some doe in heat lure. I hurried up to my stand knowing I had no time to loose. I was sitting against a tree and it was about fifteen minutes after sun set when I heard something coming. The woods were really noisy. It sounded like it was going to come down in front of me where I had put down that deer lure. Then I heard it coming sort of fast to my right in the thick hard woods. I turned and I saw something move. I new that it was a deer I picked up my gun and I saw this fork on its right horn. I brought my cross hairs down on its front shoulder and squeezed the

trigger. I was using my gramps .270 semiautomatic. As the deer turned and ran straight at me I squeezed the trigger again but nothing happened. I looked and my gun had jammed. I looked up and that deer went head over tea kettle over the bank. I unjammed my gun and got another round in the chamber. I walked over and there he lay. I yelled to my dad who was on a hill top across from me. He yelled is it the big one and I didn't know I thought that it was a four pointer at that time. After dad had finally got up to where I was we went down and pulled its head out from under the leaves and it was an eight pointer. The same buck we had gotten pictures of during the summer.

Next was muzzleloader. It was opening day December 5th. It was some cold side. Dad and I went over to my uncle Tony's and we made a plan on what we were going to do and where we were going to hunt. We decided that we were going to go down behind Tony's house. Tony went down the road a ways and hunted his way up to dad and I. Dad set me about 50 yards off the side of this old logging road and he went down around the bend. We were sitting there about 20 minutes when I looked up and saw a deer going across the top of this hill. At first I thought that it was a bear because it looked black. I saw its ears and new that it was a deer. I picked up my gun and flipped the safety. What I saw of the deer went away so I put my safety back on. All of a sudden I saw it again in the hard woods. I picked up the gun flipped off the safety put the crosshairs on the deer and pulled the trigger. After the smoke cleared I put the safety back on and saw the deer on the ground. I leaned my gun up against the tree and got all the things that I needed to reload out of my bag. As fast as I could I got my powder and my bullets in my gun and put my reloading stuff away then I put a cap on my gun and checked the safety, and headed for the deer. Around the bend came dad and Tony. When we got there I shot it again in the neck to finish it off. After I got it field dressed, dad asked me how I had moved from where he left me, I said no' why? Come to find out I had made a yard standing shot and it was perfect.

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