

My hunting experience started this summer by going to conservation camp. My neighbor's Vermont Bear Hound Association sponsored me, he said that if I got my orange card he or his nephews would take me hunting. Jeremiah, his nephew, came to the house and we shot at targets a couple of times before youth weekend. We also went to the neighbors to ask for permission to hunt on their land.

Saturday of Youth Weekend we went down the road to a piece of property that I had written permission to hunt on. We started walking through the woods slow and quiet. We heard a loud snort, looked around and saw four whitetails running away. My hunting mentors Jeremiah and his brother Josh then took me to Chelsea to another piece of land we had permission to hunt on. We sat down for about 30 minutes when my mentor spotted 4 does heading our way. I was trying to set up for a good shot when the deer I had my eye on stopped behind a big tree and I didn't have a good shot at it. Unfortunately my mentor's dog accidentally went off and scared them away, this was the end of Saturday hunting.

My mentor picked me up Sunday morning and we went back where we scared those 4 does Saturday morning. We got up in the field a little ways when Jeremiah spotted a deer. We stopped and the deer was looking our direction, I crouched down next to a telephone pole then Josh put his arm up to the telephone pole. I put my .243 across his arm and with my crosshairs aimed right behind the left shoulder blade and pulled the trigger. We sat

there for about 15 min to give the deer time to expire then we went to go find it. We found some blood followed it for about 3 yards, there it was lying there dead. After they congratulated me on my first deer ever, I got my youth day tag out and pinned it in the deer's ear then I took my knife out and Josh and Jeremiah each grabbed a back leg, Josh took my knife and started to cut around the deer's udder and then up to the chest cavity and I reached in there and cut heart, liver, and what was left of the lungs out. Josh and I dragged it down the field to Jeremiah 's truck, took the rope off it , picked it up and put it in the truck. I cleaned my hands off a little bit hopped in the truck and went to the Tunbridge store to report it. After we reported it we went to the landowner's house who is quiet a big hunter himself and showed him the deer.

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