

3:31 PM 12/2/2009

Jacey's Hunting experiance

I woke up that morning, yawned. It was five o'clock. I realized it wasn't any normal weekend it was youth Hunting weekend. After me and dad got ready we had to wait for my mom and my little brother, Alan. When we finally had gotten on the 4-wheeler, we drove u the road to Mrs. Anglin's property. (the horse pasture) It was still dark when we got there. We arrived at the ground blind just in time. Well we were there for about 20 minutes and my brother wanted to go home. So my dad, told my mom to bring him home, but I understood because he's only six. About 1 hour later, we had'nt seen anything so me and Dad decided to go back to the house. We found a sitter for my little brother Alan. My Mom grabbed the video camera, and we headed out. We went up the road to a logging trail, my Dad said, "no matter what season it is you will always see a deer out here". we walked for about 10 minutes, my Dad stopped dead in his tracks. He said Deer! I looked around but couldn't see anything, so I looked through my scope and saw half of the body of a Deer. I aimed for the heart, took it off safety and BANG! I shot . The deer took off running. I put the gun on safety, toke the shell out and as i was doing what I thought this was the most exciting thing in my life. When we got to where the deer was standing, we started to look for blood, Mom found a lot of blood, my Dad smiled at me and said you hit it. We followed the blood trail, finding bubbly blood at times. little did we know we would find it two hours later. when we found the Deer it was still Alive in the brush. My Dad said I had to shoot it again, but I couldn't because it was looking at me but i knew what had to be done! It was going to be hard but it was only fair to the game i was pursuing! dad said "I thought I was going to be able to tell you this later, but this is the down side of hunting." sometimes you're going need a second shot to finish it off. shoot again! My dad soon realized I could shoot so he moved me so that I could only see the body. I shot and dad said shoot again! so I took the shell out and BANG!

We waited for it to die off and when it did I thanked the hunting gods, but most of all I thanked my Grandfather, (ALAN RIVERS) because none of this would be possible if it were'nt for him! I miss him and wish he could of been there. Out of respect to the landowner, I give them some meat after my dad cuts it up. It's the least I can do for havin

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the priviledge of hunting in such beautiful country. For that my father and I are very grateful.

2/30/2009

