

Katie Maver

Age: 11

Addison County
Bristol, Vermont

I had just gotten back from hunting in the morning with my dad in New Haven. We came home to get some lunch. It was November 8th. We had been out hunting all day on Saturday with no luck. I was getting disappointed with our lack of luck. Dad and I were talking about where we should go that afternoon. I had suggested the day before that we go to Monkton where some friends had offered for us to go and hunt on their land. I suggested again. He finally called and asked if it was still ok if I hunted there. We knew the landowners because I swim on the swim team with their kids.

What made it difficult is that we had to find a 'easy access' area because I had fiberglass casts on both of my feet all the way up to my knees. I had casts because I have tendentious in my feet and it had gotten so bad that my doctors in Massachusetts put on casts to try and rest the tendons in my feet. How I got around? I was wearing N.E.O.S. (New England Over Shoes) over my casts.

Dad and I got permission to hunt the land and at 11:45 we were on our way to Monkton. We got there at about 12:15 and we headed out into the woods. We picked a spot and we sat for about 1 ½ hours without seeing anything. We got up and we walked around looking for signs of deer. We found another spot and we sat for another ½ hour so I could rest my feet, after resting for a while dad and I started up a logging road and walked for awhile. I was getting tired so I sat down at the base of a big pine tree for a short rest. Dad asked if I wanted to stay there or if I wanted to keep walking. After walking around all day Saturday I was rather sore, I told dad I just wanted to stay put.

By then it was about 2:30. Where we were sitting with our backs to a swampy area at the base of a big pine tree. After a while the wind picked up so I took off my hat and pulled down the mask that was tucked inside it. It has 2 eyeholes to see out of, no nose hole or mouth hole.

At 2:55 dad was looking at the swamp behind us and I was looking in front of us. I also was looking for any sign of moving deer. About 5 minuets later Dad was looking at the swamp again when dad whispered (rather loudly) in my ear that there was a deer to the left of us walking in our direction. Neither of us heard it walking. I looked up and it was about 100 feet away and walking real slow broad side. I picked up my gun (a Marlin 30-30 that my dad got his first deer with) and put the scope on it. It wasn't a baby. Dad was not going to let me shoot any babies and I didn't want to shoot anything under 100 lbs. During that time Dad was trying to pull my hat off my head because he didn't think I could see. He was pulling my hat part way off so I couldn't see! I was pulling my hat down and he was pulling it up and the deer still hadn't spotted us. He finally gave up with the hat and I got the gun up and he was whispering in my ear pull the hammer back. I got the hammer back and it was 4 or 5 seconds before I pulled the trigger. I was shaking so hard I couldn't hold my gun still, so I took a deep breath and made sure I had a good shot, because I did not want to wound a deer and have it go off and die in the woods and not find it. I shot and the deer ran out of site.

I was putting another bullet in the chamber and being careful the safety was on, then we got up and we were walking straight towards where we saw the deer last. We walked over a small knoll and we saw there was splatters of blood and Dad said I had defiantly hit it and we *had* to find it if it hadn't died. I kept walking and I was looking over the knoll and I saw a white patch. I didn't think anything of it. I kept walking. I kept an eye on dad to see what he was doing. I kept looking

at the white patch, I couldn't figure out what would be in the woods that was white. I was trying my best to keep up with Dad but with trees that had fallen over and uneven ground I was about 25 feet behind him. Dad had stopped right where I had seen the white patch and he yelled to me that I had gotten the deer and dad said it looked like I had made a good shot. I got over to Dad and the white patch was it's tail! The deer had only gone about 150 feet from the point I had shot it but it seemed like a mile. I helped dad field dress my deer, then we were giving each other high fives and I was so excited. We dragged it back to the truck, while dad was doing the hard work I was glowing with joy and talking non stop. The owners of the property met us as we came out of the woods and took some pictures.

Dad and I guessed how much it would weigh. He guessed 120 lbs. and I guessed 118 lbs. We took it to a reporting station in New Haven and weighed it 118 lbs. I was right.

The first deer I have ever gotten was when I had 2 casts on my feet. I didn't think I could do it, but I did.