

Kyle Charron
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Why hunting is important to me

Hunting is important to me because it is what I love to do and I enjoy seeing animals in their natural habitats. I live and breathe hunting. I go hunting when ever I can and wouldn't give it up for anything. I love to go hunting with my friends and family and just spend time in the woods even if I don't see anything. The sport is not just going out and getting an animal right off. It is about the fun and adventure when you track down an animal and all your work pays off. It takes a lot of patience. I hope that people will not break the rules and make it so we can't hunt in the future and that hunting in Vermont will still be there for future generations to enjoy. If people don't ask land owners for permission then there will be no more land to hunt on.

In the hunting season of 2008 I spent many hours watching animals and trying to find them during turkey season, deer rifle, deer bow season, and muzzleloader season. I was after this one buck that I would only see when it was to far away and I couldn't get a great shot at him. That buck was lucky this year, maybe I will get him next year.

It all started a couple of days before youth weekend and we were looking for turkey's in an area that had some big toms. We saw several in the field down the road from my house in Ferrisburgh Vermont. I went and asked the land owner if he wouldn't mind if my father and I could hunt on his land this year. The landowner said it was fine with him if we hunted there for youth weekend. It was opening morning of youth turkey weekend and we got up real early and walked out in to the field where I had seen a big tom. I put out my decoys about 25 yards in front of us. I was sitting in my chair under a pine tree watching my decoys and it started to get light. I heard a bird fly out of a tree behind us and all of a sudden I saw him run around the corner straight for my decoys. My dad had almost fallen asleep in his chair next to me and when I shot he was out of his chair before I was. I had killed my first tom.

We carried him out of the woods and went and weighed him in and he weighed 22 pounds with a ten inch beard it had 1 ¼ " spurs. It was the second turkey I had ever gotten and he was a trophy of a life time.

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