

Youth Day with Dad

by Remington Morancy

My name is Remington Morancy. I was named after a rifle. I'm an eleven year old girl. I live to ride horses and hunt whitetail deer. My dad is a registered Maine guide. I love my family and life, but I mostly love to go out to hunt!

Today is the first day of youth day of 2009. My dad woke me up at 4:00 in the morning. I was tired. And, I mean tired! So, I got on my hunting gear and got the gun and headed to the truck. When we got there, we walked to our area. We sat on a hill. We were looking down at the area where the deer should go. Twenty minutes after we sat down, I heard foot steps, like deer walking, but I relaxed because it was the squirrels digging up nuts for the winter. I said, "Dad, it was the squirrels making that noise". My dad said, "Really! I thought it was a deer walking". Then twenty minutes later, an acorn fell on my head. I thought this was funny. So we headed home to grab some lunch.

After we grabbed lunch, we went to our blind. We waited and waited until my dad said, "Remi, there's a fawn! It's tail is up and that means that there is something following it". Then I stopped moving, but my heart did not. It came to the left side of the field. I looked at it and it was cute. "It's a boy fawn, Remi", my dad said. "Cool", I said. Then a mother doe and a girl fawn came out. I lifted up my rifle. "But daddy, I do not want to shoot a mother. It will be unfair to her babies", I said. "I'm proud of you, Remi", said my dad. After the deer left, we had went home because it was soon to be dark. We had a great first day of youth season!

The next day, we woke up at the same time and got dressed and headed out to where there is a watering hole. We saw nothing after sitting there for forty minutes, so we went to where the deer bed. We saw nothing again. I started complaining about how there was not any deer here. So then we went to a different location in the woods. We did not go home for lunch, we decided to sit and wait it out. We waited a long time. Then we saw two gray squirrels fighting. My dad said, "It's just like you and your brother, Hayden, fighting over something". "You are a silly father" I said in a funny, happy voice. After that, we heard a grunt from a deer. "Whoa!", I said. "That nose came from a buck. It means tht he knows someone or something is making noise. It means danger", said my dad. "Ohhh", I said. Then nothing came out, so we went to our blind.

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Around 4:00 PM, the deer came in!!! I saw a doe, then another doe. My dad said, "There's a deer on the side of the bushes. It is acting like a buck." "My heart is pounding", I said. "Just breathe in and out Remi", my dad said. I did as I was told. I raised my rifle. I breathed in and out. Then I put the muzzle on the deer's shoulder. I breathed in and out. And then, I started to cry. "I have it dad! I have buck fever!", I said, "I want it, but I can't shoot it". My dad said, "It's alright Remi. We'll just head home and have a rest. You shouldn't shoot a rifle if you are shaky. You don't want to shoot the rifle unless you know exactly where the bullet will go."

So we went home. I continued to hunt for the rest of rifle season with my dad. Neither one of us got a deer this season.....but.....there is always next year!