

Hunting Story – My first buck

On November 8, 2008 I shot my first buck. It was a seven point, 162 pound beautiful buck. But there was much more to this weekend than just getting a deer. One of the things that made this weekend so memorable was hunting and hanging out with my family and friends.

For the four months prior to Youth Weekend I worked with my dad, my grandfather and other family members preparing for hunting season. During the summer we mowed paths and did a ton of trail clearing. My dad and I put a camera in multiple places all around the quarry. We had pictures of four buck and 20 different doe on the camera.

There were two deer that really stood out above all of the others; a seven pointer and a six pointer. Each of the deer had a perfect rack with long spikes and both racks were really wide. These were the two deer we were hoping to at least see during the season. None of us expected that we would get either of these because we only saw the deer on the camera early in the fall. But then the night we got to Alburgh we decided to check our deer camera. We walked to where we put the camera, my dad checked it and he yelled, “Go get the laptop.” At this point I knew the seven pointer was on the camera and sprinted to the truck, grabbed the laptop and sprinted back. We quickly downloaded the pictures and there it was. This really got us pumped for opening youth day. The next morning I knew I had to hunt the swamp because the swamp is buck heaven and that’s where the seven pointer had been. We got to the stand and set up a scent bomb then put doe urine on a rock and threw it into the swamp (an old trick of my dads). My

dad and grandfather have always told me that you have to be prepared if you are to have a chance of getting a deer.

The land we hunt on is my grandfather's land. He has owned the land for 45 years and I am now the third generation to get a buck on that land. It is 90 acres of mostly woods with a huge swamp and a quarry that was created when the bridge to New York State was built.

The most buck on the land were taken from a stand that has now fallen down but the biggest deer ever taken there was an eight point, 191 pound buck taken by my Uncle Rick.

On the morning of November 8, 2008 I knew that I had to hunt the swamp stand even if the wind wasn't real good. That morning my dad and I showed my friends where to hunt and we headed to the swamp stand. Once we got to the stand we first set up a scent bomb and then as I said covered a rock with doe urine and threw it into the swamp. We walked up the stand sat down and had about 20 minutes before legal shooting. There was nothing happening for the first hour so we started talking about football and how hungry we were. Then we started talking about my uncle who passed away six years ago on youth weekend. All of a sudden, I saw the deer out of the corner of my eye. I slowly grabbed my gun took the safety off and in the midst of this whispered to my dad, "Huge buck to your left." I got my crosshairs right on the heart. But the deer was walking so I had to keep ahead of it a little when all of a sudden my scope went brown and it was a tree. We couldn't see it at all because of how thick the trees were. I was freaking out because I was so nervous that the deer scented us. My leg kept shaking. My dad had to tell me "Calm down and take a deep breath" Then my dad whispered, "I can see it." I got the scope on it but still didn't have a shot. So we had to wait but again there was a big tree in the way. I got my scope where I expected the deer was going to come out. It came out and my dad grunted, the deer stopped and I shot. I quickly chambered because I wasn't sure I hit it. The reason I wasn't sure if I had shot the deer was because the deer ran so fast you wouldn't believe it. I didn't have a shot so we waited and then heard a crash. I looked at my dad and I said, "Dad, I got it! I think?!" We got down from the stand and radioed my friend Chris and his dad who

were about 300 yards away. They saw the deer run out. They told us they thought that they saw it fall. My dad and I decided to wait 5 minutes before looking for the deer, but we were way too excited and headed out within 30 seconds. We walked toward where we saw it crash. We came up on this little hill and there he was. A big seven pointer with the lightest fur I've ever seen. The buck looked so cool. It only ran about 70 yards.

When I got to the deer I had a smile from ear to ear and my heart was pounding. When Chris and his dad Joe got there they were really happy for me. This was a day that will be with me forever. I never thought I was even going to see that buck on Youth Day. My dad, Uncle Matt, Uncle Justin and Joe Farnham all helped with cleaning the deer. I am still trying to learn how to do that properly. We then brought the deer to Ste. Maries in Swanton to the reporting station. The State Biologists were all amazed with the color and how beautiful my buck was – so was the crowd of 10 or so people that were there. They told me based on the wear on the teeth that my buck was most likely a 2 ½ year old. They extracted a tooth to analyze – and I hope I get something from the State of Vermont on the results.

On the way back to our house in Alburgh my uncle Matt, my Dad and I discussed how happy we were with the recent law changes made in regard to buck. We all felt that there are a lot more 2 ½ year olds in the woods now. We all felt overall that this change made the Vermont Deer herd a lot stronger.

I think this was one of the best days in my life. Not just because of getting that deer but because of all the family and friends that were there that I got to share this experience with. The feeling I had that day couldn't be beat by the one I had the next week even though I got a five point 155 pound buck on the second day of rifle season – my first deer without my Dad with me. But that was cool but the first experience was the best. I also loved that weekend because Chris also got a huge doe weighing 127 pounds – his first deer. And even though another friend of mine that came up missed a doe it was still a great experience. I can't wait for our next hunt together.



This is the 7 pointer on November 6th at 4:53 AM – I shot this amazing buck on opening youth day at 7:30.



This is me (Wyatt) and my friend Chris Farnham just after shooting this magnificent buck – I could not have been happier.



This is Chris Farnham right after shooting his first deer ever – a beautiful 127 pound doe.



This is my buck and Chris's doe in the back of the truck to head back home to South Hero after a great Youth Hunting weekend. Notice the sharp color contrast.