

He Says:

GEORGE

By George Kerg (13)

My Hunting Trip Experience

My hunting experience was filled with total ups and downs throughout the entire way. The hike in was brutal to say the least. Not because it was physically challenging, but to try to stay quiet, to not know where I was going, to hold a rifle and keep it out of the rain and wetness all with a pack on, carried challenges that I found difficult.

After we got all through the mud and hills without spotting anything, Mr. Juchnowski, who was my hunting guide, and me went to scout out where we were going to set up the blind. I sat a bit away from him and kept my eye out for deer, hoping to shoot something early in the afternoon. Mr. Juchnowski signaled to me that he had a place for us to stake out and headed over to get my dad and Serena. Together, they set up and put together the blind with the stools in it.

By this time it was about 12:00 PM. I had roughly five and a half hours to see a doe or buck and shoot it before dark. Easy. Or so I thought. I sat there with high energy as an hour ticked by. I look at my phone: 1:00. "Not much longer," I said to myself.

Another hour went by: still nothing. By this time, I had looked through my scope a couple of times trying to imagine how it would feel to see a deer in that moment. Then, Mr. Juchnowski stood up abruptly and pointed down the hill we were on top of. He spotted a feeder that someone had placed probably weeks before we planned the trip.

Through the scope I saw that the small branch it was attached to was bright orange. This indicated that on the ground, there was feed and that was where the deer would likely be standing. From that point on, I watched that spot

intensely as one more hour dripped by. Looking at the time once more, it was only 2:00. It was totally silent and my dad had fallen asleep by this time. Still holding up the rifle on the bipod, I was sweeping the area looking for any sign of life that was present. One more hour passed, still nothing.

By 4:00 my hopes had deteriorated. Everyone had a great time just enjoying nature, but I wanted a deer more than anything. When it hit 5:00 Mr. Juchnowski said that deer are most active at this point. This statement instilled hope back into my system. I am getting a deer, I thought to myself.

Half an hour later, it was too dark to see and so we called it a day. We made our trek back out of the woods; it was a hike to get back to the truck. There will be something for sure tomorrow, I kept telling myself.



George looking for deer

George Continues....

*George,
taking
his shot.*



KAPOW!

By the next morning, we were on our way to the blind by 6:30 AM. A bad storm hit the night before, so much so that the power in our trailer went out. Through yesterday's mud and today's we made it back to the blind which was miraculously still in place. I crawled in and set my eyes on the feeder.

I was very hopeful at this point, more than ever. Sunrise would be at 7:15 and that was when I was going to see a deer. However, when that point hit, there was just as much action as the day before. A half hour passed, still no deer.

I am going to have to sit here for nine more hours to shoot at nothing, I told myself.

I watched as I saw the wind pick up and move some branches that were not there previously. With suspicion, I looked through my scope and saw two

does at the feeder. I almost jumped off of the stool when I saw them! I looked around at everyone and told them to put on ear protection.

Mr. Juchnowski looked up to confirm that I had a possible shot lined up. I loaded the round and cocked the hammer. I was shaking. Serena had to tap my shoulder and tell me to take my time in order to calm me down.

All of the waiting all of us had done to get a deer now depended on me pulling four pounds. I was not sure which one to take so I decided to shoot at whichever one presented a clean shot that would take it down without pain.

As soon as I conferred this with myself, the deer on the left looked up to its right as if it heard something. I lined up the shot just a little left of where I thought the right shoulder (the deer's

left) was. I slowly pulled the trigger. The recoil hit my shoulder but it did not bother me. I looked out of the scope and saw the deer go down.

My dad stood up in the blind to see the shot because he did not want to make noise trying to see it happen. Mr. Juchnowski was standing right behind me and he slapped me on the back exclaiming, "Nice shot!"

Time of harvest was 8:16 AM. I was very eager and excited that the deer collapsed quickly. I instantly wanted to go and see the doe, but the other doe hung around for about five minutes, clueless of what to do.

*George
Continues...*



George and his first deer

We went down to the deer and scared the doe away. My deer was a fair size, and we dragged her somewhere to get her field dressed. This did not bother me.

But now was the most challenging part of all: getting the doe up the steep hill and back to the truck. My dad and I tried every method of carrying the doe: cutting hand holds in the legs, dragging, carrying, putting a stick through the hand holds and dragging it, but it was all impossible. We finally got it up one steep hill. Then came the longer end of the journey.

We all contributed heavily in getting the deer up the hill and it was very

difficult because the mud caused lack of traction on the hills. We eventually picked up a cadence and took breaks to get it the rest of the way. We all loaded up the car and packed our stuff to leave.

That was the very first deer I ever shot and I was very thankful to have gotten one on my first hunt.

On the highway, we saw another one of our shooting buddies Joe, on the highway. They shouted that they saw nothing and they were close to where we were.

I was very lucky to have even seen a deer let alone make the shot. As of right now, I still have a majority of that meat in my freezer and can't wait to go hunting again. ©



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