

The night before my hunt, it was chaos!

All we were doing was getting our decoys ready, putting out all of our clothes, and getting my backpack ready with everything I needed. We got to bed early, around 7:30. My dad woke me up around 2:15. I got up immediately because I was excited.

I put on all of my hunting gear on and headed down stairs. My dad and I put everything together, ate a quick breakfast, and were off to Lake Sutherland. It was rather quiet on the way up, mostly because we were tired. But when we approached our destination, I felt butterflies in my stomach.

Our hunting area was close so I didn't worry about hiking. Once we got to our area, we got out of the car, set up our decoys quietly, and sat up against an oak tree. The sky was amazing. For an hour all I did was look up at the stars and try to find the constellations. Every once in a while I would see a shooting star.

About an hour before sunrise, the gobbling started. When I heard that first gobble I got excited! I was amazed at how loud it was! Every once in a while we would hear the beat of wings from them coming down from their tree.

My dad started calling 30 minutes before sunrise. He used a slate caller, which he was best at. My dad would mimic the sound of a distant hen we heard. The gobbling seemed to be coming closer. I was feeling very restless but I didn't dare to move. Finally, I turned my head very slowly and I saw 5 turkeys at the top of a hill. They were only about 50 yards away. My heart race quickened.

I slowly took my mount facing my decoys. As the turkeys came closer, they would look up cautiously every 5 yards. I saw one of them had a 4 inch beard. I concluded it was the biggest one of them all. I also made sure the bird was a male. That same exact one started toward our Jake decoy. It wanted to fight it.

Right before it attacked, I held my breath and took my shot. It was like it was in slow motion. The bird went down without flopping. I didn't feel the shot guns kick at all. I also didn't hear it either. The other turkeys ran off after I got up.

Me and my dad quickly went to examine the bird. I picked it up and estimated it to be about 15 pounds. It felt so good to hold that bird in my hand. I felt like a hero. My dad took tons of pictures. Finally, we set off to the dock where there was a scale and a camera for the hunters. My dad took a picture of me and the turkey with the Polaroid camera they had. We wrote all the information on it and then tacked it up on the board they had. When my picture was up there, it felt amazing. There were only about 25 pictures of people with turkeys and I was one of them. On the way back home it was all smiles. All we did was express what we felt, heard, and saw. When we got home we immediately started plucking the turkey. It was easy but right when we were about to be finished, I had to take a shower and get ready for school.

Thanks guys,

Adam M.