

Hunting 2018

By: Tylar G.

It was an early Saturday morning in December 2018. My family and I woke up at 3:45 am. As soon as I opened the door, I smelled the cold air of the early morning, and heard only the sound of silence. The air was clear and light as if there was nothing there, but the rush of cold air.

“Ready?” My dad asked.

“Yeah, lets get some elk.” I smiled.

As we hit every bump I got this weird feeling that we were going to get something, as if something is on the tip of your tongue, but you can't make it out. I woke up at 7:00 A.M.; both of my parents were glassing for elk, while my brother on the other hand was still asleep.

A few minutes later Jerry and his hunting group drove by us, they started to glass, too.

“There they are!” Jerry shouted. we all had eyes on them and we started to head down. Right then and there we saw 20 head, and that was enough. When they saw us they went back behind the mountain. I was very excited and I couldn't wait! We were going to fill tags!

We started driving; the truck bounced on every bump. We got down there and looked. There they were were- they were running behind us!

I stepped out of the truck, felt the icy breeze, and watched as the ground squash beneath my feet. My mom and I ran out of the truck. With the icy breeze freezing my face, we ran to the top of a hill, and tried to get a shot on the elk.

BOOM! My brother shot and dropped a cow. The herd ran and we lost sight of them. My mom and I ran back to the truck,

“There could still be more, get ready! You got this!” My dad told me.

We started to drive when we saw about 8 elk heading right in front of us, I got out of the truck, set my bipods down, took a deep breath and shot! Hitting the bull elk, it dropped but kept running.

“Tylar, you need to go find him. I will be right behind you. Walk the fence line and shoot him when you get that chance.” My dad smiled, as if he knew that this was the time.

I walked along the fence line and came up a hill where I saw him. I immediately pulled my gun up where I stood, glanced at him and shot off handed. Suddenly, he dropped about 70 yards away from me!

“Good job, honey!” my mom shouted. She kept congratulating me.

We walked over to my bull elk, and I noticed he was only a year old. He was perfect! He had velvet on his antlers and he looked as if he was a reindeer. He was just the elk for me!

The first shot I nailed him in the shoulder and the second shot I nailed him in the neck. I was so happy, after a long hunting season I got my bull elk. I couldn't ask for anything better in that moment. Hunting isn't just something I do, it's part of who I am.

In the beginning:

In the beginning, I struggled with getting behind the gun and pulling the trigger. I kept telling myself that I have to do this, and everytime I was scared of what the 6.5 Creedmoor could do. One day I finally took that shoot 100 yards away, I felt a huge rush of relief, and I shot and shot and shot. I loved the gun since that day. I smiled so big and wide when I figured out I hit the target my 3rd shot!

During the months:

I couldn't hunt until November 15th, because I didn't turn 12 years old until November. On November 15th, I was very excited! I couldn't wait to fill out my bull tag. But as the month

went by, I either missed or we didn't see a bull elk. December 8th, a bull elk ran in front of me! It surprised me so much, this was my chance! BOOM! He was down, now all I had to get my cow/calf tag. Throughout those months all I mainly wanted was my bull elk. There was no way I was going to burn this tag!

At the end:

I learned many lessons throughout my first year. I learned that I need to take a breath before I shoot, believe in myself and the gun. The main lesson learned, though, is to shoot proudly and thank the animals that gave me their life for the food I have today. Elk hunting brought something in me, that I didn't know I had.





