

The Perfect Shot

It's early morning and we are all sitting around the dining room table enjoying breakfast. We are giddy with laughter both from staying up way too late last night and the excitement of the upcoming hunt. We are after a magnificent five point buck which has eluded us on three previous occasions. We saw him among the trees but he was never in a position for us to get a clear shot. Maybe part of our giddiness is the knowledge that today is the day.

The sun has barely crested the horizon as we pour out of the SUV with our backpacks and all our equipment. Each of us is armed to the teeth. The rain stopped earlier this morning and the air is infused with the smell of rotting leaves. We know his territory and quickly navigate the trails to where we know we find him. I take a quick glance off to my left and there he is on the hill, standing majestically in the full blaze of the sun. His fur gleams with health and his rack looks too big to sit on that slender neck. I quietly whistle to the others and point.

My heart pounds. I raise and aim. Breath in, breath out, breath in and hold. Squeeze slowly.

Later in the evening we all sit around the dinner table, giddy once again with the final success with finding the perfect buck, knowing the only shots taken at him this day were those from cameras.

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