

William Morrison

The Brave Hunter

While courageously walking alone down the remote pipeline to the metal ladder stand my mind pondered what might show up at the feeder for a free meal of corn. After climbing the ladder, fastening my safety harness and pulling my PSE Bow Madness 32 up with a rope I settled in for an evening hunt. The sleep monster began creeping up on me, planning his attack just like every other time I have had to wake up for an early morning hunt. Within the hour as I barely fought off the sleep monster's attack a gray lump of fur appeared at the bait pile of welfare corn. My first thought was that the gray lump was an eye booger left over from my nearly successful battle – then the gray lump moved. My quiver was well prepared for the occasion with a designated varmint arrow but concern over messing up my deer possibilities kept the gray lump safe for now.

The now raging war with the sleep monster came to a sudden end when two deer appeared and headed toward the bait pile. They nervously changed course and veered into the woods without presenting a shot. Why had the deer veered into the woods? The answer became clear when behind me and away from where the deer disappeared emerged the dark figure of a large hog. This was no eye booger for sure. I would bravely do battle with this destructive nuisance, especially while safely sixteen feet up on my perch. In the blink of an

eye the hog disappeared into the woods preventing a good bow shot.

Throughout the entire evening the gray lump of possum remained devouring the bait. Believing it was time to rid the world of yet another varmint, the designated varmint arrow was quickly dispatched as the mighty brave hunter completed his mission.

It was now black dark and time to return to the deer camp and look for possum recipes. I triumphantly gathered my gear and climbed down the ladder. As my feet touched the ground I heard the now terrifying sound of a boar grunting within close proximity. With my only weapon being my bow and arrow and being the combat-hardened veteran that I am I boldly charged – right back up the ladder! I decided to wait bravely for the cavalry.