

Bradford Morrison

Superman verses Spiderman

The weather forecast was encouraging. A strong cold front was finally here and hoping that cooler temperatures were on the way we headed for the woods.

I parked my ATV and rode the rest of the way to my stand with my mom.

Climbing up I attached my safety harness to the tree and locked the carabiner tightly. After I had hoisted all my gear up to the stand, Mom rode away to the stand where she would hunt.

At first, I just sat there admiring the food plot we had planted a few weeks before. The fertilized oats and rye grass were coming up and looked sort of like a poor man's golf course. Other than the barking of our neighbor's dogs in the distance everything was pretty quiet that evening. The temperature was falling fast but the deer must not have known that they were supposed to be active. The last purple light of the sun slipped down beyond the horizon and legal shooting light came to an end.

In the darkness, I saw approaching four-wheeler headlights as Mom came to pick me up. After all of the hunting paraphernalia had been lowered down I started to unlock the carabiner but couldn't. As the temperature dropped the metal of the carabiner clip had contracted and would not unscrew. I had no tools and could not budge the carabiner bare-handed. After a few failed attempts

recognition set in that I was stuck sixteen feet in the air and might have to spend the night roosted like a turkey.

Mr. Wiley, a good friend of ours, was hunting nearby. He is legendary around our camp for his super human strength, professional cooking skills and crazy antics. He was heading back to camp and thankfully came down our trail. He climbed up the stand, showed me a trick to turn the carabiner lock and freedom reigned. After we climbed down Mr. Wiley rode off ahead of us.

I composed my campfire story of heroics as we headed back. Just as Mom and I arrived at the powerline right of way where my four-wheeler waited, Mr. Wiley jumped screaming from the brush to scare us. He succeeded but Superman's plan backfired. As he jumped out to scare us he dove right through a really giant spider web and was making obscene noises trying to clear the web from his face and hands. Mr. Wiley has superhuman strength but wasps and spiders are his kryptonite. My campfire story got a lot more interesting when Spiderman left a trap for Superman!