

Dear Sir or Madam,

June 3, 2016

My name is Seth Gottardi I have been my Pawpaw Rick Gottardi's hunting buddy since I was 7-8, he bought me a lifetime hunting and fishing license when I was a baby, he also attended my safety training with me when I was 11 and I harvested my first deer with him when I was 12. This year was the first and last year that I was able to hunt the La. Turkey Youth weekend because of my age and playing baseball. This year my games were on Sat. only, so after the games Pawpaw and I headed up to our hunting club/camp in Wash. parish on that Sat. afternoon. I was using one of my Dad's (Roger Gottardi) 12 gauges so Pawpaw said we needed to pattern the shot to make sure I would hit what I was aiming at. It took just a few minutes to check and it was good, putting a hole in the target at 25 yds. Afterwards we went out to my Pawpaw's favorite turkey hunting spot to see if we could put a bird to roost. The woods were just starting to turn green so you could see in them pretty good. The weather was cool, windy and raining a little. Pawpaw saw one bird in the field as we entered the area, but dark came and we didn't roost any with the wind blowing so hard. I stayed up late watching videos so the next morning Pawpaw was up early, but he had a hard time getting me out of bed. The weather in the morning was much better breaking clear and we got to the spot at about 6:45 and there were a bunch of turkey's gobbling! Pawpaw asked me which one I wanted to hunt I pointed and we headed off in that direction. We setup close to a fence line where an open gate led into a field. I set up in some short trees with my decoy about 20 yards from me. Pawpaw sat about 5 yds. behind me and started calling. The gobbler was answering his calls! A few minutes later around 7am a hen flew down next to my decoy and began to feed on the grass. The gobbler continued to answer my Pawpaw's purrs, he was getting closer and louder. It wasn't long and that torn walked out from the gate to my right! My heart was pounding so hard and my arms were heavy from holding my shotgun up. I was perfectly still as the bird focused on the hen and the decoy. I leveled the bead on its head, Pawpaw whispered" let him have it"! I pulled the trigger and got him! Pawpaw told me to reload and we walked toward the gobbler. He was dead! I had just harvested my first wild turkey!! Pawpaw and I high fived, said a little prayer thanking the lord for this hunt then took some pictures. A few things I learned are how much detail goes into a turkey hunt. Make sure your gun is sited in! Also, even if you screw up like not getting up early get out there and hunt anyway. Always approach a wounded animal with your gun reloaded and most of all be safe and enjoy the experience! I absolutely love to hunt and I am thankful that I am in a family that gives me this opportunity!

Sincerely,



Seth Gottardi