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My name is Megan Boles. I am the daughter of Charles and Kelly Boles. I have a sister named Heidi, she is 11 years old and I am 13, going to be 14 on July 16<sup>th</sup>. We live in Kisatchie, Louisiana.

My Dad has hunted all his life. I grew up hunting with my dad. I went with him to sit in the deer stand. My Dad taught me how to shoot a gun, how to define a deer track from other tracks, and how to do anything and everything involving the outdoors. I love to go hunting with my dad. He could care less if we see something, as long as we had fun. He bought me my first gun on my 6<sup>th</sup> birthday, it was a 243 rifle. I had shot other guns before that. I will shoot any gun my dad puts in my hands. Dad has taught me all the safety tips and rules of a gun and what to do and not to do.

I have killed 8 deer in my life. I have also killed 3 turkeys. Those are my 2 favorite things to hunt. I have started to hunt alone now and I have killed 2 deer while I have hunted alone. This year I killed 4 deer; 2 does and 2 bucks; an 8 point and a 5 point. My favorite hunt was when I killed the 8 point. Now I am going to tell the story of that hunt like I was telling the story to my Dad.

It was Friday during muzzleloader season and it was the day I killed my 8 point. That evening the forecast called for rain, Dad knew the deer were going to feed early then bed up before the rain. We got to our box stand earlier than usual, about 3:30. It was real humid and it looked foggy, but it wasn't. The first deer came out, it was a spike. I didn't want to let him walk

but I did, because Dad knew there would be more deer move. After we let the spike walk, 2 does came out and then another doe stepped out. Then about 5 minutes later it was getting around dusk and this darker deer stepped out. From my knowledge, I knew that a buck is darker than a doe. Dad could tell what it was when it stepped out and he said, "Get your gun out, it's a buck." Dad handed me the gun and as soon as I got the buck in the scope and was ready to shoot, it started to rain. All the deer ran off to the edge of the food plot. It was about 30 seconds later and they were all spread back out into the food plot. Then I asked Dad which one he was and he said, "The one in the middle of the food plot." From what my dad has taught me when a buck has presented himself, you only have a short time to make your mind up and take him. With that said, my dad was telling me the usual..."take your time." BOOM! It was too late I already shot. A good shot. We waited about 5 minutes and it started raining a little harder. We got out and went to look for him. We walked about 80 yards to where I shot him and we started looking for blood. We looked for a while and my dad looked at me and said, "Meg, I don't think you got him." I got kinda upset because it was the first big deer I shot at. We turned to walk out and dad shined the blood hunter light over to the edge of the food plot and there was a drop of blood on an anthill. Our eyes lit up and we started through the woods looking for more blood or hair. We had a pretty good blood trail we followed. Then Dad took the gun and handed me the flashlight and said, "Look under that brush." There he was, that deer that I

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shot and killed. I made Dad go poke him to make sure he was dead. My dad hugged me and said, "Good job, I am proud of you." Then we looked at him, and the antlers, or course. Then Dad was looking where I shot him and I shot him in the shoulder, which I should have shot him behind the shoulder. I was so used to shooting my 243 rifle that I shot him on the shoulder instead of behind it. It didn't really matter now; I got the deer as my trophy.

Now, I will tell the story about the turkey I killed this year. We had heard a lot of turkeys gobble that morning. This was Sunday of the youth hunt weekend. Dad, every year before turkey season, puts the turkeys on the roost and wakes them up in the mornings. He had called and got an idea of where this turkey was. That Sunday evening, we went to the spot he had called to this bird. We sat down and Dad called and no gobbles. Dad has taught me that just because they don't gobble, don't mean they are not coming. Then he gobbled and was right on the edge of this hill, the opposite way from where my gun was pointed. Then he started drumming, which means he was right there looking for the hen. Then I heard Dad says, "Look to your left." There he was and I waited until he went behind a tree to raise my gun. Then I waited for him to put his tail feathers down and I lined up the orange dot in between the 2 green dots and shot. I was shooting with my Dad's 12 gauge. There he was laying in his own tracks.

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We tagged him and then we went home to show off my prize. He has an 8 inch beard and 1 ½ inch spurs. That was the best turkey hunt of my life.

I love to hunt. I like to go with my Mom or my Dad or even by myself. I have learned so much from my Dad. My Dad is my biggest role model when it comes to hunting. I always tell people that I want to be a professional hunter just like Jim Shockey. If that doesn't happen I will always know that I grew up with a professional hunter to me, my Dad.