

My First Deer

My name is Gracie and I am about to tell you about the best day of my life. Now, quiet! And listen closely. It all started on a nice sunny day at camp. My brother, Cade, and I were playing outside, when my dad came out and said to come in and change to go hunting. It was my first time deer hunting. I was very excited, but still nervous.

So, my dad and I on one 4-wheeler, and my grandpa (we call him Bob) and Cade on another, took off into the woods. My other brother (we call him Co Co Beans), Mom, and Grandma stayed at the camp. I thought it was very fun to ride the 4-wheeler. We went under branches, over branches, up hills and down hills. Then, we stopped and walked separate ways, Dad and I one way, and Cade and Bob another way.

When we got to the deer stand, I was a little bored at first. But, it gets way better! We were about to get out of the stand later when dad said, "Stop! Doe! Big doe!" He was nervous, too! He slowly put up the gun and set it. I slowly aimed and pulled the trigger. BOOM! I shot! My dad gave me a high five and said, "Good job!" He got down and looked for blood. Yes! We followed the trail of blood. We found it! We took pictures of the doe and pulled it closer to the 4-wheeler. My dad was tired, so we waited for Bob and Cade. We said a prayer of thanks and talked. When my grandpa and brother got there, we told them about it and finished pulling it. We put it on the back of the 4-wheeler and drove back to camp.

At camp, we put blood on my face and I told my mom. She was happy for me. We took more pictures and called our relatives. That was the best day of my life!