

Eli Odinet

Age:12

Nothing Better than a Limit

One morning, my dad, my brother Kenny, and I went duck hunting in Pecan Island. It was the second to last week in duck season, 65 degrees outside, and the wind was moving. We were driving to the boat launch, and my dad pulled to the side of the road for his friend to pass. Vroom! Vroom! The truck wouldn't move an inch! My dad hit the four-wheel drive button. Vroom! Vroom! It still would not budge! We exited the vehicle only to find the truck was half a wheel deep in mud!

At that moment, we were lucky enough to see our friends pass on the Mule (the Polaris). Abandoning our truck, we hitched a ride to the boat slip with them. We arriving at the boat launch, we slipped our feet into waders, unloaded our supplies, and jumped into the boat. We were 100 yards from success, when we found the boat path that was overgrown with high grass. Thankfully, we had our waders. We trudged to the blind arriving just before sunrise. The pintail were everywhere!

Immediately, we threw out our decoys and loaded our guns. After 5 minutes of waiting, a group of gray ducks buzzed us. We ended up calling them back. Boom, boom, bang!!! My brother and I each dropped a gray duck. My dad dropped air.

Next is the fun part. I'm the bird dog!!! I run in every direction looking left, right, up, and down. That's what you call exercise for a fat boy running 80 yards out on high grass in waders back and forth 20 times. After all, I do grow a keg in winter. I needed to lay off the hot coco.

When I arrived back at the blind, the duck traffic shifted to the other side of the marsh. Thankfully, my dad let me walk 30 yards to the left around the pond. Once I arrived to the hole, I spotted 4 green wing teal that landed right under my nose.

Boom! Boom! I fire two shots and killed one. Another tried to fly off but my dad winged him. Since I was occupied, Kenny was sent out as bird dog number two, to retrieve it before it dove under water. A little bit later, I headed back to the blind since the duck traffic slowed. When I arrived I said, "Dad look what I shot ... Nothing but a duck!!! (because I killed a teal and he did not) Shortly afterwards, Kenny found the winged duck, and blew all the meat out of the duck. Showing the teal with its organs hanging out. Kenny asked, "Hey dad did this bird have a disease?"

Annoyed by my brother's clumsiness my dad rolled his eyes and exclaimed, "What the heck did you do to that green wing?"

With a look of confusion Kenny asked, "T-shot is for teal right?"

"NO." It means tight shot you use it for geese!"

After five minutes our friend Jacob, who had earlier jumped four teal on another pond, joined us. One minute later, a group of spoonbills flew over us. We called the ducks back around. Boom, boom, boom, bang, bang, boom, boom, boom, bang!!! I felt like the luckiest person at that moment, because I just downed my first pintail. It took a while to retrieve but I found it. I saw that I had only hit the wing. I knew it would be perfect for mounting so I drowned the duck instead of shooting it. After retrieving the pintail, we ended up seeing six more flocks of ducks. I knocked out four, my Dad wacked four, Kenny downed two, and Jacob killed two. When we got back from hunting we had grits, eggs, sausage, and biscuits.

At the end of the day there is nothing better than a limit of ducks, and hot food after that.