

Student Name: Carter [REDACTED]

Rutland Intermediate School

Grade 5

Teacher: Mrs. Harris

The first time I went hunting was when I was 5, that was 6 years ago. I was with my dad, my brother, my cousin and my uncle. It was Thanksgiving day and we were at my grandma's house. She lives on my great parents' farm land and there is a lot of land with forests and mountains, which makes a great habitat for deer. That day I wore warm camo clothes and a bright orange vest so other hunters would see me and I would stay safe. I carried my BB gun and we went a long way and got very cold. We did not see any deer that day, but I loved being out in the woods and seeing nature. I knew I wanted to hunt again.

When I was a little kid I got to visit my great grandma a lot, especially when I was hunting. She was happy to have a new generation of hunters on the farm land. My great grandma kept the land posted and only let family and friends hunt on the farm. My great grandfather started posting the land way before I was born because he would find dead does on his farm that people shot thinking it was a buck but would just leave the body when they saw that it was a doe. The farm has open fields, forests with trails, a mountain, cow pastures, ponds and rivers. There is an apple orchard, nut trees and berry bushes so there is enough food for the deer, bears, turkeys and smaller animals that live there.

I have been going to the farm my whole life and still go there a lot. Now I'm 11 and I got my first deer last fall. It was very cold that morning when my dad and I went to the garage to get all of our camo gear and orange hats on. Then we went to our tree stand and at 6:17 AM I had looked down at my phone, then my dad said "DEER!" very quietly. I dropped my phone and was happy the deer didn't hear the noise and ran away. I asked my dad if I was going to be able to shoot it and he said "maybe". Then it walked out in front of us, broadside. My dad told me to aim and I was nervous I would mess up the shot and miss the deer. I was shaking a little and my dad told me it was my adrenalin. I took a

deep breath and held it so I could get steady and aimed behind its right shoulder. I took my time and I shot when I was ready.

The deer dropped in its tracks, got up and ran about 30 yards and then fell. We waited about 15 minutes in the stand and I called my family and friends to tell them I shot my first deer. They were all very happy for me. Then we got out of the tree stand and walked over to the deer and my dad said it was a perfect shot! I was excited and hugged my dad and thanked him for taking me hunting. About 18 minutes later, my cousin and uncle arrived on my uncle's 4 wheeler to bring the deer out of the woods. We sent pictures to my mom and she and my brothers drove up to the farm to see it. Other families came and congratulated me too.

There is a cool story about the morning I shot my first deer. I saw a star at 5:00 a.m. and wished to get my first deer that day. I am happy that my wish came true and feel proud of myself for getting my first deer when I am only 11. I feel very lucky to have the family farm land to hunt on with my dad, uncle and cousins. When I am in the woods I feel very calm, the woods is my quiet place and I wish I could go there every day and not hear loud noises. I just like to sit under the trees or climb to sit up in them and I know that the woods and hunting will always be important to me.