

## STORIES AND OTHER INTERESTING TIDBITS...



Buddy Pell, age 10, harvested this turkey with his dad on the first Saturday of turkey season.

## **My First Gobbler**

By Buddy Pell, Age 10

urkey season finally arrived, and my dad and I had been waiting! Last year, we didn't have very good luck, and this year we hoped to get that big old Tom. The first Saturday of the season we would get our chance.

It was March 18, 2006. We had arrived at the hunting camp the night before, and I was very excited about the next day. I couldn't sleep! Then when I finally did get to sleep, I had a dream about missing a gobbler from five yards away. My dad woke me up at around four o'clock; we got dressed, and hopped in the Bad Boy Buggie.

We drove down to the hunting land and walked up to the northeast corner. We did a crow call to locate a turkey, and heard some roosted near a branch that runs through the property. We heard two of them, and they were gobbling their lights out! They flew down, and they were coming. They stopped gobbling for about five minutes, and I thought we'd lost them. Then we heard one gobble at about seventy yards and it made the ground shake! I knew they were coming, and so did my dad.

We called to them one more time. It was about thirty seconds before we heard them tramping through the leaves. One of them decided to stop and put his head up. I saw my shot, and I took it. We headed back to the buggie, and my dad ended up carrying the bird. Well, I don't mean to brag but even HE had a hard time carrying such a monstrous, massive, awesome, and all-around huge gobbler!

Mr. Hugh Upshaw, who we lease the land from, taught my dad how to turkey hunt, and my dad taught me. So when we went to show him my first gobbler, it was a proud moment. My Dad has taught me about the woods and turkey hunting, and I really enjoy spending time together in the woods. I appreciate all he has taught me. I will remember that day as long as I live.