

## **2024 Male Youth Hunter of the Year**

### **Kaiden Scarborough, 12 – Haynesville, LA**

My dad works a lot so we only get the chance to hunt on weekends but he tries to get home early enough on Friday so we can check the camera to see the best place or stand to hunt the next morning. On a Friday in November, I get off the bus to see my dad's work truck in the drive way. I was excited . He told me to gear up so we could go check the cameras. That evening while reviewing the camera footage, we see a big 8pt Buck coming out every evening around 5pm at one of our stands. My dad tells me to come on and we hop in the truck to go and fill up the feeders for our next morning's hunt. While we were out we stopped by a couple of our other stands that we haven't hunted on since last year. Near those stands we found a lot of big rubs and scrapes on the cypress trees.

My dad tells me it's the rutt and during the rutt we should hunt the scrapes. I was kind of disappointed, all I wanted was to hunt the stand where the big 8pt Buck was seen on camera. The next morning, we were in the stand at 6am and sat there until 12pm with no movement in sight. I was upset. I was sure that big 8pt was at the other stand but my dad kept telling me to just be patient. Dad decided we should hit the stands a little earlier that day for our evening hunt so we went back to our stand around 2pm instead of the usual 4pm. Around 4:30pm, after not seeing any movement not even a squirrel, I told my dad we should have hunted the other stand because at least we know a big 8pt was out there. My dad gave in. As we started packing up our gear in a hurry and My dad is leaning down to put stuff in his bag I look up and down the lane I see a big buck, the biggest buck I have ever seen in my life! I whispered to my dad , Big Buck Big Buck!! My dad slowly raises up and looks down the lane where I'm looking with shock on his face. My dad whispers to me ready when you are! I took a breath, counted to 3 and slowly squeezed the trigger watching the biggest buck of my life drop. My dad and I celebrated and didn't whisper. It was a big mature 10 pt buck that showed up during the rutt. As my dad was laughing and hollering with joy, I remember him telling me " To chase the scrape". I guess he was right. Hunting has taught me patience and appreciation. After a long day of hunting I like to hit the pond for some bass fishing with my dad. Thanks dad for teaching me these skills and developing the love I have for the outdoors.