

Every year we go back to Eunice, LA for Thanksgiving with my grandparents. My Dad started a tradition several years ago of making a family duck hunt on Thanksgiving morning. This year was the first time that our whole family would go because my little sister Anna Jane was making her very first hunt. Thanksgiving morning we got up really early and headed to the duck blind. We saw lots of ducks and finally a flock came in and landed where I could shoot. I carefully aimed my gun and really tried to focus. Then, I started to squeeze the trigger. BAM! I wasn't sure if I killed it or not, but then I saw a duck on the water and I got really excited. My dad got it for me, and it was a blue wing teal hen. I had finally shot my first duck! We had a great hunt that morning. We killed a total of 12 ducks that morning. It was a special hunt for me for a few reasons. First, I got to shoot my first duck! Second, it was my little sister's first hunt ever. Third, I got to do it with my family.

Lizzy Frey