

We were out of school for Thanksgiving break, so we were spending the week at the camp with family. We had been hunting every morning and every evening. The afternoon of Nov. 21st, I asked my dad if we could hunt the stand we call the chicken foot. He said the wind was perfect so that is where we went. We started seeing deer early in the evening. We had 3 small bucks come out about 300 yards. About 25 minutes later we saw a new buck come out. Dad said "Paisleigh I have not seen that buck before." So he picked up his binoculars and said he has a very white faced with a nice rack on him. He was 300 yards away and it took what seemed like forever to start walking towards us. When he got a little closer dad got a better look at him and said we are going to try to take him. He finally made it 220 yards from us and it was getting late. Dad said "Paisleigh I don't think he is getting any closer than what he is now, so if you want him you gonna have to take the shot." So I found him in my scope, my heart was pounding and I was breathing heavy. My dad told me to settle down and put it right behind his shoulder and squeeze the trigger real slow. When I pulled the trigger he dropped!!! My dad yelled "YOU GOT HIM." We were so excited, hugging and giving high fives. We gave him 15 minutes before we got down, it seemed like forever. Once we got to him we saw he had an extra point coming off the base of his horns which made him an 11pt. He was HUGE with a wide rack and we couldn't wait to call my pawpaw and tell him what just happened. He was just as excited as we were and couldn't wait to see him. It was the biggest buck I had ever harvested and one of my favorite hunts ever.

Paisleigh Stephenson