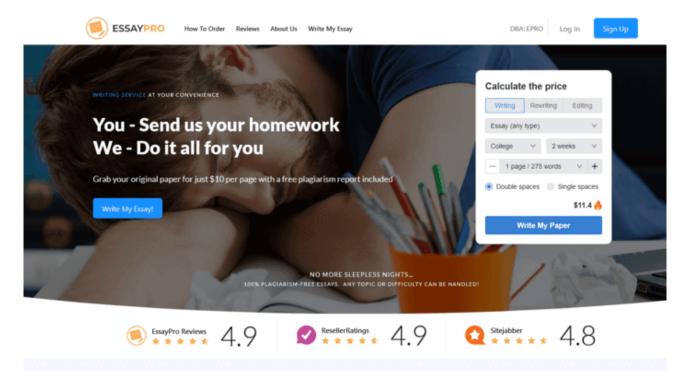
Personal Narrative- Moose Hunt



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Personal Narrative- Moose Hunt It was the middle of October, and it was finally time for my long awaited moose hunt. I have waited ever since I was a little girl for this opportunity, and it was finally here. So, my father and I packed up our stuff and left the warmth of Phoenix. We were leaving the "Valley of the Sun" and headed for a place called Wyoming. After two days and fourteen long hours of driving, we made it to our hunting unit. The mountains were tall (11,000 feet +) and covered with bright powdery snow. It was like nothing I had ever seen before. I was eager to set-up camp and prepare for our nine day hunt. But, Dad said that we had to drive around and check out all the good places, just to

make <u>sure</u> that we were in the best area. This was partially understandable, but since I am a teenager I'm not supposed to understand anything! So, we spent another several hours driving. We went up and down through the mountains and then we saw it. The spot was beautiful; it was right on the edge of a vertical drop-off, over looking everything. It was like

We set up our camper and got everything <u>ready</u> to go for morning. Sooner than I knew it,

paradise, but colder!

morning came and that annoying <u>alarm</u> clock was ringing in my ear. I slowly dragged myself out of bed and got ready to go on yet another driving/scouting trip. This would be our first opportunity to really look around and see what these mountains had to offer. We spent several days really scouting the entire unit, and we had seen several decent bulls. Finally, the evening before opening day we spotted the best bull yet, and he was right by the jeep trail! I decided that he was the one I wanted. He was with a cow and a calf, so we thought he would probably be i...

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...e high in front of the lungs and behind the brisket. All of his bleeding had been internal. An inch either way would have made our tracking job a lot easier. But then I would not have had such a great story to tell! We also found that my third shot with the 300 grain hollow point went through the moose and took out both lungs. My final shot broke his spine and dropped him in his tracks.

They say that the easy part of moose hunting is up until you pull the trigger. Well, if this had been the easy part, I did not want to know what the hard part was. Then, six hours later, I understood! Actually, we finally had a lucky break; a half-mile before we caught up to the moose they had crossed a jeep trail. So, after we de-boned the Moose, it only took us four hours of packing fully loaded pack frames to get him to the road......and we are still eating that tasty meat.

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