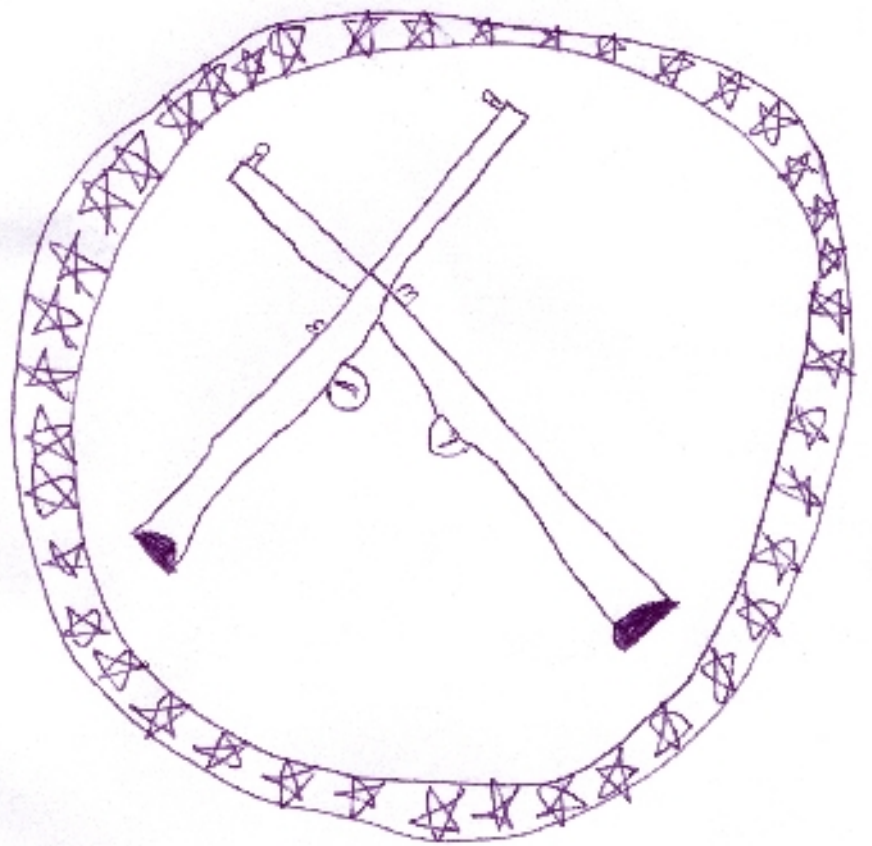


THE BUCK



by: Logan Philip Jansma

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One day I and my Dad went hunting. It was gun season for kids, so I brought a 36 gauge shot gun. We were up in our tree stand, it was Saturday. We almost gave up when my Dad saw a shadow move!! He saw a buck!! He cocked the gun and gave it to me, I put it up to my shoulder. My Dad said Let it come let it come NOW! I ~~was~~ could barely breathe! I shot, it hit it right on the lung. It ran a little then flipped over!! My Dad gave me a high five. We went to it. It had ~~two~~ two points on each side. We dragged it to the end of the soccer field. We went and told my Mom. The funny thing is that my Mom was praying that I would shoot a deer, and right after that she heard a loud BOOM!! and that was us. She came to the end of the soccer field with us. We put it in the truck. And drove it up to Mrs. Himpill's house. She was surprised. She took some pictures so that Mr. Himpill would believe her. We took it to our house and took pictures. We hang it up on our porch. The next day my Dad looked threw all the guts to find the bullet. But he couldn't. We peeled all the skin off. and the girls thought it looked freaky. We gave two legs to the Kechoms. My Dad's cutting up the buck and my Mom is going to cook it.