

# The sticky situation in my life

Sociology, Identity



There is one incident in my life that I love to think about, even though it was a pretty sticky situation. I must admit, however, it was pretty awesome at the same time.

This sticky situation happened about a year ago. I was on my way to Perryville, Arkansas, on Ferndale Cut-Off Road with my dad. I guess I fell asleep on the way because the next thing I knew, I was in a dream playing in the backyard with some hot, country chicks and a water hose. Then all of a sudden I woke up, and I was deep down in the dark National Forest of Perryville. Now this is a place that not everybody likes to go because it has its own kind of atmosphere. It is deep, dark and dense and can be harmful to any small animals. It didn't bother me because I hadn't gone out there to hike or to play around on my phone. I was out there to kill big things and earn big things. These big things are known as Whitetail Deer.

The first thing I did when I got there was hop out of the truck, throw on my hunting gear and drink a hot cup of coffee. One thing I love about deer hunting is watching the sun come up, so as soon as I saw this morning sunlight, I grabbed my gun and bullets. I walked around to the back of my truck, grabbed my tree climber, and headed into the woods. As I was walking into the woods, I heard the wind blowing and the coyotes howling. I had chills rolling down the back of my spine because it was so cold outside. I began looking around for the perfect tree to climb and decided on a tall oak that would offer me a stable and secure place to sit. I rested my gun upon the tree and wrapped my climber around the trunk. I strapped the gun to the climber, placed the screws into the hardy bark and started up the tree. This gun I hunted with was not an ordinary gun but it was a big, old 7mm, and it

had been known to let out some pretty accurate shots. When I climbed about 30 feet up the tree, I stopped and turned around and sat down. Then the waiting began. I figured that the fallen acorns would be good snack for any deer that might be hanging around, which was another factor I considered when I chose the spot. I sat patiently and watched for a deer to wander up no further than 60 yards from my stand. With my lips to the deer call, I blew several blows into the caller to let out a grunt-call in an effort to communicate with the deer and lure them into sight. It didn't take long either. Within 20 minutes, I spotted a huge 12-point honker, taking his time and crunching leaves under his hoofs. This buck was tall and a prize. My heart began rushing, and my anxiety shot up through the tree branches. From previous hunts, I knew this was the most important part of the hunt, and I couldn't lose it. Even though time was creeping, it didn't take too long for the buck to make himself horizontal in my sight. I wanted to aim right behind the buck's neck, along his shoulder blade, but from past experiences, I knew this shot wasn't always fool proof. Sometimes, they may even recover from this shot and move. I would take my chances, but was hesitant. Hot air was moving in and out of my mouth, and I was surrounded by the white, smoke-like cloud of breath that was left behind once it condensed. But once I neglected to exhale, I let my finger relax. "Click" went the gun's trigger just like a seat belt. "Boom" went the gun's shot just like a firecracker. An echo followed. I was positive that the honker had taken a hit. His cough and thud when he hit the ground left no anticipation. Heart about to leap from my chest, I used my climber to get back down the tree. On the way down, I was thinking out loud to myself, and the questions wouldn't stop.

“ I wonder how big it is?” I said like someone could hear. “ I hope I don’t have to put it out of its misery? I mean, what if it’s not dead? How am I gonna get him out of the woods?” Before I knew it, I was out of the oak tree and making my way over to check out my big buck. I knew about where the buck was standing when he went down, and sure enough, there he was. Still. Quiet as a church mouse. “ Ummm?” was that only sound I could make as I was still thinking out loud to myself and trying to set up my strategy. I stood in a standard thinking position, right hand on my hip; left hand on my chin. The buck was bigger than I had thought. Blocky in his chest with a fatter build than a younger one. Definitely my trophy buck. The only question remaining was how would I ever get him from here to the truck? Certainly, a sticky situation.

My first thought was to grab him by the antlers and pull him out. But his dead weight was way too heavy to pull by myself. Unfortunately, I had no deer drag and would instead have to rig up my climber for the job. I would tie the legs of the deer together with my belt because he would be easier to move this way. I tied the climber’s tree loop around the neck of the deer and with the harness leg straps around my shoulders, I started pulling on the deer. And it was working. The bright sun over head had heated up the morning and pulling the deer made me warm. I was starving for something hearty like biscuit and gravy. I tried to take my time and would stop and rest. But I was thirsty. I would know when I was closer to the truck because my phone would have signal. It seemed like hours later when, I finally saw our truck. My dad was sound asleep in the passenger’s seat. I beat on the window with my fist, and he jumped.

“ Come see what I got, ” I ordered to him. He was so proud as he helped me get the buck into the back of the truck. “ How’d you pull that thing out of the National Forest?” he asked. “ A sticky situation, ” I said. “ Pretty awkward trying to figure it out, but I wouldn’t dare leave this trophy whitetail buck behind. This honkers going over our mantle. ”