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Hunting has been a favorite and exciting hobby of mine all my life, and the excitement never seems to fade away. I hunt for turkey, duck, coyote, deer, hogs, and othersmall game animals. Out of everything I hunt, ducks would have to be at the top of the list. Every opening weekend of duck season, my closest friends and cousins , come camping with my dad and I at the Altamaha River outside of a small town called Uvalda. I have looked forward to this weekend trip ever since I started hunting, and has become a tradition every duck season and will be for many to come.

The Friday before opening day, and also the day we head to the river to set up camp, I am always itching throughout the day waiting for my last class to let out so I can load up and head to the river. With my bags packed and shells bought, I am as happy as a kid in a candystore, and so ready to spend some time with family and friends doing one of my favorite hobbies. The water is ten degrees and there’s a small mist, but we gather around the camp fire reminiscing on what might happen on opening day. The sun sinks slowly below the horizon bringing in the cold temperatures.

My cousin and I know we are going to be cold in our little tent that we always share. We constantly remind each other that it’s worth it. Morning can’t come soon enough. I crawl out of my sleeping bag two hours before day break and head for the fire to warmup before packing up and putting on my waders. We get the tents and all packed up, and grab our guns, shells, and calls and head to the water.

We break the ice as we walk into the freezing cold water. As my best friend and I ease our way to our side of the river , we can hear the ducks singing as they come down the stream. Once we get to our spot we start hitting the calls trying our hardest to call them our way. They start coming our way at around 70 mph heading straight for the water. We pick up or guns and go to blasting, the sound of the guns sound like a cannons going off.