

Raccoon hunting essay sample



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

One of my greatest adventures would have to be when I went coon hunting with some friends. It was a beautiful Saturday evening when I got the call, I didn't know what to say at first but in the end I knew it was going to be a good idea. I decided to go along with them I got my spotlight and my .22 lever action and I was ready to go. When I got to their house they weren't even ready to go, they were playing Madden 13 and didn't look like they were going anywhere soon. After an hour of horrible calls (must have been replacement refs), a case of mountain dew, and a box of pizza we were ready to go. As we headed out of town we saw a massive buck easily 26in wide and at least a 6 by 6. We really wished it was deer season because, we would have shot him, but sadly it wasn't. So we continued down this road hoping we'd spot a raccoon running in the ditch alongside a corn field when all of a sudden a badger came out. We swerved and missed him but that badger was mad. He tried to chase our pickup down but we went too fast for him. After the badger we decided to go on a different road somewhere out in the middle of nowhere where nobody lived and had no livestock we could hurt.

We found this old house that was run down, I knew the guy that owned it so I called him and asked him if we could hunt on his land for some coons and he said sure, but don't break anything. So, we got out of the pickup, adrenaline pumping, ready to go find some coons. We smelled the fresh fall air, heard the sounds of the wind rustle through the trees, and we knew it was going to be a good night. We first tried the old barn when we opened the door we stopped and listened for a second, all we heard was the sound of nails

scratching on the old boards. We looked left, we looked right; we looked up, and saw nothing.

Then one of my friends felt something furry on his neck, he went up to grab it and it hissed at him. He about had to go back to town and get a new pair of pants, because what he grabbed was a coon's tail. We were all so startled that instead of shooting it we just watched the coon climb up through the ceiling into the hay loft. After making sure that the bottom floor was cleared and didn't have any coons in it we decided it was time to go up and into the hay loft. We were all excited, we drew straws to see who would go up first and sure enough it was me. My friend behind me had the spot light and was ready to shine it once I got up. So, I ran up the steps gun at the ready and my friend popped the spot light up and sure enough there was at least a dozen raccoons just sitting there looking at us. "Holy cow I have never seen so many raccoons before!" "How many are there?" asked Bob

"At least a dozen" I answered

"Stop lolly gagging and shoot them!!" yelled Jim who was the last one to come up the stairs "I don't know which one to shoot at first!" I answered "Doesn't matter just shoot at one of them or get out of the way so the rest of us can come up and help!" hollered Jim. "Ok here we go!" I hollered and opened fire on them.

After a five minute shoot out we got all the raccoons and were out of ammo, so we just called it a night. Later that night I don't think any of us got a wink of sleep because of all the adrenaline running through us and the awesome story we had to tell to our other friends and families.