

I don't care

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Fifty-one degrees at daylight and this is December 6. What is that all about? My owl is complaining about the weather and even though I am sure, it will eventually get light enough to see, it is sure taking a long time. I like owls. The Indians, who we are now told to call Native Americans, view owls as harbingers of trouble. I don't care.

I was late leaving home and the four-minute drive took six-minutes. I should have been late. I even sat in the truck for a few minutes waiting for a sign of light in the east. I guess that is still where it gets light first. My truck is almost buried by high grass and it closes in on me in the dark. I'm glad we don't have lions here Smiling at that, I head for the stand. By the time I got to the stand, it was still dark. I do not care.

I do not mind sitting in the enantemer of gloaming. After all, it is comfortably warm. I am even wearing my tennis shoe-boots instead of my leather ones. As I may have mentioned, I do not believe the rubber boot and scent myth. I drink the last bit of water in the bottle and let it fall to the ground somewhere below the stand. I'll pick it up when I get down. The sky is still cloudy as Milk of Magnesia. I don't care.

Finally, I can see the two squirrels that seem to be in love. I have been hearing them for 10-minutes. They give me something to watch and the owl a target...that he misses. They can be annoying. I don't care.

It is comfortable sitting in the secure ladder stand and I am tempted to nod off. It is 6:40 and I have been up and about over two hours. Sleeping in a stand is not a real good idea when you are 16-feet off the ground. I wear a very good safety harness but I don't care to try it out. I check to make sure the safety is on, on the .308. It hangs on the hook at my right arm and I do that regularly. That maybe redundant but I do not care.

I have seen many deer from this stand. I have killed 13 from it over the years. It is one of my

primary gun stands. Until the leaves are off the trees, it is too thick to hunt this spot. I have only hunted it once this year. That was opening day of muzzleloader season and I let a little buck walk. I only have one, buck tag left. I don't care.

I am just about to stand and stretch when I see him coming through the waist-high brush and thick trees. He is walking the same trail I took to get to my stand. He walks directly under my old, slightly unsafe ladder stand and instead of turning left to come to me, he goes straight. Using my binoculars, I can see his rack well now. I know this deer. I passed him up two years ago because he had a small rack. Last year I gave him a pass because he had only half a rack. This year, it is just a screwed up one. I know he is at least 4.5-years old, mature and savvy with a big, full body. The meat will be a little tough. I don't care.

It is a just about 60-yards when he hits a clearing I can shoot through. Even in clearings, the brush is waist high and thick. I get the crosshairs settled squeeze the trigger. He runs wide open for the truck and turns a flip. I don't care.

The shot was perfect, destroying his heart. He was dead on his feet. I do not need any more meat. I'll give him away but I think I might do something with the crazy antlers.

I give that some thought. Then, I contemplate my dilemma. I am alone, it is a 125-yard drag and he is big and heavy. I don't care.

What I originally thought was a five-point rack turns out to seven and you could call it eight.

Moreover, he is heavy. Guted, he is going weigh close to 175. I weigh 162. I lean the .308 against him and take a picture. The rack really is weird. I don't care.

Over the years of hunting alone, I have learned a few tricks that make some things easier.

Small ropes hold legs out of the way and a hook holds hide back and can help in dragging. With

a large deer, it is still hard work. I don't care.

It is still cloudy and muggy by the time I struggle him to the truck. I get blood all over one pant leg getting him loaded. My handy ramp helps a lot with this but now I have blood all over that. I do not care.

First time in many years, I have used all three of my buck tags. He makes ten deer so far, eight I gave away. Next month I will be in Alabama for a few days. Probably I'll kill a deer or two there. Probably it will be hot there. I don't care.

Now I am looking forward to Grandkid Christmas. I hope all of you have a great one and take time to enjoy it. I am about broke but I don't care.

JOHN L. SLOAN / This e-mail address is being protected from spambots. You need JavaScript enabled to view it

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