

WYOGA HUNTING STORY CONTEST WINNER #2

"The One Shot"

By Max Groff, City, State

Hearing the Truck

Rumble and the rocks and dirt collide. Stopping to scout for the right one. Then, finally we are on the chase to hunt down the antelope of my choice. I see the largest of every one we have seen the last two days. We stopped once and got out and stalked my antelope. I sat down in a pull-out chair with a shooting stick, though I could not get a shot. It ran, so we set out and stalked it again. We found it. I got out of the truck and did the routine. Yet again I could not get a shot. The third and final time we rode up, I jumped out of the truck. I was trying to take aim with my heart racing and my guide, my two friends, Brain Shaub and his father-in-law Berk, and my dad watching. I had my sights in front of it when it walked right into my cross hairs. I felt calm then. I shot. I looked up from my scope and saw it running in a circle with blood coming out on both sides right behind the shoulder. Then it fell and we waited for a few minutes and went over to it. It was a 125 yard shot. One clean shot right through the heart. I could not believe that I took down a magnificent animal.

There was whooping and hollering, hand-shaking, hugging and a lot of thanking. I looked at all these happy men, knowing they each played a part in making this moment happen. How I got to this moment is pretty amazing.

It all started a few years ago when our good friend and successful hunter, Brian Shaub, learned that I wanted to become a hunter. Over the past four years he helped my dad and me learn how to hunt. No one knows why I wanted to be a hunter, I told my mom when I was only three that I wanted to be a hunter. I never spent time around people who hunted or talked about hunting. I would try to sharpen



the end of sticks and tell my mom I was going to get a squirrel in our yard for dinner.

On my wish list for 2010 was to shoot an antelope. We went to the Sportsmans Show in PA and Mr. Shaub introduced me to Mr. Jim Schell from Rough Country Outfitters who had a display at the show. I showed Jim the pictures of my recent deer and told him my hunting stories. Without me knowing, Mr. Shaub and Mr. Schell decided to make my dream come true.

Because I have a heart condition and have had to have heart surgeries and take medicines every day, they contacted the Outdoor Dream Foundation and asked if they could help make this trip possible. They helped me get my tags and paid for my airfare. Mossy Oak decided to donate a whole hunting clothing set to me. Mr. Schell donated my hunt and my dad's hunt. And it didn't end there. They arranged for my dad and me to have a float trip to fish provided by Hack's Tackle and Outfitters. The float trip was the icing on the cake of this dream hunt in Wyoming. After I returned, Deer Creek

Taxidermy mounted my beautiful antelope for me as a gift. So many people have helped me. And something else has happened. After this hunt, my dad went from learning to hunt to be with me, to having the hunting fever himself! Instead of car and motorcycle shows, we now watch hunting shows! Instead of motorcycle magazines, it is now hunting magazines!

Every time I see my antelope on my bedroom wall, this story is what goes through my mind. It wouldn't have happened without Brian Shaub for helping set up this hunt and many others, the Outdoor Dream Foundation, and last but not least, Jim Schell for being a wonderful guide and a friend. ■