



Ellen M. Denny - 8 points - 190 lbs. dressed weight.

It was the first of November 2010. It has been a few years since I had shot a nice buck. The rut started right on time this year and there was no doubt about it. The past couple of years the weather was so warm that it was very hard to tell if the rut was on or not. On Friday night October 28th I went and sat at the end of our lane with my spotter scope watching several doe and yearlings eating in the wheat field across the road from our house. A few small bucks showed up and started chasing the doe around. After a while things settled back down and all went back to eating.

I waited a while longer hoping that a nice buck would show up.

I wasn't waiting long when a huge beautiful buck stepped out of the woods and into the wheat field. I could see his rack from where I was sitting, without my scope.

"Wow! What a nice buck. Let's see three up that makes him a possible 10 if he has the same on the other side." I said to myself.

He slowly turned and looked my way.

"Oh man!" What a disappointment.

He had 2 long, what looked like brow tines. That was it. What a shame. He is a great looking buck, except for his left side.

I continued to watch the activity in the field. A few minutes later and I spotted what looked like a nice buck that stepped out of the woods down at the other end of the

field. He only came out for a few seconds but it was enough that I could see he was a shooter. I would be out there in my stand tomorrow evening.

Saturday evening and Monday evening went by with only small doe and small bucks coming out in the field.

Tuesday November 2nd I got to my stand about 3:30 in the afternoon. There were a few little fawns out in the field already. They were quick to scoot into the woods as I approached my stand. My stand was about ten feet in the woods just off our wheat field.

I hooked my crossbow up to my pull-up rope, found a few good sticks and went to range off 20 and 30 yards. With my range sticks out and my bow up and loaded, I sat down to watch the edge of the woods.

The first deer out were of course the little ones, followed by a couple of nice size doe, and then came the young spike and basket rack bucks. There is some good potential there for some nice bucks in the coming years.

It was still early and all of the deer were about one hundred yards up the field.

Eventually the smaller bucks got tired of chasing the uninterested doe around and they disappeared back into the woods.

After a while the fawns and doe finally started working their way down the field towards my corn pile. Now it was starting to get late and I decided to take one of the bigger doe when she was in range. Here they come, the young ones leading the way, straight to my corn pile. I set my sights on one of the bigger doe, all she had to do was clear the leaves on the tree and I would have her.

As I waited I caught some movement out of the corner of my eye. There was something coming out of the woods up the field where all the deer came out earlier. It's a buck. A nice buck, he has a big body. I hope it's not the buck I saw the other night that only had half of a rack. The buck was standing in the field looking back into the woods. He slowly started to turn and look in my direction.

"He is all there. He has both sides of his rack. He is tall and wide and has a big body.

What a nice looking buck. Now the waiting began again.

Would he go back in the woods or come down and check out the deer on my corn pile? He started working his way toward the deer. As he walked he would stop every now and then and look into the woods. He got in line with a tree that was in front of me and I lost sight of him. I couldn't move to get a better view of him because I didn't want to scare the deer that were still on my corn pile just off to my left.

Will he go back into the woods or out into the field? I waited for what seemed like forever but was only a few minutes. All of a sudden I got my answer. The big buck charged out from behind the tree into the field almost in bow range.

One of the big doe that had been on the corn pile had walked out in the field just enough to draw the buck out. She was standing at my 30 yard stick. She bolted right towards me and the buck ran right to where she had been standing. He was now at 30 yards but facing me. All I needed him to do was take a couple of steps and that should give me a good broad side shot. He took those steps and stopped. There he is! I squeezed the trigger. He jumped and ran half way back up the field and into the woods with all of the other deer following him.

Now I was shaking. The adrenalin was running. I sat there watching, listening, waiting, and hoping to hear the crash. It didn't come but I knew it was a good hit because I could see my arrow from where I was sitting. It was lying on the ground just beyond my 30 yard marker. It was a through and through shot and the arrow was covered with blood. I waited for just a little while and then got down out of my stand. I headed for my gator. I would give him just a little while longer and come back with some help. It had been about 45 minutes and I was back in the woods standing over my buck. He is a main frame eight with two extra redneck points on his left side. It was a great hunt.