

First Goose

Today I shot my first goose. It was an adventure to say the least. I have been hunting the same spot for about a month now and have missed about 20 shots. Today I was frustrated because I had already missed five shots. I shot three times at one group, reloaded, and missed one more shot at the same group. About ten minutes after that, I only had a few minutes left to hunt before sundown. I was ready to head back to my truck and call it a day.

The same moment I was about to leave, I heard the honking of another group of geese. I was eager for another shot. Of course, I missed the first shot and decided to lead the next shot much further than I was comfortable with leading. Lead means to shoot in front of the bird since it's a moving target. To my surprise, I actually hit one from about 50 yards away. I observed in amazement as it made loud splashdown in the river. It looked like the impact killed it so I looked back up at the geese that, that one was flying with to take another shot. I decided it was not a shot worth taking and looked back for the one I already hit.

The wounded goose was now swimming to the other side of the river. I knew I had to think and act fast. The water was too fast for me swim after it so I ran to my truck, drove about half a mile to my friends house on the property, grabbed my old homemade raft and a rickety paddle, drove to the boat ramp, situated a few things, and began paddling. Right away, I was struggling to get the raft moving since there were many weeds in the water slowing me down. I was thinking I should have grabbed the better paddle and that I forgot my flashlight and lifejacket.

It was already dark and I knew I had to get to the other side fast. There was no turning back though, I had to try to find that goose. Once I cleared the weeds, I hit top speed, which is only about 1 mile an hour. Fortunately, I only had about 300 yards to go to get to the bird.

As I approached the opposite shore, I saw a long neck jutting from the water. I turned the raft in it direction and the bird flew away. I was a duck. I paused, considered the direction of the goose's last movements, the direction of the wind and currents. I paddled about 30 yards farther down river and threw the anchor on the shore jumped off the raft and stated playing duck, duck, goose. Well you know what I mean; I was on a wild-geese chase.

After crashing threw a few riverside bushes, I heard the goose startle and make a fluttering break for the fast moving water. It made it about ten feet before it fell over and I instinctively stomped on its neck. I think it's because it stood out from the light colored soil of the bank. At this point, I was pumped full of adrenaline and weaponless so I simply punched it in the head twice to put it out of its misery. Boy was that a mistake. I though its skull would be easy to breach instead my knuckles were on fire. It felt like I punched a brick. Soon after securing the goose, I was on the raft rowing my way back. What a wild adventure cooking a goose's goose turned out to be. I just hope it wasn't the goose that lays the golden eggs.

