

It was right as the sun was coming up. I was sitting propped up against a tree. Three Gobblers were talking up a storm, and would not stop for anything. Me, and my twin brother were both looking to kill our first big bird. And kill our first big bird we did. It was a cold Saturday morning, and we had lined up a turkey hunt for that morning. There were four people in our group. Me, my brother, my dad, and our guide, Tim Burton. I felt something good was going to come out of this hunt. Well, we were set to meet up at a church with others participating in the Annual Virginia JAKE'S Turkey Hunt. Everyone introduced themselves to one another, and got settled. When everyone was situated, we held a prayer before we set out. After the prayer everyone in my group got into one truck and drove down to the piece of land Mr. Burton had set for us. The night before he said he saw two long beards wandering around the edges of the field. And those were the two birds we were targeting. On our way to this spot he was talking about these birds, he knew where they were roosting. As we pulled up to his spot I started throwing on all the camp I didn't already have on. When he put the truck in park we sat there for a couple minutes gathering our thoughts and listening. Then in the distance we heard "Gobble!" After that came two more. "Gobble" "Gobble" These birds were talking to each other. Then trying to be as quiet as we could we got out of the truck, snuck around to the back, and heard them sound off again. By the time the sun was just creeping over the field we were locked and loaded. Mr. Burton grabbed the decoy and I grabbed my gun. We started off in the direction of the gobblers, and found a nice spot in between for us to sit. Tim set up the decoy around 20 yards in front of us. Then we went back into the small strip of woods behind it. As we started to get comfortable Mr. Burton started to call. And the birds called right back. Well 5 minutes of back and forth and about 150 yards in front of me I heard a crash and then the sound of big wings flapping. Then just five seconds after to the left two more birds flew down. We had the birds coming. There was one problem though. After every time we called we could hear the faint call of a real hen. So we had to be more aggressive. At this point there was only 1 gobbler calling back at us. We knew we had the other coming right for us. While I was fascinated over all the action the two birds we were calling in entered the field. The first one to notice them was Mr. Burton. He said "Two turkeys to the left." As I glanced over I could see both their heads. They were a snow white color in the green field. Very hard to miss. Then I shouldered the shotgun and flicked off the safety. I was ready to shoot. But as I positioned the gun they both went behind a thicket of branches. All the while they had their attention on something else. Another "bird". In a second they both started running at the decoy. So I adjusted for the shot. I heard Mr. Burton say to shoot when I get a shot. So when that first bird lined up I pulled the trigger. BOOM! I dropped a turkey down on the ground. But that was not the end of the hunt. The second bird started to fly away. But he made the mistake of going 5 yards and coming right back. As soon as this bird came back, he started to attack the bird I just shot. Everyone then starts telling my brother to shoot the other bird, then BOOM! Two turkeys down after just 20 minutes of hunting. We ran out and wrestled both turkeys. We took both birds back to the truck and were glad to be able to shoot both of them. Both birds were very close in size. One had a 9 1/2 inch beard. And the other had a 9 1/4 inch beard. Both had 1 inch spurs. And they were both around 20 pound birds. This was one of, if not the best hunting experience I have had to this date.

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