

two much fun

By Brandon Johnson
Tennessee

It was about 11:00 on Christmas day when I received a call on my cell phone. I answered it and heard A. J.'s voice asking me what was up. After we talked for a minute he asked if I was interested in going on a trip with him and his dad. Not even asking my parents, I said yes and then realized I should ask. I talked to them and they said it was o.k. if I went. We were not leaving until Monday afternoon so I had a little time to play with some of my gifts before leaving. The hunt we were going on was a duck and hog combination. I duck hunt a lot in

Arkansas but had never been hog hunting. I was really excited about the trip that was to come.

Monday finally arrived and we got everything in the vehicle and headed out to South Carolina. We arrived at Black River Plantation about 12:00 Tuesday afternoon and came upon an extremely nice place. At the end of the driveway, a nice size turkey ran across the road and into the woods. I knew then that this trip was going to be full of surprises. We pulled up and were greeted by one of the guides, Mr. Neal Sears. He told us to go ahead and unpack and then we would be briefed. After the briefing we went into town and bought our hunting license. Our guides picked up our duck stamps while we were hog hunting. Unfortunately neither I nor A. J. took a hog, but we did get to hear a few and we saw

some that others had taken. I had a lot of fun.

The duck hunting in South Carolina was just unreal. We first noticed a water hole out in front of the cabins. A. J. asked if they ever had ducks out there and we were both surprised to hear

that they hunt over it. This hole was about 500 yards from our cabin. The first morning, Neal and I helped two other hunters set up before we went to the spot I was going to hunt. Before we could get to the spot we had 5 or 6 wood ducks land in front of us. Not having



any shells in my gun, and being about 3 minutes from shooting time, were the only two reasons those ducks did not get shot. As we made our way to the tree and got set up, ducks were continuing to fall in all around us. After waiting a long and tiring 1 or 2 minutes, three hooded mergansers flew straight into the hole and before I knew it, I had taken one of them. These were some of the fastest birds I had experienced in a while. That was all I got that morning, but expected many more birds in the next few days.

The next morning came and A. J., his dad, and I hunted a different spot. We set up and it was not long before we heard a lot of shooting. We were not the ones shooting, but we did not get discouraged. It was not long before we saw a few birds coming in. I was watching a pair circle

when I saw A. J. come out from behind his tree and take aim. I looked around my tree and saw about 50 to 75 ducks falling into the hole. I just



stood there with my gun in my hands admiring the ducks. Finally, I heard A. J. Shooting and realized hey, I need to shoot too. I shot once and got two birds before my gun jammed and A. J. had knocked down two or three himself. Once the guide got the ducks, A. J. wanted to know if they had any jewelry. In duck hunters terms this means are they banded. He did not answer and kept walking. As he came closer I could see that both birds were banded. This hints the name Two Much Fun because I took two banded birds with one shot. This was one of the highlights of my trip.

The other major highlight was spending the week with A. J., his dad, and the nice guides. I figured when they said the guides were young, they would not want to spend much time with us. My thoughts could not have been more wrong. The guides at the hunting club were like my brothers for that week. They treated me as if I were the most important hunter they had. They joked around with us and also gave us advice. I did not have one regret and can not say enough about how polite and how professional these guys were.

I think the person I should be thanking the most is Ben, for not being able to go on this hunt and allowing me to go. I owe a great thanks to the people at Black River Plantation and to A.J. and Ronnie Kiihnl. This is one experience I will never forget and hope to get to experience another trip like this.

CONGRATULATIONS!

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To
Scott
Manley



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