Third Honorable Mention

Ode to the Great Hunter

by Theresa (Terri) Spicer

Hunting season...yes, it's that time of year again. It's time to be enthusiastic about stories of the Great Hunter's adventures...if you can understand them.

The Great Hunter is an unique species of human. If the Great Hunter ever gets you in his sights, look out! I was almost a victim, and let me tell you I saw my life pass before my eyes. It all started simply enough, by asking the question, "What have you been doing?" That's when it became evident to the Great Hunter that I was an easy target. He started the story of his latest adventurous trek through the woods, on a quest for the Ultimate Kill. It took only a few sentences before I realized that I was in grave danger. Let me highlight the story to you from my point of view:

The Great Hunter opened his story with the line, "I bagged a deer." The term, "Bagged a deer"...or animal for that matter...was completely foreign to me. Does that mean you put a bag over its head before you shoot it? Does it mean you placed it in a plastic bag before freezing? I pondered these questions for a moment. Then in a confused tone, I did the unthinkable. I asked the Great Hunter the question "What are you talking about?" The look I received gave me a clue that it may get rough, as the Great Hunter's story continued to unfold. The Great Hunter explained--with a frustrated tone--that "Bag a deer" simply means, killed it. I continued to wonder where the "Bag" fit into the picture as he proceeded on with the story.

Then it happened again...another term hit me between the eyes, and again I was bewildered. "I got a button," he said with a sense of pride. I thought, "Well, I have many of them and I feel sorry for anyone who has only one." Since I was on a roll of ignorance, I again enquired as to the meaning of "Button." The reply, "A Button is a young buck," was supplied.

Then came the chapter in the Great Hunter's story that put me over the edge of stupidity. When the details of the type of weapon and ammunition used were conveyed--of course this was told using the Great Hunter's jargon--I knew my end was near. At this point, I stopped asking questions, I smiled, nodded my head, and tuned out the rest of the story.

After the Great Hunter's story had come to an end, he turned to me and said with all seriousness, "You should come hunting with me. I have a ...[some type of gun or another]...that would be perfect for you to shoot." Has this entire world gone nuts or just this Great Hunter? I haven't even a remote understanding of the details of the story he just told and he is going to put a firearm--a deadly weapon--into my hands?...

Loaded?

By now, I had realized the insanity that had gripped the Great Hunter. My reply to him, given in a matter-of-fact way, "I have to use the bathroom." It was then that I made my escape from the Great Hunter.

I guess I'm what the Great Hunter calls, "The one that got away."