

The First Hunt

The air was brisk on this early November morning at 4:00 am when the five hunters woke and started preparing for their day in the woods. They all walked around the house gathering the items they would need for the day, eating breakfast, drinking coffee and dressed in their cammo. Not even one of them dared to shower, the smell of the soap could possibly be noticed by and scare off any prey that they were hoping to shoot. By 4:30 all coolers were packed, rifles, ammo, walkie talkies and all extras were packed into the back of the 4x4 SUV they would use to drive out to the 15 acres of woods used for the hunt.

Tree stands had been placed a few days prior in preparation of this day, the driver knew exactly where to go and where to drop everybody off as they departed the house. The hunters sat quietly in the SUV as the father drove off with the house fading away in the rear-view mirror and further into the darkness. The excitement among the five could be felt despite no words being said, facial expressions and jittery bodies said enough. The father pulled off the dirt road and onto a small trail, just wide enough for the SUV, which lead into the woods. Roughly a mile into the woods the father applied the brakes and stopped the SUV, placed it in park and turned to the back seat, "This is where you three get out. You know where the stands are about 100 meters in just shy of the opening of the field. We should be in our spot in about 10 more minutes on the other side. If you have any issues send the light signal or quietly call on the walkie talkie. Have fun and good hunting kids."

The three hunters climb out of the back seat of the SUV move to the back and unloaded all their belongings. They start walking through the woods as the father drives away in the SUV and heads off towards his location. The three make their way through the woods in the dark with little problems, they have done this before so they are used to walking in the dark through the woods. They reach the spot where their father had told them to go and they start looking up in the trees for the stands, after a short period they locate all three stands and climb into their respected stand. Once in the stands they each do their own situating and preparing for the long wait of the perfect prey, moving bags and loading their rifles they sit silently waiting.

The SUV pulls away down the path with the final two hunters, the father drives careful since it is still very dark and even more so in the woods. After driving a half mile, to the other side of the open field, the father stops the SUV and parks it right in the middle of the path. "This is it, this is as far as we drive. It is on foot from here, it is not that far. Get your stuff from the back and let's get going." He says as he turns the key shutting the engine off.

The final two hunters make their way through the woods, slowly and quietly through the darkness until they are just shy of the open field. The father knows exactly which tree the stand is in and walks to it, his 13-year-old child Sam, following close behind. "Your brothers each have their own spot across the field. You and I will be sharing this stand, it is the largest out here so we will be ok. Up ya go." He tells Sam as he gives a boost up the tree.

All five hunters sit in their stands and wait, the darkness is good but they still need a little light before they can make anything out and be able to get their kill. The open field is perfect for the hunt, it is very large and between the five hunters they can cover all of it with no blind spots. The father grabs the walkie talkie and calls over to the three boys, "We are in place. Make sure that everybody is awake and watching. I know it is still dark now but the light will start coming up before we know it. We already know they are out there we just need a little light before we can do anything. Make sure that you are all locked and loaded and ready to go as soon as you see your target. Steady aim, control your breathing, and be sure of your shot. I don't feel like having to chase anything down so if you shoot you then you shoot to kill. If you miss you had better hurry and get your next shot off. If you wound it and it gets away, you will be the one to chase it down. Do you all understand?"

"Yes sir!" comes the first voice from across the field, through the walkie talkie.

"Yes sir, not a problem I won't be missing anything today father." came the second voice.

"Yes sir, don't worry about us father, this isn't our first hunt. We will be good over here; you may want to worry about the young'un sitting next to you though" said the final voice with a little laugh.

"Good to hear and as far as us over here, don't you worry about us" says the father as he places a hand on Sam's shoulder. "Now go to radio silence unless it is an emergency. Oh, and don't forget the rules, the rookie gets the first shot, nobody shoots from over there first or I will shoot you."

The small 13-year-old Sam gets very wide eyed upon hearing the last part of the radio traffic, "I get the first shot? Thank you father but as for the shooting them, please don't do that they are my brothers."

"Don't worry I won't shoot them, well as long as they don't mess up I won't have to. They have been doing this for a little while now so they all understand. Loosen up I am just joking I wouldn't shoot them; they are very good hunters."

The hunters can see the first sign of light finally coming through the trees and they all shift in their seats excited. The boys on the far side already know that in about 10 to 15 minutes there will be just enough light to see and

then the hunt is on. Sam shifts very hard in the tree stand and grasps the rifle very tightly. "Easy killer, there still isn't enough light yet. Besides just because there is light doesn't mean you will have a target out there right away. Be calm, relax you will do just fine." The father says in a very low whisper.

They have been up for a little over two hours now and thanks to the coffee and the cool brisk air all five hunters are wide awake. In less than five minutes the light they had been looking for was finally there and the open field was lit just enough to make out the small silhouettes but not enough to get a nice clean shot, yet, still too shadowy. Sam slowly lifts the rifle, looks down the scope and waits until there is the chance for that perfect shot.

BLAM! The first shot from Sam's rifle rings out through the woods and across the open field. The target Sam had been aiming at, fell straight to the ground. Sam looks up after watching the target fall, "Very good shot, very good shot. Now we can all play too, get your rifle back up and let's do this" the father said.

Shot after shot could be heard ringing out through the woods and across the open field once Sam had fired the first shot. Each firing 15-20 shots each, Sam making sure to keep track of which was the first. All hunters had fired the ammo for their rifles and now each grabbed the pistols they had brought, just in case there were any wounded that needed to be finished off. They all climbed down from the tress and started making their way out into the open field. The sun was very much up now and there was no hiding or being quiet any more, there was no need. They all made their way checking on their kills as they made their way through the field except for Sam. Sam walked straight to the first target making no stops between the stand and the semi lifeless body lying on the ground.

Sam stood over the body lying on the ground, staring at the puddle of blood that had been made from the bullet holes. Sam bent down on one knee and leaned over the body of the Red haired, green eyed man that lay on the ground, "Don't worry it will be over shortly. I didn't give the kill shot from my rifle on purpose. I wanted this to be an up close and personal thing for you and me. You are my first, you won't be my last but I will never forget you. You mean so much to me." Sam placed the pistol back into the holster and pulled out a 6-inch hunting knife and placed it on the throat of the man lying on the ground. As the blade slid slowly across his throat you could hear Sam whisper "Thank You" just before placing a kiss on the forehead of the red headed man.

The others had walked over, closer to Sam, by this time and were within a couple of feet as the knife slid across his throat. Sam stayed there on one knee next to the dead man getting covered in warm red blood as it squirted from his neck. Sam finally stood up and turned towards the others, reached up and removed the camouflage hat releasing her

long golden blonde hair that had been trapped under it all morning. The father walked over placed his arms around Sam and gave her a huge hug and said, "Good job Samantha, very good job."

Sam did not hug her father back, she just stood there like a blood covered statue. Just as the father started to release her from the hug Sam whispered "Thank you father. Thank you for everything. I love you now and forever" as she raised the knife and slammed the 6-inch blade into his gut, just below the ribcage. Releasing her grip on the knife she pulled her pistol from the holster and aimed at her three older brothers. The brothers stood there in shock watching as their father fell to the ground with the knife sticking out of his body. "Don't worry boys this won't hurt or last long. I know that you are all out of ammo so that just means this will be more fun for me. Also, don't run, if you run this will last longer and you will suffer more." Sam said with an evil blood covered grin.

Without hesitation Sam fires the first shot into her youngest brother's forehead killing him instantly. Before his body even hit the ground the second shot was fired into the next oldest brother's head, hitting him right on the bridge of the nose. As the pistol moved to the oldest brother he had already turned and started to run. The shot rang out, as it flew through the air, hitting the oldest brother in the back of the left thigh causing him to fall to the ground. Sam walked to her brother as he was attempting to crawl away with tears of pain rolling down his face. "I said not to run. Your pain would already be over if you had just listened to me. That is the problem, I am just the little sister and nobody in this family ever listened to me. I bet you are ready to listen now, aren't you? Well it is too late for now." Sam grabs her brother's knife and stabs him in the back five times listening to him scream out in pain. She leaves the knife sticking in his back and then walks back to her father who is barely breathing.

"Father, this is all your fault. If you hadn't replaced mother with that bitch that sleeps in your bed, then none of this would be happening. Why couldn't you just let mother rest in peace. Why couldn't you just let us live the way we were. WHY? WHY? WHY?" Sam in a rage slams her foot onto the handle of the knife shoving it further into her father's body. "I HATE YOU! I HATE HER!"

From the corner of her eye, Sam notices her brother attempting to crawl away with the knife still sticking out of his back. She runs after him, jumps on his back grabs the knife and stabs him 10 more times before pulling his head back and slicing his throat with his own knife. Sam stands up looking around at all the dead bodies, from the hunt there are 10 that she can see. Then she looks at her father and brother's bodies, grinning bigger and bigger as she looks from body to body. She starts to walk off grinning from ear to ear as she screams out "I'M COMING FOR YOU BITCH!"