

Shooting High

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Brother Dale was probably the true hunter of our family, probably still is the one who likes hunting more than the rest of us do. We all have hunted with Pop and we all like hunting, but Dale, who we also call Fuzz, not because he has any link or anything to cops but because he is one hairy little dude. I recall one morning, way back when we were both sharing a room next to Mom and Pop's bedroom. Dale and I were up very early this one morning, getting our gear ready to go deer hunting. Funny, but I don't recall what gun he carried then but I remember what I was shooting. I had this old Russian or German or Polish, whatever it was, gun. I think I had paid something like \$24.30 for it at some place like Mister X's swap shop. Bullets were not hard to find, which I found amazing even then. An old gun from someplace I would never likely see and ammo easy to find. There were probably lots of young fellas like me carrying those 15 pound scarred and gouged and greasy things in the woods. Anyway, we were up in the early hours, still more than dark outside, getting things ready for our hunt. Even back then Fuzz had more equipment than I. He even had a backpack of sorts to stick his stuff into. I had some pockets for my bullets and a knife. We were almost ready to go now and for some reason I will never know because even to this day Fuzz cant or wont tell me why, but he picked up that gun, maybe to compare it to how heavy his gun was so I couldn't use the difference in weight as an excuse when I couldn't keep up with him, anyway, he picked up my gun and closed the bolt and pulled the trigger. I was sure glad he had it pointed up, but then we found out we might have been better off had he pointed it down. The gun went off and the noise it made can't be compared to anything I had heard up to that time and I wouldn't be hearing anything else to compare it to for a few hours at least, unless it was to hear what Pop had to say when he came frantically into our bedroom. He looked up and there was this little hole in the ceiling next to the overhead light but Dale had missed the light, thank God for that. After Pop chewed us both out proper, we left for our hunt. I remember being really pissed at Dale. I didn't deserve to get chewed out. I told Pop it wasn't me that did the shooting. He pointed out that it was me that had shells in my gun in the house. He had a point alright, I guess. So we went hunting and I don't think we were successful at shooting anything other than the house that day. When we got back we got another chewing out. Pop took us up on the roof and made us start helping him repair the BIG hole there. Seems the bullet had hit a rafter on its way out of the house and the rafter came apart and tore of a big section of roof shingles. We didn't get to go hunting for a few days after this incident.