

What a Hunt – 09-16-2006

Jarrold "ThunderRock" Ball

Well we started off the night by taking my dad's Ol blue male (Rock) and one of our huntin' buddies (Eileen) came along hunting her redbone emale (which is 10 months). The night start out good. We turned lose on a state land just down the road from us. Rock struck a track as soon as we got into the woods with the little red female opening up not to long after. He took it around the creek and finally treed. The red female was hammerin' on the tree with Ol rock (wish I had a picture) they looked so good on that wood. Well we shined the tree but those Ol leaves wear preventing us from finding the meat. So we leashed them up and Eileen had to go to work the next morning so she called it a night.

After telling Eileen bye me and my dad decided to go back to the house and get my black dogs, Thunder (16 months) and Molly (14 months). We wanted to just take them out cuz they hadn't been in the woods for quite some time. At about 11pm we got to the hunting spot (a farm just outside of town). They had a corn field and we thought that this would get molly opening up on track by running one in the corn. We got about half way down the access road when we seen eyes, Yall prolly know what it is LOL, DEER!!!!!!!!!!!!!! Well we let the deer go by not letting the dogs see'em. We finished walking back to where the corn and the woods meet. We tuned Thunder lose and he headed up in the woods and opened up. After hearing thunder open we turned molly lose, she headed up into where Thunder had opened. As soon as molly got into the woods a deer came walking right where Molly just went. Oh NO! I thought. But she never opened up on it and she came running back to us. Well Thunder on the other hand carried the track way into the woods and the way the track was going we didn't know if he was on a coon or not.

Well Thunder went out of hearing and so we started to call for him, and continue to call for him for about 2 hrs but never heard him again. We walked back to the truck and drove around to the squear watching and listening but with no luck. We returned to where we was parked and my dad threw down his coat so if he came back he would stay there. It was getting late (about 2am) So we headed back to the house hopping there maybe a phone call about him being caught but.... there wasn't. So we just headed to bed.

The next morning there was still no phone calls so we headed back to the farm to see if he had came back and layed down on the coat. As we pulled in, I could see him all curled up on the coat boy was I relieved. He was sore but other wise happy to see me. We loaded him up in the box and head Home!

Hope yall enjoyed my recount of one of my hunting experiences.

BTW. Thunder is a young hound and is not broke yet. He can tree his own coon. Just wanted to let yall know.