

## Bad day gone perfect

By Malcolm Whyte  
Jarr, Md.

The first week of November, I woke to a thick, cold, crunchy, frost-covered ground and headed to the woods of northern Harford County.

I used my ATV and made my way slowly to the day's hunting location. I have been a paraplegic since 1987, when I worked as a logger and a tree fell on me. Still, I hunted by myself. As I reached my treestand, I realized I'd forgotten my flashlight. I used the light from my cell phone to help me see to unlock my stand, but lost my balance and slid off the ATV. I used the tree stand to hoist myself up and ended up soaking wet from the rainwater that came pouring out. My morning had not gone well.

I tried again and settled into my stand 45 minutes later. I picked up my crossbow to cock it and couldn't believe my bolts weren't with it. I



Malcolm Whyte's prayer was answered when he took a 10-point buck with his Horton crossbow.

looked over the edge and eyeballed them right where I'd left them—on the running board of my ATV. It took another 10 minutes to use the strap of my quiver to hoist the bolts up and cock my bow.

Daybreak came quickly, and the warm sun on my face was not what I hoped for. I figured that between the light and all the noise I'd made nothing would come anywhere near me.

I decided to not give up and prayed to the Lord, asking to see something for all my trouble. I occasionally rattled and grunted, and an hour passed. I saw a beautiful red fox, a young deer, and then a mature doe came out to graze on a patch of grass. She was 20 yards away. As she turned toward me, our eyes met. I hoped and prayed she would not stomp and snort to blow my cover.

Then it happened. A beautiful, lean 10-point buck came searching for the doe. I carefully raised my crossbow, looked through the crosshairs, pulled the trigger and watched him jolt. He ran for what proved to be 170 yards before I heard a loud thud as he hit the ground.

I was shaking as I shouted, "I got him! I got him! Perfect shot! Thank you, God!" My prayer was answered. My buck grossed 158¾.

I thanked God for a bad day gone perfect.

## My miracle 8 point

By David Barrows  
Augusta, W.Va.

I started last hunting season undecided about entering the woods alone, but I gathered my courage and bravely walked to a favorite spot on my property.

Daylight didn't come fast enough as I sat in the cold and dreamed of harvesting a buck. By 8:30 I had seen seven does. A half-hour later, I saw the image of a deer walking toward me



An ATV accident didn't keep West Virginia's David Barrows from walking again or hunting whitetails.

and figured it was just another doe. As it cleared the thick brush, I noticed antlers.

My heart pounded out of control. I readied my gun and waited for a broadside shot. At 150 yards, the buck stopped abruptly, turned sideways and looked away.

It was now or never. I removed the safety, placed the crosshairs on his front shoulder and pulled the trigger. The beautiful 8-pointer never took another step. My friend Terry helped me field dress him and get the buck home.

I had to write *Wheelin' Sportsmen* and share another successful hunt.

Thanks for all your support.



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