

The Perfect Spring Wild Turkey Hunt

“Rocky, you see them up in the trees?” my friend whispered. If you can imagine two men sitting in the dark whispering and then the sound of flapping wings off in the distance.

It was a cool clear spring morning a friend and I were in an undisclosed location of Northern California. The ride up was short and uneventful.



I loaded my shotgun with the shell that had those marks on the side. Some hunters call them their lucky shell others just call it the shell that gets constantly ejected but doesn't ever get fired during turkey season.



My friend set up a blind and some decoys in just the right spot. He was my wing man and boy, was I thankful, because my nerves were jangling. He didn't call loud but just the opposite. Little purrs that just let the bachelors know where the girls were hiding. He directed me to be patient and wait until the one I liked had his head straight up and was not puffed up. The Boss Tom came in to about 30 yds from us, gobbling and puffing up as he came. Showing his beautiful plumage and strutting his stuff. His head and neck were bright colored, red and blue with white mixed in, just gorgeous! My buddy whispered “ok, now!, take him!” I took aim, slowly squeezed the trigger and killed him clean. It was like his neck bent sideways. One shot one kill! Then as I was starting to get up my buddy luckily yanked me down. This wasn't a movie, it was his turn next, that's right there were still a tom and a Jake out there; I could not believe my eyes at what they

were doing. The now dominant tom that had been left standing and started jumping up and down on the tom I had just shot! Wow, that's showing him whose boss I thought. That's what they mean by pecking order I guess? Well my buddy didn't have to wait too long and he got the stomper. Another clean kill! We still did not get up though. The Jake was still there and he didn't know what was happening. He was looking down up and all around trying to figure this out. We waited until he decided he had had enough and left. What a rush, I was elated as I went to check my bird. He was about a 2-3 year old, nice beard and spurs. He must have weighed about 20lbs. We walked back to our vehicle with of course our Toms on our backs. Great time I thought. After we cleaned our kills we had a nice lunch and talked about our morning. I will never forget this hunt as it was my first Spring Wild Turkey!

