

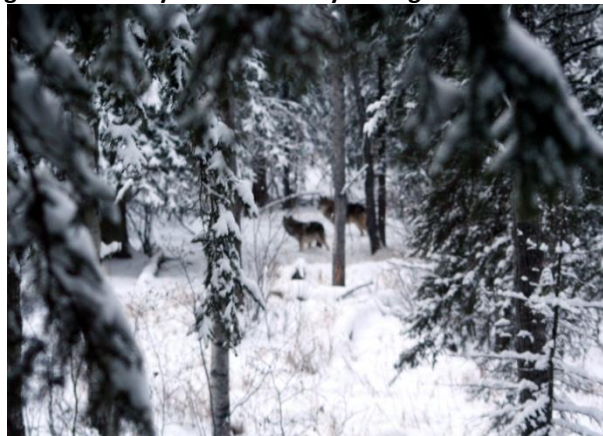
Steve's Hunting Adventures.....

THE STORY OF THE WOLF

While hunting massive whitetail deer in Saskatchewan, Canada I had an encounter with a wild pack of wolves, this is what happened.

I headed out to the bush (this is what the Canadians call the heavily forested area of Saskatchewan) at 5 a.m. Although I wore a full face mask the cold was almost unbearable on my face, without goggles my eyes would be frozen. The four wheeler was running rough, I was only a mile into my 8 mile ride on the bushwhacked trail and my hands were nearly frozen. I pulled over to fill my mittens with exhaust from the wheeler to warm my hands, got back on and pattered away into the cold dark morning. I arrived at my stand location at 6 a.m., parked the wheeler and walked another 300 yd. where I would spend the next 10 hours perched 20 ft. in a tree stand waiting for that elusive 170" buck of a lifetime. Sunrise came at 7:20 a.m.

To hunt Saskatchewan, Canada in mid November one must be fully prepared. A typical day begins at 4 a.m., getting to your stand location 1 hour before sun up and then sitting in a tree stand until sun down. Temperatures are typically single digits with snow and wind. This hunt is not only physically challenging but also mentally challenging. Saskatchewan has a lot of deer, it is quite common to see 15 to 25 mature bucks in a single day! This is where the mental part comes in. The bucks and does are doing what deer do, chasing, breeding, fighting, rubbing and scraping. To sit and watch this all happening right in front of you is quite an exciting time for any avid deer hunter, you get all caught up in it and the next thing you know you're ready to shoot. It takes alot of willpower to make it through the first day and still have your tag.



It was 4 p.m. and I was watching 2 nice bucks browsing around in front of me, all of a sudden they both jerked their heads up with ears at full alert and were looking into the bush, this is typical when another deer is walking into the area. This time however, both bucks took off ! This had never happened before, what was going on? I caught movement in the trees to my right, my heart was pounding, I thought it was the monster buck I had been waiting for. I shouldered my rifle, put the scope on it and wait a minute, that's not a deer.....holy smokes it's a wolf, then another. I put my rifle down, picked up my camera and started taking pictures, this was great. Just then, I heard a twig snap under my stand, I looked down and there was another wolf right under me and staring me right in the eye. That's when the hair stood up on the back of my neck. That wolf was staring me down, it suddenly woofed and the other two I had been watching came over, so now I have 3 wolves under my stand and they're not leaving. I was getting a little nervous and then a 4th wolf howled off to my left, then a 5th howled off to the right, the 3 below me were sniffing my boot prints and walking around. Then number 6 showed up where the 2 bucks had been standing, it was now 4:15 p.m., it gets dark at 4:30 p.m. I was 300 yards from the 4-wheeler and 8 miles by 4 wheeler back to camp and I had a pack of wolves under me with no intention of leaving. My options were to wait them out and probably sit in the stand most of the night until somebody from camp figured out where I was or shoot the rifle and scare them off, so I shot into a tree. At that instant the wolf jumped into the path of my bullet committing suicide. The rest of the wolves scattered, I waited a few minutes, packed my stuff and got down from the tree stand, ran to the wheeler praying the thing would start for me. I ran that wheeler hard for 7 miles until I finally felt comfortable enough to stop for a minute. My right hand and fingers were frost bitten, my eyes were frozen and I still had 1 mile to camp. I wondered if my buddies would believe this one.

Wait until you hear The Story of the Rogue Buffalo.