

Texas Exotic Hunting

Texas Exotic Hunting is a popular sport in this state. Hog hunting in Texas and dove hunting in Texas are both considered exotic.

Have you ever tried to hunt a hog? These wild pigs can be fierce and furious. Can you imagine a wild hog charging you with thunderous speed, hooves slashing with a head the size of Texas swinging back and forth in the air. I can!

This grunting and squealing pig is an enormous beast! He came charging out of the brush right in front of me. Now being from up north this startled me, no it scared theright out of me. I dropped my bow and took off as fast as I could, climbing a small tree. Now I know that hogs can not climb trees, but as I sat perched in the tree the only thing running through my mind was the old phrase "when pigs fly" and believe you me I was waiting for this pig to fly!

No, they can't fly can they? The nasty wild hog stomped around the base of this little tree waiting for m. As it stomped it rooted up the ground around the tree. I would image all the noise it was making was to let me that I was in his territory.

You are probably laughing at me as you read this. But I swear this was the largest meanest and wildest pig that was ever put on this planet!

Now not to far away was a party of hunters who had heard all the racket and noise from me yelling and the pig snorting. They came running down the trail to see what was going on. It must have been a sight! What with me in the tree, my bow scattered thirty feet away, and this hog stomping around the base of the tree, just waiting to devour me.

I am not sure how long I was stuck in this tree, but it seemed like a life time. My Texas exotic hunting adventure was getting off to a fine start.

With the sound of the other hunters coming down the trail, the mean old hog must have figured it was out numbered because it charged off into the bush.

My new found hunting friends told me that Texas exotic hunting required a guide, and that these hogs could be a handful for the hunters who had little or no experience, especially if you were hunting with a bow. I'm thinking now someone tells me this.

They said that bows were OK for white tail, but with the short range of the bow one should really have a better weapon. They also mentioned that one should have a good understanding of wild hogs.

Picking up my bow I peered into the brush looking to see if my little friend was still around. I figured that I was pretty safe as the other four hunter all had rifles.

Just as I thought, the wild snorting hog had run away to fight another day and torment someone else. I had already decided my next trip would be with a guide as I was not ready to go and get cornered by a wild hog again.

The guide that was with the hunters gave me a card which had directions to his lodge. I told him I'd be in contact real soon!

Finding my jeep was no easy task but I did manage. I headed off to the guides lodge where I was met by a very friendly lady at the office. She explained all the costs for a guided trip.

As I signed all the paper work, I looked forward to my next experience. The hunters who had come to my aid had just arrived back at camp and they were still howling about my Texas exotic hunting experience.

That evening around a roaring camp fire I told my story about my encounter with the largest wild hog on the planet. Every one got a good laugh and I made a few good friends over this little incident.

Oh by the way I got my hog with the help of my guide. But that first big one got away to torment its next victim

About the Author

Tom Strayhorn is one of the few real cowboys left so why not saddle up and come visit him at <http://www.cowboys-n-campfires.com/>

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