

# TEXAS AUTO RENTALS

*"Minor details make the  
Major difference"*



**Chris Major**



## TEXAS AUTO RENTALS

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**[www.txautorentals.com](http://www.txautorentals.com)**

**\* Local Pickup/Delivery\***

a gray fox was trapped, I told Caleb to look close. I veered toward the fox and Robb and I pretended to study the scenery out each of our windows. Caleb jumped and pointed and yelled, "I see something! I see something! It is a fox! A big one! It is mine! I get to shoot it, right Mr. Steve?"

I said, "Sure Caleb. He is all yours."

We piled out of the truck and I loaded my little .22 rifle. I helped Caleb line up the shot at a very practical distance of six feet. Caleb downed the fox with one shot. Success is soooooo sweet.

As I unloaded the rifle, Robb and I smiled at each other. Robb said, "Poppi loves it when a plan comes together!"

We spent some time admiring Caleb's fox and taking photos. Then, I showed him how to remake the trapping set that caught the fox.

I buried the trap in its original bed in front of a big, flat rock. Then I dug a hole in front of the trap sloping down under the edge of the rock. Finally, I put bait down the hole and covered the hole with a little ball of grass. Caleb took it all in with wide eyes. I still had his attention.

But like the late-night salesmen say on TV, "But I'm not finished... there's more!"

We drove to a brushy spot on the ranch where I had seen coyote sign. We pulled up to a trap location. I pointed out that the trap was gone

from its bed.

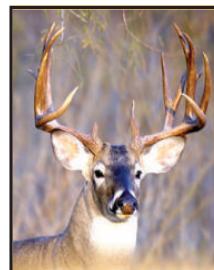
I explained that this trap was attached to a big grappling hook called a drag. I told Caleb that now it was time to follow the drag marks and see what we had trapped.

I showed Caleb where the drag marks started and he took it from there. Robb followed closely with me and my .22 in the rear. Robb and I could see the coyote moving inside the brush, but Caleb was too short to see through the tall grass and brush. Robb and I found ourselves pretending to be enthralled with the Mills County scenery everywhere around us except in the coyote's direction.

Caleb diligently followed the scrape marks in the grass leading all the way into the brush. It only took Caleb a minute or two to follow the marks to where the big male coyote stood in the brush. As soon as Caleb saw the coyote, he began yelling, "A deer! A fox! No, a coyote! A big one! Can I shoot it Mr. Steve?"

One shot later, Caleb had scored his second predator of the day. And more importantly, Poppi succeeded in getting Caleb an animal to mount for Christmas.

But now Poppi had another dilemma... mount the fox or the coyote for Caleb. What a great dilemma for a Poppi to have. Good thing Poppi knows Britt Berry, a local taxidermist.



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