



Flint Bags First Mills County Buck

By Steven Bridges
The Goldthwaite Eagle

Flint is our second child. He is three years younger than his sister, Amber. He may be younger, but Flint is motivated beyond his years. He has bagged more does than Amber in fewer years.

A lot of this is because he is in elementary school and has more afternoons free to hunt. Amber, on the other hand, is busy with cheerleading, athletics and many other middle school activities. But according to family tradition, Amber needed to harvest a trophy buck before Flint.

Amber did, in fact, bag her first trophy buck on opening day last season. *Note: You can read Amber's story on page eight of this year's publication.*

This opened the door for Flint to start his quest for a trophy. But Flint's trophy quest didn't go nearly as smoothly as Amber's. Amber bagged her buck on the first day she got the green light. Flint was not quite so lucky.

Flint and I went on over a dozen hunts last season searching for a suitable buck for him to harvest. Covid shut down many of the activities we'd normally attend, so we had many afternoons free to hunt. It was one of the very few upsides of an otherwise dismal 2020.

We spent hours and hours in vari-

ous blinds waiting and watching. Flint did his homework and read lots of books. Sometimes we read out loud in hushed whispers to each other. More often, Flint would sit back and devour his book, looking up every few minutes to ask if there were any deer to be seen.

NOTE: On occasion I let him play games on my phone, but only rarely. I try to keep our deer hunts technology free.

I estimate that during these hunts Flint ate five pounds of Goldfish (little fish shaped crackers) and drank many gallons of Gatorade. He even peed out the door of the blind a few times. Boys will be boys!

But try as we might, we could not close the deal on a nice buck. We saw plenty of deer and many nice, young bucks. But the mature bucks kept eluding us. Flint's peeing out the door of our blind didn't help much, but it wasn't a deal killer. His gas from the Goldfish may have had more of a negative effect on our hunts. But oh well ...

After a dozen hunts, I began to get the feeling that we were just jinxed. But Flint was having fun on our hunts. He kept asking me each morning at breakfast if we could hunt after school. I was happy to oblige if I wasn't busy (and Covid kept me not very busy).

Finally, near the end of the season, a nice ten-point buck slipped up and came within range of Flint's .243 rifle. It was not a lay-up, but Flint made a perfect shot at 125 yards to down the buck.

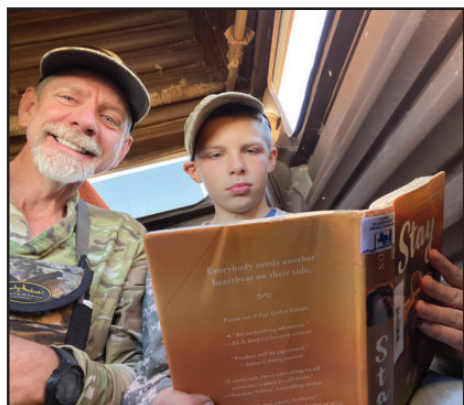
I am proud of Flint for sticking with it last season. He showed a lot of patience. And I enjoyed the time we spent together on our father-son hunts.

Flint finished off a season where my wife, daughter and son all bagged mature Mills County Whitetail bucks.

So maybe 2020 wasn't so bad after all.



Flint Bridges bagged his first whitetail buck late last season. Flint shot this ten point buck with a .243 rifle at 125 yards while hunting with his dad. Flint is now ten years old and a fourth grader at Goldthwaite Elementary. Way to go Flint!



Flint reads a library book to pass the time with his dad in the blind.