



Thank God I'm a Country GIRL!

By Amber Bridges
GMS Middle School Student

"Yeah! That's some good dove meat right there!" I say as I blow the smoke from my shotgun. I spit a sunflower seed out of my mouth and point to where I saw the bird fall.

"Go get 'em Thor!" My hunting dog bolts toward the dove I just shot, kicking up dirt as he goes. All across the sunflower field I hear shouts of joy. "YEAAAHH, AMBER!" yells my mom from the opposite corner of the field.

No more than two seconds later Thor brings my dove back and I give him a treat. I put the dove in my bird vest and take a deep breath. I embrace the smell of the rich dirt, sunflower seeds, dog slobber, shotgun powder, and... "NO THOR!"

Thor spits feathers out of his mouth,

and all over me. "Nasty!" Slobber runs down his mouth, along with several blades of grass and a fly.

Thor is a Black Labrador born in Kansas and he hates the taste of dove; he definitely thinks ducks are higher class.

Right about then from across the field I hear my mom shoot. "Bang... Bang... Bang... Dang it!" she says. "Another dead bird flying!"

That's not the first time she's said that, and it definitely won't be the last. My mom is a great shot but I think her game is off this decade.

Both of the dogs love my mom (because she spoils them) so I have to sit all the way across the field from her, completely out of sight, otherwise Thor will bring my birds to her. And I'm not about to let her claim my dove!



Amber with "Thor", her favorite hunting companion.




CROSS REALTY

TRACY HOLLINGSWORTH-BROKER

BUYING • SELLING • PROPERTY MANAGEMENT

www.crosshrealty.com | tracy@crosshrealty.com

325-277-4923



We're a competitive family. We all like to count our birds at the end of every hunt. Whoever wins gets to pick the music when we sit in the back of the pickup. In the end mom wins and gets to pick the song. Hey, even a blind squirrel finds a nut sometimes.

After the hunt, I sit in the back of the

pickup, decked out in camo with my cousins. As we drive down the old dirt road, I think about all God has blessed me with. We sing along to John Denver's country song "Thank God I'm a Country Boy" but instead we sing

"Thank God I'm a Country GIRL!"