



their kids were about our age. I would have gone anyway. We fished several different lakes and probably caught 200 trout in three days, but most importantly, we saw two large billy goats. It was the middle of August, and I was impressed with how much hair they had on them. The weather had been cool, and there was frost on the ground each morning. I asked Dad if we could go on opening day, but he said we needed to wait for them to get more hair. I didn't want to wait.

As school got closer, I was apprehensive about playing football. I did not want to get hurt after drawing my once-

in-a-lifetime goat tag. I also did not know if I could get time off to hunt. I chose not to play, but I had a lot of peer pressure from my friends who were playing. I talked to my coach, and he said I could play and go hunting. After talking it over with my parents, I decided to play football. We had lost a lot of kids from our school because a large mine had shut down and families had to move to find other jobs. My dad did not have clients the second week of September, so he wanted to take me hunting over the weekend. Of course I had a game on Saturday. Dad talked to my coach, and he said to go hunting but try to get back early, if possible.