EASTMANS JOURNAL

Backcountry Issue



TAKEN BY Steven Drak

JORDAN SEITZ | WY



I wasn't going to hunt there two days in a row. But through divine intervention, an arrow fell from my quiver so I went back to find it the next morning. I found it in the dark! An hour later, as I was quickly heading toward a distant bugle in the timber, a cow crashed past me. I heard branches snapping from the direction she'd come, so I stood where I was with no cover, and drew my bow with confidence that a bull would be following her. When he came into view I saw a branched antler. I got excited but could ignore it and focus. When he turned to bugle at another cow I saw his club and nearly lost that focus as I developed the worst "shakes" I've ever experienced on a hunt. I told myself I couldn't mess this up. Several minutes later, after struggling to painfully hold my bow at full draw longer than any other time in my life, I sent my recovered arrow 20 yards through the lungs of the bull when he finally stepped into my shooting lane!

