Josh walked out of camp that morning into a forest that was perfect for deer hunting. The air was cool and damp, and the forest floor was quiet for walking. Josh took a deep breath of the late fall air and knew that today was his kind of day. He turned east off the old logging road leading from the cabin and headed towards Big Bay ridge. He noticed quite a few deer tracks in the soft forest floor and discovered a sapling near the trail that had been rubbed by a large buck.

Upon reaching the ridge, he settled down into a spot that promised some good action. The white-tailed deer were apt to move this morning, and the promise of deer activity excited Josh. As he carefully kept watch, his mind raced through previous hunts where the conditions were very similar. He had been successful on several of those hunts. Today's conditions, however, spelled trophy. His senses were as keen and as sharp as the newly purchased hunting knife that hung from his belt.

Josh waited in complete silence looking for any sign—a flick of an ear, tail, or anything that didn't look just right. Concentrating on the hunt was not always easy because his mind wandered from time to time and small things, like a chipmunk playing in the leaves, distracted him.

Suddenly he heard a sound that was different. He immediately became alert and readied his rifle. He sat there, tense, his heart pounding so hard that he was sure every creature in the forest could hear it. Then, from the bottom of the ridge, the form of a deer appeared. It was a doe, and since shooting does was illegal, Josh could only watch, admiring the beauty and grace of the animal as it browsed along the bottom of the ridge.

After the doe was long gone, Josh stayed in hopes of a buck following somewhere behind the doe. An hour or so passed, and he decided to head back to camp. Although he hadn't seen the trophy buck he had been looking for, the day had been perfect in every other way.

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