



Opened day for duck hunting, Joseph Bresee and Declan Blair wake up early and wait eagerly for the sad face of ducks to fly in. The two friends simulate resting geese calls to lure unsuspecting prey in.

EASY BRESEE HUNTING

Story and photos by Daniel Luk

The day hunting season opened on Saturday, September 27th.

The Bresee family left the house at 5:00am. Dressed head to toe in camouflage, left the house in the family truck.

Joseph, Declan, Chris, Nikita. Meanwhile Austin and Christian took the car to Chris's brother, Bob's, house where the boats and hunting grounds are.

Arriving at Bob Bresee's house around 5:20 am, we hitched and drove the boats down the street to the water. Getting the boats in effortlessly, Joe, Declan and Bob pushed off and floated into the water while looking at the stars and other hunters, waiting for Austin and Christian to push off before we headed on our way.

Cruising down the river, a small island with trees growing out of its side appeared, creating the perfect cover from the geese. Camp was set up, placing decoy birds out while Bob took cover in the forest upstream. Christian set up shop on an island a bit down stream while Chris, Austin and Nikita went into the marshes.

With the sun not even visible yet, it seemed like a promising day. A few minutes after setting up camp a flock of ducks flew right beside our island. Unfortunately the hunters were not prepared and were caught off guard by the oncoming geese. Excited and pumped with adrenaline,

Joe and Declan waited eagerly for more ducks to fly by. They attempted to draw ducks in with duck calls.

As the day dragged on it seemed like less and less ducks were coming to our end of the lake. Hearing distant gunfire from surrounding hunters was discouraging.

Meeting back at Bob's house we discovered that Austin and Chris were successful in shooting four ducks.

Getting back to the house they unloaded all the gear and relaxed for a few hours before getting ready at 3 pm to go to the swamps.

Just down the street from Joe's house is a swamp with several acres of flooded land and tall grass that made a perfect resting spot for passing ducks and anxious hunters. Being on private land owned by neighbors or the family, they had no concerns about running into other hunters or sharing game. Accessing the area by boat and chest waders, the band of hunters headed into the thickest part of the swamp. Quickly setting up a camouflage for the boat, they eagerly waited and attempted to lure birds.

After several hours of hunting, the group slowly gathered their kills and packed up to call it a night.

The next morning they were able to sleep in for a few hours because

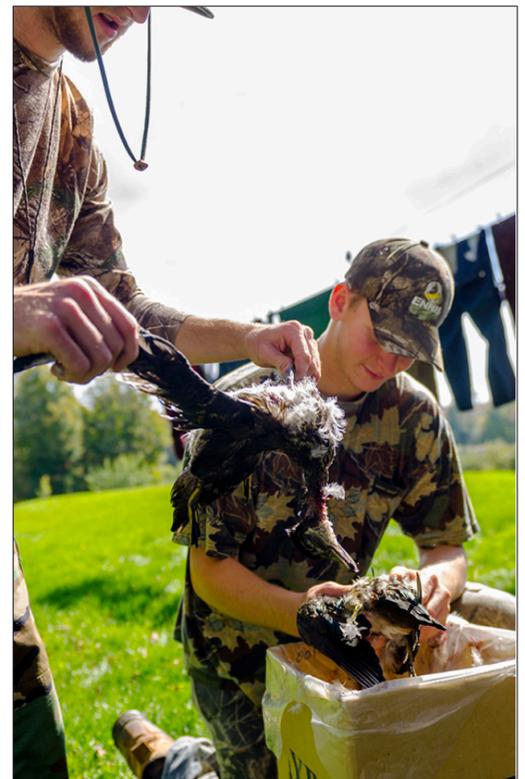
of an immense amount of fog. Once it cleared up Joseph and Declan took the four-wheeler down the road to a system of backcountry trails that lead to a series of small ponds. Struggling to cross an abandoned beaver dam that reached across the mouth of the river and barely making it over, a flock of ducks passed overhead. Quick to the trigger, Joe popped two shells into the air and successfully managed to shoot a duck.

Fully suited and trucking through the forest, you could see a faint mirage of green as Joseph hiked right through the swamp, almost as if you were seeing him from the ducks perspective. As soon as he became immersed in the floating grass islands, a duck landed 10 feet away from Declan. Joe, eager but too far away from his gun had to enviously watch the duck nest itself into perfect firing range. Declan was eager to shoot his first duck and unloaded a shot in the exact spot the duck had landed, causing a volcanic eruption of water underneath the duck.

We were all excited about the success of the last hunt as we trekked back to the house to clean the carcasses. With ducks in one hand and a shotgun in the other, Joe and Declan walked to the back porch to find Chris already in the process of cleaning the ducks that we had shot the day before.



Joseph hikes through the forrest to the next hunting spot, giving distant ducks perspective of how hunters look in the bush.



After a hard days work, the ducks need to be cleaned.



Chris Bresee takes great care and attention to detail to how he maneauvers his knife around the duck breast.



A big bag of duck carcasses is how you know the day is done.