

# Apparition Dead Red Helps Bag 13~Point

By Larry Porter

I am a handicap hunter and if it wasn't for my four-wheeler getting me to and from the field I would have had to give up hunting twenty-five years ago when I had a massive stroke. I was very blessed that over time I have regained almost everything except the use of my legs and I can get around with the use of a cane. But through the help of my family and friends and the grace of God, I haven't missed a beat in my love for hunting and fishing. Most people hunt for food here and with all the hunting pressure, a deer rarely lives past his second birthday. Finding a Boone & Crockett trophy deer in Weakley County, Tennessee is like finding a needle in a haystack.

As I got to the field I grabbed my muzzleloader, my fanny pack, my Apparition™ Dead Red scent and my grunt call. It was 4:00pm and I had an hour and a half to hunt. I always carry a drag rag doused with rut scent behind my four-wheeler to help cover my human odor, and also to attract bucks. I could see a nice big tree stand of one of my friends from the road that I thought might be a good spot, as it was overlooking a bean field in the river bottom. I rode my four-wheeler dragging my drag rag along the edge of the bean field and parked in the bushes behind the deer stand. I tried my best to get up in the stand but it just wasn't going to happen as I almost fell out trying to get situated. So I climbed down and fixed me a comfortable spot under the deer stand and leaned my muzzleloader against the first step of the ladder.



Larry Porter of Greenfield, Tennessee

As I peered through the ladder I could see the cars and trucks going by quite often down the highway. The thought ran through my mind that I'm just wasting my time, but I told myself let's just enjoy being out in the woods and sit here until dark. I've always thought the best way to deer hunt was just to be quiet and sit still and let the deer come to you. An hour went by and all I had seen were two squirrels.

With no deer activity I decided it couldn't hurt anything to try my old grunt call. I could still smell the territorial buck scent on my fingertips from earlier while putting it on my drag rag. I'm not a professional grunter by any means but I grunted a few short grunts. What happened next left me in disbelief as in my 40 years of hunting I've never seen anything like it. This monster buck bolted from a thicket looking for a fight, or at least to protect his territory and he was heading right at me across the open bean field in full view. It happened so quick that when the buck stopped he was at 75 yards, but I hadn't even had time to even get my gun ready. I have a scope on my muzzleloader but it didn't take any kind of optics to tell that this boy was a shooter.

I managed to get my gun up and get my sights on him but he started walking again looking for the other buck. His hair was all bristled and his ears laid back as though he was ready to fight. When he stopped at 60 yards I pulled the trigger and I couldn't see a thing for a couple seconds. When the

smoke cleared all I could see was antlers, big antlers like I've never seen before. I waited 10 minutes to be sure he wasn't going to run off and that was the longest 10 minutes of my life.

At 5:10 I got on my four-wheeler and rode up to him. He had 13 points and some of the longest points that I've ever seen. He had mule deer forks on both sides and drop tines on both sides. The deer had a 22-inch spread and weighed 175 pounds. It was the nicest deer that I've ever seen in my lifetime. I've never been a big believer in using a grunt call, but after this hunt I will never be caught without it ever again. There's no doubt the combination of Apparition™ Dead Red and a grunt call did the trick on this old buck.

Looking back on my deer hunt now a week later I almost didn't even go deer hunting on that lucky day. Had my daughter wanted to shoot basketball then I would never have gone deer hunting. Also, I had those thoughts of, "it's just too hot and the deer won't be moving." Then, after I did go hunting, I almost left early. So the bottom line is if you get a chance to go deer hunting, you better go because you never know what's going to happen.

I have hunted for 40 years and spent thousands of hours in the field, but you just never know when that opportunity of a lifetime is going to happen. It's kind of like that old saying, "A bad day of hunting is still better than a good day at work." Just when I think life can't get any better, God lets something else unbelievable happen to me. Thank you God.



**Danny Kisner used Dead Red to bag this nice 8-point in Washington, PA.**