

The deer incident

It was three years ago when “it” happened, and I would forever remember the moment “it” happened. The year was 2015, the second campout of the scout year and we were excited, but that was because none of us knew the excitement and extreme danger of what was to come.

The vast green leaves blanketed the trees like ants to honey and as the sunlight peeked through the trees and shone on the morning dew, we heard a rustle of leaves so to find the sound we were looking for we looked forward, then left, then behind us and as we were going to look to the right we heard a quiet whoosh above our heads, and looked up through a break in the trees to see an elegant bird that we obviously associated the rustle with, fly overhead in a graceful manner.

So as anyone who can appreciate the incomparable beauty of nature and the life it beholds, we watched it until it was out of sight. (Or until we, were **RUDELY** interrupted BY some **DEER!**) Oh and were they mad, especially when there was about 5 young, 7 female and 11 (still mad,) male deer. Now if you don't know much about deer then you might think, “Oh they won't bother us if we don't bother them”, and yes that is true but, the thing is the place we just marched into without “asking” was their territory, or they were just being protective of the female and the young which probably counts as bothering.

In this life-threatening moment (but fun because I “laugh in the face of danger”) we found out if we were “fight or flight.” I apparently am fight and the same goes with William and Nico, but we were obviously outnumbered so we ran. As we ran we felt what it was like to have that extra boost of stamina that is described in every book, no really almost every book. After running for what seemed like a half mile or so we stopped to take a quick break and check to see if the deer were still chasing us but, thankfully we did not see or hear the deer anymore. We were safe but we did not stop there, we ran all the way back to the campsite where we knew the deer would be the ones outnumbered so they would not dare go.

Later I learned that William collapsed in his tent afterward but I just went back to doing normal scout stuff, and that was one of the most dangerous adventures I went on, oh and one more thing, I know this is really weird or even disturbing but ever since have been waiting for something **fun** like that to happen again which sadly (or, fortunately depending on how you look at it) has not happened ... oh yeah it did, it was in the summer and we got chased by cows, but that is a story for another day.

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5th grade