

Jack T. from Rochester, Washington

The softball-sized stones of the nearly dry Indiana creek bed were unyielding, pushing the bones of my feet into new and imaginative arrangements inside my Converse All Stars, as I stalked silently out of the August sun and into the cool shade. I was scanning the woods for targets of opportunity when a noisy starling fluttered in the top of a 40 foot honey locust. Flipping up the peep sight of my Daisy Model 25 pump gun, I eased up the creek bed as close as I could get without losing sight of the target. Twenty yards is a long shot for a BB-gun but I knew the gun and the peep gave me the accuracy I needed. A standing off-hand shooting at a starling almost 25 yards up in the top of a tree is a long shot. I steadied my aim for what seemed like minutes, slowly squeezing the trigger. Finally, the shot broke and the little gun shuddered. A second later, to my slight disbelief, the starling plummeted to the ground without a twitch. And wheat-fed starling is really good! What a gun!