



Judy watched this buck from her bedroom window many times before taking a neck shot with her .223.

AUTHOR PHOTOS

BEDROOM WINDOW BUCK

BY JUDY JUREK

“BIG BUCK! Come look!” I hollered to my husband, John. Our four-legged kid, Zuke, came running, too. We were packed and ready to leave at 8 a.m. for a family gathering five hours away.

As I passed by a bedroom window, something caught my eye. Antlers! Tall antlers! Grabbing binoculars, I was astonished to see a good buck previously captured on nocturnal game camera photos.

“Wow! I bet that G2 is 12 inches! Nice 10-pointer!” John said. The buck meandered around the feeder 50 yards from our back door, sniffing the air, looking at does feeding in the nearby food plot and under another feeder farther back from the house.

Watching deer from the bedroom window had turned into a morning ritual. Once the shades were opened, even Zuke would gaze at what was in the pasture. Two feeders, two water tanks, and a green food plot enticed Mills County white-tails to dine on our place just north of the Colorado River.

We have two comfortable deer stands but it was much easier—lazier—staying inside the house. I know, that’s not true hunting but there’s a lot to be said about hunting in your pajamas and house shoes, holding a cup of coffee. Mornings always had the most deer, with evenings dependent on nearby activity.

I’d put a spike in the freezer on opening morning of the season, which allowed time to study what else to take later. We usually try to get two deer to feed us well until the next

season, which leaves some good young bucks.

“We’re not in a hurry to leave,” John said, adding, “That’s a good buck. I’ll take him if you don’t want him.” Once an avid hunter, now it’s only something like this that grabs his attention. I told him to get his rifle. We could take the buck and be on our trip by noon.

Living in a barn-dominium, you walk out of the house and right into the barn. John grabbed his rifle and slowly opened the barn’s back walk-through door just enough to ease his body around to shoulder his gun. The buck had begun walking towards another feeder about 150 yards away.

Suddenly something spooked all the deer.

With their white “flags” flying, they headed full speed into the brush. John closed the door and remarked, “He’ll be back.” We waited nearly an hour, but only a few does and yearlings returned. “Let’s hope he sticks around here for a couple more days,” John said, adding, “Time to hit the road.”

Arriving home from our trip, we both began hunting steady for this buck by sitting in our stands every morning. The rut was on, and several other bucks were around—a few we’d never seen before. But the 10-pointer was nowhere to be found.

After much discussion and going through game camera photos, I discovered we had seen this buck the year before, but only at night. A neighbor captured photos, too, but had never seen the buck in daylight hours. The buck had survived and was hanging out in the brush near our house.



The buck's dark antlers are a bit lopsided from an old hind leg injury.

Two weeks later, John was taking steaks off the grill when I picked up my binoculars for a quick look out the bedroom window. It was almost dark, and there he was—the big 10-pointer. Light faded fast, and it would be too dark to shoot by the time I got my rifle. Besides, I knew I couldn't see the crosshairs as dusk closed and we didn't want to clean the buck after dark.

Once more, assuming he'd be there in the morning proved wrong. The following morning, I had an early morning appointment, so I didn't hunt, but John kept his rifle ready. After full daylight, the big buck came out. Quickly putting the crosshairs in the center of its swollen neck, John thought about how much meat he'd damage. Yes, we think about that!

Before John moved the crosshairs behind the buck's ear, the buck turned and walked into the brush. Several deer were still feeding, but to John's chagrin, Mr. Big never reappeared.

At this time, John declared there would be no discussion. He wanted me to kill the buck. "It's a great buck for our area, low fence, and I want you to take him," John said, wrapping his arm

around my shoulders.

For several days the buck never appeared. One evening we visited with the neighbors, and they showed us a shed antler they had picked up. Seeing the big antler, John exclaimed,

"That's the 10 Judy's after!" The G2 on the five-point shed measured 11 inches.

Pumped with excitement after seeing the shed antler, I sat in the stand the next morning, well before daylight. On that December 2 morning, the big 10 stood under the far feeder. Two other bucks were present, but all kept wide berths from one another.

The big 10 began walking towards the does grazing on turnips, radishes, oats and wheat. I was ready, and had positioned my rifle as soon as I realized it was him. Stopping to sniff the air, the big 10 offered a good shot. My .223 was on the mark, and the buck fell in a heap. As I opened the pasture gate, Zuke raced by me to be the first to check out my buck.

As we walked up to it, John remarked, "That G2 must be 13 inches long – Wow!" He was close. It measured 12 $\frac{7}{8}$ inches. The antlers scored 130% B&C and the jaw teeth showed 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ years. However, the taxidermist believed it was older.

Not bad for a Mills County low fence whitetail and even better for a backyard bedroom window buck. I'm proud of my 10-point. 🦌



Zuke was excited to be the first to check out Judy's Mills County buck.

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