

Please don't shoot!

Those of you have been following my podcasts over the past few months, will know that my husband has recently 'got into'*hunting. He is now fully licensed, fully equipped, and on his way to becoming an experienced hunter. Today, instead of leaving at six in the morning, as he usually does, to go to work, he spent the morning with me. He has taken a few days off to go with a friend to Minnesota to hunt White Tail deer. He deserves a small vacation, so I have enthusiastically watched him pack all of his gear*, and listen to his plans for a successful hunt. Because he was ready ahead of time, he had a couple of hours to kill*, so we went up to the local shooting range to try out a couple of his rifles. I am a novice*, so I was quite happy to watch as he shot at the targets. It was freezing cold, and I had bundled myself up in three coats, a scarf, and a bobble hat: not exactly the right fashion sense for a tough shooter. The first rifle that Tom used was extremely loud; thankfully we both had heavy duty* ear protection on. The funny thing was, each time we said something to each other, we couldn't hear; we spent the whole time saying, "What?" and having to repeat everything in loud voices. As Tom tested his rifles, I had a good look around. There wasn't that much to look at. The range is basically a long roof that shelters the marksmen. There are a few chairs here and there, but no houses around (who would want to live next to a shooting range?). There was nobody but us there; the hills surrounding us were bare, and there was no wind, not even a sound. Well, the only sound was the horrendously loud noise of the rifle, but other than that, it all felt desolate. I imagined someone whistling the theme tune from The Good, The Bad, and The Ugly, but then I realized that with my woolly bobble hat, I had destroyed any image of cowboys. I did notice, however, some very interesting signs, three to be precise. Obviously, from the looks of them*, some people who come to practice get silly with the guns, and do dangerous things. I read the word "don't" over and over. Apparently, some people shoot beyond the shooting range on to private property, or they shoot at the ground (which is dangerous), or at objects that they shouldn't. T-t-t-t-t, very naughty. Someone needs to have his gun taken away, doesn't he? And someone needs to be put in time-out*. I'm glad that I'm not at the shooting range when other people are there; it's potentially very dangerous, and I wouldn't trust other people's sense of safety. Anyway, before we left, I had a go shooting a lighter rifle, one that would be good for hunting birds or rabbits. I found it hard at first to look through the scope, but I got the hang of it. I calmed my breathing, and tried not to move. The cross was over the bullseye, and POW! What a shot! Not bad at all; almost right on the bullseye!. That felt good. I continued, each time thinking carefully about keeping still and controlling my breathing. POW! POW! BANG! WHAMMO! And another BANG! Hey, I'm not a bad shot at all. I even brought the target home to prove it.

Related expressions: to get into something, gear, heavy duty, a novice.

1. She really got into sculpting a few years ago, and now is quite good.
2. To rock climb, you need the right gear. You should also check your gear after using it to see if any of it is worn out.
3. I need some heavy duty earplugs; my husband snores like a rhinoceros.
4. Novice hunters are potentially dangerous; the experts are much safer.

