

Tied up Buck

This past weekend I took my grandson to my property at Gulf Mountain for the Arkansas youth deer hunt. On Friday afternoon the day before the season opened, We went to my stands and feeders to make sure all was in order for the next morning hunt. The following pictures are what I found upon arrival to my stand . Most deer hunters have heard the expression or have been ask. “Do you have a Buck tied up for opening day”. I have always said No..... “Until Today”.



The Buck had gotten tangled up in a rope that was on the pulley system on my feeder. There had been a lot of hard rain and wind in the area a week before. So evidently the rope and feeder had moved around enough to let the lead rope get enough slack in it to be ground level. I thought the buck was dead when I first saw it from 30 or 40 yards away. As I got closer he moved. The weight of the 30gal feeder full of corn was more than he could overcome. As you can see in the picture he had managed to get his back leg caught also. So this pretty well had him, as the old expression says “Hog tied”



The Buck was pretty weak. Looked like he had been there for a few days. I had my Son-in-law and grandson with me. We decided to make an attempted to cut him loose. My son in law stood on his back leg and I stood on his antlers and cut the rope loose.



I was able to cut the rope without him putting up any resistance. When we stepped back to free him, He just laid there. His neck had been the tied position for so long it was cramped up. He could not straighten it. So I started massaging his neck until the cramp relaxed.



One of the attempts to get up, Just couldn't quite make it.

He made several attempts to get up and run. But feel back down. It was time to step in again with a little massage therapy. The next thing that happened would be very hard to believe without pictures to prove it.



I was able to get him up and actually walk him around. Of course my grandson wanted in on the action.

I walked him around for a few more minutes. He started getting a little aggressive. So to keep from adding insult to injury, I turned him loose.

He went a few yard and laid back down.





This is the way I left him. We decided to leave and come back later in the afternoon to see if he had been able to get up and go on his own. We came back about an hour later. He was gone. We searched for a few 100 yards in the surrounding area... never found him.

This would have been a shooter, maybe even a trophy by some peoples standards. Some people might have finished him off if they found him like this. However I just couldn't do it under the circumstances. If I ever see him again he might not be so lucky. Or maybe I'll consider him and ole friend and let him walk.