

When I first talked with Andre of Katahdin's Shadow Outfitters, he assured me I would have a great time. I didn't care about having a good time, I just wanted a moose. I have been applying for a Maine moose permit since Maine started the process over twenty years ago. My permit was for Wildlife Management District 8, for the October week and it was a bull only permit. I told Andre that the first legal moose I saw, I was going to shoot, I just wanted to shoot a moose after all these years.

My first day hunting with Andre ended without the luck of seeing a moose. We did some spotting and stalking, and we did some calling. We even sat over a great bog with plenty of moose sign. It was just not meant to be. That night, Andre told me what the plan was for the second day. It sounded good to me. We were to head to a nice marshy area where there were moose sign all over. We would get there just before legal hunting and walk along the road calling.

I knew the rut for moose was just about over so I was a little skeptical. We arrived to the area Andre said we were going to hunt fifteen minutes before it was legal to hunt. We gathered our hunting equipment and we were off to walk this road about two miles long. Right a legal time we started walking. We would walk a little ways and Andre would call, walk a little further and call again.

About forty-five minutes into my second day of hunting with Andre, he tapped me on the shoulder and whispered there is a small bull. My heart started beating, but I could not see it. My son Eric was with us, he saw it first and pulled up his rifle but had a hard time finding it in his scope. I still could not see it.

Andre said to wait as it was walking towards us. At first sight the moose was about 250 yards out, as it closed in Andre would tell us the distance and to hold the shot because the moose was coming right towards us. When the moose was about 220 yards I finally got an eye on it. It was walking parallel to the road, just ten yards in tall raspberry bushes. Andre was right; it was walking right towards us. Finally at about 175 yards Andre informed us that the moose was turning to cross the road.

Andre told us that when the moose was in the road to shoot. We had our rifles ready, the moose slowly walked down the embankment and right into the middle of the road. The agreement with my son, Eric, is if he had a shot to take it and that is what he did, just a split second before I did. We both fired, the moose stumbled and walked off the road into another raspberry patch. We both fired again and the moose went down.

It was time to celebrate for me, but the work was just beginning for Andre. We worked to pull the moose out which was about fifty yards into the raspberry patch. After a quick thirty minutes, Andre had the moose at the edge of the road and ready for pictures. We took several pictures. While Andre was busy field dressing my moose, I made calls back home to let my family know that I was successful in taking a moose.

When the moose was field dressed we loaded it on the back of the truck and headed to the Game Inspection Station to get it tagged and weighed. In one way it was sad that my hunt was over, but in another I was ecstatic to finally bring a moose home. Andre took my moose to the butcher shop that I had made previous arrangements.

What a great hunt, THANK YOU Andre!