

Let the Cows Loose

Jass Richards

[jassrichards@gmail.com](mailto:jassrichards@gmail.com)

[www.jassrichards.com](http://www.jassrichards.com)

One day at the gas station, I saw a couple guys on their way to their hunt camp.

"How many squares did ya bring?" the one asked the other.

A case of 24 bottles of beer is not square. It's rectangular.

And God help us, they're the ones with all the spatial ability.

I don't understand hunting. I don't understand the desire to kill.

"Oh but it's not that," they say. "We like the meat."

Then why don't you just go out and shoot the nearest cow?

Speaking of which, have you heard that hunters are protesting elk farms? Because they're *unethical*.

Right. They're just pissed because the farmers are taking away their fun.

Well, fair's fair. I say let the cows loose.

And "It's gotta be wild!" they say.

Okay, how about a skunk?

"No, it's the excitement of stalking an animal that's big and wild, and can tear you apart."

Yeah right. Like Bambi's cousin's gonna tear you apart.

"And the challenge! Deer are smart, y'know!"

I guess it depends on who you're comparing them to.

I'd say the average deer has an IQ of, what, three?

Besides, they hunt in a group, so already it's what, six against one? And they use dogs, hell, they even use helicopters to scare the animals out of the bush. And then they've got some geezer sitting in a truck parked at the side of the road just waiting to pick off the first one that runs across.

Then again, since said geezer's probably been chugging beer all afternoon, that *would* be a challenge.

One deer season, I saw some guy standing a few metres off the road in the bush, waiting, rifle ready. He'd obviously gotten a call on his cellphone from his buddy, deep in the bush on his three-wheeler, or in his helicopter, flushing out the animals with dogs, hand grenades, and what have you.

"You're not gonna kill the mom and two little fawns we see around here, are you?" I asked.

"Oh, we'll try not to!" he smiled.

What's to try? Unload the gun.

If that's too tricky, just put it down.

Dumfucks.

And I don't understand the wardrobe. You have the matching pants and shirt in camouflage 'I'm hiding' greens and browns, and the vest, gloves, and hat in the brightest 'I can't help but be seen' orange. The ensemble fairly *shouts* 'I'm a man.'

Speaking of which, I was talking to one guy — a duck hunter — and I asked why he preferred to go hunting with a friend. He said, 'For security.'

I'm scared of the ducks, Jimbob, make 'em stop quacking!

But it's a good thing for men to admit their fears. Ducks can be dangerous. I mean last year alone, how many hunters were killed by ducks?

I don't know why they just don't forget the bullets and use paint pellets instead. Like those soldier-of-fortune-wannabe games that lawyers play on the weekends.

I can just see it now — it's the end of the first day and all the animals are showing up at their favourite spot for a brewski all spattered with red, and blue, and yellow — just looking at each other, saying 'What the fuck?'

I was looking through a Home Hardware flyer one hunting season — you know, it's quite a business, hunting.

First, you've got your Super Premium 200 Proof Doe-in-Heat-Scent. This stuff is real special, it's "collected at the peak of the doe's hottest second estrous cycle."

How do they know it's her peak?

And who does the collecting?

And you've got your "shoulder length dressing gloves." I'm thinking something in black satin, but no, these are "heavy duty poly gloves that help protect against mess, stains, and infectious diseases while dressing game." The picture shows a guy with his arm up a deer's ass — I guess he's "dressing game".

Is that kind of like "making love"?

And then you've got your "Rusty Duck Lubricant".

Don't leave home without it.

Lastly, you've got your duck calls, your deer calls, and your moose calls — the 'CM3 Moose Call' was apparently very good, but I understand there were a lot of hunting injuries that year.

Well what do you think's gonna happen when some moron stands in the middle of a the forest during mating season and yells out in moose language 'Come fuck me now!'

Speaking of mounting, have you ever wondered why guys who fish mount the whole fish but guys who hunt mount only the head? I mean, if it's size that counts, well then let's hang the whole fucking moose on the wall.

And this 'bigger is better' thing — completely illogical.

Anyone can shoot a moose that's just standing there.

If you really wanna brag, hang a pair of chipmunk ears on your wall.

