

Mountain Man Memories

I sat there thinking about what a wonderful summer I was having.

I was sitting on a log next to a campfire eating squirrel with two other fellow mountain men. We were out in the Maine woods by a river. All three of us were wearing our cotton mountain man shirt, handmade moccasins, leather leggings and all had a handmade sheath knife on our belts.

We had skinned the squirrel as part of a demonstration for some Boy Scouts. It was so funny to watch the scout's faces. I'm pretty sure at least one of them would have rather been somewhere else. Once the scouts left and returned to their campsites, we decided to cook the squirrel.

Sam, one of the fellow mountain men, went and built a fire while Matt, and I stayed back and got the squirrel legs ready to cook. We washed them in the river and put them on some spits made out of green maple saplings I had gathered.

While they were cooking, we talked. Matt was planning on going bear hunting with a bow in a couple of years. It would take a whole lot of guts to shoot a bear with a compound bow. We talked about that for a while.

When the squirrel was fully cooked, we all took out our pocket knives and cut off small pieces to eat. Boy – that was some of the tastiest meat I've ever had. Everything tastes better over a fire if you know how to cook it.

When we had finished eating and cleaned our knives, it was getting close to dusk so that was when the rendezvous came to a close and each of us headed back to our camp.

On my way back, I thought about how content I had been sitting next to that fire. That morning I would never have thought that later that day I would eat a squirrel.

Now I just wait for the next time the three of us will meet.

By Grant Hawkes Homeschool 6th Grade