

The Biography of Brett Garamendi

I was born in the small rural town of Malad, Idaho to Mark and Wendy Garamendi. My parents divorced when I was two years old and shortly after, my mother met my future stepfather Steve Thomas. Steve came from a family of hunters. His father hunted the valley, and his father's father hunted the valley and so on. As a young child, Steve would take me with him on dove and goose hunts so I was able to learn about the world of hunting at a young age. My father passed away when I was eight years old and my stepfather was there to comfort me which tightened the bond between us. My excitement and wonder for hunting grew as I aged and at the age of ten I was able to harvest my first Merriam's Turkey, a moment that will forever be viewed as one of my crowning achievements. That hunt sparked a chain reaction in me. Soon I was out hunting deer, geese, and more. My mother and my stepfather divorced when I was eleven but I remained close to him. We would still spend time together and go out hunting with each other. Steve taught me how to archery hunt at the age of fourteen. This was far more difficult than hunting with a rifle or shotgun, and even now when I'm almost eighteen years old, I am still learning and improving my shot. I will look to graduate this year and attend a university in the fall. Hopefully somewhere not too far, I would like to be close to my hunting grounds.

Full Strut

I was ten years old and sitting against a pine tree in the tree line. In front of us stood our Turkey decoys, at my side sat my stepfather calling away, at my lap sat a twenty gauge shotgun and several calls. It was just after three in the afternoon and we knew that our targets would soon be coming out of the hills to feed again. I could only look around and wait patiently for something, anything to change and add some excitement to this dull afternoon. My wishes were answered when our eyes caught two Toms coming down the hill in full strut. Their stunning feathers and bright heads stood out in my mind. My stepfather and I stood up when they moved behind the trees. I raised my shotgun up to my shoulder but pointed the barrel at the ground as we slowly walked around the tree. There in front of me stood a large Merriam's Tom. I raised my shotgun and aimed it at his head. I could hear my stepfather saying, "Shoot! Shoot!" Just before I pulled the trigger, he looked up at me and our eyes connected. I pulled the trigger and the abrasive sound of a shotgun filled the air, and the lifeless body of a Turkey hit the ground. Tears of joy filled my eyes and I hugged my stepfather as we both began celebrating. A feeling of happiness that I had never before felt, surged through my body, and a fire for the hunt sparked inside my mind.