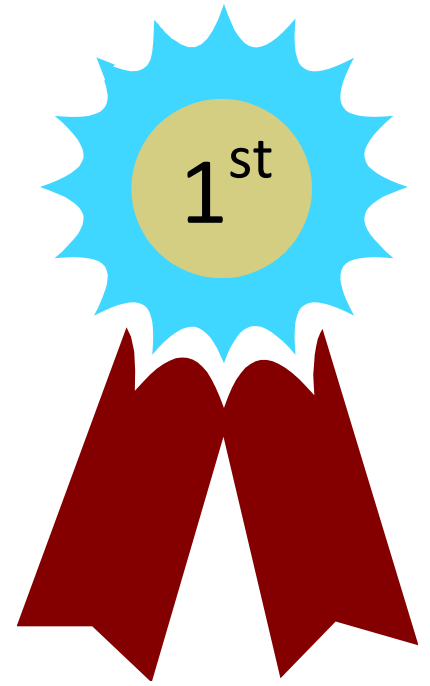


My name is MacKenzie and I am 12 years old. I love to be outside with animals. I live in Garwood, Texas and I hunt hogs with my dad and our dogs. He has a lot of dogs, but I have 4 of my own. I helped to train them too. I have a black catahoula male pup named Gator that is in training right now. He is almost a year old. He is doing pretty good, but does not pay attention real good yet. I have another dog named Angel that was a rescue dog. I tried to make her a bird dog so she could get the birds that I shoot with my pellet gun, but she just would not do it. Me and my dad were working some pups around a pen one day and she wanted out with me. I let her out and she started baying the hogs in the pen. The next time we went hunting, we took her with us. She really did not do much. We kept taking her and just about 3 weeks ago, she found her own hog. I was so proud of her. She is a pittbull and curr cross spaded female. My other dog is Jazzy. My mom let me have her cause she does not like to hunt anymore. Jazzy is totally awesome. She came from the Ugly Dog Ranch when she was a baby. She is American Bulldog and walker and catahoula cross. She is a strike dog, but she really likes to catch too. She gets cut up a lot, but I love her. My other dog, which is my favorite one, is Dan. He is out of my dad's best dog, Newt. Dan is about 7months old now. He is a walker/curr/dogo cross male pup. He looks just like Newt. Newt is 15 years old now, but still hunts. He is the best strike dog in Texas. I hope that Dan works out to be just like his dad. He is staying with the other dogs when we hunt, but he has not figured out what is going on yet. He will.



I love to hunt more than anything cause of the adrenaline rush of running through the woods . The sound of hogs grunting and squealing is awesome. I go with my dad every chance I get. I just cannot get enough of it. Sometimes it gets pretty rough though. My mom tried to get me to stop hunting after a hog ran into our four wheeler and flipped me off next to a canal bank. I was shook up, but nothing could ever stop me from hunting.

One thing that I do not like about hog hunting is when a dog gets lost or hurt. It breaks my heart to see a dog hurting in pain. When we lose one, we don't quit looking for it till we find it. That is why I think I need to get a tracking system to use. I worry about my dogs getting lost a lot. We hunt a lot of open prairie and some woods. Rice fields are a big part of our hunting ground too. The dogs travel so far and it takes them a long time to come back. Some of my dogs are pretty young and they are not that smart yet either. A system would be awesome cause then I could keep up with where they are and I would not worry so much. It would also help when a dog is bayed up a long ways away to help us to find it faster.

I want to have my own whole set of hog dogs one day and I really want them all to have tracking collars on. They wear cut collars and vests too. My goal is to have an awesome set of dogs like my dad so he can go with me and my dogs hunting. That would be cool. I think I deserve a tracking collar and system because of an incident we had a few years ago. My mom had a dog named Dag. He was her favorite dog in the whole world. He was pretty young, but still an awesome strike dog. My dad lost him one night hunting. My mom went looking for him every day for 2 weeks, but she did not find him. She used to go with us every time we hunted, but after that day, she quit. She does not go hunting at all anymore. I don't want that to happen to me. I want this system so I can find my dogs and bring them home every night.

Nothing is more exciting to me than wondering how big the hog is when I am on my way to the bay. There is nothing greater than your heart pounding as you run through the woods, through spider webs, wading through canals, busting through rose hedge or hauling butt through brush on the way to get that pig. I guess that the main reason I like to hunt is cause I get out into nature with my dad and I get to watch my dogs do what they were bred and trained to do: find and catch those big pigs.