So here is the story of how I got my first deer.

They say when you see a deer wait because there's always at least one more. How true this proved to be for me the Saturday before Christmas.

I and my little family were on the way to Van Wert on Lincoln Highway just after dusk. We had Ringo in the car because we figured he could use an outing. He's a very good traveler, often falling asleep halfway through the ride. He seems to enjoy coming with us so we take him whenever we can.

We were approaching the river bridge just east of Converse-Roselm Road and I saw it. A deer! Wait. There were more of them! Holy Cats! What am I supposed to do? They were all the way across the road. If I went left, I was hitting a deer. If I went right, I was hitting a deer. If I stayed the course forward, yup, you guessed it, I was hitting a deer.

I was also concerned about little Ringo in the back seat. I didn't want to slam on my breaks and thrown him around and possibly through the windshield. With few options, I just hung on and kept going straight and bam!

These were no small deer. Luckily, they were does and didn't have antlers. The one I hit came up and over the car and my eyes met one of its as it sailed over. If it had had antlers, I'm pretty sure they would have come through the windshield. That would have been messy to say the least.

My husband swore he saw deer limbs flying and I'm not so sure he didn't. It happened really fast. He also said the lead deer leaped around and over the back of the vehicle as we traveled through the pack. I kind of saw that, too.

When we pulled over in a better lit area to survey the damage, I was shaking. I was saddened I had killed at least one deer and I was freaking out because my car was trashed and the

accident had scared the crap out of me.

My headlight was pulverized. The hood was dented and raised about four inches leaving a gap at the driver's side. The driver's side front quarter panel was crumpled. My driver's side mirror was hanging by its wires. And it only took about half a second.

The important thing was we were all OK. Shaken up, but OK.
I think Ringo knew something had happened but wasn't sure what. We were making a fuss over him but he really didn't care why; he was just enjoying it.

Someone else enjoyed my first deer. I could hardly see myself tossing it in the trunk and I had no idea who I would call to dress it, etc. I don't think I could have enjoyed it anyway.

So — deer 1, Sable 0.