

SKULL

BOWHUNTING JOURNAL

THE STORY BEHIND A
241
INCH GIANT

MEET
STACKS

JEREMY FISCUS'
COLORADO
MONSTER

A SANDY HILLS HUNTING PUBLICATION

241 REASONS



As I sit down to write this story, I think of the countless hours and miles I rack up every year trying to find not only new bucks, but bucks left over from the previous year. Coming from a guy that hunts, not only for fun, but for a living, I'm amazed every year what can happen out of the blue. I scout as much as I can trying to locate as many bucks as possible prior to the start of every season. There are some days you would swear there wasn't a deer in the entire country, and some days they are everywhere. The last three years have been absolutely incredible for myself, and our clients. We have taken several deer well over the 200" mark. I credit this to the amount of work and preparation that takes place long before the season begins; this last year was no different. I began scouting very early to learn new areas and keeping an eye on the old ones as well. It was getting late into July, as I approached a hill I had glassed from several times before. I threw my binoculars up not expecting to see anything different, but as I panned around, paying close attention to a tree row - at the end was the surprise of a lifetime! Stacks was laying there staring right at me! I took a couple of pictures, and slowly backed out. I sent the pictures to my buddy, Casey and he immediately called me. His response was, "Are you kidding me?" We talked for a couple of minutes, but the last thing he said was, "I hope he is still around when season opens".



STACKS

I drew a sheep tag that year, and planned on being gone most of August. Luckily, I killed my sheep in three days which left me time to scout and relocate the bucks I had been seeing earlier that summer. I located many bucks for clients, and then made the two hours trip to where Stacks was living. This place is special to me. It's a family friend's place my dad have hunted for years and have always managed it to the best of our abilities. I made it back to the area several times, but never saw Stacks after my initial encounter. October rolled around and I was hunting with clients until the end of the month. We were chasing a 225" buck in another unit, but missed him a couple of times and ended up killing a 205" buck we named "Goofy" on day three. Tagging out early afforded me a few days to try to find Stacks and hunt for myself.

I drove around the same area I had last seen him day after day with no luck, but finally, I got a break. I was glassing from a hill as it was getting light enough to see and caught a glimpse of four bucks running back into a corn field, and one of them looked like Stacks. There was no wind that day and attempting a stalk was out of the question. I went back that night to glass from the same hill, but the bucks never came out of the corn field. Although it was frustrating not being able to do anything that day, I was just happy to find him! The next day I returned to the same spot again, but saw no bucks. I went around to the side of the corn that I couldn't see from the hill and started glassing. Unbelievably, he was a half mile in front of me in a stubble field next to a drainage growing a bunch of wild sunflowers. He was by himself going in circles sniffing the ground, so I sat and watched him, waiting to see where he was going to bed for the day. After about an hour, he made his way over to the wash, stood there for a few minutes, and bedded. I had to wait for another 45 minutes for the wind to come up and for my Dad to get there. When my Dad showed up, I explained to him where he was, and my plan for a stalk. He said, "Ok, well good luck!" and settled in to watch. From where I was sitting, the field looked relatively flat, so I was wondered if



my plan was going to work. I made it about 100 yards from the wash and then moved five feet at a time, slowly trying to locate antler tips among the sunflowers. After about twenty minutes, I finally saw a portion of his left antler. At this point, I was sixty yards away, but continued to creep up another twenty yards and sat down to wait him out. It was 10:30, so I knew he could stand up at any time for his mid-morning stretch. After about a half an hour, he turned his head a couple of times and licked his leg, which was a good indication that he was getting ready to stand. As the buck moved to get up, I drew my bow. I thought for sure he might catch some movement while drawing, but surprisingly he was looking down the draw and I went undetected. Now, I had all the time I needed to execute the shot. He was quartering away more than I thought he was going to be, but gave me just enough room to put an arrow where it needed to be. I released the arrow, and it hit a small sunflower stalk, deflecting it, and hitting him farther back than I wanted. He ran down the wash and stopped. I wasn't sure if the shot was going to kill him or not, and I didn't want to risk spooking him back to the corn, so I sat quietly watching and hoping he would at least lay down. Fortunately, his head went down and the rest of him followed.

“There is
**NOTHING
LIKE**
walking up
on an animal
you’ve worked
so hard for.”

241"

**“I don’t know how we are ever going to top 2016,
but we aren’t going to stop trying.”**



It wasn't long after that, that the biggest buck I had ever taken lay dead a hundred yards away from me. I couldn't believe it! As many miles and as much thinking as I did about this deer, and now he lay in front of me. I walked up to him, and all I could do was shake my head. I waited for my Dad to get there and couldn't wait to see his face when he saw the buck. He just shook his head and said, "I can't believe it, look how big he is! Look at the mass!" It was an unforgettable moment and hunt.

I have been fortunate to take some great bucks over the years, and there is nothing like walking up on an animal you have worked so hard for. Having my Dad there for almost every one of them makes it that much better. Stacks ended tapping out at 241 gross inches, which is my biggest to date. My Dad was fortunate enough to take an absolute giant buck as well in 2016. At 35 inches wide, his buck scored out at 235 gross inches. Our passion is hunting mule deer and we put countless hours in to trying to find the best buck we possibly can. I don't know how we are ever going to top 2016, but we aren't going to stop trying.