

The Day My Mother Killed a Moose With Paint Spray

Told by Steward Daigneault

It was in the fall, during rutting season, that my mother took the truck into the bush. She was going to pick some herbs. She wasn't far from the cabin, when she drove up this back woods road and came face to face with a bull moose. She said it was about a two year, which are the worse ones to meet in the bush. You never know what they are going to do.

She yelled at the moose to get off the road, so she could get by with the truck. She didn't have a gun, otherwise she would have shot that moose right there. The moose just looked at her and snorted. She thought to herself, I better do something quick or that moose is going to charge the truck.

She looked around, and saw a florescent orange spray paint can on the floor of the truck. She picked up the can, rolled down the window, and threw it at the moose. It hit the moose right in the head. The moose just snorted again, and this time he pawed the ground. He was going to charge. The second time he pawed the ground, his big hoof hit that spray can. Not only did it crush the can, but the can exploded and two big puffs of orange smoke came out.

The moose shook his head at the mist, and his whole head and antler rack was covered in florescent orange paint. He snorted again, but this time he took off running into the

bush. You couldn't miss seeing him go because of his colouring.

Later that day my mother told my dad what had happened. They both had a good laugh over that one - how my mother had chased off a bull moose with a spray can. My dad said, "Boy you can be a dangerous woman." My mother laughed.

Well, the next day, these two hunters came to my dad's cabin. It was just before lunch. They told my dad they had just killed a bull moose earlier in the morning. Now that's usually a time when everyone celebrates, but these guys were worried. They said the moose looked sick. It had an orange face, and the antlers were covered orange too.

My dad just looked at those two hunters, and said in a worried voice, "Whereabouts did you shoot this moose?" They told him the general area, and my father just nodded his head. He said, you were right to kill that moose. It had a dangerous disease, you better go now, and take some of this medicine. If you feel good tomorrow, everything will be alright, if you don't, you better go to the hospital.

The hunters drove off right away, and my dad jumped in the truck with my mother. They found the painted moose. My dad said to my mother, "Boy, not only are you dangerous with a spray can, you are also a good hunter."