

# One Foot in Front of the Other



Typically, every August, I began to get a little giddy as archery season approaches. Once archery hunting had its hooks in me, I knew I was in for the long haul. Over the last several years, I have tried to focus on a main theme or lesson I learn every year that will make me a better hunter or understand the game I am after.

This past weekend I was able to sneak away and only hope at an opportunity at the famed Rocky Mountain Elk. I spent a couple of hours scouring through my maps and past trips. I narrowed my plan down to two spots. Both of these spots were in proximity to each other. So, I thought I would hunt in between the two. In the past, I did not bat an eye and rarely paid close attention the amount of work that was required to get to a certain spot to hunt. As I have become smarter, I pay a little bit more attention to these details (probably getting older more than smarter.)

I departed Parker around 10:30 pm and arrived at my parking spot at 1:00 am. My plan was to double check my gear, eat a sandwich, and sleep for a couple of hours and hit the trail while it is still dark. Everything was going as planned. I clip the waist belt of my pack, grabbed my bow, put my

headlamp on low and hit the trail. I often check my GPS to ensure I stayed on my planned route. I rested every 100 to 150 yards to listen to my surroundings. Maybe I would get lucky and catch a glimpse, hear, or even smell some elk without spooking them.



After an hour and a half of hiking, I had stayed on track and reached my checkpoint to begin my hunt. All I needed was for the sun to hurry up. In the meantime, I put on a sweatshirt as I caught a sweaty chill from my hike. Finally, I was ready. From the clues I was uncovering, I was in an elk haven. "Relax, Nic, be patient" I kept repeating to myself. Admiring the landscape of this small plateau I was on top of. It had looked like there was a fire a long, long time ago. The dead trees that were still standing looked like they were molded out of clay. There were no sharp edges on top of that plateau. Wind, rain, and dust had weathered their original shape over the years.



Something was not adding up. I was seeing enough evidence that the elk were here, but they are not anymore. I kept up my investigation with the occasional cow elk mews. They were here, but they are not here now. I knelt down to wrap my heart around the acceptance of this pseudofact, I peered up just below the brim of my hat. Staring into the eyes of a cow elk

at six yards debunked any certainty I had about knowing anything about elk, hunting, and the mountains I was in. What seemed like a couple of minutes (closer to 10-12 seconds) we examined each other trying not to make any sudden movements. Her interest in me soon dissipated and she was off to where she had come from.

I spent the rest of the day using my incredible skill of deductive reasoning to help me try to find the elk. To no avail, the elk had successfully evaded me. It is a rare occurrence to hear a hunter say it was a successful hunt, even though it was not a successful harvest. I felt very fortunate to have found this hidden gem in an area I have been hunting in for years. Who would have thought this was so close to my normal route when I hunt this area? The wind was picking up and light was getting low. I thought I might hunt my way back to my pickup truck. As I retraced the route I had taken to get to this plateau, I was perplexed my trip back to the truck was not nearly as quick as I had hoped it would be. While checking my GPS and tracker, I was shocked to see what was planned to be no more than three to four miles round trip had turned into more than ten miles. Where did my planning go wrong? Had my curiosity fueled my exploring?



It was well after dark when I arrived at my truck. Still wondering how was the trip back so much longer than the trip in? I reviewed my maps and after a couple of different views of the map, I realized I had not taken into account the

topography or rise in elevation from start to finish. During the planning, I had only figured the straight-line distance to where I wanted to go. But, with such a steep climb over a distance, I was not fatigued enough for those figures to add up. It dawned on me that my trip in was in the dark with only my dim headlamp to reveal a couple of steps ahead me at a time. I knew my goal was to get from point A to point B. While only being able to see a few feet ahead of me at a time, I had no choice but to focus only on my next step which was at the top of the priority list. Putting one step after another over time, I had ascended to the top of the plateau, or point B very easily.

I know what you are saying right now. Nice story, but what does this have to do with buying or selling real estate. Not much really, it has more to deal with my inability to read a map. But I am able to relate it to the daunting process of buying or selling a house. During a transaction we know that we want to get from point A to point B, this is always the goal. There are so many variables that affect this journey to the goal. Location, price, market conditions, and personalities to name a few. Many times our focus dims from the goal and shines on the variables. Often, we feel bogged down, but just like my simple hike to my hunting spot, the priority was my next step, then the next one, and so on.



Without the distraction of being able to see the end, I was able to take action on the most important obstacle at the time, the next step. At Osgood Team Real Estate, we can help you draw a map. We will discuss with you how to get from point A to point B. We will guide you through the journey allowing

you to save time and energy focusing on the next step. We will prioritize the steps so that you can execute. If you have any thoughts about buying or selling, whether it be a need, a want, or knowledge of the process, let us know and we will prioritize you.



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