

Nothing can take the place of living through it, completing a successful hunt. Writing might be a cheap placebo, but it keeps me satisfied for a little while. I'm hoping it will do so again.

Hunting satisfied me in a way nothing else could.

Reminiscing about some of the previous hunts only takes me so far. It's like when you had great sex. How long can you keep thinking about it before you need to experience it again? Before you crave the next one? That's what hunting is for me.

I don't consider what I do to be evil or bad. Other people might regard my kind of hunting as evil or bad, not me. Would you consider someone who hunts deer for sport rather than food to be evil or bad? It's the same thing; we're both doing it for pleasure.