

Time for a dirt nap

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Could you maybe add this to your New Years resolutions? There are some things I would like to have. I guess it is just a matter of showing my age, this almost rage I incur at cutesy words the television “hunting” community has coined.

Words that some hunters, thinking this is the way you have to talk to be a real hunter have made it part of the young hunter’s lexicon. Never, ever, in my hunting life have I given some animal a dirt nap!

When I hear that dingbat say that, I almost want to hurl, toss my cookies, and look for Ralph. Whatever you use instead of vomit these days. He’s Down, Dirt Nap, rolled him, smoked him, whacked him! Why can’t they just say **I KILLED HIM**? That is what they did. When you properly shoot an animal, you kill it. You do not harvest it or bag it or any of the above trite expressions. You simply killed it.

“Recent harvest reports indicate...” What harvest reports? What did they plant? I guess they mean, “Kill figures indicate...” That is what they are, the numbers of animals killed, not harvested or bagged. They did not expire. They died. “I harvested a big 10-pt.” The first thing I want to say is, “How deep did you plant the antlers?”

What is it with all this p.c. crap? Who are we afraid of offending? Is dirt nap less offensive than killed? To whom? It is almost as bad as some of the things I hear sports announcers say. Cleveland beats Atlanta 4-2 and the mumbler says, “Cleveland doubled Atlanta 4-2.” At least he can do basic ciphering. Hey, listen, I use a lot of fragment sentences. I do it knowingly to provide emphasis, not to be cute. I’m sure it makes some grit their teeth, (my sister for one). It probably drives English teachers up the wall. But it is a legitimate device used by writers. I’m permitted, you know to do these things. I mean, you know, it is like what I you know, do.

“I mean, I go, you know.” Recently, while a man was telling a story of about three minute’s

duration, I counted. He said You Know, 42 times. I wanted to scream and hock a lugie. It was almost as bad as seeing someone talking on a cell phone while driving. Or, God forbid, texting.

Two weeks ago, a guy was in front of me at a stoplight and he was on the phone. The light turned to green. Nothing happened. Twenty seconds go by and I blew my horn as long and loudly as I felt proper. He indicated he thought I was number one. As I began to exit my truck, he finally left. And get this...the guy was at least 90. To whom could he have been talking?

Oh, I get upset at a lot of things, silly minor things that to put it succinctly, just flat piss me off. Best way I know to put it. Not at the top but close are the silly phrases that invaded our hunting language. Why don't we try something? Let us all try to say it just as it is for a while. Let's see if we can turn this ridiculous, juvenile tide around. Could we do that for Christmas?

Let me honest with you. I have been in that television industry. There is no rule that says you have talk like some guy with his pants below his pupik. You are allowed to speak plain American and you do not have to sound cute. It does not make you a better hunter. What makes those people so good is something called money. They have the resources to hunt the best places at the best time and on some occasions, with the best "help".

Here it is. Some of those hunters, I'll not name names, are as good as it gets. They earned their way to where they are. Some, I'll not name names, bought their way there and now feel they have to have a "hook". Therefore, they invent silly, trademark expressions...like dirt nap. They cannot kill cleanly; they have to give dirt naps. Just once, one time, I would like to see that goofball make another one of his bad gut shots and say. "Dang, I gut shot that deer and he is going to crawl off and somebody will have to shoot him behind the ear with a .22 so we can get the footage for the hero shot." But no, he will say, "I gave that sucker a dirt nap!"

Can't we stop that? Can't we give that kind of verbiage a dirt nap?

How bout it peeps? Can you get down with that? Maybe a New Years gift for me? How about it Coleman? I know you can do it and maybe MJ, too.

I'm going outside and lie down with my dog. I think we will take a dirt nap now.

JOHN L. SLOAN / **This e-mail address is being protected from spambots. You need JavaScript enabled to view it**

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