

Season 2, Episode 7:
“Goin’ to the Gun Range”
Transcription

{{Sound Cues}}

—

Ivy Le, addressing the listener:

Today's episode is a little bit of a rollercoaster. Eventually, I end up at a gun range where people are shooting guns, so here's the content warning: there are some startling gunshot sounds today. I'll let you know again in the episode when it's about to come up, so you can skip over it if you need to, or turn the volume down, or just listen when you're ready!

{{Slow bass-y Atlanta hip-hop beat starts}}

Ivy Le, narrating:

I know how to drift a car... I- I don't remember how I learned, but the reason I know that I know how to drift is because I had to once. It was a relief when I was old enough to drive and pick up my brothers from school. My parents worked weird hours, and we didn't live in the best neighborhood, so they didn't want us walking places. So one day I was carting my little brothers and a cousin around in my car.

Here in Texas, we have these highway ramps that are soaring overpasses. Some are higher than mountains and they curve a little too sharply... and I love them! I love taking them too fast. My favorite part of driving is speeding. You get up that high above everything and it's just sky, sky, sky— 360 degrees of sky! It is so awesome.

This particular ramp I sped on, on this particular day, it is literally the tallest highway interchange in the world. At Interstate 75 and the 635 loop, I have to take it nearly every time I leave home, and it feels like calligraphy. Well, except this one time. This day when I was just 16 with my brothers and my cousin— who I love very, very much— in my car. I lost control. Was I speeding? Probably. Was there something slick on the road? Maybe. I'll never know. My car started to spin out of control on this road... in the sky. My brain was like, “Oh my god. I'm gonna get us killed. Like a whole generation of us.” So I started to maneuver the car and just Tokyo drifted around the entire ramp because I had no choice!

{{Drifting tire skid SFX; car racing sounds start}}

Ivy Le, narrating:

There wasn't enough room to straighten out. If I tried to brake, we would've tumbled over the edge and plummeted to our deaths. The only way to get out of that without slamming against concrete was to drift my 1992 Toyota Camry around *the entire ramp*. I was terrified, but my face was sometimes inches away from the concrete guardrail, and that has a way of making you focus.

I couldn't breathe either because my lungs were smooshed by the speed and force of the turn. I couldn't fill them with air. My lungs were behind where the rest of me was. Once we got back to the ground level, and I could straighten out the car, I said, “(Sighing:) Is everyone okay?”

{{Bass-y hip-hop beat stops}}

Ivy Le, narrating:
My brothers and my cousin started screaming.

{{Bass-y hip-hop beat drops}}

Ivy Le, narrating:
(Screaming:) “That was so awesome!!! Oh my god, Ivy, that was the coolest thing ever!!!” They were going nuts! Like I was a football player who just won the game because they’re irresponsible little shitheads.

Part of me was like, “Oh my god, we could have just died.” But also, I started laughing. Because it *was* awesome. Here's the thing about growing up how I did: terrible things do happen when you're poor. I grew up with *a lot* of gun violence. But also I've picked up some valuable driving skills. There were near misses and an unfair amount of funerals... but also everyone I know is hilarious! And the food is good. In fact, if I were from the suburbs or if my family could afford reputable extracurriculars, I don't think I would've known how to drift and I might've died that day. That duality is what I want y'all to stay open to when you're listening today. Something can be both good and bad, fun and dangerous, fast and furious.

{{FOGO Theme Music: fun bouncy music with electronics fades in}}

Ivy Le, narrating:
I'm Ivy Le with one E, and you're listening to *FOGO: Fear of Going Outside*, a nature show by the most reluctant host ever. I go outside, so you don't have to. This season, I'm doing everything it takes to figure out how to go hunting.

I am getting pretty frustrated. I knew budget would be a bit of a problem, but I haven't found anyone willing and available to mentor me. I've started multiple online hunter education courses, but I don't know how any of them end. I butchered a whole hog with a chef who gifted me a textbook on how to hunt hogs. I learned how to track animals from a Girl Scout, but I can't find a freaking place to go hunt! On today's episode, we're gonna do what we do every night, Pinky: try to find land to hunt on! And hopefully someone to take me too.

{{FOGO Theme Music fades out}}

Ivy Le, narrating:
It's been six months since we started this hunting journey, and thanks to Myrriah and my shamelessly begging everyone we've ever known to introduce us to landowners and hunters, we are closer than ever to a real hunt. I can *almost* taste the meat in my mouth. Through an introduction by Allie, the reporter from episode one, we have found a rancher. This guy hates wild pigs and offers to give us a tour of his land so we can see for ourselves the damage they actually cause.

Ivy Le, at Kevin's ranch:
Oh, that'd be awesome. I heard you got a- you got a little crew? Squeal Team Six.

{{Kevin clears his throat}}

Kevin Glasheen, responding:

(Laughing:) Yeah. That's what- what we- we call it when we're going out on maneuvers at night with the thermal scopes.

{{Country banjo music starts playing}}

Ivy Le, narrating:

This is Kevin Glasheen. He's wearing a Carhartt button up and jeans, with a really nice watch. He probably cleaned up at the sorority house back in the day. He would admit to having done well for himself, but Texas Tech Law School, his alma mater– who he has already donated a million dollars to– will probably call him the guy whose name is on the building over there. This ranch we're on is two square miles of property about two hours west of Austin. Kevin and his dog have just flown here– like with Kevin's pilot's license on his personal plane– to meet us. And when we drive up to the first house on the property, I see a row of ATVs and a chicken coop with solar panels.

{{Country banjo music stops}}

Kevin, at Kevin's ranch:

I bought this ranch about eight years ago. It'd been in the same family since 1870's.

Ivy, responding:

Mm-hmm.

Kevin:

And they hadn't cleared any of the cedars. So when you have a lot- and there's a lot of creeks on this ranch- and so pigs love creeks.

Ivy Le, narrating:

Kevin is the first person I've met who really, legitimately hates pigs. Like Jesse, that chef who wrote the hog book, he kind of loves pigs. Kevin *hates* them. He has his reasons, like a lot of them. He hates what they do to the native wildlife.

{{Energetic guitar strums with jingly percussion start}}

Kevin, at Kevin's ranch:

One of the problems with 'em is that we have a lot of turkeys here. They'll lay a dozen eggs and they'll nest on the ground, and pigs will find those nests and eat them. They belong here. The pigs don't.

Ivy Le, narrating:

He hates what they do to dirt.

Kevin, at Kevin's ranch:

Not only do they damage the native wildlife, they damage the ground and cause erosion.

Ivy Le, narrating:

He hates what they do to water.

Kevin, at Kevin's ranch:

You don't really want pigs tearing up the soil that washes into your drinking water and then, you know, pooping everywhere.

Ivy Le, narrating:
He just really hates them.

Kevin, at Kevin's ranch:
They carry E. coli, among other nasty pathogens. So there's just nothing good about the pigs. I've probably shot 300 pigs out here. 'Bout a pig a week.

{{Energetic guitar strums with jingly percussion stops}}

Ivy Le, narrating:
Kevin hates pigs so much, I have hope that he'll welcome me to come hunt some down after getting to know each other today. Kevin is a man of action and a man of means. He clears cedar trees, so there are fewer places for pigs to hide. He never leaves his house on the ranch without a gun, in case he sees a hog. And he sets up traps with night vision cameras.

Kevin, at Kevin's ranch:
So I've got a pig trap that is running right now and there's a big boar that's been going in it the last few nights. Well, I put cameras up on the feeders of the trap so that we can kind of get used to what their behavior is and we know what time they're gonna be there so we can go get set up before they're there. That's how you successfully pig hunt is through camera reconnaissance.

{{Energetic piano and snare hip-hop beat starts}}

Ivy Le, narrating:
He's taken us to one of these feeder traps to show us how they work. The Poor Man's Hog Trap is a mechanical DIY setup. A rich man's hog trap is big and solar powered, and it has a smartphone app. It's a ring of steel fencing, and it's big enough for several podcasters to walk inside, under the trap door.

Kevin, at Kevin's ranch:
So let's say I get a pig, comes in here, and my phone tells me, "Oh, there's a pig in your trap." So I'm gonna tell it to close the gate. Now you gotta be real careful and stand- don't get close to that gate 'cause it'll whack you. Um, I probably need to spray this with a little WD-40, 'cause I haven't actuated it in a few weeks.

Ivy, responding:
Mm-hmm.

Kevin:
But if I take this thing and-

Ivy:
Careful.

Kevin:
Yeah, no.

Ivy:

Kevin- don't get- there's, there's literally a warning label. It says "Crush hazard, heavy drop gate can cause serious injury or death."

Kevin:

No doubt about it.

{{Heavy metal clink, the gate drops}}

Ivy:

Oh my god.

Kevin:

Right there-

{{Metal scraping}}

Kevin:

But to get it back up...

Ivy Le, narrating:

The trap is essentially an open top cage. And I laugh sometimes thinking about how I went in there with an armed white man I met half an hour ago, in the middle of nowhere! That's how desperate my hunting quest has become. From his phone, Kevin can trigger the door to snap closed and it *should* shut. It doesn't shut automatically like the DIY traps because ranchers wanna wait until enough pigs are inside. Once inside, well, they shoot 'em. Exactly like fish in a barrel.

{{Two electronic beeps}}

Kevin, at Kevin's ranch:

We're gonna just keep rolling.

{{An ATV engine starts}}

Kevin, at Kevin's ranch:

Y'all ready?

Ivy, responding:

Yeah.

Kevin:

So this blind's about a hundred yards from the- blends about a hundred yards from the feeder, which is about typical.

{{An ATV brakes and the engine stops}}

Ivy:

Wait, which feeder? The one we just saw?

Kevin:
Yeah.

Ivy:
Okay.

Kevin:
So, and you can feel the very strong wind today coming outta the south. So-

Ivy:
Okay.

Kevin:
We typically set them north of the feeders, so that they- they don't- animals don't smell us, but we use this to hunt deer as well during deer season. We just try not to shoot the trap-

Ivy:
Uh-huh

Kevin:
- that surrounds the feeder.

Ivy:
And the trap looks expensive.

Kevin:
Yeah, it's kind of expensive. You don't want to shoot it, if you don't have to. And then here's the blind. You can hop in there.

{{Acoustic change, they enter an echo-y room}}

Ivy:
Ew. It's got spiderwebs on it!

Kevin:
Yeah. Not surprising.

Ivy:
Okay.

Ivy Le, narrating:
The blind was not that bad. It really was just that one spider living in there. Just because it's not deer hunting season right now, so the people aren't using it that much. In fact, this blind is basically a little indoor oasis in the middle of all this nature.

{{Western whistling music starts}}

Ivy Le, narrating:

It really is just a plastic box with windows, like a few hunters have already described. It's drab green, about the size of three economy seats on an airplane. There are a couple chairs and cup holders. Now I couldn't really bow hunt from these blinds. They're too far from the feeders for a bow. If I were to hunt here, I'd need a gun.

I suppose. I could ask Kevin to borrow one. He does have a whole walk-in closet sized gun safe, full of guns and ammo. I'm still looking for a mentor too, so it's not out of the question yet to find one who would lend me a gun.

{{Western whistling music fades out}}

Ivy Le, narrating:

Kevin built several nice cabins for guests hunting on his property next to a shooting range he set up. There's also a giant rainwater catching system that doubles as a pool.

{{Adventurous orchestral music starts}}

Ivy Le, narrating:

My guests get a futon in the home office I share with my beloved. I haven't even seen a pay for play hunting outfit that is this nice, but you can't pay to hunt on his land. Like most private property, you can only be invited. Kevin's land is expansive and bountiful. We've been out here for at least two hours, and we're still not done seeing his land. We see wildlife constantly, like we're on a safari with the most reserved safari guide on earth.

{{Adventurous orchestral music swells and stops}}

Kevin, ATV'ing at Kevin's ranch:
(Over ATV noises:) Great Blue Heron flying off.

Ivy, responding:
Woah. Woah. Oh. Oh, it looks... the bird?

Kevin:
Yes.

Ivy:
Okay.

Kevin:
It's about a four foot wingspan.

Ivy:
Yeah, that's a big old bird.

Kevin:
It's a Great Blue Heron.

Ivy:
A Great Blue— is it one of the endangered ones?

Kevin:

I do not believe the Great Blue Heron is endangered.

Ivy:
Okay.

Kevin:
It may be threatened, but I doubt that too.

{{An ATV revs up while driving}}

Ivy:
It's just chilling.

{{Dramatic Tango-esque orchestral music with horns starts}}

Ivy Le, narrating:
This Majestic ass heron was nesting on the crest of a small lake, just flying about, without a care in the world, like "Global warming, who?" We also saw native wild turkeys who are assholes and two different types of deer. Kevin stops to show us some fresh pig rooting marks in the ground. It's muddy because it rained recently, and pigs love the mud to help them keep cool. Before long, we were interrupted by tiny but loud chirping frogs.

{{Music stops and is replaced by an annoying scrape-y frog chirp}}

Kevin:
It's also, like I've said, I'm not gonna shoot an animal just to shoot it. I'm only gonna shoot an animal that I've got a reason to shoot, and it's usually, it's cuz I'm gonna harvest that animal and- and eat it. But-

Ivy, interrupting:
(Softly disgusted:) What is that?

Kevin:
That is called a cricket frog.

Ivy:
What??

Kevin:
It's a frog that sounds like a cricket. And there's a lot of cricket frogs in the springs, and they're very shy. You'll hear 'em like on the Lions Club golf course in Austin on Enfield.

Ivy:
It sounds like they're surrounding us. Sounds like we're being hunted by them.

Kevin:
Yeah... You're not being hunted by cricket frogs. In fact, they're shy and they just got used to usm is why they've just started talking. They were talking before we got here. Plus it's evening and the sun's setting. That's when they- that's when they talk.

Ivy:

Oh, okay.

Kevin:

But, um, they don't- they're funny 'cause if you walk up on 'em-

Ivy:

(Gasping) I see one, they're so tiny. I see. Oh, now- and then it stopped because I pointed at it. That was rude of me. I'm sorry.

Kevin:

You're very self-conscious.

(Ivy laughs.)

{{Synthy electronic sci-fi music plays}}

Ivy Le, narrating:

The cliff chirping frog of Texas Hill country is just the size of a coin, but with the vocal projection of plus-sized opera legends like Luciano Pavarotti. What's odd about this frog? Well, first of all, they don't say ribbit. I thought all frogs said ribbt. But that they don't need water to lay tadpoles. They just need moisture to lay eggs, and they come out of their eggs fully formed as tiny, itty bitty little froglets, legs and all. And this area we're on right now, it's really muddy. So there's been a lot of frogs hanging out, and these frogs have been *fuuckkking!*

{{Cymbal crash; music stops}}

Ivy Le, narrating:

We go back to the house, and he shows us where he keeps his ranch vehicles and the freezers-plural- where he stores all the meat from his hunts.

Kevin, at Kevin's ranch:

It's real good.

Ivy, responding:

So, what is this place? Just your tractor garage.

Kevin:

Uhhhh, yeah, it's just, uh, the barn. Um, so got a tractor, got our lawnmower in here.

Myrriah (FOGO's producer, far away):

Fireworks?!

Ivy:

Is barn- Is barn just turn- (laughing)

Kevin:

Got my fireworks!

Ivy:

Okay. Your fireworks.

Kevin:

We keep lots of fireworks.

Ivy:

Yeah. You don't wanna pay full price in July.

Kevin:

(Not laughing:) Yep. And then these are- this is a solar hot water heater system that I'm- haven't not installed yet on the house. 'Cause we're kind of off the grid capable here. There's a full solar system with battery backup runs all placed and and all our water wells are solar powered with gravity feed to the house. So, and main thing I wanted the solar system was to run the freezers, 'cause you-

Ivy:

- you don't want that to thaw?

Kevin:

Well here. Well you, you, you know, it's hard to- it's hard to live without freezing, you know, having freezer food.

Ivy Le, narrating:

But there is no pork in these freezers at all.

Ivy, at Kevin's ranch:

You don't like these pigs... like, you don't like wild pigs or you just don't like pork generally?

Kevin:

Well, I don't eat pork generally. Um, but um, if I was gonna eat pork, it wouldn't be a wild pig.

{{A quick metal reload chop-n-screw sound effect}}

{{Funky bass-y music with rattling percussion plays}}

Ivy Le, narrating:

Kevin talks about pigs with the disdain I have talking about the outside! Except colonizers specifically brought pigs for how tasty they are. I don't argue with him though. First of all, it's not my job to proselytize 'bout pork. That's a chef's domain. It's my job to try to find some land to hunt on, so FOGO listeners don't have to.

Also, he let us have some meat, as nearly every hunter we've met has done. I love that about hunter culture, and I think we know by now that you *can* buy my silence with food, so we start to say our goodbyes.

He's been a great host, taking strangers around all day, but he's not in the tour-giving business. Every hunter in Texas knows that every other hunter needs a place to hunt. But Southerners don't go inviting ourselves places. Today was exploratory for both of us. I needed to know if Kevin might be a good person to hunt with, or if his ranch could be a good place to hunt. And he needs to know if I'm someone he can trust with firearms on his private property.

Ivy Le, narrating (cont.):

At the end of our visit, he answers the unspoken question hanging in the air.

Kevin, ATV'ing at Kevin's ranch:
(Over ATV noises:) So when're y'all wanting to come hunt?

Ivy:
Uh, we were- we were hoping we could do it sometime in May?

Kevin:
Okay. Well, let me know and uh, we'll try to, try to make it work for ya!

{{FOGO Theme Music plays on a trumpet}}

Ivy Le, narrating:
Did ya hear that?! Did ya hear that Southern invite?! We finally found a rich landed white man! When we come back, we scramble to take advantage of Kevin's generosity. I gotta learn how to shoot a gun!

Ivy, in a preview:
What would it take for you to feel like you were ready to, like, mentor somebody to become a hunter?

Barbra, responding:
Ooh. I don't know. Do we ever feel really ready for that?

{{Jazz-y energetic piano and drum music builds and stops. A cymbal rings.}}

Ivy Le, narrating:
We went to meet Kevin on a Wednesday. He's invited us to come back to hunt at some point, and he tells me, according to his feeder cameras, the hogs are coming out at night. Well, the FAA- or the Federal Aviation Administration- does not allow hot air balloons to fly at night. So, I have to accept that I will not be the first documented hot air balloon hog hunter this time around.

{{Sad sci-fi FOGO Theme Music riff plays}}

Ivy Le, narrating (cont.):
But at least I've got land to hunt on! Finally! I don't think Kevin wants me running around his ranch without supervision though, so I have to find a mentor fast.

{{Quick badass futuristic hip-hop music plays}}

Ivy Le, narrating (cont.):
None of our other rural landowner leads have worked out. So the next day, Myrriah and I put out the bat signal to every city person we know. That's how we found Kevin. And remember Brandon, the indigenous hunter in episode two? He pointed out that all the outdoors-y people he knows, including himself, have city lives too. Word got around that we were looking for hunters and we found another bi mom, just like me! Except she comes with guns.

Ivy Le, narrating (cont.):

I guess since it was the alphabet mafia who followed through. It wasn't a bat signal, technically, it was a robin signal. This hunter suggested I meet her at her go-to shooting range on Sunday, for Mother's Day.

{{Futuristic hip-hop stops}}

Barbra, at the shooting range:

My name is Barbra. I am 36 years old. I live in Austin, Texas. Um, and my favorite type of hunting to do is deer and wild hogs. I grew up in Minnesota around a lot of hunters and my dad was always very encouraging of women doing everything that men do. And so from a young age, he taught me firearms and taught me how to hunt.

And I kind of took a break. And then once I got later into my twenties, I had a girlfriend who had a ranch in Laredo. And we got very- she invited me to come hunting and the rest is kind of history. I got really hooked on it. Um, I also work as a chef, so there's a component of going out into the woods and killing something that I'm gonna prepare for people that I love.

{{Clubby pulsing pop music starts playing}}

Ivy Le, narrating:

Barbara like me, decided to spend Mother's Day shooting guns without our children. She's wearing a trucker hat, hipster glasses, red lipstick, and brown denim overalls with a nylon rifle case slung over her shoulder. It's hard for me to gauge height for people over 5'10" 'cause it all looks the same for me past that, but she's probably six feet tall. I'll post pictures on Instagram [@fogopodcast](#), but trust me, she's a vision in the searing central Texas sunlight. She sits patiently while I watch the required safety video.

Safety video, at the shooting range:

Keep chamber clear and open unless firing. During cease fires, all actions are locked open. Shooters only on the range, no spectators. There will be a ceasefire called about every 20 minutes by a range officer over the PA system. You get one free target with each admission.

Barbra, at the shooting range:

He's gonna give you a really cool card.

Ivy, responding with food in her mouth:

Mm-hmm. Does that mean we're members now?

Barbra:

You're gonna a member! You can come back.

Ivy Le, narrating:

Eagle Peak Shooting Range is an outdoor gun range just northwest of Austin, Texas. Its website looks to be from the early 2000's, and so does the portable building where I'm paying the membership fee. You can also buy ammo and libertarian bumper stickers here. The membership looks to be pretty diverse today, which is true of most places with a lot of Texans. I know people outside of Texans don't believe that about us. There appears to be a broad range in age, race, gender, and attractiveness coming and going.

Barbra, at the shooting range:

So we have two guns that we're gonna be shooting today.

Ivy, repsonding:
Okay.

Barbra:
We have the .22.

Ivy:
Okay.

Barbra:
We're gonna see how y'all do, and then once you're comfortable, we'll fire a few rounds of this per person. And then this is, this is the beast. This is a seven millimeter. This is an elk gun.

Ivy Le, narrating and giving a content warning:
You are about to hear a lot of guns firing at random times. We heard the automatic weapons from inside, but from outside I could *fee!* the sound. It was physically irritating. We level out the sound for the sake of your ears here, but in person, it was deafening, even with protective hearing equipment on.

{{Heartbeat hip-hop beat starts}}

Ivy Le, narrating (cont.):
We are assigned the shooting lane, basically, next to a group of tourists shooting AR-15's. Tourists from abroad don't wanna live in a society where guns are a constant threat, which is how I've grown up, but while they're here in Texas, a lot of tourists make a point of going to the shooting range.

Listen, I know, more than most, about the consequences of guns. My family has had two drive-bys and I don't even wanna tell y'all the other stuff 'cause then I'll have to go back and redo the content warning. So I hate the impact of guns. I hate the way we deal with them in my country, especially. But also, shooting guns is fun! It's weird to me that people don't wanna admit that! A lot of things that are problematic are also fun. Speeding drugs, guns. If they weren't fun, they wouldn't be a problem. So that's what's happening. Tourists are shooting next to us. They are annoying to listen to, but they're having a blast and eventually they leave. And Barbara and I have a blast too.

{{Gunshot at the shooting range}}

Barbra, at the shooting range:
See this little button right here? So when you are ready to shoot, you let me know when you're ready to shoot, and then you're just gonna take it and push it. It'll click. (Gunfire) And that means it's, it's ready to go. So you wanna choke up on here.

Ivy:
Okay.

Barbra:
But don't put your finger on the trigger.
Ivy:

Okay.

Barbra:

Stays behind it. And can you get a good sight of that deer in aisle 10?

Tourists in adjacent lanes:

(In background:) What is this shitty bullet?

Ivy:

Okay. I think so. Yeah. I see it now.

Barbra:

Yeah.

Ivy:

Uh-huh.

Barbra:

So then you'll just, whenever you're ready to shoot, you just turn that safety off, and that trigger's ready to go.

Ivy:

Okay.

Barbra:

I would shoot at the closest one.

Ivy:

Okay. The closest one. And it's- it's the picture on the target that's a little circle with the target inside. That's what I'm eating for? Or should I just-

Barbra:

Whatever part of the deer you wanna shoot at.

Ivy:

I don't know what part- I've never-

Barbra:

You could say I'm gonna shoot him in his nose, or, I mean, that's not the part we would *actually* shoot a deer. But-

Ivy:

Where's the part that you shoot a deer?

Barbra:

So what they- it's called the boiler room. That's where that target is on that deer, the crosshairs.

Ivy:

So kind of like at the bottom, at the top of the leg?

Barbra:

Correct.

Ivy:
That's where you-

Barbra:
That's gonna take out a heart and a lung, and that's what we hope for.

Ivy:
Okay.

Barbra:
It's more humane to kill them that way.

Ivy Le, narrating:
Barbara sets out her first gun with some ammo on the table. The table is shaded and has bean bags you can stack up to make a gun rest. Each lane has a stool for the shooter to sit on. The outdoor range itself is covered in sand, rather than grass, and the paper targets are set at different distances in front of us.

Barbra, at the shooting range:
So when you load it, you'll look through, you'll get ready to shoot, and then you'll click it forward when you're ready to put your finger on the trigger.

Ivy:
Okay. Uh-huh.

Barbra:
So because we're women, the best place— it's not just a rest, it's a press— all the way into your shoulder.

Ivy:
Okay. Is that my shoulder or like my- my- my top boob?

Barbra:
Yes.

Ivy:
The second boob?

Barbra:
Into your second boob.

Ivy:
The extra boob?

Barbra:
Yep.

Ivy:
Okay.

Barbra:
So all the way in, that's really the best way.

Ivy:
Okay. Because it's actually not a whole lot of padding in my shoulder. It's all in my second boob. (Barbra laughs.) Do you know what I mean?

Barbra:
Yeah.

Ivy:
Yeah.

Barbra:
Totally. Okay. It kind of runs like that length right here.

Ivy:
Okay.

{{Ivy shoots her gun, reloads}}

Barbra:
And you can shoot as many rounds of that as you want.

{{Ivy shoots again}}

Barbra:
You can try that hundred yard target if you want to.

{{Ivy shoots again}}

Ivy:
Okay.

Ivy, narrating:
Something I've noticed collecting lots of advice from hunters as I've researched this season: most hunters share the advice that was given to them by their first mentor. It was usually a male family member. They rarely question it, and they repeat it to every hunter afterward. The most egregious example of this is learning how to shoot.

Every hunter ever says to put the rifle in your shoulder. Remember Hale from season one? My best white friend. He went to summer camp every summer 'cause he was forced to. He dislocated his shoulder the first time shooting, and men in his family *still* teach it that way. Barbra's gun, the one that's meant for hunting 500 pound elk in Montana, that would've broken my collarbone if I had tried to put it in my shoulder and shoot. And I feel certain, if I had a teacher who didn't listen to me or who had never put on a tube top and dealt with boob spillover, I would've ended up in the urgent care, just like Hale.

Barbra, at the shooting range:
Maybe that's like a- maybe that's a better part about being a woman hunter.

Ivy, responding:

Is that, um, I've heard anecdotally that women are better- better hunters and shooters? Is that true, do you think?

Barbra:

(Barbra clicks her tongue.) I think that the men folk would debate that heavily, but I do think that women are- are- have a finer art to it, if you wanna think of it that way.

Ivy:

I- I've only heard, well, because I've barely found any female hunters, it's only men that I've heard that from.

Barbra:

Interesting.

Ivy:

I don't think all men think that, but the men who think that, like as soon as they know that I'm doing it, that they're- they tell me, they're like "oh—"

Barbra:

I just think that women as having a finer touch. More attention to detail sometimes. And I think it's not all about ego. I think the ego kind of gets checked to the door.

P.A. System, at the shooting range:

Call for a ceasefire.

Ivy:

Oh, okay.

P.A. System:

(Overlapping:) Make sure all weapons are clear. All the slides are locked open.

Ivy:

(Overlapping:) Do I have to unload it for the ceasefire? Do I have to unload?

{{Ivy unloads}}

P.A. System:

Put the magazine—

Ivy:

Okay.

Barbra:

Just so he can see that...

{{Barbra fades out}}

Ivy Le, narrating:

That voice in the distance is the range's safety guide, calling for a ceasefire. During a ceasefire, he checks everyone's lanes to make sure we're following the rules. Barbra and I use this time to walk out to the end of the gun range and check our targets.

{{Birds chirp}}

Ivy, at the targets:

Okay, so-

Barbra, at the targets:

So this is- this is actually not bad. You're a little low, but you have good grouping. So like these are all in the same area. Okay.

Ivy:

Yeah. So good grouping means--

Barbra:

lit means you're placing 'em all. Like if you had one over here and one over here, you'd be like, oh, I'm totally like off. At least, like, we know that maybe that scope's a little off, which is a possibility. Or you're just aiming and kind of moving just a little bit before you pull the trigger. Mhm. But this is good because this means that they're all hitting the same spot.

Ivy:

Okay--

Barbra:

So you're--

Ivy:

So there's- there's like a correctable problem?

Barbra:

Correct, yeah.

Ivy:

Okay,

Barbra:

That's good!

Ivy:

Okay...

Ivy Le, narrating:

Barbara tries to tell me I'm doing a good job, but Barbra's assurances are not working. Partly because I don't understand the deer target I'm looking at. I've been researching pigs; I don't understand it like she does. But also, partly because I care about doing this well, and I do mean to perfection.

{{Dramatic Chef's Table-y string plucking starts}}

Ivy Le, narrating (cont.):

I can't help but think about Don, that professional hunting guide and his terrible haunting first hunting experience. I am not someone who has to learn things the hard way. I prefer learning from the stupid mistakes of others. And I just saw these parts on that pig I butchered with Jesse. I mean, this target is an illustration of a deer, but it's the same principle, right? I'm barely able to get on board with the most ethical shot!

Jesse said it's through the lungs and the heart. I can't get on board yet with a shot that's just good enough to kill an animal, if it would cause more pain. I wanna be really, really, really good at this, and maybe partly... it's habit too? For me, being good enough at things is really not good enough to get what I want.

{{Dramatic low orchestral music intensifies over plucking}}

Ivy Le, narrating (cont.):
I'm determined after the ceasefire to adjust and perfect my aim.

{{Orchestral music stops}}

Barbra, at the shooting range:
All right, Ivy. You ready to blow that big deer away?

Ivy, responding:
(Ivy laughs.) Okay, now I'm gonna shoot for the spine and hopefully hit the chest.

Barbra:
You're gonna hit, let's- let's aim for that. Let's see what happens.

Ivy:
Okay.

Barbra:
So you wanna pick it up first before you put a bullet in it.

Ivy:
Oh, okay.

Barbra:
Just because you gotta have to like, uh, a little hand maneuver.

Ivy:
I need- I need to bring tweezers to get the bullets out when I put them in in the wrong order.
(Barbra laughs.) Okay. I'm putting 'em up, pointy end forward.

{{Ivy loads the gun}}

Ivy:
Okay. It feels very loose.

{{Background gunshot}}

Barbra:

Yep!

Ivy:
It feels like the hole for this bullet is very big.

Barbra:
Yep. Okay. And that drives it forward. There you go.

Ivy:
Okay.

Barbra:
And I can't remember if the safety's on or off, so, but you'll figure it out.

Ivy:
Okay, now the safety is on.

Barbra:
Okay.

Ivy:
Back is on, right? Because I push it forward when I want it off?

Barbra:
So we're gonna press that into our meat.

{{Ivy pats her "meat"}}

Ivy:
Meat. Okay. Press it in?

Barbra:
Chest meat.

Ivy:
Okay.

Barbra:
The further over here, the better.

Ivy:
Further in. Okay.

Barbra:
Not to feel you up at the gun range, but...

Ivy:
You, it's Mother's Day. (Ivy giggles.) You do whatever you feel like doin'. Okay. Okay. Now I can't see through the... scope.... Okay. I found the scope. Okay, and we're gonna aim for this spine now.

Barbra:

Okay.

Ivy:

My fingers on the little metal thing that guards the trigger... trigger guard. Okay. I think I've got the aim right, but since it's on my, since it's on my second boob, I feel like every time I breathe, it's moving. It's 'cause it's so far away. Like, every little breath is changing where the scope—

Barbra:

Yep.

Ivy:

—goes. So is the trick just to not breathe?

Barbra:

Um, you wanna keep breathing. You definitely wanna keep breathing.

Ivy:

Oh. Oh, I got, hold on. Stomach breathing. Okay. Stomach breathing. Okay, I'm good!

{{Barbra laughs}}

Ivy:

Okay. I'm breathing in my stomach now. It's not doing the thing. Okay. All right. Now I think I'm ready to shoot.

Barbra:

All right.

Ivy:

So then I take my, my kind of index finger and move the thing- the safety forward.

Barbra:

Yep.

{{Ivy turns off the safety}}

Ivy:

Okay. With my index finger. Okay. Now I'm back on the trigger.

{{Ivy takes a shot}}

Ivy:

OH!

Barbra:

(Yelling:) You did it!

Ivy:

Okay, I'm gonna use the scope to try to see— Ooh, that hurt.

Barbra:
Yeah, girl!

Ivy Le, narrating:
Another ceasefire. Pulling the trigger, as Barbra taught me, is a lot like firing a bow, as Josh taught me. You squeeze so gently and slowly that you don't know when the gun will go off. Because if you did, your body would preemptively react and jerk the gun off track as the bullet is leaving the barrel.

I think I've made some good adjustments, but none of those shots felt like a sure shot, if I'm being honest. And now I'm going for the further target, about 150 yards out, because that's more like the setup at Kevin's ranch. Barbra and I walked down the range again to see if I hit the target.

Ivy, at the shooting range:
So I hit it. Basically, it looks like just a couple inches to the left, but definitely in this like basically the very top of the spine.

Barbra, responding:
So you killed dinner for us.

Ivy:
I got dinner that time.

P.A. System:
The range is on.

{{Loud gunshot}}

Ivy:
Okay, so that time what I tried to do was sh- um, was overcorrect, was actually to go diagonal. So that's good...

Barbra:
You're doing a really good job. I'm actually very impressed.

{{Twinkly pulsing music turns into reflective FOGO theme}}

Ivy, at the shooting range:
Oh, thanks. I live to impress sexy moms.

Ivy Le, narrating:
I acknowledge it this time, satisfied that I'm a good shot. You can't blame me for not believing it at first, okay? I've only had what, like 40 minutes total of shooting instruction? But it turns out, I'm deadly! Skill-wise, I'm ready for a hunt on Kevin's land. So I start to feel out if I could convince Barbra to be my hunting mentor and lend me a gun too.

{{Music stops}}
Ivy Le, narrating (cont.):

She isn't just a sexy mom to look at y'all. I hit her with a barrage of questions and she has a thorough, thoughtful answer for every single one of them.

Ivy, at the shooting range:

So how do I know when I'm gun shopping if it's gonna be a reliable gun or not?

Barbra:

That is a good question. I'm probably amateur hour when it comes to gun-related knowledge. Um, just 'cause like for me, there are people who are into tactical shooting, and there are people who are just really into guns in general. And then I feel like there are people who hunt and sometimes they overlap. But for me it's really about the hunt. It's about the animal, it's about the food. It's about being outside and enjoying things. And, so for me, like this tool, I have one, it works well. I don't need five, right?

Ivy:

Are there any other myths bout hunting and hunting culture?

Barbra:

I think- I think drinking, while hunting is a really unpopular one, I think a lot of people, uh, view it as like super dangerous. Like how dare you know, you have a firearm, and you also have an alcoholic beverage. I'm not talking about drinking and getting wasted.

Ivy:

I was thinking, um- if it's gonna be a long time, we can like nurse a bottle of wine. So drinking while hunting, as long as you're a reasonable drinker is totally—

Barbra:

Totally fine.

Ivy:

Okay.

Ivy Le, narrating:

Texas does not specifically outlaw having alcohol with you while hunting, but it's just not allowed on public lands. Game wardens won't get you unless you actually do something bad. So on private land, Texas' official position is "you do you."

Ivy, at the shooting range:

Since we're hunting in a blind, like do I really need stuff at all?

Barbra:

What kind of stuff?

Ivy:

I don't know. What kind of stuff do I need?

Barbra:

Oh, okay. So, hunting in a blind, you're gonna be hot. What I would recommend that you wear is um, definitely, if you have, like, a quick dry hiking shirt, because there's probably also gonna be bugs. So anything that can cover you all the way but also make you feel cool is- is good.

Barbra (cont.):

Um, and you're definitely gonna need, you know, eye protection, ear protection. I always wear boots. Always, always, always.

Ivy Le, narrating:

This went on for a while. I had a lot of questions, and the more I learned about her hunting experience, the more I couldn't believe she categorizes herself as an amateur.

Ivy, at the shooting range:

So about seven years ago when your girlfriend brought you back into hunting—

Barbra, responding:

Mm-hmm.

Ivy:

Uh, your homegirl with the ranch. She uh- so did she have to teach you much? Or do you kind, did it all kind of come back to you from when you were a kid?

Barbra:

It came back to me. Um, she really taught me the processing of animals. And although her and I are not friends anymore, I am *forever* grateful that she took the time to explain those things to me and forever grateful for the experience of like, being at that fancy— her- the ranch is very nice and the facilities are amazing— and having the opportunity, you know, when you're learning, I feel like that would've taken a lot more time, but because we're culling deer, we have eight to clean in one night, I get a lot of hands on, right?

Ivy:

Mm-hmm.

Barbra:

So that was a really great way to learn.

Ivy:

Yeah. Instead of like doing it once a year.

Barbra:

Right, right. Or two a year and you're like, "I still don't really know how to do this.

Ivy:

Exactly. Okay, well I don't feel like I'm gonna get that like, you know, "seven in one night until I learn it" experience. (Ivy laughs.)

Barbra:

Well, and most of the time it would be illegal.

{{Regal trumpets play}}

Ivy Le, narrating:

For context, here's what Barbara's saying. When people purchase an annual hunting license to hunt deer, it comes with a lot of regulations, including a cap on how many you're allowed to

Ivy Le, narrating (cont.):

kill each season. That's what she means by, it's usually illegal. Barbara's homegirl who got her back into hunting, had a special permit on her land.

{{Bass-y country guitar strums start}}

Ivy Le, narrating (cont.):

In Texas, to get a managed land deer permit, a Texas Parks and Wildlife Department biologist determines that “yes, you do have too many deer compared to what your land can support.” And instead of a generic limit, they have goals or “harvest objectives” on how many deer they need to cull to sustain the habitat. So Barbra, who has told me multiple times that she's an amateur, actually has a level of experience that is quite literally exceptional.

{{Country guitar stops}}

Ivy Le, narrating (cont.):

So why does she keep saying that? It's possible, even plausible, she is also someone who's had to be extra good to get not-that-far. Which I get... But I wanna be drinking with her so bad and Kevin's blind with the cup holders! A lot of women have asked her in the past, and she's never agreed to be anyone's mentor. But I just have to see, if I can get her to say yes.

Ivy, at the gun range:

What would it take for you to feel like you were ready to, like, mentor somebody to become a hunter?

Barbra, responding:

Ooh, I don't know. Do we ever feel really ready for that? I felt very comfortable shooting guns with you today. I was a little nervous prior to this, and I thought, like, “oh, they could have someone who's much more experienced” or whatever, but I was like, “you know, I'm gonna go and I'm just gonna show them the thing that I do and like this is what works for me.” So I think, um, I mean, I think even now I would love the opportunity to do that. I wish there was more ranches that were kind of geared towards that idea. Um, sure you can pay thousands of dollars for a weekend hunting trip, but I feel like that's not really covering like some of the most important. So, yeah, definitely. I would be very interested.

Ivy:

So if we could, would you... if we- if we could make it happen, uh... Would you wanna teach me how to hunt on my first hunt?

Barbra:

I would *loooove* to. Yeah, definitely.

{{Bouncy bass-y electronic music. FOGO theme song trumpet starts playing}}

Ivy:

Okay. AHHHHH!!!!

Barbra:

Okay! That could be really fun.

Ivy:
OH MY GOD!!!

Barbra:
I would love to see you shoot something!!

Ivy Le, narrating:
I love the turn this has taken! I have a willing and locally based mentor! She has guns and she trusts me with them! I have a landowner who's down! I just don't have a date on the calendar yet. It is not going to be easy to schedule. We're trying to coordinate two moms and a guy who is so busy, he needs his own plane. So I'm excited, I'm hopeful, but also, I have had a lot of promising leads fall through already.

{{The trumpet pumps up, cymbals ring. Music stops}}

Ivy Le, narrating:
I won't stop pestering other folks until a hunt is done-done. But, ooh, I feel so close! I can almost smell the scat. And wouldn't you know, when it rains, it pours. Just two days later, Josh, the bow hunter from Sportsman's Finest says, "A friend down the road has agreed to let me come hunt hogs," and Josh needs me to come in the store ASAP to get my bow adjusted!

Ahh, all this time I couldn't get one hunt, and now it's looking like I'm gonna take y'all on two?! Yeehaw, bitches! Next time on FOGO: I have 24 hours to prepare for a wild hog bow hunt. Let's go.

Ivy, in a preview:
Oh, there's even, they made one covered in camo! Oh my God. It's so unnecessary. I'm totally, I'm gonna, I'm, I mean...

Jess, responding in a preview:
I don't see why you're so against camo.

{{Guitar FOGO riff outro credits start}}

Ivy, reading credits:
FOGO: Fear of Going Outside is a Spotify Sound Up series and was workshopped as part of the Spotify Sound Up podcast accelerator program. FOGO is written, produced and hosted by me, Ivy Le with one E. We are produced and edited by Myrriah Gossett. Engineering, mixing, and additional sound design by Robyn Edgar. Our theme song and original music are composed by Michelangelo Rodriguez. Story Editing by Minda Wei. Production support by Benjamin Grosse-Siestrup. FOGO's board of advisors is Jeff Zhao and Martin Thomas.

From Spotify, our executive producers are Miguel Contreras, Grace Delia, Jane Zumwalt, and Natalie Tulloch. Spotify production support provided by Shirley Ramos. And special thanks to the rest of the Spotify team.

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Ivy, reading credits)cont.):

You can follow me on just about every social media platform @IvyLeWithOneE, that phrase all spelled out. Go to fogopodcast.com for the newsletter, transcripts, and those cups! I still got those cups, y'all!!!

{{Guitar FOGO riff outro funktensifies and stops}}

Barbra, at the shooting range:
My biggest thing for you is to get a big Yeti cup.

Ivy, responding:
Okay.

Barbra:
With a lid.

Ivy:
That sounds expensive.