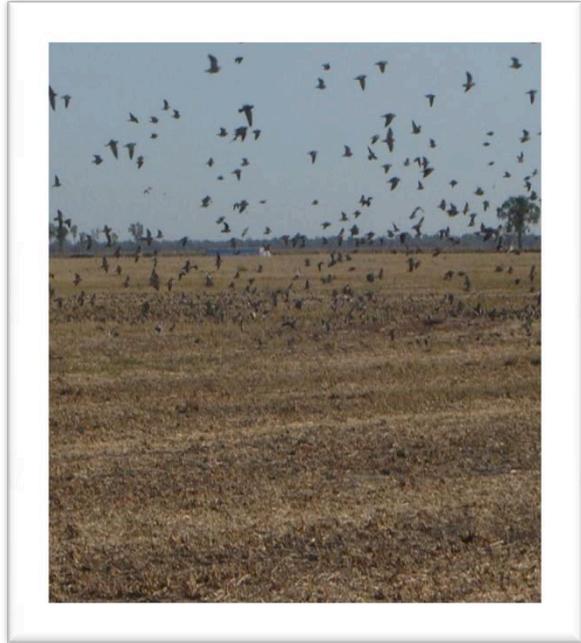


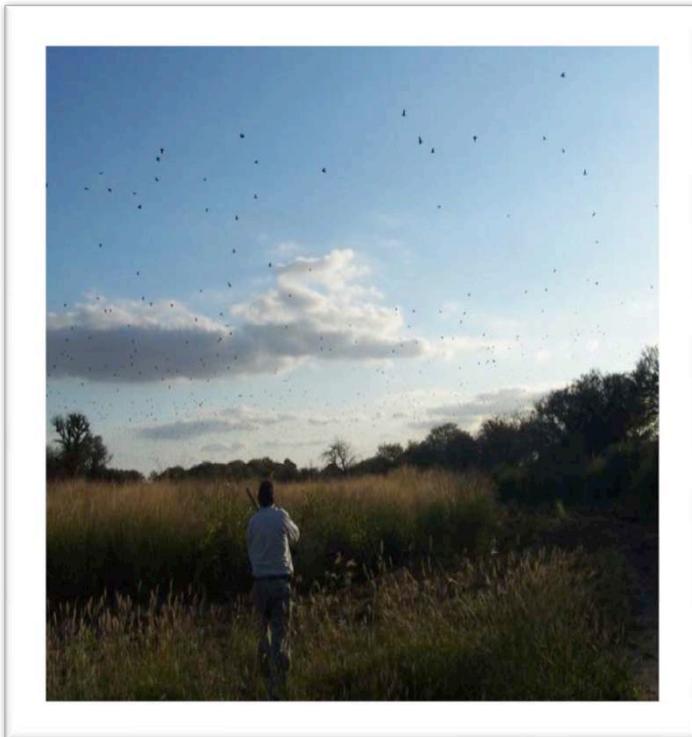
JUST A REGULAR DAY OF TURTLEDOVE HUNTING

For a hunter, this was a dream come true. We had just arrived to the beautiful lodge that Torcaza owns in the charming village of Pinto-Santiago del Estero. Everything went as planned, following the scheduled times and luckily with no unforeseen events. We were introduced to the team and warmly welcomed in a casual reception with hot and cold passed delicacies, red wine from the region of Mendoza and all kinds of soft drinks to make us feel at home from the beginning of our trip.

First, our hunting manager explained us the hunting program for the following days to ensure our expectations for the week were being met. All the attendees had agreed beforehand to utilize the organization's weapons, so following this small introduction our manager proceeded to assign each of us the weapon that best fitted our needs. We could choose between caliber 12 and 20 and a number of makes such as Beretta, Bettinsoli and Weatherby. Also, they provided us with as many cartridges as we considered necessary including lead 7.28 grams for caliber 12 and 7.24 grams for caliber 20. For now, I chose to get 2000 cartridges. Will this be enough for the hunting experience?



The evening continued with an outstanding dinner. We all complimented the chef for his professionalism and the wonderful gourmet experience provided.



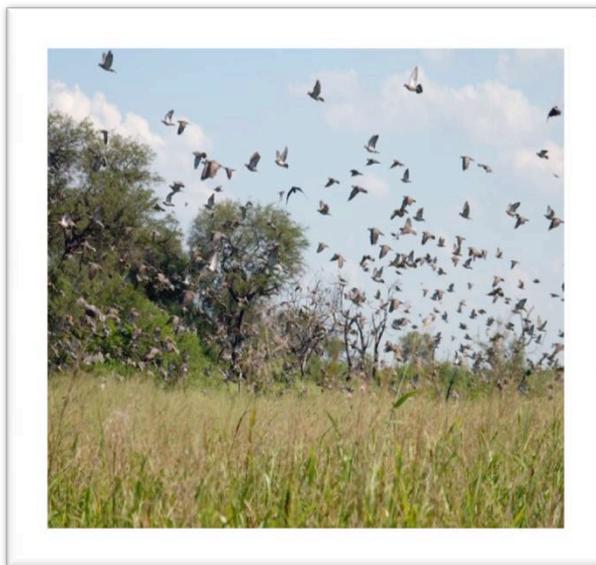
Everything had been great so far and everyone seemed to have huge expectations for the following days but, after such a long trip, we all deserved a good rest.

The morning after, right before the sunrise at 7am, we met in the main hall. Observing the other hunters' faces I could see the excitement and the adrenaline rush in their eyes, hoping that the day was going to be just perfect. We quickly got on route after enjoying a brief but nutritious breakfast. The hunting guides Jose, Jorge and Adrian were waiting for us outside of the building ready for our ride. They stepped in a pick-up in front of us while we got in a shuttle

bus; make Mercedes, with 12 comfortable seats in it. What a luxury! The trip was quick, ten to fifteen

minutes long. Enough time for the sun to rise. As we approached the hunting spot, we started seeing the first birds hovering around the area with the awakening of the nature. We all took positions in separate hunting stalks with our respective hunting guides when I started to hear a background noise that intensified as the sun rose. I asked Jorge -my guide- what this noise was and he responded to me: "It's the sound of the turtledoves as they wake up and start flying". I could not believe it. I have no words to describe the sound. It just resembled to the sound an airplane makes before take-off. Simply amazing.

After this experience, I could already confirm that it was true that Argentina is the paradise for bird hunting. The first turtledoves started showing up and I could already hear the first shots. The birds kept passing in front of our eyes, from the front, from the back, coming from every angle and every direction. It seemed never ending. As time went by, my shots kept getting more and more accurate when I suddenly realized I had gone through a box of 500 cartridges already before 10am.



While resting, I could observe my friends shooting non-stop... The sun was shining bright in the clear sky and the temperature was warm although it was almost winter time. My hunting guide brought me a cold Argentinian beer (Quilmes) and I drank it with infinite gratitude. After this little break, I kept hunting the never-ending flocks of birds and my shotgun was already getting hot, to the point that without the neoprene gloves that I was wearing, it would have burnt my skin.



At noon we took a break and gathered around a dining table meticulously set with a spotless white table cloth, cutlery and silverware. The table was strategically placed under the shade that two beautiful, leafy Quebracho trees provided. The smell of the burning coal was already in the air when we

started sharing our first impressions of the day while drinking a couple beers and eating a good Argentinian "picada" made of cured meats, cheeses and pickled vegetables. The hunting assistants started gathering all the birds we had hunted as well as a huge amount of used cartridges that they had been picking up from the floor while we were enjoying ourselves. Shortly after we realized that the flocks of birds seemed intact, still containing an immense amount of turtledoves hovering all around us, everywhere we looked at. We then enjoyed an excellent Argentinian "asado" (word they use for barbeque) with Aberdeen Angus beef, cooked in such a pristine environment in the middle of the nature

and paired with great quality wines from the region of Mendoza. Shyrah, Malbec, Cabernet Sauvignon... We definitely enjoyed a pleasant, unique and rustic meal experience!

The next two hours flew by and the youngest hunters of the group continued to challenge each other to beat their personal records of number of kills. The most elderly hunters, including myself, enjoyed the social gathering with a coffee instead, when one of the hunting guides informed us that they had set up some hammocks for us to lie down after the meal. I chose to do so and in my dreams I wondered whether the next day would be as good as this first one.

After the power nap and one more coffee we resumed the hunting session, but this time, shooting at 1st the turtledoves that were returning to their nests. What a show! Indescribable. The morning scene happened again only that this time, we were more calm, trying to kill the most amount of birds with the least amount of shots and trying to be more selective when hitting the trigger. At this point we



had definitely become better hunters than the ones we were earlier in the morning; lesson learnt.

Around 5pm the twilight started taking over the clear sky and the turtledoves gradually started disappearing, giving us the opportunity to perform some

spectacular shots to the stragglers. It was already time to leave when our guides started picking up all the kills of the day and cleaning up the fields for them to be ready for the next day of hunting. It was also time to take a group picture with our trophies nicely arranged on the floor to be counted even though each hunter already knew how many they had hunted thanks to their personal hunting assistants who had been keeping track of the numbers.

The faces of satisfaction and tiredness were present in everyone. What a great day! I overheard one of the assistants saying that the average number of shots per hunter was around 1200. I could not help being astonished by his words. We then headed back to the Lodge where some snacks prepared by our Chef were awaiting for us.

The evening ended up with a great dinner prepared with much care and professionalism by our Chef wrap up a perfect day. All the hunters engaged in the social gathering sharing anecdotes of the day, laughing and agreeing that the first day had been outstanding. Simply unbeatable. After such a day, the hunting manager briefly went over the game plan for the following day: pigeon hunting. We all went to bed seeking a well-deserved rest and excited about what the next day will bring us.

