

# Where the Anti-lopes Play

By Andrew Smith

I just read that after years of searching, scientists have finally discovered anti-matter. Anti-matter is the opposite of what everything else is made of, and apparently comes from an anti-world that is the opposite of the real one.

If that sounds like Washington, D.C. to you, it does to me too. But there are some distinctions. Anti-matter is everywhere, but it doesn't really exist. Washington would also like to be everywhere, but unfortunately, it really does exist. And there may be other differences.

Scientists speculate that anti-matter exists in an anti-world that's just like our own –except it's not. That means that right now anti-congressmen and an anti-president are using every ounce of anti-intelligence they've got to not fix their anti-budget, And they're still going to take a break they anti-deserve. Anti-believable! But scientists say it's true.

Anyway, this anti-matter is a great discovery, and it has thousands of practical, and possibly legal, uses that will benefit sportsmen everywhere.

Imagine coming home from a fishing trip before anti-matter was discovered, with no fish.

Wife: "I thought you were going fishing?"

Husband: "I have been fishing."

Wife: Well then, where's the fish? You smell like beer to me."

Oh-oh. Looks like our hero walked right into deep doo-doo without his hip waders. But watch how science comes to his rescue with the discovery of anti-matter.

Husband: "What are you, *blind*? I've got three huge anti-bass right here."

And speaking of blinds, say you're out in one, waiting for a threesome of mallards to drift your way. They do, and you shoot, and then you're partner can help noticing, "Man, you missed them by a country mile."

In the days before anti-matter you'd have had to come up with some lame excuse about your old war injury interfering with your lead and throwing your trajectory off. But you don't mind the pain –most days.

In the post anti-matter world, however, you can out and out scoff at any suggestion you missed anything.

"Are you *blind*?" you respond icily. I got the first *two* anti-ducks. I was waiting for you to take the other two." In fact, you can even congratulate yourself on good shooting. Anti-ducks are much harder to hit

than real ones, because they're so much harder to see. The flavor is not as good, although they are much less oily than most of the duck you've probably eaten before.

And one of the greatest things about anti-matter is that there's no limit on anti-ducks, no season on anti-pheasants, no tags required for anti-elk.

The only exception to this is anti-lope season, where a tag is required. But you can shoot all the lopes you want.

I was talking about this with a friend, just the other day. "Looks like a good day to shoot anti-deer," I suggested.

"Has your auntie dear really been giving you that much trouble?" he replied, concerned.

"No," I said. "It just looks like a good day for it. Beats sitting around and watching TV. It'll be fun. Wanna come along?" He made up some excuse about getting his teeth cleaned. So I went alone. I think I got one, but it's pretty hard to tell.

Like all great discoveries, anti-matter helps us explain our universe more fully. Take my scores at trap and skeet, for instance. They're a lot easier to explain when you figure in all the anti-skeet I've probably shot over the years.

Then there's the environmental debate. It's a lot easier to understand when you realize that the Sierra Club, and other groups, are composed mostly of anti-loggers. If some of their arguments don't seem to apply to the real world—maybe it's because they don't.

And when you stop and consider that most loggers are anti-Sierra Club, well, it's no wonder that neither side can understand what the other one is saying.

In fact, scientists say that matter and anti-matter annihilate each other any time they come in contact. Not only does this mean that you shouldn't put pheasants and anti-pheasants together in the same game bag, but it makes me shiver when I think how close to disaster we've probably come at some of the forest planning meetings I've gone to. All that would have to happen is for one logger to accidentally brush up against one Sierra Club member and poof! There wouldn't be anybody left to argue about how to manage the forest.

There would just be the sound of the wind in the trees.

Maybe that's not such a disaster, after all. I wonder if it would work on Washington?