

The Zen of It.

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The Village *idiot* Press

It's an elegantly simple machine, designed to do one thing and do it well.

I inhale and exhale. I feel my heartbeat through my cloths, hands, skull and eyes.

As I position myself I think of my eyes, the refractors I'm wearing and I recall, I remember years ago when I was a kid, in my friend's basement with a 22 repeater. His dad was there to supervise. I was legally blind, too proud to wear glasses and be called 4 eyes. And pride comes before the fall. Silly ignorant prideful kid, but still I shot that silver quarter from 50 feet. I sensed its position and hit it dead center. There was something about a rifle in my hands that just felt right. It would be the same for a competition pistol years later.

Since my dad never allowed weapons in our house, I would have to wait. It would be the same for pistol competition years later and now with this precision tool laying on the rest.

In that basement, we had no hearing protection. My ears rang. My head hurt. Still the quarter was mine. I was the only one to hit it.

All that runs through my head in an instant as I pick up the first round. I laugh to myself thinking funny how memories run quicker than the actual event.

Cancel-cancel. All this milliseconds of thought

The 223 Federal 77 grain is carefully placed in the Surgeon 591 short action single shot receiver and the bolt pushed forward.

I can feel the right hand lug just scrape as the bolt is slowly turned clockwise and locked into position. It's like driving a racecar where I can feel the movement of the entire vehicle. Here I can feel the metal against metal, and the slight clink of the brass as the round is guided to the chamber and locked in place.

The safety is clicked off.

I inhale slowly and exhale just as slow.

The McMillian A5 custom stock is pushed against the stop on the Bald Eagle rest as I look down the Nightforce scope. 55 power lets me see the small X less than 1/8 inch in the center, 100 yards down range, and just as quickly, blurs, my heart is beating faster. Somehow that beat causes me to lose the clarity I just had.

I used to be able to slow it down to about 55 beats a minute. But that's when I trained 4 or 5 days a week with a pistol. And that was over 13 years ago.

Age, a'nouth said about that.

I sit up... finger off the trigger guard, safety clicked on and I wait until I feel that calmness come over me. And then on to the raised cheek piece I lay my right cheek my eye level with the scope. The scope is focused, the crosshairs clear. My heartbeat is transmitted through my chest and hands to the stock, through the steel and the photons back into my eye. I know that my brain registers the visual site about 1/8 of a second after the photons hit my retina and passed to be processed by my brain. I accept the picture. It's a time delay that everybody has. It's the way it is.

I know to force the action is to have, not to have.
My finger slides off the guard to the trigger. The feel is right.

I inhale and exhale. Inhale and exhale slowly and an increase in pressure, slight, smooth, crack/surprise. The first shot of the day is away.

The suppressor does its job. Hearing loss is permanent. I wonder about the harmonics of the barrel the projectile and the suppressor.

Cancel-cancel.

Center right, less than the diameter of the projectile, just above dead center.

I leave the windage and elevation adjustments alone. Let's see if I can duplicate this and if so then I know, just a click or two.

But then I think, I won't be able to see the center if it's shot away. Leave it.

The bolt is turned, I feel the release from the locked position as I lift the arm and pull back. The spent brass is ejected. The sound of the spent brass hitting the wall and floor can be heard. When I'm the only one at the range all the sounds can be heard. The totality of it is just that, encompassing and total.

I sit up and relax. Another round is taken from the box. I feel it in my fingers. It has no imperfections that I can tell. I hold it until its warm and I place it in the action.

I look it over and, I look at the weapon. It's so simple. A chemical reaction takes place, a projectile is propelled at roughly 2700 feet per second down the steel barrel with 1265 foot pound of energy. I believe that's orbital escape velocity if it could be maintained.

And I repeat the act again. Breath control, hand control, mind control, mind control, exhale, surprise, follow through, eject... smile, a to myself a smile and I feel my body relax.

No need to shoot fast. It just heats the barrel up and that has an affect on accuracy. No need to shoot fast, I can purchase fireworks if I wanted to make a lot of quick noise.

5 shots, and I disengage the bolt from the receiver. Unscrew the suppressor. It's hot. I brush the loose brass filings from the bolt face. I Insert the bore guide and run a few patches to clean the bore and let the barrel cool.

Smile.

An hour of this and I use maybe 20 to 30 rounds in groups of 5. Know when it's time to stop. Sometimes when I don't the rushed and hurried results are quickly visible.

Clean, pack, sweep my area and wash.

The ride home is calm, no need to speed. In hale, exhale. I'm aware of the sound of the tires and the slight wind noise from closed the driver's window.

Perfection? Not even close. And I laugh at the thought.

Where are the revenue enhancing radar pickets today? I just wave and they wave back.

Bald Eagle, McMillian, Nightforce, Surgeon 591, and Federal are owners of their respective trade and brand names.