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I was stunned and could not believe what had happened. As soon as I got myself together, I took the last two bullets out wondering if they would also go off. Still shocked from this experience, I climbed down from the stand, walked to my truck and went home. I still could not believe this happened; my Remington had let me down. Thank the Lord that I had my .270 pointed at the ground as I unloaded it. I went over this incident a hundred times in my mind trying to unriddle what had happened. I went to a secluded farm a week later just to load and unload my .270 to see if it would happen again but it did not. Now I began to wonder if I had made a mistake. Maybe somehow I hit the trigger as I pushed the bolt down. I didn't think so but the rifle was doing perfect now so I assumed I must have made a mistake.

Next deer season rolled around and as I prepared for it my thoughts were on my .270. I sighted in my rifle and began to target shoot. Everytime I loaded or unloaded that gun, I touched the bolt with my thumb and forefinger holding my other three fingers straight up in the air. I was not going to make the same mistake I had made last year, if I HAD made a mistake. The .270 went through deer season fine with no problems, but the accidental firing of the rifle went through my mind every time I picked it up or even looked at it in my gun cabinet.

Last deer season came and I prepared in the same way I had for years. I hunted at least twice a week the entire season, and everything was fine until two weeks before the season ended. I climbed one of my stands with my unloaded .270. As I sat down on my seat, I noticed two deer already in the field about two hundred yards away. I began loading my rifle carefully and as quiet as a mouse. I had it loaded and with my thumb and forefinger on the bolt and my other three fingers pointed straight up I eased the bolt forward and then down. The rifle cried out! This time I was positive it was not anything I had done. I unloaded the gun, climbed out of the tree and went home. I took the scope off the rifle and vowed never to use it again. I was finished with this rifle and probably with Remington.

Several weeks later I took the .270 to a secluded field. I loaded it and unloaded it as fast as I could, dozens of times. I shoved the bolt forward and down as hard as I could and the rifle never once fired, so why in the world did it go off the other two times being as safe as possible. After this, I started talking to gunsmiths about the problem. They said they would look at my rifle, but said how do you fix something that is working fine now or something that had malfunctioned only two times in three years. These conversations confirmed my thoughts - - My .270 will never be used again! I absolutely refuse to take a chance on safety.

I have given this matter long and serious thought. If I had abused the rifle, I could understand something happening; I most certainly have not abused my rifle. This incident could have been