



While Mom was helping us look up the draw results, Dad was on the other computer, looking at the draw odds. He said, "Charlie, you only have a one in seventeen chance of drawing your tag." It was not looking good for me. I did not have butterflies in my stomach, rather I had something the size of a golden eagle in my belly. After Mom typed in my license number, she started to scroll down the page and the anxiety was overwhelming. When the word "Congratulations!" appeared, I jumped up and screamed. I could not fall asleep until it was time to get up for school the next day. The Fish and Game should not allow the results to be published on a school night.

Summer was flying by, and I tried to forget about even having a tag. It took forever for the season to get here. We did the usual things, such as horse 4-H and pig 4-H. I trained a four-year-old Fjord horse and asked Dad if I could use him on my goat hunt. He said I could if I trained him well enough. As summer progressed, my 4-H horse was coming along great with his training. Even though he bucked me off at the fair, Dad said I could use him on my hunt.

We had a family of fishermen that wanted to fish the high mountain lakes in our area, which was also in my goat area. My dad volunteered my little brother and me to go since