



was pounding as I pulled the hair trigger. I was not ready when the gun went off, and it kind of startled me. The billy rolled out of sight. When we got to him, he was under a log and wedged in. I did not realize goats would be so heavy. He had 8 3/4" horns with 5" bases. I was shaking some, but not as much as I had been on previous hunts. My heart felt like it would pound right out of my shirt. Dad caped the goat and quartered it up. I packed the quarters to a lower elevation while Dad got the stock closer. We loaded up the mules and started out of the canyon. My adrenaline

had quit, and I was feeling tired and weak. Fortunately, my horse kept jumping creeks and logs and kept me awake. We made it back to the pickup and trailer by about 10:30 that night. I was home and in bed by 12:30.

Coach was happy that I made it back for the game, and I am happy to report that the score was 60 to 12. The only downside was that we lost. Slow and steady may work fine on a goat hunt, but it's not so good when you are the shortest kid on the team and the running back. **EF**