



me. I guess he did not see me because he lay back down. I could see his eyeball, and he was chewing grass. I did not know what to do. I stepped back over the mountain and finally signaled for my dad to come back down the mountain. I still cannot believe Dad did not spook the sheep.

I got set up and shot the biggest ram out of the band. He ran out of view into some trees. The other three rams ran out the other side and stood there watching us. I could not believe they did not run away. We finally went down and found my ram laying in the bottom of the draw. He was beautiful. He had a full curl on one side, and he was broomed on the other side. I was shaking. Dad caped him out, and we hauled him down the

mountain. It was dark when we got to the horses and mules. We loaded the mules and rode two hours back to base camp. It was after midnight when I crawled into my sleeping bag. I was tired but happy.

The next morning, I flew out of the wilderness. Mom took me home to get a shower and then I went back to school. I only missed three days of school for the whole hunt.

I feel fortunate to live where I do and to get to hunt as much as I do. The only problem I can see is next year if grandma draws another tag she is probably going to give it to my brother. **EF**

