



It was mid-afternoon when the wind shifted and blew our scent right to the rams. They bolted out of the canyon and started up the other side at about 450 yards. They were making their way to the top at a fast pace when they finally stopped, and I got a broadside shot at 550 yards. Ordinarily, this would have been an easy shot, but due to the rocky rifle rest and the sheep fever, I was finding it difficult to hold steady. I squeezed off a shot right before they all four stepped behind a group of juniper trees. To my surprise, only three sheep came out into the sagebrush on the other side. I thought there was no way that I had actually hit him, but when I walked around the canyon rim, he was laying there. He was a lot bigger than any other ram I had seen on the trip, and I was very happy with him. It was fortunate that where he died was only 200 yards to an open four-wheeler road.

We made it home the next day to find that the ram scored 163", which was awesome for a California bighorn. He was only 5 1/2-years-old with 15" bases and a 33 1/2" curl. I was very happy with him and would like to thank my Grandma Chris for the tag, Troy Zeigler for helping with the coyote derby, Scott Farr for the amazingly accurate rifle, and my parents

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for taking me hunting and helping take care of chores when I was gone.

Now that I have harvested three of my four Idaho trophy species at the ripe old age of 16, it makes me wonder, where do I go from here? Most hunters in Idaho would give their left elbow to have the opportunities I have had, but it leaves me with kind of an empty feeling knowing that 3/4 of my Idaho trophy species have been harvested. I feel like I have an addiction and all the cure has been used up. **EF**

