



CHARLIE AND HIS DAD, TRAVIS,  
WITH CHARLIE'S IDAHO MTN GOAT

Dad and I woke up at 3 a.m. and drove upriver to the trailhead. We unloaded the four head of stock, including Mikka, my 4-H project horse. We had two pack mules with food for the three-day weekend hunt. After five hours of riding and my horse jumping every log and bog on the way, we reached the lake and sat down to eat lunch and let the horses graze. I was looking at the fish in the lake and wishing I had a fishing pole when Dad said, "I see one." We pulled out the spotting scope, and he looked like a decent goat. At first I was kind of picky, but then I started to think about the football game the next day. I knew the team needed me, so I told Dad that I should probably take him since we had not

seen any other goats. We made up our minds to put a stalk on the billy. If it did not work out, I would not be upset, but if it did work out, I could make it back for my game.

We rode the horses within about 500 yards, tied them up, and climbed to a shooting position at 300 yards. Where the goat was lying, we could not get closer. Dad let me use his long-range gun with a Huskemaw scope. I did not have a lot of time to practice shooting before the hunt started. I dry fired the gun once to see if the crosshairs would move when I pulled the trigger. They were steady, so we loaded the rifle and I pulled the set trigger. My heart