

# GOATS for TWO

— LARRY’S SHORT STORIES #22 —

It was Brenda, who wanted to shoot a goat; so when we landed in spike camp the guide immediately said “Brenda, I have found your goat!” The spotting scope was set up, and about two miles up the valley on the right was a tiny white speck on the side of the mountain. It was clearly a goat – a Rocky Mountain Goat! We were on a combination moose and sheep or goat hunt, so this was a great start.

Next morning we headed up the valley, enjoying a pleasant walk on flat ground, with small glacier streams on either side. Upon arriving at the drainage of the goat, it was nice to see that there were now three goats.

We plodded up through the willows to the base of the mountain, side-hilled across the rock face and on up to a ridge.



*In Alaska, the Super Cub is often used to get hunters in and out of spike camp.*

It was a tough climb –everything was wet and slick. Mountain goats aren’t dangerous animals, but it can certainly be dangerous to hunt them.

Everything looks different as you gain elevation. At our

final position, we now saw four goats, two of which were shooters. They were bedded on a point about 350 yards out and slightly above; with nothing between them and us but open space. This was as good as it was going to get! We carefully pushed our backpacks to the top of the ridge and got into shooting position – about 15 yards apart. (muzzle brakes!!!)

The guides then jumped up and started running around like crazy, waving their jackets and making lots of noise, trying to get the goats to stand; but they wouldn’t. I left my



*A hunt is even more memorable when Brenda and I both shoot trophies – at the same time. Our guns are Rifles, Inc. Mountain Rifles in 300 Win Mag. Yes, Brenda’s goat is bigger than mine!*

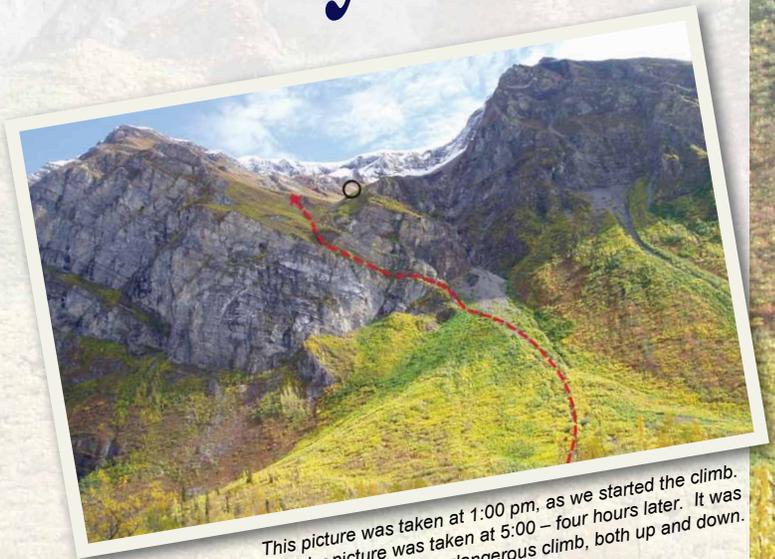
position and eased down the hill to suggest that Brenda could shoot the big one right where he lay and when the others got up, then I would shoot. The guide turned and asked: “Brenda, do you think that you can shoot him where he is?” She had her ear plugs in and all she heard was “shoot” – which she immediately did and her goat never got up. The other goats stood and began walking away – and here I was 15 yards from my rifle.

“It was a tough climb...”

Quickly I got back into position, just as they were going out of sight. It was a quartering shot; the Nosler 165 grain AccuBond entered behind his rib cage, and we had Goats for two.



Larry Potterfield  
Wrangell Mountains of Alaska  
Just south of Castle Peak  
8 September 2006



*This picture was taken at 1:00 pm, as we started the climb. The trophy picture was taken at 5:00 – four hours later. It was a tough, dangerous climb, both up and down.*