

MOOSE HUNTING

A Change of Luck

— LARRY'S SHORT STORIES #104 —

Every hunting trip begins with a plan; but often that plan changes – depending on the luck. I wasn't on this hunt, so it's Brenda and Sara's story – as told to me. They were following in the footsteps that Russell and I laid down three years earlier – moose hunting in the Yukon.

Everything was going according to plan; a float plane took them from Mayo to Algae Lake, located in a range of low mountains on the east side of the concession. There's a nice base camp there and the guides were waiting. Argos replaced horses several years ago for this outfitter, and the hunting was a matter of taking the Argos through the bush and across the creeks, from one glassing point to another.

They had been hunting from this camp for four days and shot one nice caribou; sorry, no moose – but

their luck was about to change.

This was Jim Shockey's concession and he had been filming a hunt for television — in a spike camp several miles out. Having

finished up, he returned to base camp. Already a friend to both Brenda and Sara, knowing their moose tags were unfilled, and having a few "found days" on his schedule, he invited the girls to move to his spike camp, where he had seen several moose.

While they were loading supplies in the Argos the next morning, a big caribou was spotted swimming across the lake, and it was "game on." They moved quickly to intercept the bull after he came out of the water, and now



Brenda and Jim with what Jim called the "pretty moose."

both caribou tags were filled; slight delay for processing, then on to spike camp before nightfall.

After breakfast next morning they headed for one of Jim's favorite glassing points. An hour of glassing, after arriving, they spotted a big moose – way across the valley, and soon another, a bit closer. The stalk began and by noon, Sara had her moose on the ground; now the hard work.

Four hours later they started after the other moose, and he hadn't moved far. After

"...their luck was about to change."

stalking to within 120 yards, they called him out of the bush and Brenda filled her moose tag. They had fresh moose meat for dinner, cooked over an open fire, crawled into a tent about 2:00 a.m. and slept for a few hours, then loaded up and headed back to spike camp. When hunting, luck can change quickly.



Sara and Jim with the caribou that was swimming across the lake.



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Pretty happy mom and daughter, even before their luck changed.