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rience. This was definitely a hunt of a lifetime for me. I was looking at a bull that I only dreamed about over my 35 years of hunting. Dan then looked at me and said, "Now the work starts." At this point, I started to really appreciate the outfitter's resources that are used to pack this moose out. By the time we finished moving the moose back to our camp, Dan utilized a side-by-side vehicle to ratchet the moose's head up off the road and towed the moose over three miles out of the bush to his truck and a 16-foot enclosed trailer.

When we alerted Ken, Dan's second moose hunter that we had a bull down, he informed us that he had a huge bull approximately 80 yards away from his position. When we picked Ken up, we found out the bull would just not come in and give Ken a kill shot. However, I found Ken to be a true sportsman. He jumped right in to help Dan and me process the moose. Once we arrived at camp, Dan used a front-end loader to hoist the moose for caping and skinning. Once we finished processing the moose, we headed back to Dan's house for dinner and celebration.

When hunting day number two started, I told Dan I would like to sit in a box stand and take pictures of the game I would see during the day. When Dan drove up to the stand on a 4-wheel ATV to drop me off, once again, I could not believe my eyes. I saw four elk

and one was definitely a nice bull approximately 500 yards away according to Dan's range finder. I remember mentioning to Dan that Alberta has it all: moose, elk, bear, muleys, 200" class whitetail deer, etc. I remember wishing I had a bull elk tag. On my third hunting day, I was back in the same stand and saw grouse, five whitetail deer (of which two were bucks), two coyotes, and a red fox.

As hunting day number five started for Ken, the second hunter, I told him I would pray that he got his bull moose. He replied, "I need all the prayers I can get." Dan was starting to feel the pressure of doing his best to find Ken his bull. As hunters, we know that weather, the capabilities of the hunter and sheer luck play a huge part on your success in the field. As luck would have it, as Ken and Dan were walking an old cut line, Dan saw a nice bull getting up out of its bedding area. Dan and Ken immediately grabbed their gear and started moving in on the bull. As Dan called, the bull moose turned around to look back at which point Ken fired. The bull immediately dropped from a 225 grain Barnes Triple X from his 35 Whelen. Both Ken and I were fortunate to drop our bulls right in their tracks.

Well written, Stephen! You had us on the edge of our seats!

I wanted to try to spot and stalk, but there were too many does and eyeballs for that. Also, I didn't want to blow him out of the country and not see him the rest of the entire hunt.

The following day, we could not find the buck with our spotting scopes. I saw several other bucks, but nothing exciting. I only wanted that 15-point buck! We thought he was over

170". Waking the next morning and covering much country, the buck was nowhere to be found. Finally, the afternoon of the last day we spotted my buck with a doe. He was in the middle of another grass field, three miles away from where we had rattled him in the first day. I planned my attack, feverishly proceeding down a drainage then crawling within 200

yards. The wind was starting to switch. I crawled back out and circled over a mile around to crawl in a different direction to get the wind in my favor, which took me over 1 1/2 hours. I couldn't believe I had finally crawled within 90 yards of the buck and single doe. I had used my elbows to pull myself through the wet grass the entire way to stay undetected. I was soaked

