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99 Noel Feather African Hunt

We left our house Thursday night, April 22, 1999 for Atlanta, late as usual. We lost an hour due to the time change and got there after 2:00 a.m. I made sure the hotel had a shuttle service to the airport and they would watch my van for the next 2 weeks, before I ever check in. When that was all taken care of, we settled down to sleep.

The next morning, call went to the lobby to get Tami and I some continental breakfast. I told the desk worker to schedule the shuttle to leave for the airport at 10:45. I went back to the room, had breakfast and got dressed for Africa.

We were checked out and ready to leave by 10:42. Finally at 11:30 the shuttle was loaded and on it's way to the airport. Fortunately we had 30 minutes to spare but lost 45.

We got a curbside porter to take our bags but we had to go inside because we were flying internationally and on two different airlines. I told the porter that our first leg was on Delta, I had a medallion card and we were flying internationally out of Miami on South African Airlines. Boy did this help. The lines were long at every domestic Delta counters and the entire standard Delta International counters.

There was one counter labeled Delta International First Class/Medallion. There was no line. Even though we weren't flying first class, we qualified because of my medallion card. The lady took us immediately. She didn't even charge me for the oversized bag we had. Wall-la! We made up the other 15 minutes and we were on our way to the gate.

When we got to the gate, they told us the plane was delayed at least 1 hour due to mechanical problems. We had 2 and a half lay over in Miami so this shouldn't present a problem.

We boarded our plane 1 hour and 15 minutes late and finally we were off. But as anyone knows who has flown out of Atlanta, if you miss your scheduled departure, they try to work you in but there is always a wait.

Finally, we are up in the air 2 hours later than scheduled. The pilot made up about 5 minutes while in the air. When we got to the Miami airport we hustled to our gate because it was several concourses away. When we finally got to our gate, the plane was delayed by at least 1 hour. This gave us time to make our last phone calls before leaving the country.

The plane was a huge one. It was a double-decker. There was not 1 vacant seat. We were seated next to Gary Player's son. His name was Wayne Player but at first we did not make the connection. He told us his father was famous in South Africa and had his own Golf Course in Sun City. We realized then that we were sitting next to an African Celebrity. Tami and he talked non-stop for the next 3 hours. I interjected my 2 cents worth every now and then. They played 3 movies on the flight. The first 2 were not very good and the third I had already seen. I watched the first one and 40 minutes of the second one. I decided to take a nap.

Before we got to Johannesburg, the plane stopped in Capetown. Wayne Player got off. So did a lot of other people. We were on the ground for almost 1 hour. Finally we were on our way to Johannesburg.

At baggage claim, all of our bags arrived but one, my bow case. After a thorough search, I found the case in the baggage claim office.

Customs was a breeze. The easiest I have ever gone through. They didn't even make us fill out the declaration card. We were supposed to fill it out on the plane but Tami and I were both asleep when they instructed everyone to do so.

When we got through customs, Haunass was first in line waiting for us. He had a professionally made sign held up
"Bob Coker and wife"
Quagga Safaris

Quagga means Zebra in African.

It was about a 3-hour drive to camp, all on the left side of the road. The last 45 minutes was rough dirt road.

When we got to camp, Noel had already killed a wart hog and an impala. Steve had killed a real nice kudu and had wounded on impala. He hit it high. The impala had a bad limp. Mike and Todd hadn't killed anything because they were filming.

The next morning, Tami and I slept in to catch up on the Jet-Lag. Noel killed a zebra. I unpacked and shot my bow. I found by bow to be off a little. Not the sights but the tuning. The arrows were fish tailing a little bit. At the target they stuck in with a left to right slant.

The afternoon we hunted for the first time. Thirty minutes after we were in the blind, we had a head of impalas blowing at us. About 15 minutes later, they began to come to the feed. There were 4 rams and 10 or more females. I picked out the biggest ram, Tami zoomed in and I let my first arrow fly. It was a perfect shot. The impala tried to duck but it wasn't fast enough. The arrow hit right where I was aiming but the was the impala tried to duck made it a spine shot. The shot entered behind the shoulder through the back and into the spine. It looked as though I had shot up from a ground pit instead of a ground blind. Eric, the professional hunter, came and picked up the Impala. It had 21inch horns. We stayed in the blind to hunt. We saw a 40-inch kudu and a female wart hog. At dark, a male warthog joined the female but it was too dark to film.

That afternoon, Mike filmed Noel kill and kudu and Todd filmed Steve. They killed nothing but seen plenty.

That night, as every night, we had a delicious dinner capped off with a glass of wine and conversation around the camp fire.

The next morning Tami and I hunted the tripod blind, formerly called the #3 blind. We saw three baby warthogs, the orphans from Noel's wart hog kill.

Steve hunted the #5 blind later named the wooden blind. Todd was filming. They saw lots of game but nothing to shoot.

Mike killed a Kudu and Noel filmed.

That afternoon, Tami and I hunted the tree blind, formerly called the #2 blind. We saw what I called a spike kudu and a kudu that was about 44 to 46 inches. They never came to the feed but I had already made up my mind not to shoot anyway. Later a mother wart hog and her 3 babies came into feed.

Noel hunted the #4 blind which I later named the mountain blind. He saw 2 medium sized kudus, about 42-44 inches and he shot a Nyala. Mike was filming for Noel. Todd was filming Todd was filming for Steve who was hunting the #5 blind later renamed the wooden blind. They saw lots of game but very few came to the feed.

The next morning, April 27th, Noel hunted the #1 blind and Todd filmed. They saw small to medium sized Impalas and some female water bucks. Tami and I hunted the tripod stand, #3 blind, we saw a herd of blue wilderbeast.

Steve and Mike hunted the tree blind. They saw lots of game. A herd of zebra came in. They set the camera on a tripod, bored the frame on three zebras and set up a one-two-three shoot plan. You guessed it, they shot a double. We decided to call the video "Double Impact." This was unheard of, killing two zebras at a time with a bow. Great Job

Between hunts, Mike decided to hunt a tshebee. Eric claimed he had a New World record with a bow and possibly the New World record period. Eric built a blind and Mike and Todd got in it. The rest of us made a drive through the bush to push the tshabee toward them. It wasn't too long after the drive began that Eric saw the animals. We all began to drive the tshebee toward the blind. We could tell he was going to go right in front of the blind.

That afternoon, Tami and I hunted the mountain blind. We saw lots of kudu; 5 cows and 4 bulls, 1 spike, 2 42-44 inches and 1 real nice bull. Since I had already killed a kudu on my previous African hunt I didn't want to shoot another unless it was at least a 54 inches. We also saw a single zebra but the kudu kept him from coming to the feed. I let Eric look at the video footage we had taken. Eric said the bull was not over 52 inches. I decided to let Todd shoot the kudu.

The next morning, April 28th, Todd and Noel hunted the mountain blind. Sure enough, the same herd of kudu came in. all the bulls weren't with them. I supposed the bigger bull ran all of the medium bulls off. They had all been fighting the night before. They were very skittish, just as they were the night before. Noel couldn't even video. Every time he moved, they ran off. Todd had his camera on a tripod. He set the frame on the old bobtail. When he drew back his bow, the bobtail made a U-turn to follow a cow. Todd had to rush his shot. Just as bobtail head began to leave the frame, Todd released his arrow. He hit him low and a little back. They began to search for it, without the injured tracking dog, Quagga.

Meanwhile, Tami and I were hunting the Tree blind, later named the killing blind. We saw three baby wart hogs and their mother. While they were feeding, a zebra started to come in, the hogs spocked off and startled the zebra and he ran off. Later that morning, a real nice ram Impala came to feed. He was all by himself. Tami centered him into the frame of the camera. I drew and released my arrow. The Impala ducked, but not enough. He was quartering to me, almost straight on a slight angle. I hit him a little high, due to his ducking. Since the tree blind is elevated, it doesn't matter. The arrow threaded the Impala , entering his front, right side and exiting his back, left leg,

going through most of his vitals. We found the Impala down a trail about 100 yards away. His horns were over 22 inches long. Eric and Todd didn't find the Bob Tail, so they came to pick up Tami and I. When we got back to camp, we heard that Quagga was going to make it. That afternoon, Eric hired a helicopter to find Todd's Kudu. After 1 and ½ hours of searching, they gave up. NOEL went up in the helicopter to survey the game.

We decided to hunt the afternoon after all the commotion. Quagga was picked up late that afternoon, and that night, began dinner. The native boys and girls from the local school came to dance for us. Tami got to talk to them, and was surprised that they spoke English. One girl asked Tami where she was from, and Tami said Eufaula Alabama. The girl asked Tami if she could come live with us, and Tami said sure you can!! All of the other kids laughed, including the girl, but I believe that she was serious. That night, we had Impala covered with Monkey gland sauce. It was delicious. We had a fun, event-full day.

The next morning, Tami and I hunted the killing blind again. On the way to the blind, I finally got to see the dark brown huge giraffe that Eric wanted me to stalk and shoot. In the blind, we saw the same 3 baby whart hogs and their mother. Todd and Noel hunted the Tripod stand and had game all over them all morning long. Mike and his wife Stacie hunted the #1 blind. He shot a doe Impala.

Eric and his trackers looked for Todd's Kudu all morning and couldn't find it. They picked up Noel and Todd at around 11:00 a.m. Half way between their blind and mine, Todd had to take a leak. Eric stopped the jeep, and Todd got out to relieve himself. A huge Kudu got up and walked right in front of the jeep. Noel was the first to see him. Then Eric noticed it had no tail, and he said It's Bob Tail! Quagga leaped out of the jeep and ran after old Bob Tail. Eric hollered to no avail.

30 minutes later, I saw the bull run past my blind and could tell that he had been hit low. Not far behind was Quagga. I got out of the blind with the bow in my hand and circled around to cut them off. I could hear Quagga barking and they were about to cross the trail in front of

me. I guessed the distance to be about 50 yards. I drew my bow, found the 50 yard pin in my peep and held. 15 seconds later, here come Bob Tail. He was still running. I put the 50 yard pin right behind his shoulder and then moved forward to lead him. Just as the pin left the front of his body, I released the arrow. I could see the arrow in flight as though in slow motion. This scene is engraved in my brain forever. The arrow blew through the Bob Tail, taking out both lungs. The Bull stumbled and then went down. In about 5 seconds, Quagga was all over him. I ran back to the tree blind to get Tami and my Quiver of arrows in my haste. I had only taken one arrow with me. She got the video camera and we were off. When we got back to the Kudu, Quagga was still barking. I drew back my bow to finish him off. Just before I was about to release, Bob Tail saw me and started to stand up. I rushed my shot and hit him high. I pulled another arrow from my quiver of arrows and knocked it. The bull got to his feet and staggered.

I blew another arrow right through the bobtail's left lung, clipping his heart and out of his right shoulder. Bobtail stood there. I knocked another arrow. Tami had the video rolling. I told her it's over. He'll go down any minute. Tami gave me the radio, and I called Eric. I told him that I shot the Kudu. He said did you shoot a Kudu on a Kudu. I said I shot Bob Tail. He said, Ok we will be there in a minute. Quagga was still biting at the Kudu's feet. All of the sudden, he bolted off. Eric and the rest of the crew got there and we began to go toward Quagga's barking. We got to the Kudu just in time to see Bobtail collapse and expire. Everybody was celebrating at our late lunch because we recovered the Kudu. That afternoon, Tami and I decided to hunt my portable blind that Eric had put up near a water hole. On the way to it, we saw a huge, 55-inch kudu, gemsbok, and a lot of zebra. While in the blind, we saw a herd of Blue Wildebeest and two groups of zebra but nothing came to the waterhole.

Mike was hunting the killing blind and his wife Stacie was filming. He shot the mother wart hog that Tami and I had been watching the two previous days. That night, they were unable to find it, but the next morning, Quagga did his job and found him. Todd and Noel hunted the Tripod stand. They saw plenty of game, but nothing to shoot.

Steve didn't hunt; he went with Hannauss to the airport to pick up his wife Bonnie.

A farmer called Eric and told him of a large leopard that was killing his cattle. The next day, Noel, Eric, and Mike went to the farm and set up a blind. They hung an Impala and come back to camp for lunch. In the meantime, the rest of us went to Sun City to site see and buy souvenirs. We also visited a national park and got good footage of elephants and hippos. We got back to camp at 7:45 p.m. at the same time Noel and Eric arrived. Mike had gone along to film. When we got out of the van, Noel gave me a double thumb up. He had shot a huge male leopard, weighing over 150 lbs. I believe Noel was the happiest that I had ever seen him. That night at dinner, Noel was talking about changing the name from double impact to something about the leopard.

The next morning, May 1, Tami and I hunted the killing blind. Mike was going to stalk and shoot a black wildebeest with his mussel loader. Todd was filming, and Noel was watching. Steve and his wife hunted the tripod stand.

Tami and I had 2 mother wart hogs each with 3 babies apiece. After 30 minutes, they had eaten over half of the feed.

Then we heard Quagga barking and a huge mother rhino and her baby came running in front of our blind. This scared off the wart hogs. I knew since I had heard the mussel loader go off that Noel must have shot something. He had shot another Kyodo. It was over 52 inches.

About 30 to 45 minutes later, we heard 2-muzzle loader shots. I figured Mike had killed his black Wildebeest. About 30 minutes later, the same group of wart hogs came back. Tami and I decided I needed to rubber blunt one to make them run off or they would eat up all the feed, the largest one had between 5 and 6 inch tusks. Tami zoomed on her and I flung an arrow. It was a bull's eye, right behind the shoulder. The arrow bounced back about 5 yards. The plan worked. I got a catch and release bow kill on video and kept the wart hogs from finishing the feed. Unfortunately, nothing else came in.

When Eric picked us up, we told him what we did. Eric told us about Mike and Noel's luck.

On the way back to camp, we saw the huge dark chocolate giraffe. Eric stopped the jeep. He, Todd and I got out and began to stalk him. I decided not to kill him, so I used my rubber tip. We got to within 60 yards and Eric said, "That's close enough! Shoot Bob! It's 60 yards!" Todd said, "I'm on him!" I drew back. The giraffe was standing still, broad side at 60 yards. I put my 60yard pin right in his armpit and let it fly. Bingo! The blunt hit right where I was aiming and made a loud smirk. The giraffe grunted and loped off. I gave the thumbs up to Todd and had a grin from ear to ear.

Hannauss met up on our way back to camp. He told us he saw a large porcupine and knew about where it was. He took Tami, Todd and I there to shoot and film it. I got within 20yards after a 30-minute stalk when the porcupine stopped at a mud hole to drink. I flung an arrow. A smack was heard when it hit his quills. The arrow passed about ½ way through. I hit him a little back and a little low. It was still a killing shot. It was a nice one and everybody wanted a quill as a souvenir.

That afternoon, Tami and I had Eric take us out about 1½ earlier than normal. We went to the wooden blind. We saw tons of Zebra and blaze bucks out at 200-900 yards. We saw a black wildebeest and a gemsbok again, way too far to shoot. A herd of zebra was feeding about 300 yards out and all of a sudden they began to run right toward the feed. My heart started pumping as I got ready to shoot. They stopped about 80 yards out, made a U-turn, and went back the way that they came.

Eric picked us up about 5 minutes earlier than usual. He asked me if I wanted to blunt a male rhino. Of course I said yes, and off we went. We drove to where he had last seen it and we got out of the jeep. I immediately noticed that he didn't have a gun. I had no sooner noticed that, and boom! There he was about 40 yards in front of us, walking away. Before I could get the bow completely drawn, he was 100 yards away. We began to stalk him. Darker and darker it got. The camera would not video, for it was too dark. I heard a tree crack. We increased our pace toward the sound. We were almost running. After

about 100 yards, there he was. His back was to us about 30 yards. Eric motioned for me to follow him. We began to circle to our left to get a broad shot. When we got within 20 yards, the rhino saw us. He whirled toward us in 1/32 of a second. You would never believe that something that big could move so fast. There we stood, face to face with a full grown, white, male rhino at less than 20 yards away from us. I drew my bow with the rubber tipped arrow. Nothing between us and the rhino but air. Dark air. Eric told me not to shoot until he turned sideways. After holding at full brew for what seemed like forever, I let my bow down, and re-necked my arrows. It was so dark; I couldn't even see his humongous horns until he turned broadside. Once he turned sideways, his size overwhelmed me. I could see his full silhouette. Two huge, massive tree trunk size legs. There he stood, broadside, quartering away, at less than 20 yards. I shot him with my range finder, just to make sure and he was too close for it to register. He snorted. I drew my bow. I found a spot right behind his left armpit, or at least where I thought his armpit to be. I anchored down, and ever so lightly squeezed the trigger on my release. Smack! The arrow hit its mark. This did not please the rhino; he snorted and kicked up a lot of dust. It was so dark, and there was such a dust cloud, that until I heard the trees crashing, I wasn't sure whether he was charging at us or running away. Fortunate for Eric, he was running the other way. I say that because I know that I can outrun Eric.

He walked over and found my arrow. The hide of the rhino is so tough, that it snapped the end of the arrow right off! It was as if I had shot a brick wall!

We looked a little longer and found the end of my arrow with the rubber tip. When we got back to the Jeep, my adrenaline was pumping; I was so excited to tell Tami what had happened. She had been praying the whole time, and said she almost started speaking in tongues.

Steve and Bonnie hunted the Killing blind and saw the female Wharthog that I had _____?_____ the morning before. He wanted to shoot it but he couldn't get a shot.

Noel and Todd hunted the Mountain blind. They didn't see an animal, but they did hear some Jackals.

The next morning, May 2, Tami and I hunted the Killing Blind again. We had three small Warthogs feed all morning, and later a medium-size Ram Impala came in.

Noel and Todd hunted the #1 blind. They saw lots of female Impalas and Water bucks. They saw one nice female warthog, but she didn't come to the feed.

Mike was going to film Bonnie and Steve as they were going to rifle hunt and stalk for a Kudu or a blaze bock. She ended up shooting a nice blaze bock, but it took her 5 shots.

That afternoon, Tami and I went to my portable blind that Eric had put in front of a water hole. We left camp at 12:00 noon. Steve also left at noon, and he hunted the #1 blind. They brought his wife to hunt with him at 3:00 p.m. Noel, Todd, and Mike rode around in the mobile blind, (the jeep). They were hoping to see and stalk a nice Impala. They saw plenty, but were unable to get close enough to get any shots.

By 3:00 p.m., our blind was stifling. The blind is in the direct sunlight, and the inside is painted black. The black was absorbing all the heat. I'll bet that it was over 110 degrees Fahrenheit at this time. I was ready to go take a drink out of the water hole. We hadn't seen an animal within 500yards. From this blind, you could see 1000 yards in all directions. At 4:30 p.m., Eric drove to the top of a mountain that overlooked the valley that we were hunting. He glassed and watched us until 5:15. At 5:15, there were no animals anywhere close to us. He spotted a very, very nice Kudu. He picked us up, and off we went to hunt the Kudu. We spotted him again, and began to stalk him. We got within 25 yards, and just as I drew my bow, he turned and walked straight away from us. We continued to stalk him, though. It looked hopeless that we could ever catch up with him before the sun went down too far for us to video. Then he stopped. We were able to ease up within 40 yards of him. I drew my bow and he spotted me. He stood erect and broadside. Standing left with a slight quartering toward me. Noel shot him with his range finder. He whispered, "He's

40 yards, Bob.” I put the 40-yard pin right in his left, front shoulder. Just before I squeezed my release, I saw his muscles quiver. Similar to how a horse quivers to make flies stay away from his body. I knew at any minute, he was going to bolt. I told myself not to panic. I took a deep breath. I burnt the 40-yard pin on a fixed white imaginary dot; right on his left shoulder. I began to increase the pressure even so lightly. Little by little until, finally, it separated from my string. From that point on, everything seemed as if it were going in slow motion. The Kudu didn’t flinch. The arrow launched into flight. It was a perfect spiral with just a slight wobble. I could see the arrow floating, spiraling, and floating. It floated until it hit its mark, right where I was still holding the 40-yard pin. You could hear the smack. You could see the ____?____ disappear. The arrow blew right through the Kudu and out the other side about 2 ribs in front of his back right leg. The Kudu exploded. He bolted off from nothing to 90. He started from the edge of a field and took off across it so we could watch him the whole way. He ran about 200 yards and then expired right before our eyes, 240 yards away. We were losing daylight, so we hurried to him to get pictures. I didn’t really realize how big he was until I walked up to him. He was a monster! We took lots of hurried photographs. We still had to pick up Steve and his wife, Bonnie. Eric told all of us, except Tami, of course, to pee all around the Kudu. He knew it would be at least 1-½ hours before he could get back to it to pick it up, and he didn’t want any jackals or hyenas to harm the pelt. We made a circle, back to back around the Kudu. When we all began to pee, it was a hilarious sight. And the sound sounded like a huge leak had sprung in the Hoover Dam. When we had finished “marking out property,” so to speak, Eric drove like a mad man to pick up Steve and Bonnie. When we got to the #1 blind, Steve told us that he had shot a warthog. It was only 20 yards away. It was a 200-lbs. male. Steve shot him after dark, and could hardly see the hog. He put his arrow right behind the hog’s right eye. The hog was broadside, and the arrow exited right behind his left eye. It was a hard shot and I was shocked to see how much arrow penetration he got. The hog ran only twenty yards after the shot.

When we got back to camp, we measured my Kyodo’s horns. The left side was the shortest, measuring 44 ½ inches. The bases were 11 inches in circumference. This was a monster Bull Kyodo.

The next morning was May 3, and we decided to hunt the ___?___ again. All the feed was gone. We hunted all morning and saw lots of game, but nothing closer than 200 yards. Everyone else hunted from the Mobile blind, but no one shot anything.

That afternoon, we all hunted the Mobile blind and saw lots of game. I stalked the giraffe again and shot it at 84 yards with my rubber arrow. Bonnie, Steve's wife, shot a nice Impala with her gun—dropped him dead in his tracks. Mike shot his muzzleloader at a Red Hartebeest, but missed.

The next day, May 4, Steve and Bonnie slept in while the rest of us hunted the Mobile blind. We saw the big, male rhino, and it was Noel's turn to stalk it. Todd and I were filming and got within thirty yards. The rhino was standing still, broadside. When Noel drew his arrow, the rhino began to move off. So Noel followed the rhino with his bow and released the arrow. Unfortunately, it centered a small tree about 15 yards in front of him, and the rhino ran off.

We later saw five Gemsbok, so Noel began to stalk them. Todd and I were filming. After a couple of hours, Eric decided to walk back to get the Jeep. While he was gone, Todd spotted the rhino again, and Noel began to stalk it with Todd and me right behind. The rhino crossed the path just twenty yards in front of us, so Noel let him have it. Smack! Went his arrow, right in the rhino's rib cage. He bolted off in a flash. (Boy were we thankful the wind was in our face!)

We got back into the Mobile blind and continued to look for the gemsbok.

Eric let ___?___, Tami, and me out in the brush while he circled around the Mobile blind to get Mike a shot to Red Hartebeest, or Noel a gemsbok. He was hoping we would see some zebra. We saw nothing and picked us up after about 30 minutes. The others didn't shoot anything either.

He radioed his other trackers and they planned a drive for the gemsbok. He set Tami and me in spot and Noel and Todd in another. Five gemsbok came running by me so fast, it made my head spin. They were about 28 yards but in very thick cover. Eric

moved us again, circling way over to the right. Again, he left Tami and me in one spot and took Todd and Noel to another. After about 20 minutes, we heard some crashing through the brush; it was several Kyodo. One minute later, from my right to my left, came a huge male gemsbok. He was running faster than any other animal I had seen in my life. It ran right by me within ten yards, and by the time I drew my bow, he was 30 yards past me. I followed up behind him with my 30-yard pin, holding it a little high. I moved it along his body, past his ribs, past his shoulders, past his neck, and about three feet in front of his running body. I squeezed the trigger on my release and followed through with my bow.

I heard a tremendous smash. I knew I had hit him, but I didn't see where. Then, I heard something running toward us. So I ___?___ an arrow, looked up, and here ran another gemsbok. It stopped, broadside, at 20 yards, just to my right. I started to draw my bow when I realized that I had already shot and hit one. Two seconds later, he bolted off through the brush, in the general direction the other one had run.

I walked to where I had last seen the gemsbok when I released my arrow. There was a stream of blood all over the sand; every three feet, there was a one-foot wide by two feet long stream of blood. Tami said she thought I had hit him high and toward the back. I did not see the hit, but the way I led him, I thought I had hit him the right height and a little up front. From the looks of the sprayed blood, we both could be right. I could have cut the jugular in the front or the femur in the back. In either case, there was blood everywhere.

After Tami and I had tracked the gemsbok for several hundred yards, the Mobile blind caught up with us. Quagga, the tracking dog, was leashed and began to go to work. After about 200 yards, he walked right up to my trophy. Boy was it a nice one!

The Lord was with me that day and has blessed me with memories I shall never forget. He led/guided (you had leadeth) my arrow through the straight and narrow path. I thank the Lord for his many blessings of that day.

That afternoon, Steve and Bonnie visited the local school while the rest of us hunted out of the Mobile blind. Mike killed a nice zebra with his muzzle-loader and Noel shot the Rhino with a rubber arrow again. Tami spotted the limping impala and Noel stalked and shot it twice. Eric ran it down, grabbed it by the horns, and snapped his head, breaking his neck.

That night we took pictures and a video, around the bonfire, of the horns of all the animals. Seventy-three percent of all the animals taken made the record book. At this point in time there were 30 kills captured on video.

The next morning, May 5, was the last hunt for everyone but Tami and me. Steve and Bonnie slept in since they had already shot everything they wanted. We all hunted the Mobile blind again and spotted a herd of bachelor impalas. Mike shot one with his rifle; it was about 21 to 22 inches long. In the last hour of the last day, Noel shot a gemsbok at 65 yards.

That afternoon, after we said our good-byes to Noel and his company, Tami and I went after a zebra. We hunted from the Mobile blind and a bachelor herd of about twenty drinking from a water hole. As Eric eased toward them, all but three ran off. When Eric got within 60 yards, he stopped. I drew my bow and Eric began to travel after the herd. He didn't see the three that were still at the water hole. I lost my balance and almost fell. I let my bow down so quickly that the arrow almost shot. The herd of zebra was getting more and more weary of the Jeep. Therefore, he put Tami and me out at a bunch of trees in the middle of a hog pasture where the zebra stayed. I shot different bushes with my range finder to get a reference on some distances. He then drove the Jeep to the other side of the pasture. The zebra ran from that side of the pasture toward the trees in which we were hiding. The zebra stopped at 65 yards, so I slowly drew my bow. One of the 21 zebras saw me and took off; the rest followed. They were running from my right to my left, angling away. The lead zebra passed a bush I had previously measured to be 80 yards. So I picked out a zebra in the middle of the herd, put my 70-yard pin six inches high, and led the zebra about a foot. The arrow disappeared in the dust, but I heard a loud "smack!" A familiar sound I had come to know as a sound made when an arrow hits an animal. I knew I

had hit the zebra I was aiming for, but I wasn't sure where. I flagged Eric down and told him what had happened. We briefly looked for the arrow, but didn't find it. We did, though, find some blood.

We watched the herd of zebras with our binoculars trying to find the one I hit, but the entire herd disappeared into the mountains. So we went back to look for my arrow and Eric radioed four of his trackers.

Eric and three trackers looked for the zebra while Garrett, a tracker and I looked for my arrow. We didn't find my arrow, but Eric radioed us to drive the Jeep to him. They found more blood and guts. Eric put Quagga on the trail where the guts were and off he went. Eric kept him on a leash, and the dog was dragging him up and down rock piles on one side of the mountain and down the other side. Once Quagga got to the other side of the mountain, he jumped the hit zebra. Separated from the herd, it tried to run away. So Eric unleashed Quagga. When he caught up with the zebra, it turned and charged Eric. The zebra had his head up and his teeth open—it was going to ram Eric and bite him.

Eric shot the zebra at four yards with his rifle without even shouldering it. He then stepped aside and the zebra head-butted a tree and fell into a whart hog hole. This was one zebra that Eric and Quagga worked hard for.

The next morning was May 6 and was our last hunt. While it was dark and Tami and I were getting dressed, we heard some zebra behind the camp. We started about one hour earlier than normal because we needed to leave for the airport by 8:00 a.m. I wanted to kill one more zebra, so we drove to all the pastures where we had been seeing zebras all week. The contact in my right eye fell out and ripped. So I had to take my contact out of my left eye, which was a different strength, and put it in my right eye. A cold front was moving in and it was very ___?___. It looked like it was going to rain.

By 7:45 a.m., we had not seen any zebra, so we started back to camp. On the way, I told Eric about hearing the zebra at camp that morning. He said, "Ah ha, that's where they moved to." There is a pasture behind camp, so we took a detour. Sure enough, there stood a herd of zebra, about 16, at about 700 yards. By now it was 8:00

a.m.—we should have left for the airport by now. So I had to make a decision. Tami wanted two pedestal mount zebras for the archway at our new home. I had only killed one zebra and was in desperate need of another. There was not enough time to try to kill one with a bow. I decided to borrow Hawnauss's .270 rifle.

Eric and I jumped out of the back of the Jeep while it kept traveling toward the camp. The zebra's attention was focused on the Jeep traveling away from them as Eric and I circled down wind and toward the zebra until we finally got to within 250 yards.

Eric stood up the cross-sticks for me to shoot from. I could not see a thing with my left eye and my right eye was blurry. Eric told me to shoot the third zebra from the right. I could hardly see any of the zebras, let alone the third on from the right. When I looked through the scope of the rifle, I could see the herd. I scanned the herd and found the last one on the right. So I moved the rifle back to the left until I found the third zebra from the right. By this time, the herd was getting nervous and began to run off—the lead stallion first and then two or three at a time following. I knew I had to hurry. I wanted to, but I didn't have time to ask Eric at what yardage the rifle was sighted in. So I put the crosshairs right behind the right, front shoulder of the zebra that was third from the right. Just as I was about to squeeze the trigger, the zebra turned and was almost facing me. I moved the crosshairs over just a little and squeezed off the shot. The zebra went down and the remaining zebras bolted off. Eric and I began to celebrate and pat each other on the back as we ran toward the zebra the down zebra. Then, to our surprise, the zebra got up and began to run off. I stopped in my tracks, ejected the expired round, and chambered a fresh one.

I found the zebra in the scope and squeezed another shot as he was running away from me. The zebra stumbled, fell, bounced back to his feet, and disappeared.

I looked at my watch and it was 8:40 a.m. We decided that Tami and I would get back to the Jeep and head to the airport while Eric and his trackers found my zebra. Hawnauss took us to camp and we threw our bags into his van. I settled up with the camp and the taxidermist, and we were off to the airport by 9:05 a.m. At 9:28 a.m., before we

had gotten off the dirt road, Hawnauss's cell phone rang; it was Eric. He was calling to let us know they had found my zebra. Hawnauss flew low and made up the last hour of time.

The bound hunters were paging Eric's name as we entered the airport doors. We said our quick good-byes to Hawnauss and proceeded to the South African ticket counter to change our tickets. We were leaving two days earlier than planned. We still had eight hours before our flight left, but the reason we had to get to the airport so early was to pick up the incoming hunters. Our flight didn't leave until 5:40 p.m.

After 36 hours of traveling, we finally arrived back in Eufaula, Alabama, our home.