



Brian's Trophies, South Africa



Kudu Hunt

Day 1, hour 1 Christoph (PH) and Swartland (tracker) spotted the tips of these horns poking out above the tops of the dense 6'-8' wild plum trees. They spent 10 minutes, patiently pointing out to me where the horns were supposed to be. Yeah, right. When it was obvious I was never going to see the horns, Christoph and I just started stalking the big bull while Swartland kept an eye on him.

Finally, at about 100 yards, I saw him. WOW, was he BIG! We took about 20 minutes to position ourselves with the wind in our favor and Christoph set me up on the shooting stick. BANG, with one shot he was down. 49.5" horns on this 450+ lb, 15 year old bull with a bunch of teeth missing. Great start!



Gemsbok Hunt

Took 2 days to find a good gemsbok ... made up for the 1 hour kudu! As you might imagine, making a stalk on a herd of gemsbok when there is no cover between you and them, is difficult. So, our approach was to pretend we weren't hunting at all, and to "walk away." At about 250 yards, we sat down, glassed the herd, chose a target, and let 'er fly!

Both the cow and the bull have horns. The cow's are typically long, slightly narrower and set closer together, as seen on this fine example. She was also very old, had almost no teeth left.



Springbok Hunt

Another difficult animal to hunt. Very wary and attentive to their surroundings. One animal in the herd gets spooky, they all get spooky. After we finally had ourselves in good position to the herd, we picked out the handsome common buck. BANG! As soon as I released the trigger Christoph whispered urgently "Do you want a black springbok?" I considered it for the briefest moment and answered "Yes!" to which Christoph replied "THEN TURN AROUND FAST AND SHOOT!!!!" SPIN. BANG! Done.

20 seconds, 2 springbok! Am I good or what?! Thanks Christoph.



Impala Hunt

Spent 2 hours 4 wheeling in rugged and rough, mountainous country in search of impala. Saw giraffe, nyala, hartebeest, and plenty of duiker and steenbok. Finally spotted a good impala at about 300 yards. Uphill. BANG. Missed. Reset. BANG. Missed. He left. Oh well, back to the truck. While we stopped for lunch, Swartland climbed up the mountain side to glass from the top. He spotted a good herd of impala with a couple of nice bucks. So off we went a stalking. As we got close, the herd split up, we stayed on the 2 bucks who finally settled down about 250 yards away. I took a shot for the big one. Connected, but a fatal gut shot. He ran off and we began to track. Running up, down, over, up, down and around the mountain to keep up with this dying impala ... for almost 2 hours on slippery rocky steep slopes. Finally he paused in a clearing 200 yards away. BANG, he was down. Didn't realize until then, he had run almost in a circle as we were less than 50 yards from the truck. Well planned, huh?



Blesbok Hunt

After driving and glassing across the open field, we finally spotted a group of blesbok over the top of the next hill. We drove into a side trail and down a little hill to be out of sight of the herd. After stalking up the hill, we glassed to pick out a target. Ah, there's a good one, 80 yards ... BANG! Right over the top! He takes off running but finally stops at about 250 yards, where he turns to face me ... BANG! I connected with a good shot. Phillippe, the landowner who had joined us on the hunt, just laughed and said "I guess you like the long shots, huh?" Guess so!



Fallow Deer Hunt

Driving back to Phillippe's farm with my blesbok, Phillippe asked me "Do you want to shoot a baboon?" (as they are a nuisance in the area). Sure, I'll shoot a baboon. So he handed me my *loaded rifle in the truck* and explained the process: "Spot baboon, jump out of truck (I'm hoping they will stop it first) and SHOOT!" Okay. I'm ready.

We're driving along, looking for baboons when suddenly out springs this great fallow deer buck in full rut hot on the tails of 2 does. Simultaneously, everyone in the truck screams "SHOOT THE DEER!" Of course, being only 80 yards away and shooting through a fence, clean miss right over his back. Lucky for me he never moved, I reloaded, BANG! Success!



Duiker Hunt

Last day, beautiful morning, I decided to go in search of a duiker - think miniature deer as fast and numerous as rabbits with two spikes coming out of their heads. In heavy brush (see Kudu above) while leisurely searching for our quarry, I spotted a huge 54" kudu (finally figured out how to see them, okay it helped he was standing broadside like a target only 35 yards away). Lucky for him, and much to the sputtering dismay of Christoph and Swartland pleadingly whispering "SHOOT! SHOOT!" I decided I wasn't hunting kudu that day. Also passed on a blue wildebeest and steenbok before catching up to the quick and elusive duiker hiding in a thicket 100 yards away. He finally raced into my small shooting lane. BANG! Good, clean shot.

Thank You South Africa! It has been wonderful!