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hinds and were now in bachelor groups. At around 5,000 feet, the country up high was a mixture of steep scrubby gullies and tussock-covered faces that extended for many miles. I'd never experienced hunting reds so high up, but John assured me there were lots of stags in the area. Donning our packs and leaving the ATV, we dropped down off the tops and slowly worked our way along the face. Pulling up for a glass, it didn't take long to start seeing a few deer and a little later, a few younger spikers and immature heads.

Edging our way forward, John stopped and indicated movement ahead. Glassing revealed two young 8-pointers no more than 150 metres away. Reaching for the camera, I edged forward to take a few photos, but, unfortunately, they kept going, so John motioned we move on. As we



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