Craig Nakamoto (IA) hunted in Russia for Kamchatka snow sheep in 2006 with Vladimir Melnikov's Profi-Hunt. Here is Craig's full report:

In late August, Pat O'Neill (MN) and I went on a Kamchatka snow sheep hunt booked through Vladimir Melnikov and Profi-Hunt. This hunt started out taking us three quarters of the way around the world to the Kamchatka Peninsula of Russia. Normally, this would have been a rather short 5-hour flight from

Anchorage, Alaska; however two months before our departure date, the only airlines serving the Alaska-Kamchatka route declared bankruptcy, hence the 2-day trip via the long way to Kamchatka.

Upon reaching Petropavlovsk, we spent another two and a half days waiting for a flight into Palana, where we were to be met by our outfitter. Then, it was another hour helicopter flight to our base camp. The first day of our hunt found Pat and me horseback riding into our spike camp where our guides had previously spotted two bands of sheep. Unbeknownst to us, one of Anchorage, Alaska; however two months before our departure date, the only airlines serving the Alaska-Kamchatka route declared bankruptcy, hence the 2-day trip via the long way to Kamchatka.

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Craig Nakamoto (IA, left) took this Kamchatka snow sheep in Russia, August 2006.

Craig booked with Profi-Hunt Ltd.

the bands contained only five ewes and immature rams and the other had two rams, of which only one was a shooter.

On the second day, it was decided that we would split up into two groups. Not understanding Russian, we both had no idea where we were heading. After about a 3-hour uphill hike, it became apparent to me that I was going after the two rams which we had spotted earlier. Finally at about 12:30, the rams were spotted on a ledge around a half mile away. The larger of the two was bedded down on the very edge of the ledge, and the smaller one was feeding below.

We painstakingly made our stalk. Much of the terrain being sparse with vegetation, we utilized every nook, cranny and shrub to our advantage. "Close as can get... you shoot?" questioned Igor my guide, in as good English as he could muster up. "How far?" I whispered. "402," was not the reply I wanted to hear. I decided it was now or never, for the ram got up and started to mill around. My shot proved to be fatal as the ram tumbled over 100 feet down the step ledge, finally coming to rest in a rocky ravine. How I made that shot, I will never know.... I will take luck over skill any day!