



GSCO European Chapter Vice President **Andrea Coppo** (Italy) sent an excellent report documenting his Capra World Slam, which he completed with a

Kuban (western) tur:

This hunt had its roots in the fascination I developed for mountain hunting in Asia during a trip for mid-Asian ibex in Kyrgyzstan back in 2013. As many people say, you should really do the difficult physical mountain hunts in the early part of your career, and then focus on "flat" Africa later, but for

*some reason in many cases it turns out exactly the other way around. So, it was also for me. My fascination for Capra hunts is something relatively recent, certainly developing in a strong way in the years since 2010. The Kuban (Western) tur was the most logical option for completing the Capra World Slam, so I booked with **ProfiHunt**.*

*On August 14, 2018 my good friend **Gianclaudio Fossati** and I boarded a flight to Mineral'ne Vody, the gateway to all Caucasus hunts. We were met by Alexey of ProfiHunt and the next morning drove to the Russian republic of Karachevo-Cherkessk. We hunted with Ivan, the largest operator around, and the main one ProfiHunt uses for this species. Spike camp was set up close to a large boulder that worked as shield against the wind while creating a protected area for campfire.*

We had a very close call on a big tur on day one. On day two we once again climbed the grassy ridge and up the boulder fields, gaining height and reaching the same ridge as the day before. We descended slightly in the big valley toward another spotting position. The valley floor rose gently, always amid rock fields, toward commanding jagged cliffs on both sides. The local guide Ali took off with the radio on another tur-searching foray, while we stayed in the shadow of the boulders, scanning the rocks all around us for any sign of movement. We waited there several hours without seeing any tur.

All of a sudden Ivan spotted a group of turs moving to our left. I shook myself from my dozing status and immediately spotted a male tur moving on a steep meadow halfway up the cliff. I grabbed my gun but from where we were it was impossible to get in a good shooting position. I struggled to make it work, but to no avail. I asked Alexey to show me exactly where the animal was, and he pointed out a few landmark points. I ran down the third peak left from the top of the ridge, then descended to find a bench near where



Andrea Coppo (Italy) completed his Capra World Slam with a Kuban (Western) tur in August 2018, booked with ProfiHunt.

we thought the tur was. There, looking intently at the commotion 400 meters away and below, was the tur. I had no shot from this position. Three meters away, out of cover and in full sight of the animal there was a low rock with enough flat meadow around to do the job nicely. I got to the rock and lay down on the grass, putting my backpack on the rock in front of me and resting the rifle on it.

The tur was facing us at 380 meters. He could not change his position, as there was no room enough for him to move around. I do not like shooting at front-facing targets, but had a clear, unobstructed view of the vital area at the base of the massive neck. I set the

rear trigger of my rifle and gently applied pressure to the front one. The roar of the rifle shattered the silence of the wide valley. I lost sight of the animal in the recoil, but a second shot was not needed. The tur dropped off the bench to our right and started to climb on the small steep meadow, only to lose his footing a split second after and roll down among the rocks. I was now a Capra World Slammer! My tur was 10 years old and shorter than I expected, but with impressive bases that allowed it to score in the Silver class in SCI's books.

After retrieving the tur, we carefully picked our way through the boulder fields on the return journey to camp. The small bench we had called home for a couple of days was the only area with no fog around. There was no particular celebration over dinner ... instant mashed potatoes and tinned beef. The morning after was a sharp contrast to the bluebird weather we had for two days, as heavy fog clung to the vertical cliffs around us. It would have been an unhuntable day and served as a reminder that in mountain hunting you need to take your chances when you get them, as conditions can change quickly. We quickly dismantled camp and loaded horses for the ride to base camp.

My friend Gianclaudio had also been successful quickly, and therefore we decide to drive back to Cherkessk for a night in a hotel, a welcome shower and a seated dinner. I would start the chamois part of the hunt the next day, but that is for another report. So, this is the story of the final milestone of my Capra World Slam. A prayer of thanks to the Almighty Lord for providing me with enough blessings to be able to enjoy such experiences and a huge thank you must go to my wife Elena, for bearing with a passion that often becomes irrational and overbearing.