

# Bear Attacks II

## *Myth & Reality*



by JAMES  
GARY SHELTON

## **BEAR ATTACKS II – MYTH & REALITY**

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Publisher contact: Julie (Shelton) McVarnock

[shelton@bearattacksurvival.com](mailto:shelton@bearattacksurvival.com)

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## Sample from Chapter - A Warning to Hunters

Marcel hunted alone the next day and told Lukas that he was going back to the same area they'd hunted the day before. He was carrying a 7 mm magnum with 165-grain bullets. It was September 28th.

By afternoon it was a nice, calm, beautiful day, but there was a feel of changing weather in the air. Marcel was walking up a slightly sloping area through a large, brushy burn. He was surrounded by small, dead, standing trees. As he stepped up on a short stump and started glassing the sidehill in front of him, he heard a loud snort and saw a grizzly stand up, then immediately charge toward him. He raised the rifle and shot, but there was no reaction from the bear. Marcel maintained his view through the scope as he quickly worked the action for another round; he knew that if he took his eye away from the scope, he wouldn't find the bear again for the next shot. The animal was whoofing and breaking branches as it raced down through the brush. Just before the bear's chest hit the end of the barrel, Marcel squeezed the trigger—but the gun didn't go off.

THIS IS IT, I'M GOING TO DIE', surged through his mind. The momentum and impact of the bear against the rifle sent Marcel flying backwards: in a flash the bear rolled its head sideways and bit multiple times into his left thigh before he hit the ground. He felt horrible pain.

Marcel rolled to a face-down position and instinctively placed his hands on the back of his neck. The power and size of the bear was overwhelming—he was completely helpless—the bear had control over his life.

The grizzly ripped and tore at his day-pack, then chewed on his neck. Next it was biting on his skull—the teeth were grinding on the bone; it sounded like eggshells crunching. But there was no more pain; he felt numb. The bear was trying to crush his skull. For a split second Marcel saw his wife and kids, but they quickly faded—then everything went black.

When Marcel came to his mind couldn't decipher whether he was in a dream or not. 'Am I dreaming; am I dying; is this real?' He slowly moved his hands up and wiped the congealed blood out of his eyes. He was trying to focus on the blurs around him. His jacket and binoculars were covered with blood. The top of his head felt like it was torn open with the brain exposed. 'Is this real?'

Instantly his mind was flooded: 'THIS IS REAL'. The bear was lying to his left, on its stomach, with its paws outstretched. It was groaning and breathing laboriously 'I hit the bear', ran through his mind. Marcel was lying on his side; he looked to the right and saw his rifle. He raised slightly as he reached for it, brought it to his

side, and worked the action. The bear's head was now up and turning, the lips rolled back as the snarl began—and as their eyes met, BANG! The grizzly's body collapsed flat; it took in a deep breath, then expelled it, then silence. Marcel raised the gun and fired two more times into the air.

(Lukas and the packer figured that Marcel had caught up with his moose when they heard the first shot. They kept working on their chores, but when they heard two more spaced shots a full 15 minutes later, they were suspicious that he was in trouble. Lukas immediately took off in the direction of the gunshots.)

Marcel threw the gun to the side and started checking himself over for damage. He didn't dare touch his head, and he couldn't feel pain anywhere. His right leg seemed to be okay and unbroken. His left leg had open wounds with muscle and fat tissue hanging out. He didn't see any bones protruding, but wasn't sure whether it was broken. He got up carefully to test the leg.

He found a stick and propped it under his right arm, but couldn't find another crutch for the other side. Marcel knew that he had to be found today if he was going to survive, and he had to get out of the brush into an opening where he could be seen.

The torn and bleeding man started to move towards the packers camp on his single crutch. But now the shock was wearing off and the pain was setting in. Within a short distance, it became unbearable. Now he was down on all fours, crawling slowly, wincing with every movement. He was also getting cold and wet.

After an eternity of suffering, Marcel made it to the edge of a small clearing. It was starting to snow. He looked at his watch and saw that it was 3:50 p.m. As he lay there and glanced at his watch every so often, he realized that time had slowed down to a crawl. The blood smell was brutal and making him sick; he fought hard to avoid retching. He was also fighting to keep from passing out.



*Marcel returned to the location of the attack several years later and found the moose bones. Courtesy Marcel Gregori*

## Sample from Chapter – Dogs and Bears

Kathryn made the fastest dash of her life. She saw a small tree beside the road and barely beat the bear to it. As she flew up through the limbs, she looked down and saw the swiping claws only a meter from her feet. The dogs were in full attack mode—charging in from all directions and nipping at the bear's hind end. As Kathryn moved frantically higher, the grizzly started up the tree, climbing on the limbs, just as she had. But the dogs were not about to let their favorite person down. As soon as the bear's rear end was off the ground and the weaponry headed towards Kathryn, the dogs would sink their teeth into the less dangerous part of the bear. Back down it came to chase its antagonists. Then the other bear came back out in the open and the dogs went chasing after it. And as soon as the dogs put their attention elsewhere, the larger bear started up the tree again. Kathryn called the dogs, and once again they harassed the bear back down the tree.

Kathryn knew that Steve and the Akbashes were several minutes behind; she started yelling for them to hurry up and get there. Five more times the grizzly tried to climb up to the terrified young woman. But the dogs knew exactly when the bear was exposed and vulnerable, and they used maximum effort to jump as high as they could to bite and torment the enemy.

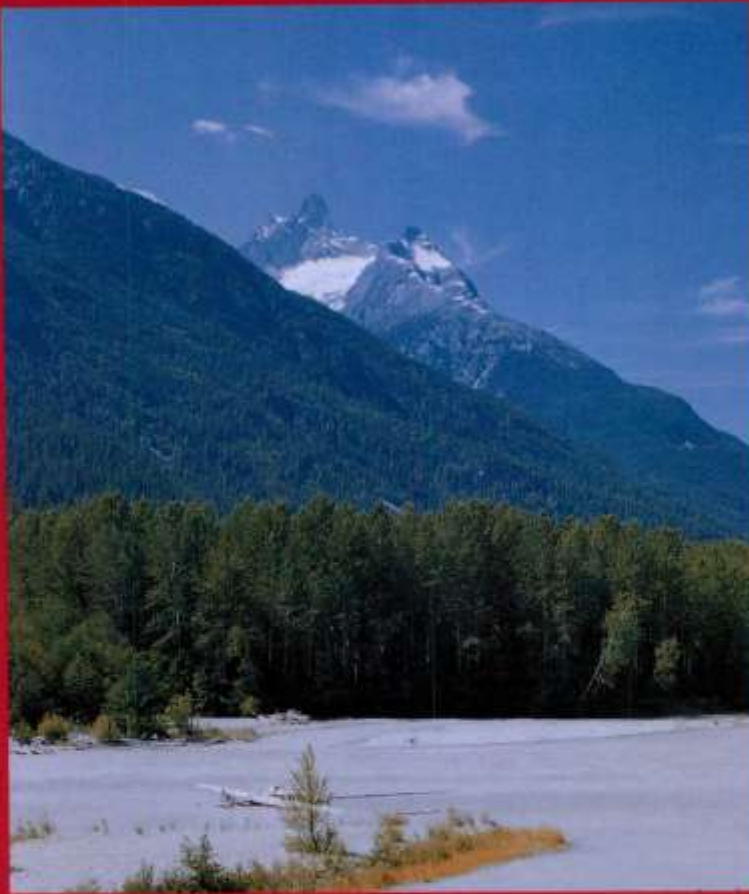
It had been an endless 15-minute battle when the Akbashes showed up, but they didn't do a thing—they first retreated, then just stood watching, as if it was free entertainment. Finally, the bear started to feel out-numbered when the man and the other herd dogs arrived, and slowly, reluctantly, it headed back where the other bear was. The faithful herd dogs escorted both bears far off with triumphant barking.

Kathryn felt that she wasn't given adequate education on how to deal with a bear encounter for her job, and she wasn't issued bear spray. She went on to say that in an incident later that year, the Akbashes redeemed themselves by chasing off a grizzly bear. Also, Kathryn stated that when she went back by the spot where the attack occurred, she couldn't find the tree she'd climbed, and none of them had limbs low enough for her to reach. Even though she doesn't remember it, she must have either made a huge jump or shimmed for a short way before climbing on limbs.



*Here's our heroes: Large tan dog on left is Den,  
black dog under is Luke, Queen is on right.*





*Bear Attacks II* is the third in a series of publications providing realistic information about bears. This book contains over 30 first-hand accounts of bear attacks that are analysed to determine the causes for these terrible events. In addition, this material presents new concepts regarding how bears perceive humans. As in his past works, the author exposes myths in our belief systems about nature and examines how science is influenced by environmental politics.

Angela Hall, Editor  
Coast Mountain News  
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