

My wife is a Bear Whisperer addict and runs your show over, and over, and over on our DVR. She found your website and had me post. I was fishin up at Twin Lakes a couple years ago from the shore of the Middle Lake. It was October and it was right before the first snowfall of the year. I was fishin off the point there down from cabin 37 and had only a single fish on the stringer. My wife was keeping dry in the truck and I barely heard the horn honk and thought nothing of it. Watching my line out on the water, I kneeled down at the shore to readjust the stringer in the rain. As I grabbed the trout to toss him into deeper water, unable to hear anything with the din of raindrops, a dark shadow moved quickly into my peripheral vision and was right next to me at the shore like something from the movie *The Edge*. I quickly turned my head to the right to be eye to eye with a bear in my face at about 3 feet. This face was saying give me the fish. (The bear looked like either [blondie](#) or [sow 3](#) in description with a long narrow snout. Knucklehead?) Scared straight and without a beanbag round or a flash-bang device handy, I grabbed the stringer and jumped backward with the fish in my hand and jammed the tip of my pole at the bears head to deter. This maneuver only aggravated the bear more and the it lunged at me as if it was attacking my midsection. Thinking I had been disemboweled and with the combination of fear and this voracious aggression by the bear, I brilliantly threw the stringer with the trout up into a short pine to keep it out of the beast's reach. The bear went up that tree like a leopard, grabbed the fish and the stringer, ate the fish and disappeared out of sight. Turns out the bear had raided a wedding down at the lower lake, cleaned up several stringers on the shoreline, and then made his way up to me on the middle lake for some more sashimi before he darted off into the campgrounds. This bear was a stringer expert and I had been stringer-jacked. It snowed a day or two later and he came back up to the cabin, and right up the walkway for another look, propped himself up on the window sill and was watching/listening to us in the cabin that evening. I didn't realize this until the next morning when I saw the voyeur's paw prints in the snow up near the window. I fished alone out on the boat on the middle lake on the first snow of the year which was pretty enjoyable. Ever since those events we've been bear fans after experiencing first-hand the intelligence and athleticism of these remarkable animals.

-bluff charge victim