

A Kiamichi River Oklahoma Tall Tale
Sasquatch and the Bear
as told by Wild Warren

Take a look over at this gravel bar on our left. It's called Bony Point, and we saw something here the other day that I thought was kind of interesting so I thought I'd mention it.

You see where the gravel bar meets the tree line up there and how it forms those shadows? Well, standing back there in those shadows was a big old Sasquatch. And, this isn't unusual, because we have a lot of Sasquatches down here. But, we had some people on board who had never seen one, so we idled down to watch.

Well, as we watched, after a little while, this old Sasquatch wanders across the gravel bar, wades out about hip deep in the water, grabs about a six foot sturgeon by the tail. He drags it up on the gravel bar, thumps it in the head with a big old rock and kills it.

Now, I don't know why they do that. I've seen them do that before. Whether they actually *eat* the fish, or if it's just for sport, I don't know, because I've never really had a chance to follow up.

But, this is where it gets interesting, because while we're watching this on the south, down out of the alders on the north side, comes a big old black bear, and I mean about as big a bear as we've seen yet this year.

Well, this old bear looks across the river, sees what's going on, jumps *in* the river himself, swims *right across* the bow of our boat, gets out on the south side there, shakes like a big old dog, and jumps right on the back of that Sasquatch, and starts beating on him. I guess he wanted his fish.

Anyway, as you can imagine, that old Sasquatch beat a hasty retreat up into the hills and we thought that was the end of it –people quit taking pictures.

Well, moments later that old Sasquatch comes back down *out* of the hills, with a big old *tree* he's pulled out by the roots and starts *beating on the bear*.

Well, Holy Cow, *that* put them into it. It was a *terrible* thing. They went at it tooth and nail. There was blood and fur flying. You could *hear* their teeth popping as they snarled, and growled, and lit into each other, and I mean I was afraid. I was scared they were going to *kill* each other – and I think they would have – if I hadn't jumped in there and broke it up!

Yup, that was something...