



THE INCREDIBLE HULK

— BY JEFF SCHLACHTER —

Curtis Narfason of Foam Lake, Saskatchewan, achieved an almost unachievable feat in November of 2010. There were no mistakes made when he crossed paths with this enormous heart-stopping, double drop-tined buck. Curtis' world-class whitetail is the fourth biggest non-typical ever taken in Saskatchewan.

It was a quiet Monday November morning in the office when the voice of my secretary came over the intercom, "Jeff, line 1." I picked up the call, thinking it would probably be someone inquiring about a new Versatile or Kubota tractor, but it wasn't . . .

The voice on the other end said, "Is this Jeff, the Big Buck guru?"

I must admit my curiosity was instantly aroused as I answered, "You bet it is, in the flesh! What can I do for you?"

The voice said, "This is Curtis Narfason from Foam Lake and a friend of mine, Carl Scott, said I just had to give you a call."

I answered, "Okay?" pausing, not really knowing where this was going or what to expect.

He said, "I just killed a huge whitetail and was told you're the guy to take it to!"

Now there are many things that get me riled up, but the two sweet little words "huge whitetail" are at the top of my list. So, as you can imagine, my mind instantly started to race, although I tried to remain calm, cool and collected. I nonchalantly responded to him, "For sure, Curtis, I'm your guy, what did you get?"

He replied, "I killed a giant non-typical and I'm on the way to bring it to you right now!"

Although I was excited to see just what would arrive, I knew better, having heard a fair share of tall tales over the years to know there was a very good chance this buck would be just that. But there was nothing that could've prepared me for what was about to happen . . .

It wasn't long before a Ford pickup came ripping into the yard with one of the MOST INCREDIBLE whitetails I have ever laid my eyes on! Skidding up in the snow and ice was a wide-eyed Curtis who, before I could speak,

said, "I can't stay, I'm late for an appointment, but I'll be back later."

Now this jaw-droppin', eyeball-poppin' buck wouldn't even fit under Curtis' box-cover, so he had this monstrosity strapped to the truck's open tailgate! All I could muster was "Oh Ah Big Buck, Oh Ah Big Buck!" Now this just doesn't happen to me when there's a gigantic whitetail to talk about but I was truly, without a doubt in my mind, tongue-tied while sitting there staring at this colossal whitetail that had just taken my breath away.

Before Curtis headed off in a cloud of snow, I was finally able to spit out, "It's gonna break 250" B&C, Curtis, I'm sure of it!" And just like that he was gone and I was left out in the cold with my hands glued to the biggest non-typical whitetail that had ever come into my taxidermy studio. I'm sure I stood there for a good 15 minutes, stunned, absolutely flabbergasted, staring at this buck, slowly wrapping my mind around just how absolutely amazing this whitetail was. I'm sure anyone who would've seen me in that state would've sworn I'd just had a minor stroke with the deep stupor I was in.

When I finally did snap out of my trance, I made two calls: one to my dad, who has been an official B&C scorer since I was a small child, and the other to Mr. Garry "Big Buck" Donald himself, as I had to fill them in on what had just graced my doorstep.

By the time Curtis returned to my shop, I had already changed my shirt, cleaned the slobber off myself, and made sure to wipe off the drool I had left all over his buck's magnificent antlers. He then filled me in on his hunt and everything that had taken place on Sunday, November 21, 2010, a day he'll never forget.

Curtis and his partner Darcy Bryksa headed out early Sunday morning with high hopes of crossing paths with a

Curtis and his hunting partner Darcy couldn't believe their own eyes as they walked up to this goliath of a whitetail, as the HULK-LIKE GIANT continued to grow with every step. This unbelievable Saskatchewan whitetail sports a whopping 72 3/8 inches of abnormals! Combine that with an incredible 184-inch typical frame and you have one wicked whitetail that grosses a mind-boggling 256 3/8 inches B&C.



cleaning, making sure their scopes were tight, trying everything they could think of to come up with some excuse other than the dreaded buck fever that both of them, deep down inside, knew it had been. After their cleaning or more like “admitting” session, they cruised back to the Bryksa farm, where the two long-faced hunters shot their rifles, grasping at one last straw. But it was just as they had suspected all along: both rifles were dead-on.

They had wasted plenty of time trying to find some other excuse for their nasty case of buck fever, but now

big ol' mossy-antlered whitetail buck. The temperature was extremely cold with plenty of snow on the ground, spiralling the Saskatchewan whitetails into the peak of the rut like a whirlwind. The pair of hunters hadn't gone far when they bumped a gorgeous 175-class 5x5 whitetail and both emptied their guns at this huge typical, displaying two cases of the worst buck fever you have ever seen.

Curtis and Darcy were both disgusted with themselves but went for a good walk in the direction the buck had fled, just in case one of them had connected after all. But after a long hoof through knee-deep snow, they hadn't found a hair or a drop of blood, so they headed back to the truck disgusted, dejected, now feeling like the snow was neck-deep and closing in around them.

Depressed, they drove back to town to Curtis' garage, where they both worked over their rifles, giving them a

Check out the big chunk of dried velvet on the “HULK’S” 12-inch drop-tine. The fantastic taxidermy work was done by Jeff Schlachter out of Wadena, Saskatchewan, (306) 338-7080.



tried their best to put it behind them as they ventured out for the afternoon hunt, hoping to find that lucky 5x5 that had narrowly escaped them only hours earlier. In their haste, before Curtis realized he had missed the road, they ended up in another area, one he had spent some time in over the years. Rather than turning around and wasting more valuable time, the two hunters figured they would give this spot a shot as it was already 2:30 p.m.

It didn't take long before Curtis spotted a buck, lying lower than a jackrabbit eyeballin' a coyote. The buck was hidden in the willows without a care in the world, nearly 400 yards away, so it took Curtis quite a bit of time to try to decipher exactly what he was looking at. He finally decided he had seen enough "BONE" plus some junk up top to make a decision as he whispered to Darcy, "It's a shooter!"

One shot from Curtis' .270 WSM Winchester and the bedded buck never knew what hit him. At the sound of the shot, all hell suddenly broke loose as a hidden doe that had been bedded beside the monstrous buck jumped to her feet. This caught the hunters off guard, as another giant buck shot up behind her, this one a HUGE typical, whirling to vacate the scene! Darcy let a few quick pokes go at this second enormous buck, but it had just happened too quickly. Darcy was a little rattled and never touched a hair.

Curtis and Darcy made their way through the deep snow to see just how big the buck was that Curtis had down. With every step that closed the gap, their jaws dropped lower. They both ran the last 30 yards to the buck, their feet barely touching the ground.

These two knew that this buck was a good one, but they had NO idea just what they really had until they arrived at the buck's side. Jutting upward out of the snow was a HUGE antler with an utter MONGER of a drop-tine! Curtis pulled the other antler out of the snow to reveal a matching drop-tine that was just as BIG! Their hearts stopped and their jaws dropped to the snow again. These two hunters had both taken some great bucks, but they had never seen anything like this. Redemption was oh so sweet from their morning's events!

I'm sure their screams could be heard throughout Saskatchewan as they celebrated their incredible luck while counting the points that this phenomenal buck had grown. When the count came to 26 points, they recounted, again coming up with 26! Curtis was flabbergasted; his buck had 13 points per side with at least another four points broken that could have resulted in 15 more inches being added to the net score.



Imagine this buck lying in the snow, staring in your direction. This STUD would instantly make any one of us weak in the knees. Curtis' colossal whitetail only has average tine length, with the longest a mere 9 5/8 inches, but the "HULK" more than makes up for it with a staggering 47 4/8 inches of MUSCULAR MASS!

Word travelled fast around the tiny town of Foam Lake and within the week Curtis had become a local celebrity. There was no doubt that every hunter in the area was just a touch envious, and when you look at this gagger, there are 256 reasons why. Curtis was overwhelmed with all the people who stopped by to hear the story and see the buck with their own eyes.

After the official 60-day drying period, the tale of the tape revealed just what a truly spectacular whitetail Curtis had taken. With a 21 3/8 inside spread, 26 scorable points, a longest main beam of 27 7/8, and a whopping 47 4/8 of mass, this hulk-like non-typical whitetail became the fourth biggest ever taken in Saskatchewan, grossing 256 3/8 and netting 251 2/8 B&C!

With Beams on Steroids, an Abundance of Abnormals and two Huge Hangers, this is one World-Class Non-Typical . . . A staggering and shocking Saskatchewan whitetail that leaves us all a shade green . . . Therefore, ONLY one name is fitting for this Mind-Blowing BEHEMOTH . . .

Curtis' GIGANTIC Bicep Beam-Busting Muscle Head will always be known as "The INCREDIBLE HULK!"