

A SCARY NIGHT

Hal Ames



Table of Contents

Chapter 1	3
Chapter 2	10
Chapter 3	18
Chapter 4	24

CHAPTER 1

I was on my way to see my best friend John who lived about two hours away in the mountains where he had a nice cabin he built himself. I did not get to visit him very often because I do not like driving so far.

It was a foggy night, so normally, on a night like this, I would have stayed home and read a book by the fireplace, but it was my best friend John's birthday, so I did not want to miss his party.

It was very difficult to see where I was going because the fog was so thick. Even though I was driving very slowly, I could barely see the road in front of me.

When I was about an hour from home, I suddenly heard a loud thud. Then I saw the blur of something slide past me, and then it disappeared.

Surprised at what had just happened, I stopped my car, got my umbrella, and walked to the back of my car to see what I had hit. There was nothing there.

Down the road a few meters, I looked to see if what I had hit might be lying on the ground. There was nothing there either.

As I returned to my car, I found the headlight on the right front side was broken, and there was blood on the door. I looked around again. I still did not see anything.

"Is anyone there? Are you OK?" I yelled into the fog.

There was no response. As I walked around my car to get back in, something jumped up in front of me, stood still for a second, and then ran away. It was huge. There weren't any other sounds; just the noise of something really big running into the fog. I was getting scared.

"What is that thing?" I thought to myself.

When I tried to start my car, nothing happened. I tried again, still nothing. I sat for a moment trying to think of why the car would not start. I tried to turn on the radio, but it did not work either.

Just then, right in front of my car, that big thing appeared, stopped, looked at me, and then it disappeared into the fog again.

Now I was getting even more afraid.

I went to get my cell phone. I looked everywhere, but I couldn't find it. I always put the phone on the charger in the car so I would not get a low battery display. I looked and looked, but I could not find it. I must have left it at home.

It began to rain again. I looked around to see where I was, but I couldn't see anything familiar. I did not know how far I was from my home or how far it was to John's house.

Suddenly, my car started to move up and down. I looked in my mirror. Something was climbing onto the back window. It was big. I locked the doors and sank down into my seat trying to hide.

What was happening! When I looked in my mirror again, there was blood dripping down the back window where the thing had been, but whatever it was, it was now gone.

Everything went quiet. I looked out the windows, but I could not see anything.

I looked around inside the car to find something I could use to defend myself against this monster. I picked up my wet umbrella to use as a weapon.

"Ah ha!" I said aloud, as I came up with an idea.

It had a point on it, so I could use it as a sword and stab the thing that was lurking outside my car.

Just then, my car started to rock back and forth. I could not see what was doing this. The car rocked harder and harder. I was bouncing up and down, and just as suddenly as it had started, it stopped. This thing was playing with me. If it wanted me to be afraid, it was working. I was scared to death.

Things got very quiet again. It was getting very dark, which made it so much more

frightening. I had never been in a situation like this before.

The headlights of another car came into view. I tried to honk my horn and flash my headlights at them, but they did not work. I watched the lights disappear as the car sped by.

I thought about getting out of my car to get their attention, but I knew that if I did, something bad might happen to me.

Now I was sitting in my car trying not to panic. I looked in the glove box, and I found my flashlight. I turned it on, it didn't work, the batteries were dead. Just one week before I thought about checking the flashlight, but I put it off until a later time.

"I will never do that again," I said to myself.

I was nervous just sitting in my car, so I thought about running to safety. I started to open the door, but just as I did, the car began to bounce again. It bounced higher than before. Since the door was open, I almost fell out. I was getting dizzy from the car bouncing and bouncing. There were no other noises, only the tires of my car bouncing on the pavement. I managed to get the door closed and locked.

Then suddenly, everything went silent again.

It seemed like it had been a very long time. When I looked at my watch, it was midnight. It had been almost six hours, and I still had no idea what to do.

I had to make a plan. I would wait until the sun came up. Then I would be able to escape.

My thoughts turned to my family, "How would they survive if I were gone?"

My two small children and their mother came to my mind. They would be all alone with no one to take care of them. I needed to find a solution to this problem. I needed to find a way out.

I started to get sleepy. I could not keep my eyes open. I lay down on the seat and started to fall asleep. I did not want to, but I was just so tired.

When I awoke to the daylight. The fog was still very thick, but at least it was light out. I looked around and did not see anything, so I picked up my umbrella and slowly got

out of the car. The silence was deafening. I squinted my eyes trying to see through the fog.

After getting out of the car, I started to walk slowly. I found the white line on the side of the road and followed it as I began to walk. I could see trees on both sides of the road. I knew there were a gas station and convenience store ahead where I could get to a phone and ask for help. I just needed to get there safely.

As I walked, and when I was about one hundred meters from my car, the hair on the back of my neck stood up. Something was watching me.

Because of the strange feeling, I started to walk faster, but I still felt as if something was following me. I began to run. Then I heard the sound of something getting closer and closer to me.

I turned my head, and the big monster that had played with my car was behind me and it was running. It was coming after me! I could only make out the outline of his shape. It looked like a giant bear. I had heard stories about large grizzly bears in the forest, but it had been a very long time since there was a report of a grizzly in this area.

Knowing that I could not outrun the monster, I turned and faced it. As I looked closer, I realized it wasn't a grizzly bear. It was something completely different. I had never seen anything like it before. It was covered in fur, and it stood on two legs like a human. I think it was about three meters tall. It had big eyes and even bigger feet. The smell of the animal was terrible. There was blood on its leg where I had hit it with my car. It appeared that the injury had not slowed it down very much. It was moving fast, and it was running right at me.

I decided that if I was going to die, I was going to die fighting. I pointed my umbrella at the monster and set my feet to defend myself.

The beast came to a stop. It just looked at me. I made the most threatening face I could make. The monster did not move. It just stared at me.

“Get back!” I yelled as I pointed my umbrella at it.

It did not move. It just stood there looking at me.

Someone had told me in order to stop an attacking dog; staring into its eyes was a way to make it stop. I stood in front of the monster staring it in the eyes.

We had been there staring at each other for I don't know how long, when a big truck came down the road. This scared the animal, so it turned and ran into the woods. I tried to get the attention of the truck driver, but he did not see me. The truck flew past and continued down the road.

I thought it would be a good time to start running. The gas station couldn't be that far away.

As I ran, I began to get tired, but at least I did not see the beast anymore. I slowed to a jog. Then I stopped and began to take long breaths. Running in the mountains where the air is thin makes it hard to run for a long time.

I was feeling a bit more relaxed, but I still could not see the gas station. I had my hands on my knees trying to get enough air so I could continue.

I looked back behind me and it was clear. Nothing was there.

When I turned around to continue to the gas station, right in front of me was the monster. I took my umbrella and thrust it at the animal, but it hit the umbrella out of my hand, and it flew away. I was now defenseless.

The big monster picked me up, put me over its shoulder, and carried me into the forest. I was bouncing up and down like a rag doll as it carried me deeper into the forest.

It was getting darker and darker because of the thick trees. The beast threw a large tree out of the way and then it took me into a cave.

Once inside, it put me on the ground. It was completely dark inside. I could smell the awful odor of the animal, but I did not know where it went. I heard noises like something moving around deeper in the cave. In my mind, I thought I was going to be breakfast for this monster.

The dim light from the entrance caught my eye. I began to move slowly toward the mouth of the cave, hoping to make an escape. The animal seemed distracted. It did not see me moving slowly out of the cave.

I managed to get away without being seen, but for how long? I was getting desperate.

As I ran away from the cave, I heard voices talking close by. I yelled out for help.

A voice yelled back, “Where are you?”

“Over here, by the mouth of the cave!” I responded.

I heard the breaking of branches as two men approached me. They were hunters looking for deer.

“What happened to you? How did you get here?” they asked.

“I’ll tell you later. We need to get out of here fast!” I yelled as I ran down the hill toward them.

Not really knowing why I was in such a panic, they followed my directions. Then we ran through the forest until we found their pickup truck.

I jumped into the back. I was completely out of breath. When I looked up, I saw the monster was coming after us.

“HURRY! We have to get out of here quickly! HURRY!” I yelled.

The hunters got inside the truck and started the engine. Just before the animal got to us, we got away. It was a very narrow escape.

The men took me to the gas station that I had been trying to run to. It turned out it was not very far from where the monster picked me up.

We sat down at a small table to calm down. While I drank a cup of coffee, I told the men about everything that had happened since the night before.

“We would not have believed you if we had not seen the monster ourselves,” the two men commented.

After I had a chance to call John and my family, to let them know I was OK, they took me back to my car.

The blood was gone from my car because of the rain, but there was hair from the animal in the headlight. That was the only thing that proved I had struck something.

It turned out that the connection to my battery had come loose when I hit the

animal. That is why my car would not start.

While we waited for the police, the men told me the legend of an animal found in these woods that only a handful of people had ever seen. They said it was called Sasquatch in the local native American language or Bigfoot in English. They told me I was very lucky to be alive.

I told my story to the police. They searched the area where I said the cave was at, but they found nothing. They found some strange hair that matched the hair on my car in the bark of a tree, a few large footprints, but nothing else.

To my knowledge, to this day, no one else has seen Sasquatch nor are there any photos. To most people, Sasquatch is just a legend that can't be proven, but for me, it is all too real.

I thought about going back to see if I could find it, but I was too afraid. I studied stories about Sasquatch and newspaper articles that told about people who had seen it like me. There were many stories, but none of them had proof. There were no photographs to prove that it existed.

CHAPTER 2

My friends did not believe my story, even though the hunters said they had seen the monster as well, they thought I was making up a tale and the hunters were in on it. They said we probably met at the gas station and came up with the story, so I could explain why I had missed the birthday party.

A few days later, on a Friday night, my friends and I were playing cards, and the story of the monster came up again. They kept laughing and said it was one of the best stories they had ever heard.

I got upset and suggested a plan, “OK guys, if you do not believe me that Sasquatch exists, then let’s make a trip to find it!”

Suddenly the room went silent.

“Huh? You want us to go with you?” John asked.

“Well, if it’s the only way to prove what I said was true, then why not?” I responded.

The guys looked at each other, shrugged their shoulders and agreed to go.

We made plans to drive to the spot where I had first met Sasquatch the next morning.

Around 9:00 am we left in John’s van. We brought rifles, just in case the monster attacked us. We packed food and extra gear. Actually, we had too much stuff, but it did not matter.

The trip into the mountains took about an hour to get to the eighty-mile marker where my car had stopped. We pulled over and got out. We looked into the forest. The trees were thick, so it was hard to see past the first row.

“OK, Bill. Tell us where to go,” John asked as he looked into the deep forest.

“I think we need to go down the road a little further to where the monster took me

into the woods,” I suggested.

We got back into the van and drove about two-hundred meters and then I told John to stop.

It was very different from when it was so foggy.

We pulled the van into the forest and then we got out. We walked until I found some footprints, big tracks leading into the forest.

“Come here, I think I found something!” I yelled to the others.

They came running to see what I had found.

“Here, look at this. What do you think?” I asked.

John got onto his knees to look at it closer.

“I’ve lived in these woods for a long time, but I have never seen anything like this before,” John commented.

“Do you think we should follow them?” Ron asked.

“Why not? That’s why we came, isn’t it?” I answered.

We moved slowly into the deep dark forest. John went first. He had experience as a tracker, so following a trail was nothing new for him.

It was not very difficult since there were so many broken branches, and the soft soil left perfect imprints of the animal.

“I’m surprised the police did not see these tracks when they searched,” John spoke up. “It is really easy to follow them.”

We went deeper and deeper through the trees.

We could hear the birds and the noise of small animals as they ran away. The wind blew through the treetops, which made the forest seem alive. The crackle of breaking branches below our feet echoed back to us. When we stopped to listen, the silence was awesome.

Then there was a new noise. Something was moving ahead of us. We could not see it, and it was moving fast.

We tried to run faster, but the logs and branches on the ground made it difficult.

Then, we came upon some tire tracks.

“This is where the pickup was when I escaped from the cave!” I exclaimed in a soft voice. “We can’t be far from the cave. Let’s spread out. If we do that we can see more of what is up ahead. Be careful. That monster is tricky. When you least expect him to be there, he will suddenly appear.”

We moved forward in a line. Cautiously checking out under logs and around rocks.

“I think I found something!” Roger yelled over to us, and then screamed, “Aieeee!”

“Roger, where are you?” I yelled out.

No answer.

“ROGER! Where are you?!” I asked again. “Guys, come here, Roger is in trouble. He was over there, but now he’s gone. Let’s go together and see if we can find him.”

We ran over to where I had last seen Roger. There were fresh tracks from the monster, and Roger was nowhere to be found. His gun was laying on the ground.

“The tracks go this way,” John pointed to the left. “We should be able to follow these pretty easily. Stay together, we cannot lose another person.

Slowly we followed the trail. Then it seemed to disappear. We went left and right and forward, but we did not see anything.

“What happened?” I asked. “Where did the trail go?”

“I’m not sure,” John answered very puzzled.

In front of us was a big tree that had fallen. There were no tracks after the tree.

“Maybe he’s under the tree?” John suggested.

“How do we move it, the thing is huge,” I answered back.

“The three of us have to be as strong as the monster. Let’s give it a try,” Ron said as he moved to one end of the tree.

“Uhg, this thing is heavy,” I said as we lifted the log about half a meter, then we dropped it. “We have to try again. Maybe when we lift it, we can start to roll it down the hill. Then we can see what’s under it.”

We lifted it again and this time we pushed it to the right. It worked. We ran to the other side and saw the cave where it had taken me before.

“Now I know why the police never found the cave. It was hidden under this tree,” I said to the guys.

“Do you have the flashlight?” Ron asked me.

“Yep, and it has brand new batteries in it,” I was proud that I was prepared this time. “I even have my cell phone with me.”

“What are we going to do now?” Ron asked.

“I think we need to go and find Roger,” I answered.

“I’ll stay here and watch the entrance,” John offered.

“Why? What is there to guard?” I asked.

“Well, maybe there’s another Sasquatch out there. You never know, do you?” John gave his response.

“Alright, I guess that might be a good idea, especially if we get caught, then you can run for help,” Ron gave his opinion.

Ron and I went to the opening of the cave. I turned on my flashlight as we crawled under the log into the darkness. I remembered the smell. We were in the right place.

Once inside the cave, we heard Roger’s muffled voice. He was trying to make the Sasquatch leave him alone.

I yelled out, “Hey Sasquatch! Over here!”

I pointed my flashlight deep into the cave. The monster was coming toward us and he was moving fast.

Ron and I pointed our rifles at him, and then he came to stop. He just stared at us.

Following behind was Roger. When the monster stopped, Roger ran past it and met us in the entrance.

“Shoot it!” Roger yelled. “He was going to kill me!”

“NO!” I yelled. “Wait a minute. If it had wanted us dead it would have done it already. I don’t think it’s as dangerous as we thought.”

“What do you mean! He was going to kill me! I was going to be his next meal.” Roger said in frustration. “Kill it!”

We still had our guns pointed at Sasquatch being careful not to let it hurt us.

“How long were you in the cave before we found you?” I asked Roger.

“I don’t know. Too long for me,” he answered.

“You were in here long enough to have been a goner, but your still here. He didn’t kill me either. I was able to escape. Maybe it just wants some friends,” I made my point.

“Huh? It wants friends? How do you figure?” Ron asked.

“It’s just standing there. It hasn’t done anything to make us feel afraid,” I commented, as I put my rifle down on the ground.

“What are you doing?! Pick up your gun. It’s going to eat us for sure!” Roger said as he lunged to get my gun.

I put my foot on it, so he could not pick it up.

“Ron, do the same thing. Put your gun on the ground and see what it does, OK?” I said as I looked over at him.

“OK, I hope you know what you’re doing,” Ron said reluctantly.

He put his gun down, but I kept my flashlight in the monster’s face. It put its hands in front of its eyes and then sat down. It grunted.

“Let’s get out of here. I don’t like it,” Roger said.

First Roger left, and then Ron picked up his gun and walked backwards keeping his eye on the Bigfoot as he left the cave. I was once again eye to eye with it, just like I was on the night of the fog.

I picked up my rifle and did as Ron had done, slowly exiting the cave.

Once outside we all felt relieved.

“Now what?” Ron asked.

“Oh no! I forgot to take a picture!” I said.

I had my phone with me, and I could have gotten a photo to show everyone what we had found.

“No one is going to believe our story. Should I go back to get one?” I asked.

“Are you kidding? What if it gets you and eats you?” John said, trying to convince me that we needed to get out of there and go home.

“I’m serious. You guys made a lot of fun of me before you knew it was real, now you want to run away? If we have a chance to prove that Bigfoot is real, I’m gonna do it!” I said as I went back to the entrance to the cave.

The others stayed behind, too afraid to go in. Slowly I moved into the darkness, with my flashlight leading the way. I got to where we had seen the monster. The place was empty. Now I had to go deeper into the cave to find it. I was alone, and the cave was silent. I moved my flashlight from side to side making sure that the monster wasn’t hiding and ready to attack.

Then I thought, “Oh no! I forgot to bring my gun.”

I kept moving forward and found nothing until I saw daylight.

“Another exit?!” I thought to myself.

I poked my head out of the hole and looked back to where my three friends were standing. They hadn’t seen Bigfoot leave.

“Hey, guys! Over here! I found another way into the cave. It must have gone out this way. Did you see anything?” I asked as I shouted down the hill at them.

“Nope, nothing!” Ron yelled back.

I crawled out of the opening and as I did, in front of me was the monster, staring down at me.

He caused me to fall backwards. I looked up at it from the ground.

“Ah, don’t hurt me! Go away!” I yelled.

The monster just stood in front of me and looked down. He seemed to be more curious than afraid.

There was a BOOM as one of the guys shot his rifle. Bigfoot turned and ran away.

My friends ran up the hill through the fallen branches.

Roger was the first one to get to me.

“Are you OK?” he asked.

“Yeah fine,” was my answer.

I got up from the ground and brushed the dirt off my jeans.

“I don’t think it was going to hurt me. Do you think you hit it when you fired the gun?” I asked.

“No, I fired the gun into the air to scare it away,” Ron replied.

“I guess at least I have proven to you guys that the story I told was true, Right?”

“Yeah, but we would never have believed you if we hadn’t seen it ourselves,” John said.

We walked back to where we had parked the van. There were branches and leaves all over it. We almost didn’t find it.

“Who do you think did this?” Ron spoke up.

“Maybe it was our friend, Sasquatch,” I replied laughing.

“Why would it do that?” John asked.

“It’s possible that it didn’t want us to find the car, so we would stay here with it and be its friends,” I suggested with a laugh.

The others didn’t think it was so funny.

We cleaned off the van, and as we started to leave, Roger pointed and said, “Look, there it is. I think maybe you were right. It doesn’t want us to leave.”

“Stop the car!” John yelled.

The car stopped, and I jumped out. I walked toward the monster. It just stood there looking at me.

“Are you crazy?!” yelled Roger.

“Quiet!” I yelled back. “Let me do this.”

I walked up to the Bigfoot and stood in front of it. It was huge but didn’t move. We looked at each other for a long time. And then I waved at the car to invite the guys to join me. John got out and walked up to me, followed slowly by Roger and Ron.

The four of us stood and watched the big beast look at us. I put out my hand and

Bigfoot put out its hand. We shook hands.

“That’s really weird. How does it know how to shake hands,” Roger commented, and then he put out his. Sasquatch took his hand as well.

“You might be right. He seems to want friends. What do we do now?” Roger asked.

I gave my phone to Ron and told him to take a picture of Bigfoot and me. We took a lot of pictures of each of us with it. Now we had the proof we needed to show that we knew Sasquatch.

It was getting late, so we said goodbye to Bigfoot, and got into our van. Bigfoot didn’t want us to leave, but we had to. He came over and tried to get into the van with us, but he was too big.

We waved as we went home.

CHAPTER 3

The next day, I got my phone to show my family the pictures we had taken. When I opened my app for photos, I was shocked. In every picture all I could see was the guys and me standing alone. Bigfoot was not there.

“Were we dreaming?” I asked myself out loud.

I called the guys and told them what happened to the photos. They came over to see for themselves. They checked their phones and found out the same thing. None of us had pictures.

“What happened?” Ron asked. “Was it a ghost or something?”

“I don’t know. Maybe that is why there are no pictures of Sasquatch. If our camera did not get a photo, then perhaps all the other times people thought they had a photo of him, the same thing happened.

I looked up the addresses and phone numbers of people who had seen Sasquatch, and when I asked them about their photos, they said the same thing, he was not in the pictures. Sasquatch had vanished from their pictures as well.

From my calls, I was able to get a lot of information about where they had seen Bigfoot and how he treated them. Every one of them said the same thing. Sasquatch did not seem that scary. He was friendly and never threatened anyone.

I wondered why he had taken me to the cave. No one I talked to had anything similar happen to them. When they met him, Bigfoot just stayed at a distance and watched. Maybe it was because I had hit him with my car and might have been angry.

The more I researched, the more I realized that we had been very lucky to get so close to it. Usually Bigfoot ran away. He is very shy.

It was then that I decided we needed to make another trip to the forest.

I got my friends to agree. On the weekend we packed up the van once again and

drove up to where we had last seen Sasquatch. We made an agreement not to let anyone else know where he was. We didn't want a bunch of people searching for him. When we got there, we hid our van, so no one could follow us, but unknown to us, a reporter from the local newspaper found out what we were doing and wanted to get a story for her paper.

After parking the van, we headed back into the forest following the trail we had marked when we were there the last time. It was very helpful to have John along again because he knew the forest so well.

It took about thirty minutes to find the big tree where the cave was hidden. Bigfoot had put the tree back in place, but I remembered the second entrance up the hill.

I walked up to it and I yelled down to see if I could get the attention of our friend. Nothing happened.

We decided to wait for him to return. It was a good thing we came prepared because we ended up having to sleep there.

In the morning I awoke to the sound of something moving towards us through the brush. I sat up expecting Bigfoot, but to my surprise it was a young woman. She was carrying a black camera bag and had a large backpack on her back.

I pushed on John and whispered, "Someone is coming, but it's not Sasquatch. What should we do?"

"Shh Stay quiet. We will see what she wants," John responded.

The young lady walked past where we were sleeping and walked up the hill. She didn't see us.

We waited for Bigfoot and around noon he came back. We saw him move the tree and disappear into the cave. I called down in the hole to Sasquatch, and not long afterward he appeared, with a smile on his face. He was happy to see us.

He came out and sat with us.

We shared some of our food with him. He seemed to enjoy it a lot and asked for more.

“I have an idea. We need to give him a name. What do you guys think?” Ron gave us an idea.

“How about George?” Roger suggested.

“George? Why George?” I asked.

“No reason, I just like the name,” Roger answered.

From then on we called him George. He seemed to like it.

We gave him some more food. He was enjoying our company and we enjoyed his.

We were laughing and making Bigfoot make funny faces for us, when we noticed there was someone watching us. It was the reporter and she was taking pictures of us with Sasquatch.

I stood up and waved for her to join us. There was no use trying to hide what we were doing.

She got up from where she was trying to hide and joined us.

“What are you guys doing? Why aren’t you afraid of this big beast?” she asked.

“He’s OK. He’s very friendly. He won’t hurt you. He just wants friends.” I answered.

The reporter began to ask us questions about how we had met Bigfoot, but we told her we were not going to share our story. She asked if she could take some pictures, and we said, “Go ahead. It won’t do you any good. When you go to view them, you won’t see anything but us.”

Then she looked at her camera.

“See, he’s not there. For some reason he just disappeared,” I told her. “Besides, do you really want him to be found? He is so friendly. If the scientific community gets him, they will kill him to find out his secrets, or they put him in a cage. We don’t want that, so PLEASE don’t write that story.”

“I’ll have to think about it,” she replied.

“If you try to put that story in your paper, we will tell people you lied. We are just here on a hunting trip, not looking for Bigfoot. Then you will have people laughing at

you,” Roger said to her hoping to convince her not to write the story.

The afternoon was fun as we sat and played with Bigfoot. The reporter joined in. From what we could tell she was beginning to like him as well.

We decided to go home when it was getting dark. We walked down the hillside with Bigfoot following us.

When we got to the cars, they were covered in branches again. Bigfoot knew we were there before he found us. He stayed in the trees while we cleaned off the cars. As we were getting into the van Bigfoot ran over to us and then tried to get into the van again. He was too big.

“Now what are we going to do? He wants to follow us home. That is not going to be good for him. If anyone else sees him, he will be in great danger,” Ron spoke about the obvious.

John came up with an idea.

“Maybe he just needs a friend out here. He must really be lonely,” he surmised. “What if we can find another Bigfoot to keep him company?”

“How do you propose that we do that?” Ron questioned the idea.

“We can do research to find where other Sasquatch have been seen,” he answered.

“I’ve already done that,” I spoke up. “I have the locations of sightings already loaded in my phone.

“Can I come along?” asked the writer.

We looked at each other.

“What can it hurt? She has already seen him and knows what he’s like. Maybe she can help,” I said to them. “If we use her car we will be able to cover more territory.”

We waved goodbye to Bigfoot and drove up the gas station where we sat in the café to make our plan.

I loaded my maps app on my phone, and we bought a local map from the store clerk. I drew red dots on the places where Sasquatch had been seen in the past.

“I think we need to go at least five miles from here because some of these people

may have seen George. I'm sure he travels a lot looking for food," John commented while making circles around some of the dots.

"I think we need to split up. Three of us will go in the van while two more go in the reporter's car. We can keep in touch on our phones. Service up here is not bad," I suggested.

We broke up into the two groups; one went north and the other went south looking for a friend for George.

I went with the reporter.

Her car was tiny. I almost couldn't get in the door.

"I've never been in such a small car. Are you sure it's safe?" I asked.

She laughed and replied, "Yes, it's safe. I've had it for two years now and I have never had a problem."

I introduced myself, "My name is Bill White. What is yours?"

"Nice to meet you. I'm Jill Devine," she replied. "I work for the Daily News."

"I think I have read some of your articles." I commented. "Have you been on the TV?"

"Yes, I do some investigative reporting. That's why I am out here today," she answered. "I heard about your story."

"How did you know we were coming up here?" I asked.

"I went to your house to ask you some questions, but you weren't home. Your wife told me where you had gone," she replied. "She said she thought you were going with your friends to the forest. I just guessed why you were coming up here. When I saw your van, I knew I was on the right track."

"I guess you are a pretty good investigative reporter," I replied.

"I try," she answered.

"Do you know where we are going?" I asked while looking at my phone.

"Just tell me when to turn off," she responded. "Do you think if we find another Sasquatch that it will be as friendly as George?"

“There is no way to tell, but as far as I know, no one has ever been hurt by one,” I gave my opinion. “I hope they are.”

“By the way, how are we going to move one of the Bigfoots to another location. It won’t fit into our cars,” she questioned.

“That is something we haven’t thought about yet. Let’s find one first, and then we can figure out how to make it happen later,” I suggested.

We drove about ten minutes and then stopped for gas and to ask questions. I went into the station while Jill filled the tank.

“Can you tell me if there have been any sightings of a Bigfoot in this area?” I inquired.

To my surprise, everyone in the place stopped what they were doing and looked over at me.

“Why do you want to know?” the clerk behind the counter asked.

I needed to make up a good story.

“Well, my friend and I heard about Bigfoot. We thought it would be fun to ask if there were any nearby that we could see,” I answered.

“Nope, nothing like that around here,” the clerk responded.

I got some snack food and paid for the gas. It was strange. Everyone in the store were just staring at me. I left and got into the car.

“So, what did they say?” Jill asked.

“Nothing. That’s the strange thing. They didn’t say anything. What was even more strange was the reaction of the people in the store. They became very curious of me. If I didn’t know better, I would say they were trying to protect something,” I answered.

“Like what?” she asked.

“I think Bigfoot,” I responded in thought.

CHAPTER 4

Just then I got a call on my phone. It was John.

“We found the location on the map and parked our car, and now we are beginning our search. How are things with you?” he asked.

“We stopped for gas and I asked the locals here if they had seen a Bigfoot. Everyone became very quiet and suspicious. The clerk said no Bigfoot sightings have been close by, but I think he was lying,” I gave me opinion.

“What makes you say that?” he inquired.

“Just a gut feeling. I may be wrong, but it felt very strange,” I answered.

Jill nodded her head in agreement.

“We’ll let you know if we have any luck, how about you?” I asked.

“Nothing yet. It seems we are finding the same thing. Maybe they are protecting Bigfoot like we are. Perhaps they have found Sasquatch to be friendly as well,” John surmised.

I said goodbye and then Jill and I drove down the road slowly looking for signs of a Bigfoot.

“LOOK! What was that!” Jill yelled out.

I looked over to the side of the road and saw the blur of something really big run into the forest.

“I think we found one!” Jill exclaimed. “Let’s stop and follow it.”

We pulled the car to the side of the road and parked in the trees, so no one would know we were there.

We got out and closed the doors quietly. John had showed me how to track the prints of the Sasquatch. Surprisingly, they were easy to follow.

We went deeper into the forest and then the tracks stopped. We looked to the right and to left, still no tracks.

“AH HA! I think we have found the cave where it lives, just like George!” I said a little louder than I wanted. “Help me move this tree.”

Jill and I could only move the tree a little, but it was enough for us to see the entrance to a cave.

I took out my flashlight and then I crawled in first followed by Jill.

Once inside, the cave was big enough for us to stand up. It was dark, but we could hear a noise coming from deep inside.

We walked slowly toward the back, hoping that we were going to encounter a friendly Bigfoot and not an angry beast. I had my gun ready just in case. The cave was deeper than the one George was using. We went as quietly as we could.

Then the animal noticed us and started to run away. I guessed there was another entrance, so we stopped and stood still. I put my hand in front of Jill to tell her to wait. A little while later, we heard the Bigfoot returning. When it saw us, it stopped and looked at us. I put out my hand, and the Bigfoot took it and held it. It was gentle and seemed to smile. I pulled gently on its hand to lead it out of the cave. It followed.

When we were in the light of the day, Jill and I sat down on the log and kept quiet. The Bigfoot seemed a little confused. It sat down and looked at us.

“Jill, can you draw?” I asked.

“Yes, I took some art classes when I was in school,” she replied.

“Can you draw a picture of George for me?” I requested.

“Sure, I can do that,” she said as she took some paper out of her camera bag.

“Do you have a pen or pencil?” she asked.

“As a matter of fact, I do,” I responded as I took a pencil out of my pocket.

While Jill drew her picture, I called John.

“Hey John, we found one and it seems to be just as friendly as George. What do you think we should do now?” I asked.

“Where are you? We will come to you,” he said with excitement in his voice.

“We are on State Road 34 at mile marker 122. We parked on the south side of the road just inside of the tree line. You should be able to see the tire tracks coming off the road,” I gave him the directions.

“OK, got it. My phone says we should be there in about twenty minutes. See ya then,” he said as he ended the call.

We just sat looking at the Bigfoot, who just looked back at us.

When Jill finished the drawing, I showed it to our new friend. It looked at the picture and pointed to itself. I shook my head and pointed away from where we were.

The animal had a confused look. I pointed toward the road.

Suddenly the animal jumped up and started to run down the hill toward the road. We tried chase it, but it was too fast.

When we caught up to it, the animal had come to stop. In front of it were our friends who had also stopped. They were just facing each other. I went past and joined my friends to show it we knew each other.

I showed the drawing again. Bigfoot looked to the right and to the left looking for what I showed it in the picture. Then it seemed sad that there wasn't another Sasquatch to be found.

“How are we going to get this Bigfoot and George together?” John asked.

“I'm not sure. It seems eager to meet George, we just need to figure out a way to get them to meet each other without other people finding out because that would be bad for both of them, right?” I stated.

The others agreed.

Jill spoke up, “The newspaper owns a big delivery truck that is only used in the morning. I could ask to borrow it saying I needed it to move some stuff. If we can do this in one day and get it back in time for the next delivery, we should have no trouble.”

“That sounds great,” we all agreed.

Roger asked, “Do you think we should bring George here?”

“That would probably be better since he already tried to get into my van,” I answered.

“What do you think we should call this one? We called the other one George,” Ron inquired.

“What about Julia?” Jill suggested.

“A girl’s name? How do we know it is a girl?” Roger asked surprised.

“Just a feeling,” Jill responded with a smile.

We said goodbye to Julia and went home. We told each other we would not tell anyone about what we did and what we found.

CHAPTER 5

I made arrangements with my friend to borrow his delivery van for the next week. We were all excited about the plan. John found out he had to work on Saturday so he wouldn't be able to join us. Jill insisted on being there. We talked about it and decided it might not be a good idea. She might still want to write a story about what we were doing and then George and Julia would be at risk of being discovered.

We left very early in the morning. We drove to the spot where we usually parked when we went to see George, but Ron said it might be a better idea to take the delivery van to the gas station and wait until George was ready to go. We weren't even sure he would want to go with us.

I had the picture Jill had drawn of George. I brought it with me to show him. It might help us to get him to come with us.

The climb up the side of the mountain was not easy. There had been a storm and many trees were on the ground making it very difficult to find our way. Fortunately, we brought enough supplies to last us for the weekend.

It took several hours to find the cave. If we hadn't left markers the first time we came we would never have found it. I went to the upper entrance and yelled down to George. He didn't come out. We decided to wait for him once again.

Two days later her had not returned. It was getting late, and we had no idea what to do. We made the decision to go home and try again the next weekend.

Getting down was a difficult as climbing up.

"We need to bring some tools next time. It will make it much easier," Phil said.

"I hear a noise. Do you hear it?" I stopped to listen to a low sound coming from the forest.

The guys stopped and listened too.

“What was that?” I asked.

“Let’s see what it might be,” Ron responded.

“Be careful. It could be a bear,” Phil was a little frightened.

He took his pistol out of its holster and carried it in his hand.

The noise wasn’t loud, it was just low, like something might be in pain.

I was the first to see it, George was under a tree that had fallen on him and he was unable to get it off of himself. He was trapped.

We climbed over the fallen trees to get to him. He saw us and let out a roar. If a Sasquatch could smile, he was doing it. He was happy to see us.

I gave him some water while Ron and Phil looked to see if we could move the tree. He looked like he had been stuck for a while.

“I think we can move the tree using this branch as a lever. If we can just get it up a little I think he can slide out,” Phil demonstrated what he was planning.

Ron and Phil put the branch under the tree and then put all their weight on it. The tree moved up and I helped George get out. He didn’t seem to be hurt too badly. He had a bump on his head, and he had cut on his leg. He rubbed his head and his leg. Then he sat on a log and just looked at us. I gave him some food and he ate like he hadn’t had a meal in a long time. He even asked for more.

We sat for a long time with him waiting to see if he would be able to walk.

“Why don’t you show him the picture,” Ron suggested.

I opened my pack and took out the drawing. I showed it to him. He took it from my hands and looked at it very closely. Then he looked at me. It looked like he was crying.

He stood up and shook himself. Dirt and water flew everywhere. We got hit with most of it. We just laughed.

I pointed to the mountain and then to the picture. George took the picture again, and he pointed to the mountain. He must have understood what we were saying to him.

He followed us down the side of the hill to the road. He stayed in the bushes until

we brought the delivery van. It was just big enough for him to fit. I was going to stay with him in the back, but there wasn't enough room.

We drove for about an hour to the spot where we parked before. To our surprise, Jill was waiting for us. She guessed that we were going to bring George.

"Where have you been? I've been waiting for days," Jill complained.

We told her about what happened to George under the tree. We told her how excited he was to see her drawing and how he had come with.

"We need to pull farther into the trees. We don't want anyone to see us," I said.

While the delivery van was being moved I called my wife.

"We are going to be late. We ran into a few problems. Can you let my boss know I won't be in tomorrow? I will tell him everything on Tuesday," I informed her.

She agreed to make the call.

When we opened the back of the delivery van, George did not want to get out. He moved to the back of the van.

I pulled out the drawing and showed it to him. He came forward and took it from my hand. I pointed to the forest. I think he got the idea of what we wanted him to do since he climbed out and onto the ground.

We began to walk, and he followed. We had marked our trail the same as we did to where George lived. Once again the going was difficult. We were hoping that Julia had not had the same thing happen to her.

After finding her cave and yelled inside. We waited and nothing happened.

"I think we might need to wait again," Ron said.

"But I need to get to work. If I don't get to work tomorrow I may not have a job anymore," I stated. "I can only stay until it's dark, then I have to go home."

We sat and waited for something to happen. George moved the tree out the entrance to the cave and went inside. A loud noise came out of the cave and shortly afterward George came running out. Maybe Julia was home after all. He looked scared to death.

Soon, Julia came running out. She appeared to be mad, and then she saw us. She seemed to be very confused. Why were there and what was this other Sasquatch doing there.

I showed her the drawing and then pointed to George.

She calmed down, but George was still afraid. He hid behind us.