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Ms. Ann Sullivan

Sandbox 101

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I Believe in Bigfoot

I haven’t always believed in Bigfoot. “Bigfoot is real,” was the slogan of those hippies in Oregon and those who went to the woods with interesting substances. There were many things I didn’t believe, I didn’t believe that pineapple belonged on pizza, or that there was a better team than the Baltimore Ravens. I didn’t believe that there was a better cure for heartache than The Pirates of the Caribbean and Blue Bunny vanilla ice cream. I most of all, I didn’t believe that I could be loved back.

I had fallen in love a few times in life but they just never caught me as I fell. It’s amazing how many times I got to know a boy and my heart would inch its toes through the doors of a crush until it rushed across the room to the scary corner of love.  I just happened to see all the goodness in them that the rest of the world turned the blind eye to. Well, at least most of the world. There was always another girl and I never weighted enough in the scales to tip them in my favor. So here I was 25 years old with a mosaic heart and had never had been in a relationship. I felt the glimpses of chances that I had been afforded through the forest of my life were as worthless as the phony images of bigfoot looking over his shoulder. The pictures were blurry and controversial. Was it even real in the first place or someone in a nice suit to lead me deeper into the dark?

But then I met you. You would only eat pizza with pineapple, and you preferred Tillamook ice cream. You didn’t like Pirates of the Caribbean and made me watch the entire Lord of the Rings series. You even liked the Steelers. And you somehow believed in Bigfoot. Football games were more fun when I was arguing with you. I tried fruit with my pizza and nearly choked. And soon I was having dreams that including Gandalf and hairy feet. The day when you fell back in love with me was a day I never believed would come. At that moment I believed in Bigfoot, unicorns, pineapple, and yes, even love. I still prefer pepperoni pizza, but I am a different person because of my new faith in the things that I can’t see. If you can believe in me, then perhaps Bigfoot is real after all. Who knows? I might see him tonight while we walk hand in hand. Anything is possible.