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| Gabby N the Myth |
| By Chuck Wayne |

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Publisher

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*This book is dedicated to Jeremiah Ward and Gabriella Holte*

*Mark 10:14-15*

*But Jesus said, “Let the little children come to me and do not hinder them, for the kingdom of God belongs to such as these. Truly, I tell you, anyone, who will not receive the kingdom of God like a little child will never enter it.”*

*And Jesus picked up the child and blessed them.*

*“Okay, laugh at me, go ahead and don’t believe a damn word I say!”*

*But I know… what I saw… I was there!*

*I saw it!”*

How many people have said these words?

I wish to thank my friends and family for their help with this book, Jon Zelek, Karen LeFevre, Crystal Holte, and Katie Ward.

**TABLE OF CONTENTS**

Preface

Chapter 1 Ambition to Finish the Story 11

Chapter 2 Jeremiahs Story 23

Chapter 3 The Missing Child 35

Chapter 4 The Childs Only Hope 49

Chapter 5 Something Has the Child 63

Chapter 6 Change of Plans 81

Chapter 7 Finding Gabby 101

Chapter 8 The Confrontation 113

Chapter 9 The Recovery 131

Chapter 10 The Words Out 147

Chapter 11 Save The Warden 161

Chapter 12 Thew Reunion 181

True Story 205

My Thoughts About Myths 211

About the Autor 223

**Prologue**

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his story, although it was my creation for you to enjoy. It is authentic in many ways.When I write, I really use actual events in much of my work. We all grew up with stories told by friends or family about myths. It is nothing more exciting than to sit around a campfire with friends and family telling a great old ghost or monster story. So, what is a myth?

It is usually believed to be false beliefs or ideas said about things that have happened in other times or places. It may be from some activities, or maybe to a group of people. These tales are about other people's past history. They may explain the natural or social phenomenon involving supernatural beings or events.

Over our lives, we heard about UFO’s, ghosts, demons, strange creatures, monsters in the sea, and sasquatch, who is better known in the United States as Bigfoot. We all grew up listening to them, enjoying the stories, and then walk away, thinking that is a bunch of crap.Things like that are not real! “OR… IS IT?” What once was considered a Myth seems to become a reality in our world today.

The reason, we have better technology, everyone has a camera, and new toys to play with.

What was once thought was false is now coming to facts.It is said, 18,000 new species are being discovered every year. And many of these species have been hanging around for quite some time, undetected. Take Bigfoot, for instance.

There are approximately 20,000 sightings of Bigfoot in the US. People who have described encounters in the last fifty years. Just in one state alone, Pennsylvania, 1,300 in 2019. This was according to Travel Channel and the Bigfoot research Organization. Washington, 2,032, California 1,697, and they have analyzed 23,000 sightings reports across the country. I, too, have become interested in research.

In 2019 a three-year-old boy was lost in NC woods. He was lost in freezing weather for two days. That child had something keeping him warm and safe. When a search team found him, he was in healthy condition. He told his story to those that found him, that he was with his bear friends.

As the investigation gathered, the only conclusion was that the bears were all in hibernation, and besides, bears are more likely not to be friendly. This would not be the first time a Bigfoot Saved a child in this country or world.

In the last few years, much evidence has been shown, including foot and handprints, DNA, videos, and personal encounters. There is even a video of a Sasquatch running, maybe around thirty-five mph, that’s pretty fast for an eight-foot-tall man in a monkey suit. Wither you believe it or not. We all enjoy a good story. This is what inspired my novel, Gabby N the Myth.

**CHAPTER I**

Ambition to Finish the Story

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ate evening on a country road. The year 2019. Wyoming mountain region western U.S., Jackson Hole.

Charles and Dalton were on their way home from work on a long country road divided by a forest of trees. Charles at the wheel of his truck, finishing off a beer.

“Damn, we need to stop for more beer!” Charles blurted.

“Hell yea! I’m up for that,” Dalton agreed. The sun has fallen. “Charles, you know it's getting pretty dark out there. You gonna turn those lamps on?”

“I reckon I should,” Charles chuckled.

“Yeah… you sure you only had one beer to drive? Dalton joking’

“Well, if you don't count those three, I had before I left for work. It would only be one beer since I started driving,” he chuckled.

“Okay, that makes me feel much better, you ass hole…” They both laughed. As the truck was running smoothly on the country road, his headlamps illuminated straight ahead on to the roadway.

Dalton shouted out, “Look out!”

Charles slamming down on the breaks, just missing a deer by inches. They both observed about eight to ten deer rushing across the road.

They were moving like the wind and coming from the right side of the road.

“Shit…! Man, that was close,” Dalton chortled.

“Would you look at that? I went deer hunting this year and didn’t see a damn one. Now I don’t have my rifle, a shit load runs right out into the street right in front of me,” Charles Exclaimed.

“It looks like something scared them out of the woods,” Dalton suggested.

“Yeah, they were in a hurry, alright.”

As Charles eased down on the paddle picking up his speed, another incident happened. An eighty-foot pine tree fell across the road right in front of Charles's truck. He slammed on the breaks before hitting it.

“Damn! …That was close! What the hell else is going to happen before we get home?” Charles stammered.

Hell, that looks like a perfectly good tree. What caused it to fall like that?” Dalton asked.

“Hell, if I know!”

“Man, if we turn back and go the other way, it’ll take us over an hour to get home,” Dalton guessing.

“Wait a minute…! I still have my chain saw in the toolbox in the back of the truck,” Charles remembered.

“That a do it! Let’s cut that bitch up!” Dalton going along with the idea.

About that time, something strange happened right before their eyes. The tree was moving back to the right side of the woods.

It looks like something was pulling it back.

“Did that tree just move?” Charles asked, looking puzzled.

“I think so…”

Then again, the tree moved even a longer pull this time.

“What the hell, that tree is moving?” Charles stunned.

“By what! That tree is at least seventy or eighty feet long,” Dalton figured. As they both had fixed their eyes on the moving tree.

They continued quietly watching it being drug entirely off the road and disappeared back into the woods from which it fell. Their heads turned and stared into each other eyes, not sure what to think as if they were in shock.

Then Charles, without any warning, wasted no more time getting the hell out of there. He hit the accelerator, and the truck was burning rubber on the asphalt to getaway. The taillights were thinning out along the long road as they left the spot.

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Days later.

It was early morning. Setting in a recliner in a back-living room of an assisted living facility was an eighty-five-year-old man.

He was thumbing through a Cosmopolitan magazine. Then Veronica Dirk’s, a lovely caretaker, saunters in, “Why you back here all to yourself when you got all those ladies waiting to see you in the parlor?”

“Whadda mean. Those ladies are older than me. Hell, half of them just wave at me, can’t even talk or much less have any teeth.”

Veronica placed her hand on his shoulder, “Jeremiah…shame on yourself.” She lowers her eyes down at him. “Would you like something to drink?”

“Yeah, coffee would be good,… “Oh!” One more thing, Veronica, can’t y’all get some decent books in here like hunting magazines, outdoors stuff. These are for women, and these photos of women are a lot younger than me. All it does is teases me and make me horny.”

Veronica, with a raspy chuckle, “Now Jeremiah, you know you can’t get it up, so don’t be fooling yourself.”

“Well, come here, girl, let me prove it.”

Her beady eyes narrowed as she leers into his eyes, breaking a smile coquettishly, teasing. He flashed his dirty little grin right back.

“You are something else, but you’re still my Romeo, handsome. Okay, tomorrow, I’m going shopping, and I’ll find you some hunting magazines.”

Jeremiah sat down next to the large window, his heavy eyes just gazing outside. He sipped on his coffee and wandered into deep thought.

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A gentleman walking into the front door entering the lobby was a new visitor, a middle-aged man carrying a briefcase. The stranger stopped to look around for a second and then approached the front desk. “Hi, do you have a man by the name, Jeremiah Ward, here?”

The receptionist said yes, without even looking him up.

“Are you a family member?” She asked.

“No. My father was his friend, and I wanted to visit with him for a bit.” The receptionist asked for his ID and contacted Veronica at the front desk. He looked around the facility and observed many seniors, some in wheelchairs, some with walking canes. He was thinking, *I hope he can talk to me.* Also thinking*, not sure how old he is.* The visitor sees a woman approaching him.

“Can I help you? Veronica asked.

“Yes. I’m Jon Zelek. I would like to see Mr. Ward.”

“Are you family? Because I don’t think Mr. Ward has a family.”

“Well, no, but my father was a friend of his, and my father died recently. I just want to visit him.” Veronica satisfactorily nodded her head.

“Alright, follow me.”

She escorts him to the back living room area. Passing through a sizeable arch-shaped door, Jon saw an old man sitting in a rocking chair gazing out the window. Jon stopped several feet behind Jeremiah.

“Is he still coherent? I mean, does he have Alzheimer's or Dementia, or something like that?” Veronica smiled, “He's very sharp, and you will enjoy talking to him. He's one of my favorite residents here. Jon approached him by his side, still standing.

“Mr. Ward! Jeremiah Ward!”

Jeremiah turned and looked up at him, with a low tone, “Yes, I’m him.”

“Sir, it’s good to meet you. I’ve heard so much about you. My name is Jon. May I have a seat here and visit with you?”

Jeremiah gazed at him for a few seconds and then dropped his sight to the man's briefcase he was holding. Jeremiah nodding, yes.

“If it’s about an old bill, your shit out of luck?” Jeremiah said with a snigger.

Jon smiled with a giggle.

“No, sir, I’m here because I want to write a book, a book that never got finished by my father.”

Jeremiah listens.

“My father was going to write a novel but basically only took some notes and never really finished it.”

“Young man, what’s that got to do with me?”

“Why sir…! You are the main character in the book!”

“I’m a character, alright!” Jeremiah snorted, “But what’s it got to do with an old man like me?”

“You weren’t old when this happened.”

“Who’s your father?”

“Jon Zelek.”

Jeremiah just stared for a moment. “Jon…yes, I remember your dad. So you’re his son? We became friends after our adventure.

At first, we didn’t get along. But later, your dad backed me up and gave them good reviews that help me get released.”

Jon smiled, “I’m glad he helped you. He was going to write a book about what happened. He even had a name for the book. It was Gabby N the Myth.”

“Gabby… I hadn’t heard someone say that name in years. Yes… little Gabby,” picturing her in his mind, Jeremiah smiled.

“She was a sweetheart, such a beautiful child.”

“Once I laid my eyes on that child, I was going to die trying to save her.”

Jeremiah took in a deep breath and exhaled. You could see his eyes water, and a smile built up from the corner of his lips as he remembers.

Jon watched this old man sat before him, and he knew his memories of his past were warming his heart once again, thinking of a child he once courageously saved.

“Jeremiah, do you remember everything from back then?”

“Yes! I can never forget.”

Jon smiled, “Sir, I very much want to finish the book, and I want the book to be told by you. I will write it, but you are the real author. Can you help me and start from the beginning?”

“Me! I will have a book?”

“Yes. It will be a true story.”

Jeremiah looked at Jon with his dark wayworn eyes. “Sorry about your dad. The reason he had only notes was that I was the only person in the forest. He had to return back to help his friend, who was injured. I stayed to look for the child.

I never said much to anyone other than your dad, with what happened out there, even when they asked me.”

“What would you like to call the book?” Jon asked.

Jeremiah smiled and nodded his head, “You know, I think your dad came up with a perfect name, let’s leave it to that.”

Jon pulled out a recorder and placed it on the end table next to him. Jeremiah stared at the device. It did not look like the old tape recorders from his time.

“Is that some kind of recording machine?” Jeremiah asks.

“Yes.”

“I still have my old Panasonic cassette recorder from the days. It still works fine. Only much larger than yours,” he giggled and continued, “Hey, you wouldn’t know where I can find another cassette tape for it, would you...?”

“Not sure but, I’ll sure try to look for one for you.”

“That’s the problem with old things. You can’t hardly replace them. Why…just look at me!”

Jon found him amusing, and with a great sense of humor.

“Okay, Sir, you can start anytime.”

Jeremiah's head hung down, waiting for a few seconds as if he was finding a place to start his story. But with no problem, he jumped right in as if it was yesterday.

“Of course, you know I was placed in prison for something I never meant to happen. I'm not a bad guy like some of the others in that place.”

Jon nodded in concurrence.

“Yes, sir, I understand. I couldn’t believe you were ever like any of those guys. What happened, that is if you wish to tell me.”

“I don’t mind. I would rather some people know that what I did was in self-defense, not the other way around. The reason I was sent to prison was a fight that occurred. I started off fighting one man over a girl I never had anything to do with. Next thing you know, I was fighting three men at once. I picked up a chair and slammed it over one of the men's heads. It knocked the guy entirely out. I was only trying to minimize the fight. But the guy never recovered. He died hours later. These guys were the cause of this happening. I had to fight even harder with three men. But they lied about the truth of what happened. Several witnesses saw the incident, but they never showed their faces for my trial. We had written statements, but it wasn’t used.

I guess you can say I was railroaded. The Justice System charged me with manslaughter.” Jeremiah went silent for a moment. Jon waited patiently.

Jeremiah broke his silence.

“In prison… when I was asked to help find the child, I started a small journal on almost a daily basis. I also know many things from everyone, such as what was going on when we were in the forest searching. Later on, I listen to other stories from those involved.

Much came from gabby’s mother and grandfather, along with Jon, your Father. Pretty much everything I will say to you is actually what happened.”

About this time, Veronica approached the two guys, “Is everything okay, Jeremiah?” She was concerned.

“Yes, Veronica, I’ll be here for a while with my friend. He’s writing a book about me. Maybe you can bring him some coffee?”

“Sure…! You say he's writing a book about you?”

Jon answered first, “Yes, ma’am. Jeremiah is quite a hero. I consider him a famous person. When the book is finished, I’ll see that you get one of his published books.”

“Oh my, Jeremiah, you are full of surprises! I’ll bring you guys some coffee.”

“Black, please,” Jon said.

“Oh, Veronica! any more of those peanut butter cookies left from yesterday?” Jeremiah wearing a smile and batting his eyes.

“I’ll check, Sweetie.”

As she strolled out the door, Jeremiah had his eyes on Veronica.

“Look at that butt, on that babe. I think she loves me…!” Jeremiah joking.

Jon smiled, “Dad said you had a way with women.”

Jeremiah giggled. Jeremiah was ready to re-live his past once again. So, he tells the story.

“I'll also give you quite a bit of extra details that I remember so the book can be as accurate as possible. It happened here in Wyoming, in this Town.”

**CHAPTER 2**

Jeremiah's Story

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eremiah tells the story.

It was, I believed, in 1985. “After the incident, I became good friends with Gabby's Mother, Sherri Bettencourt. She felt guilty on the day this all happened. Sherri was at home. That’s where it all started. It was a beautiful day. The sky looked as if it was painted blue with a paintbrush. Scattered throughout the sky was a few white cotton-like clouds dangling overhead. I know because Sherri loved the outdoors, and she said it was such a beautiful day for something like this to go wrong.

I’ll try to explain some details along the way. You see, I like to read, and it's essential for authors.”

“Yes, sir, that’s perfect, very helpful,” Jon agreed.

I read mostly Field and Stream or hunting books, that is, if they quit bringing me Vogue magazines,” Jeremiah snickered.

“You know… details are essential when writing.”

He continues his story.

Sherri lived in a small new suburb just outside of town. Each house had a two-car garage attached.

Each home in the neighborhood had large, heavily built wooden fences surrounding each back yard. All that fencing was because the national forest was lined up around many of the suburbs. The barriers added extra security for the yards from unwanted animals. Sherri was a single thirty-year-old mom. She had just bought a new home for her and her three-year-old Gabby.”

Jeremiah paused for a second and said, “Gabby, oh my, she was so beautiful.”

Jon listening carefully and taking some notes, and making sure his recorder was working correctly.

“Anyway, Sherri owns her own clothing store downtown. On that day, she was off work and spending it with her child.”

Jeremiah continues.

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Sherri sits on the floor next to the bathtub. She is giving her little three-year-old Gabby a bath. Gabby having fun in the bathtub playing with her small toys that float. She has a toy shark in her hand and hands it to her mother, “For me…? Thank you!” Sherri’s heart warmed, and Gabby smiled and was pleased.

“Well, beautiful, it’s time to get out, and let’s get you in some clothes.”

Sherri stands up little Gabby, dries her hair with a towel, and then wraps the towel around her torso. She lifted her and carried her to Sherri's bedroom. She had some clothing ready for her on her bed.

Standing Gabby on the bed, Sherri continues to dry her little wet body. Gabby was smiling and happy.

“Did you see what mommy picked for you to wear?” Gabby sees her clothes laid out on the bed. She points at them.

“My shirt.”

“Yes, sweetie their all ready for you.”

“Mine!”

“Mine!” Mommy mocked her, teasing her.

“Mine! “Gabby says with a giggle.

Momma shakes her little torso playing with her, “Silly girl,” then pushes her gently on the bed onto her back and plays like she is tickling her. Gabby was rolling from side to side, laughing and having fun with mom.

A few minutes pass by.

Mom was carrying Gabby in the kitchen. Gabby, in Sherri's arms, was repeating, “Cookie, cookie,” Gabby holding her little arm out, aiming toward the cookie jar.

“Okay, but just one, for now, we’re going to go see peepaw for lunch today.”

“Peepaw…!” Gabby beamed with a big smile and a happy expression. Sherri put Gabby on the floor with a cookie in her hand.

The cell phone started ringing, and Gabby pointing to the phone. Sherri answered.

She saw it was her dad from the caller ID and his photo showing.

“Hey, Dad.”

“Hey, sweetie. Hey, something came up at work, and I must attend. So, can we shoot for tomorrow?”

“Sure, dad.”

“I’m sorry, baby… I really looked forward to being with you guys. How’s my little gal today?

“Well, would you like to say hi to her?”

“You bet!”

Sherri squatted down to Gabby and said, “Would you like to say hi to peepaw?” Gabby smiled, and with a cookie in one hand and a chunk of cookie in her mouth. She could not wait to say hi on the phone. “Hi peepaw, I eat cookie…”

“You gotta cookie?”

“Yeah, cookie…”

“Awesome, can I have a bite of cookie…”

Gabby looked at mom and smiled, then placed the cookie to the phone feeding the cookie to peepaw. Sherri laughing and saying out loud, “She’s feeding my cellphone,” and Sherri laughs.

Her dad chuckles.

Mom tells Gabby, “Tell peepaw you love him…”

“Love you, peepaw.”

“Tell peepaw, By-by,”

“By, by, peepaw…” Gabby taking another bite of her cookie. Sherri takes back the phone, and Gabby continued, “Mommy, I talk to peepaw…” Sherri smiling, “Yes, you did.” Sherri grabbed a quick conversation with her dad.

“Well, I’ll see you to-mar then. Are we making it the same time?” Sherri asks.

“Yes… I’ll see ya then, sweetie, I love you…”

“I love you too, dad…”

“Well, Gabby is all dressed up but nowhere to go,” Momma smiled.

“We go by, by?” Gabby said.

I’ll tell you what, mommy will make us up a tasty lunch, would you like that?”

“Go see peepaw…”

“No, honey, we’ll see him tomorrow.”

“Tamara,” Gabby replied.

“Yes, dear.”

“Go see peepaw Tomara,” Sherri giggled and kissed her on the cheek and caressed her waist.

“I’ll tell you what, you can play in the yard while mommy gets lunch ready. Would you like that?”

“Yeah, I play in yard.”

Sherri felt comfortable with her back yard, it wasn’t that large, and it was well protected with a complete seven-foot solid wall of a fence with a locked gate. No one could see in or out of this wooden fence. Gabby had a little playground there to play in. Although Sherri was okay with her in the yard, she still checks on the baby’s welfare every few minutes. She checked the yard to make sure it was safe for Gabby to run and play with her toys.

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Sherri left the back door open as she always does when the toddler is out. Gabby loved playing with her wagon. She likes filling it up with toys and pulling it around the yard with her favorite little baby dolls and stuffed animals in it. She was talking to her little stuffed friends and pulling the wagon.

“Okay, we go by-by.”

She is waving her small arms, even starts to sing the ABC song, plus a cute little dance along with all of it. Gabby is a few feet to the left corner and was preoccupied with her little stuffed friends.

On the outside of the fence, something was happening. A snapping sound is coming from the woods. A large fifty-foot oak tree is leaning dangerously and about to come down.

The tree is only fifteen feet from the corner of the fence where little Gabby is playing. The tree starts to shift downward. The entire trunk is uprooting from the ground. It was causing some branches to break from the pressure that was being applied to some of the trees.

The tree was falling in the direction of that corner fence where Gabby is playing. Gabby bending down, changing the positions of her little stuffed friends. She holds one stuffed bunny high over her head and smiles. She brings it down and says, “Okay, you ride,” and placed it back into the wagon. She picks up a stuffed kitten and hugs it tight, rocking it right to left just like her mommy does with her.

“My baby,” she said. She places it back in the wagon and then grabbed the handle to pull the cart.

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Sherri walked over to the door to check on Gabby. Her eyes gazed at the playful child, and Sherri smiled, watching her. Sherri returned to the kitchen. Suddenly the tree gave out and started fallen straight down. It slammed into the back fence, and about ten feet of that wooden fence was knocked flat to the ground with a hard impact.

Simultaneously, the wooden structure comes down, Sherri opens the cabinet, and several bowls fall out of the cabinet and onto the floor. The noise of the dishes drowned out the sound of the tree fall.

“Shit!” Sherri reached down, picking the dishes up. As she's doing this, she's interrupted by the doorbell.

“Damn!” She grabbed a dishtowel and dried her hands, and headed to answer the door.

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Meanwhile, Gabby’s little wagon was trapped under the fence. Gabby was a fortunate little girl and was not trapped under that massive fallen structure. She was still holding onto her handle, trying her absolute best to pull it out. Now Gabby was not too happy about this. She turns her head to look at her house, “Mommy, look,” Gabby calls as she pointed at the tree, “Tree fall down!” She points her little finger at it, “It broke.”

Again, she tried pulling the wagon, but it would not move. Gabby then started running back to the house to inform mommy.

But she stopped and said, my baby, she then ran back to her wagon. Then she looked under the fence, trying to get her little friend out, “My babies, you stuck.” Then she looked over where the fence once was. She could see the other side of the yard. She then crawled up on the fence, making her way around that tree. She then stopped and was staring into the forest. And said, “Baby!”

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Sherri had a salesperson at her door. After brushing him off, she shut and locked the door. Then her cell phone is going off.

“Hello!”

It was her friend Meagan Morris. “Hey, Meagan, what’s up, girl?” Sherri exulted.

She walked back to the kitchen with the phone to her ear, “Awesome, what color is it?” Sherri asked her friend.

As she was listening to her friend, she sees all the mess of broken dishes on the floor, meanwhile keeping the phone at her ear talking to her friend. She simultaneously grabs the broom, but before she goes any further, she wanted to check on Gabby again. As she steps to the door, her eyes blasted to the corner of her yard, seeing the fallen tree and the fence. Instant fear, like a tunnel vision blinding her surroundings. The fear climbed high into her head and deep into the pit of her stomach. It felt like melting lava. Thinking the worst nightmare with her child.

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She lowered the phone and started calling out Gabby’s name while running over to the tree. She dropped to her knees as if she threw her body to the ground landing the side of her face to the earth, looking underneath it for her child. She then dropped the phone and screamed out Gabby’s name. As she runs to the fence, she sees the little pink wagon trapped under the fence. Sherri was frantically searching under it, screaming out for help, trying to wedge under the massive fence searching. Sherri had dropped the phone on the ground, but her friend, on the other end, could hear her calling out frantically for the child. \*\*\*

“My God! Somethings happened to Gabby!” Meagan shrieked. Meagan kept calling out to Sherri, but Sherri did not respond. Meagan’s husband, who was standing next to her, asked, “What’s wrong…?”

“Somethings happened! Something bad has happened!”

He grabbed his cell phone and called 911. Meagan ran over to the dining room table and grabbed her car keys. She flew out the door.

She only lived a few blocks from there.

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Sherri searched under the tree and around it. She is trying to lift some of the fences, but it's blocked by the tree. Sherri tries crawling under the wall of the fence but still having trouble. She calls out Gabby’s name loudly, but she hears no answer or sounds. Now Sherri looking beyond the fence line. She ran over to the other side to look for her child. She continued screaming out her name while scanning her eyes and turning her head in every direction. Sherri is so disoriented with fear. Her thinking went wild. S*he’s not sure, is Gabby trapped under this fence or out of the yard, did she wander off into the woods*? Sherri looked in her hand and realized her phone was missing, so she scans the ground. A few seconds pass, and Sherri finds it. She sees it on the ground where she first fell to her knees.

Her hands were severely shaking to the point she could hardly retrieve the phone. She dials 911 and crying out at the same time. She also kept searching and holding the phone to her ear crying and explaining to the dispatcher what has happened. The dispatcher was trying to calm her down but was able to get Sherri’s address. Sherri continued calling Gabby’s name. She drops again, looking under the fence while on her stomach on the ground. At this moment, being confused and scared, Sherri felt it was best to stay on the move looking for Gabby. She continues searching and calling out for her.

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Within fifteen minutes, the fire department was on the scene, men ripping through the fence that was flat on the ground, taking it apart, piece by piece.

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Thirty minutes passed by.

It did not happen. Gabby was not there. She was not under the wooden structures or tree. The Sherriff John Ballos had ordered his men and some fire department crew to search the forest. Forty-five minutes have passed, and Sherri was standing in the woods with her friends and deputies. Sherri’s haunted eyes gazing into the woods, blocking off the world around her. All that is on her mind is *her baby*.

Neighbors heard the news that the toddler was missing, they poured out of their homes to help. Sherri was breaking down. Her legs would not support her any longer. A deputy had grabbed her as she was falling to her knees. The deputy asks a female officer to help him with her. They both knelt, trying to comfort her.

**CHAPTER 3**

The Missing Child

W

ithin an hour, it must have been three hundred people searching for Gabby in the woods. Sherri was taken to her house so that she could be more comfortable. She was sitting on the sofa with her head tilted down on Meagan's shoulder, weeping as Meagan cuddled her. Sherry heard someone call out her father's name. When she looked up, he was walking up to her. She jumped up and ran to his arms. Both were encased, heartbroken, and crying.

In the back yard, Deputy Janu Patel was watching the fire department and checking out that old tree.

“That damn tree was hollowed out at the bottom, that’s why it fell,” Patel claimed to the fireman.

“That windstorm we had about a week ago may have contributed to finishing it off. Amazingly, it lasted this long. The child was lucky not to be under it,” the fireman remarked.

Patel looked at the fireman and replied, “If the child is lost in the forest, she’s not lucky at all.”

The two gazed over in the woods.

Sherri’s father approached the sergeant, “Sergeant, I’m Gabby’s grandfather, Bob Stansfield.”

“I’m sorry to hear what’s happen, sir,” the sergeant condoled.

Mr. Stansfield had tears in his eyes.

“Are we going to find my granddaughter?”

“Were trying hard, sir.”

“How can such a small child go so far into the woods?”

The Sheriff shook his head, “Not sure. I know this forest is big and thick with trees.”

“What’s our chances?”

The Sheriff gave an unsure head shake, “Sir, I wish I was a professional tracker. I’d go in and look for her myself. But we have lots of people here, I hope soon.”

Stansfield walked away, facing the area where the fence fell. He set his gaze on Gabby’s little wagon with toys. His thoughts ran wild, and this strong man's head tilted down till his chin touched his chest. It was is a knife pierced his heart. He knelt to one knee, tears overtaking him. “Dear Lord, help me! My baby is missing. Please, God, help us find her!” It was like time just stood still in his mind.

From a distance, Sherry saw him through the window. She touched the glass as if she was placing her hand on her father. Feeling his pain as well as hers. A Fireman was observing Bob on his knees and heard his prayer of pleading. The Fireman tilted his head and also gave a blessing for the family and the child. As Bob wiped the tears from his eyes, something came across his mind. It was as if God was answering his prayer. Another fireman walks up to Bob, “Sir, are you okay?”

“A tracker.”

“What was that, sir?” The fireman asked.

“I’m ok, just thinking out loud.”

Bob begins scrolling for a name on his phone. A person he has not spoken with in a good while.

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On the other end of this call was thirty miles away. A secretary who took the call placed him on hold. She walked into an office and said, “Warden, you have a call waiting on line two.”

“Warden Kevin Russell, can I help you.”

“Kevin, this is Bob.”

“Hey, old pal! It’s been a while. How you doing…?”

“Not good, not good at all!”

“How can I help ya, Bob?”

Bob telling Kevin the story over the phone. “Bob, my God! I feel for you. I’m so sorry.”

“You have a prisoner there. He was known as a world-class tracker at one time. I need him, and I need him now!” Bob begged.

The Warden stands up from his desk. “Look, Bob, I can’t release any prisoner from this prison.”

“Kevin, you owe me one big time! Remember!”

“Bob! I have no authority, and even if I could, it could take over a week to get any approvals.”

“I don’t have a week, dammit! A three-year-old child is lost in the woods, and I need this guy now…!”

“Bob! I don’t know about this, and this is a lot to ask.”

“Kevin, you know, and I know, Jeremiah Ward was innocent when they sentenced him. For God Sakes… he’s only got a few years left! I need him…!”

Bob started weeping. Kevin sat down with a solemn look on his face. You could tell he was genuinely at thought.

“Please, Kevin, he may be the only thing that can help… please…I beg you…”

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A few minutes pass since Keven hung up with Bob. He never gave Bob his answer. Keven was piddling with some paper on his desk, picking up a pen just clicking it over and over, and suddenly, a small outburst of vexation occurred. He threw it across the room. He sat down behind his desk, staring at his desk intercom.

Kevin pushes the button on his intercom to connect with Tiffany Robinson, his secretary. “Tiffany… have Jon Zelek, and Mike Leblanc come to my office.”

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Ten minutes later, the Wardens Office.

The door opens and in walks Jon and Mike. You guys take a seat.

“Sure, Warden, is everything alright?” Jon asks.

“Something has come up, and I trust you guys. You both have been very loyal to me and this prison.”

“Thanks, Warden,” Mike and Jon both replied.

“Assistant Warden Sundholm is out of town for a few days, and I have a special assignment for you. No one, and I mean no one, can know what we are about to do. It’s between you and me.”

Jon and Mike looked at each other, “Okay, Warden. I’m good with it, whatever it is,” Jon said.

“Me too, sir.”

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Forty minutes later, the two guards Jon and Mike, were walking down a long dingy lighted corridor. They both stopped at block E and made their way to cell number fifteen. The ten-by-ten room had a bunk bed and a toilet with a connecting sink made of stainless steel. Two men in their bunk beds were occupying that cell.

Jeremiah had his head in a Field and Stream magazine, comfortably on his bed with his feet crossed. Prison guard Jon and Mike approached the barred door.

“Jeremiah Ward…! The Head Warden wants to see you!” Jon directed.

“Yeah, what about?”

“Take that up with the Warden.”

Jeremiah's cellmate raised up and ask Jeremiah, “Man, wha’d you do, to get the head calling ya?”

“I guess he found out about my new porn magazine,” Jeremiah said.

Mike looked at him and said, “You have a porn magazine here?” Jon looked at Mike, “Come on, can’t you tell he’s fucking with you.”

“I knew that,” Mike said.

Jeremiah walked out with a smile.

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A few minutes later, he walked into the Wardens office.

“Jeremiah, grab a chair.”

He sat down in the nice padded seat in front of the Wardens desk. He was feeling the smooth lacquer finish on the wooden armrest of the chair, almost forgetting what wood felt like. The Warden just stared at him for a few seconds. The two guards were about to leave the room.

Then Jeremiah asks, “What’s up, Warden?”

The Warden throws his hand up, “In just a minute,” the Warden interrupted. Then he asks the two guards to stay with him in the room.

“I’m about to do something that I may regret. But sometimes, a person just has to take a chance. What I’m about to say is against the law, and I need your help.”

The two guards turned their heads and glanced at each other.

“Ward, you were a professional hunter and tracker at one time. We need your help. This morning a toddler from a small town is lost in the forest. I need you to go look for her. But I can’t tell anyone you’re looking for her. This must stay quiet. Do you understand?”

Jeremiah looks straight into the Warden’s eyes, not saying a word in deep thought.

“Warden, you can’t let a prisoner out just like that. How we gonna hide this?” Mike asked.

“My assistant Warden is out of town. We have to stage a fake hospital stay. I might be able to pull it off as long as you guys cooperate.”

Jeremiah just sat silently, not saying a word. Warden gazes at the guards.

“He’s not going alone. I need you two going with him.”

“But sir!” Mike said.

“Enough. This child is in trouble, and sitting here in front of me is probably the only man that can find her. If I lose my job, then I’ll just take that chance.”

The Warden hung his head down low. Jeremiah looked at the two guards, and then his eyes back onto the Warden.

“Mr. Warden, I was wrong about you. You do have a heart…” Jeremiah took a few seconds thinking… “I could use some fresh air from this hell hole.”

The Warden looked at him. “I knew when they sentenced you that you were innocent along with a hundred other people who thought the same. Your manslaughter was a clear case of self-defense. That’s why I let you get all those magazines you read… even porn.”

Mike's eyes opened wide, and he glanced at Jeremiah, “He does have porn!” Mike blurted.

“Warden, I work alone in the woods. I can’t have two inexperienced guards following me.”

“No… they go where you go, deal with it.”

Mike raised his arm like a schoolboy in a classroom with a question.

“Yes.” The Warden answered.

“Sir, I..., I’m scared of the woods. I’ve always been scared of the woods since I was a child,” Mike said.

“Mike, you’ll be alright. You guys have the most experienced woodsman in the world right here with you,” the Warden gazed into Jeremiah's eyes as he said it.

“I’ll need some supplies for tracking and entering the forest,” Jeremiah asked.

“You got it, whaddya-need.”

“I have everything I need in my cabin, my backpack, boots, food, water, first aid, military fatigue, and a large hunting knife. I have several there, but only bring me one. I have a favorite… It’s a USMC seven-inch ten-ninety-five carbon steel blade known as the Ka-bar survival knife. I need something else… it was taken from me.”

“And,” the Warden replied.

“A large handgun, preferably a Smith and Wesson forty-four magnum six-inch revolver, with forty-four Remington Magnum cartridge.”

The two guards just looked at each other like he was crazy.

“Wait a minute, why do you need a gun and knife to look for a child?” The Warden asked.

Jon interrupted, “Sir, he doesn’t need a gun,” will have our guns,” then threw his eyes back at Jeremiah, “Why would you need one?” Jon asked.

“Well, maybe for lions, wild hogs, and bears, oh my!” Jeremiah smarted off.

“Bears and Lions?” Mike worriedly said.

“They’ll have their guns,” the Warden said.

“Well, warden, I feel much better knowing I can hit a moving six-hundred-pound target charging us if It comes down to it. You heard my story once before,” Jeremiah said.

“Yes, I remember most of it. I heard you took down a Grizzly that attacked a man. The man was doomed to die. They said you ran up and kicked the Grizzly in his ass, and he turned on you. You took him down with a handgun three feet from its chest. You saved the man’s life and a few others… I have to admit that was some heroic shit.”

“Why do you need a handgun so damn big?” The Warden asked.

“That gun will take down a bear…that’s what I used that day,” Jeremiah said.

“How many times did you shoot him?”

“Four times.”

“It took that many?” The Warden asks.

“Well, I’m not sure, but I wasn’t going to wait and see.”

The Warden just stared without saying anything.

“That child may never have a chance. That forest has brown bears, puma, wild hogs, dogs, and many other dangerous animals live there. It could already be too late for the little one. It takes a large handgun to take down a brown bear, especially if he’s charging you,” Jeremiah claimed.

“Why the military fatigue?”

“I’m comfortable wearing them in the woods…and besides, it’ll camouflage me from other predators and maybe throw off any suspicion on who I am when you release me.”

“Um…! Maybe your right.” The Warden agreed.

“I also want the Sheriff to remove everyone from the woods. They probably already contaminated the woods for tracking. Tell them a special tracker from out of town is taking over the search.”

Keven shook his head and forced a long sigh while staring straight into Jeremiah's eyes.

“I’m going to give myself a heart attack over this,” the Warden shrieked.

“Warden, if I find the little girl alive, I want one request,” Jeremiah asked.

“What’s that?”

“I want to eat a T-bone steak and baked potatoes at your expense at a nice restaurant.”

“You find that little girl alive, I’ll invite you for dinner, and I’ll bust my balls to get you out on parole early.”

The Warden looked up at the guards and said, “Guys take him down to the courtyard. I’ll have a car waiting. Don’t say a word to anyone on the way out, and don’t check out your weapons. I’ll hand you some bigger ones later.”

Jeremiah was almost out of the office door when the Warden stopped him. “Just a minute…why did you kick the bear in the ass?”

“I couldn’t get the shot that I needed to take him down. The injured man was also in the way. I was pissed, so I kicked him.”

Jeremiah left the room. The Warden just watched him walk out and whispered, “He was pissed!” Saying out loud and then started laughing.

As the two guards were walking Jeremiah through the long corridor to the courtyard, Mike was thinking about what the Warden had said.

“Did he say bigger guns?” Jon thinking.

“Yeah,…” bigger gun.

“Cool!” Mike chortled.

“It would be cool if it was like Dirty Hairy,” Jon blurted.

“Yeah, or maybe that fifty caliber like in Rambo…Mike Chuckled.

**CHAPTER 4**

The Childs Only Hope

T

wo cars pull up to Sherri’s driveway. The street was crowded with people standing everywhere. News reporters, law enforcement, fireman, and spectators had swallowed the street. Most of these people may have been in search of the child.

Rolling down the road toward Sherie's home was a black GMC Yukon with tinted windows. Jeremiah observing out the back window of the truck. Jon and Mike were now wearing hunting camouflage pants and shirts. Jon was driving, and Mike sat in the front passenger seat. The truck pulled up to a curb near the driveway of Sherry's home. A few minutes later, the Warden opened the truck door and sat inside the back seat with Jeremiah. He had a handbag in his hand. Just stared at Jeremiah for a second and then flashed a glance at the other guys. He opened it up and in the bag were all the toys. He pulled two guns out, and both were three-fifty-seven magnums with six-inch barrels and several boxes of bullets.

Mike's eyes widened, “Oh my God, this is pure badass Dirty Harry stuff.”

Jon smiled and gazed at the three-fifty-seven magnum he was holding. His hand lightly rubbed over the blue steel. It was eye-catching to him.

Then the Warden pulled out two holsters and gave them to the guards. He looked at Jeremiah and said, “Lord, forgive me,” then he reached in and pulled out a beautiful silver Smith and Wesson forty-four magnum handgun and holster. And two boxes of Remington forty-four bullets. Jeremiah smiled and said.

“Now you’re talking my language.”

The Warden's eyes cut to his and said, “Try not to get pissed if you run across another big fella. Here, put this cap on and wear these sunglasses, so you’re not noticed. Don’t speak to anyone. We're going straight to the door.”

Jon and Mike also placed their caps and sunglasses on. They all got out of the car and walked swiftly to enter the house. Once inside, they met up with Bob, Sherri’s father. Many law enforcement and fireman were in the living room and kitchen area, where they set up their command stations. Bob looked around and said, “Here, let’s go to the back bedroom.”

As they entered the bedroom, Sherri was there on the bed setting with Meagan. Jeremiah first thought when he saw her, thinking *she looked like Sandra Bullock from the movie speed*. Bob sat down next to her, “Honey… these are the men that are going to find Gabby. They are professional trackers.”

Sherri, with her watery eyes, scanned each man’s face. She took an intense look at Jeremiah and said, “Is this the man you told me about?”

“Yes, sweetie,” Bob acknowledged.

“Thank you. Please find my child, here’s a picture of her. She’s just turned three years old. Her name is Gabby.”

Jeremiah is holding this picture in his hands, sharing the moment sinking his eyes into this beautiful little girl. Her eyes were big and brown. They seem to be staring right back at him. Her little dimples accompanied her sweet innocent smile. The picture itself seems to be reeling him in. Knowing her name and what she looks like doesn’t make his job any easier. It breaks his heart just knowing that she’s in those woods alone. He also knows he has a larger than life itself responsibility to find her. *In some ways, he wishes he hadn’t seen the picture.*

“She’s beautiful. Show me where it all started.”

They went to the back yard.

“She was playing with her wagon, and then, she must have left through this way, pointing at the fallen tree. They ripped the fence apart, looking for her, thinking she may have been under it. I went out looking for her. I think she went straight out that direction.” She’s whimpering. “I looked everywhere … she was nowhere.”

“Mam, with all my heart, all my soul, I will do my best to find Gabby. With the prayer of God and my skills, I will find her.”

Jeremiah looked at the guys, “Let’s go. We got work to do.”

The Warden and John Patel, the Sheriff, followed them out to the edge of the woods. The Warden said, “Bring her back, buddy, God bless you.” The Sheriff approached Jeremiah, “I didn’t get your name, friend.”

Jeremiah nodded his head without saying a word, turned around, and the three-headed into the woods. Then he stopped and turned around. Jeremiah asked John, “Sheriff, were you able to remove all the civilians and emergency response out of the woods for me like we ask?”

“Yes.”

“Did you use tracking dogs to assist in the search?” Jeremiah asks.

“Yes, but they turned up nothing. The dogs even acted strangely and didn’t want to go into the deep areas of the forest.”

“Thanks, Sheriff,” Jeremiah walks away from him.

“Warden, who is this guy…” the Sheriff asked.

“I found him in Field and Streams Magazine. He’s a great tracker and hunter.”

“What’s his name?”

“He asks me to not say, you know, being popular would draw too much attention and something to do with his wife…you know…!

Not wanting her to know he was here.”

“Oh…” the Sheriff acknowledged.

The three men placed their backpacks on and entered the woods. Jeremiah told Mike and Jon. “Stay ten to fifteen feet behind me. Stay quiet. I need my ears as well as my eyesight. People have already scoured the ground, destroying some tracking evidence. This will make my search more difficult.”

Jeremiah walked carefully, keeping his head down, scanning the ground and spreading through bushes. He cautiously checks limbs, sticks, broken branches, leaves, dirt, impressions, trampled grass, looking for any signs of disturbances, clues, and so on.

Jeremiah knew that tracking a lightweight child would be a little more complicated compared to a massive animal. Jon and Mike watched him moving through the bushes and working low to the ground. Ten-minutes into the woods, he seemed to have possibly found something. Jeremiah froze, standing there looking ahead of him, observing something that looks like a butterfly garden. He sees many Baptisia native flower plants, which are known for hosting butterflies. Surrounding them were many beautiful Duskywing butterflies and a few Silver-spotted Skippers flapping their wings all around the men.

Something triggered Jeremiah's thoughts after seeing this. He somehow, with his imagination, is visualizing the child walking in the path, and he sees Gabby with a stuffed teddy bear in one arm and a small twig with one green leaf in the other hand. He also is thinking *that children can be fascinated with butterflies.* His imagination of this visualization continued. He sees her, she is amused by the flying creatures, and she began to chase them through the woods. From behind Jeremiah, the guys observed him standing quiet and still, “Do you see something?” Jon asked.

Jeremiah didn’t respond.

“Jeremiah! Are you okay?” Jeremiah heard him call out.

“Yeah, yeah, I’m fine.” For a moment, his imagination almost seemed real.

Jeremiah took a deep sigh, and he continued. The two guards just watched him work. They never saw a real tracker in-person work before. Then Jeremiah knelt on the ground. It appeared to the guards he was crawling on his hands and knees.

He moved slowly in the weeds and scanned the dirt on the ground, almost as if he were an animal sniffing the area. Then he saw something. It was a single stick twig with one green leaf on it. Now, he is wondering *could this be what I saw in my vision?*

He slowly searched every inch making his way into the thickness of the forest. After several minutes inside the woods, Jeremiah stopped and pulled his backpack off his back, laying it on the ground beside him.

Jeremiah suddenly has another vision, a large cat stalking maybe him or the other two guys. He opened his bag and brought out the large handgun.

Jon and Mike standing behind him, observing his actions. Both guys became concerned.

“Is he pulling his gun?” Jon questioned.

“That thing is not a gun. It’s a cannon. I thought a three fifty-seven magnum was badass,” Mike said.

Jeremiah strapped the holster on his hip, and he then placed his Ka-bar knife in his scabbard on the side of his hip. He kept the cannon in his hand. Jon and Mike looked at each other, *thinking about what Jeremiah just did.* They wasted no time in copying Jeremiah's action. They dropped their backpacks and strapped their weapons on their hips like they were about to be eaten by a bear. Jeremiah moved ahead of them and scanned slowly through the trees and searching the ground. He seems to be very observant of broken branches and bushes. This went on for about five minutes. Then he stopped. Mike and Jon saw him stare at something in the bushes. Jeremiah reached down and brought up his arm, holding a small teddy bear toy.

Jeremiah sees the same toy he saw in his vision. He thought to himself, *what the hell is happening to me*? *This is strange. How do I know this?* The two guards slightly tense, watching and thinking *what's coming next?*

“You think that was the child’s toy?” Mike asked in a whisper to Jon.

Jon cut his eyes to Mike and said, “Probably unless it was you that lost it,” Jon joked, as he was cutting a grin from the corner of his lips.

Jeremiah placed the teddy bear in his backpack. He took a soft gaze at the two guards, noticing they looked like two lost puppies in the woods. He turned without saying a word and kept moving. Mike looked at Jon, “I’m worried. I don’t like it here. I should not have come.”

“You’ll be fine,” Jon said.

“What if we find that little girl, and she’s dead? I don’t want to see that.”

“Look, don’t think that way. Think positive.”

Mike was so nervous he started whistling a song. Then Jeremiah stopped and laid a strong suggestion just through his gaze, which read, stop whistling.

“When we are in the middle of these woods, we don’t make any sounds unless you would like to get eaten by a bear,” Jeremiah jokingly said.

Mike’s eyes grew an inch wider, and he swallowed hard. Jon just looked at Mike rolling his eyes back, shaking his head, and moved on. Mike stood there for a few seconds and then rushed to catch up.

He got a little scared and did not want to be the last man in line. As Mike caught up, he mumbled to himself, “I always whistle when I’m nervous...”

Jeremiah continued searching the ground. He was always in deep thought and study. He would, at times, stop and get down on his knees, just observing the areas.

Jon and Mike would just watch him performing like some animal on the ground.

“He kinda acts like a dog, doesn’t he...” Mike said as they both cracked a giggle. Although not knowing what Jeremiah was doing or thinking, they both felt it was best not to interrupt him.

They continued for several hours, Mike seemed very skeptical, and you could tell the forest life was not his cup of tea.

He was clumsy tripping over logs, got caught on bushes, and for some reason, was drawing flies. He seemed to be swatting them off his face every ten feet or so. They continued going deeper into the wilderness.

Suddenly another vision hits Jeremiah. He sees Gabby calling out her mother, “Mommy, where are you!” She has a little pout to her. She suddenly stands next to a tree as she hears something, she turns around and cries out loud as something scared her, and she fell to her heinie.

Jeremiah’s own vision startled him. He fell back, closed his eyes, and threw his hands up to cover his face. His heart pounded, and his breathing was rapid and loud. He was shaking his head, convincing himself that this was just a vision. He reopened them, just standing there looking at the tree. He mumbled, “No, please, no, dear God, don’t let it be.”

Then Jeremiah smells something, something that he believes is dead. The two guard’s nose was not as trained as Jeremiah, and they have not picked up the scent that Jeremiah was getting, yet. He sees a tree from a distance. It’s the same tree Jeremiah saw in his vision. Now he’s feeling hesitant to go to that tree. But he is compelled to investigate whatever it may be.

When he gets there, he finds her pink shoe. Jeremiah picks it up, looking at it. It was in the same place he saw her in his vision. He was knelt down, peering his eyes over the small bushes, taking his hand, and wiping down his forehead to his chin. He had a pale face hanging over him. He's dreading what he might find just ahead of him.

Mike was watching from a distance,

“Oh my God, the baby’s shoe,” Mike worried.

Jeremiah glanced over to the men. It appeared both men had a series of emotions flitted over their expressions, and then Jeremiah's gaze tracked back into the wilderness. Jon himself had a lump of emotion clogged in his throat, and he swallowed it again. Speaking in a low tone, saying to himself, “*What does this mean?”*

Jeremiah's right hand touched the dirt on the ground. He then got on all fours like an animal once again and crawl like stealth in motion for a short distance.

The two guards just watched Jeremiah at work. They thought *he is about to find the child.* But Jeremiah kept moving deep into the bush.

Jon and Mike dreading to follow Jeremiah. For every step they take, they were unsure of what they may find. Jeremiah was following the horrible smell, and he seems to be getting closer to it.

“Smell that…! Somethings dead!” Jon trembled.

“You think it’s the child?” Mike wondered.

Jon pauses and then shrugged his shoulder. *He felt the pinpricks of nervousness deep in his gut.*

Jon moved on to catch up with Jeremiah.

Jeremiah's eyes were like a snake moving right to the left, sinking them deep into the surface of the dirt, scanning the tracks. *He knows these tracks are relatively fresh*.

Jeremiah raised his pistol, bringing it up tightly in his right hand near his chest. The two guards saw his action, and they wasted no time pulling out their guns also.

When Mike sees Jeremiah's aiming his gun toward the bushes, his stomach muscles clenched.

“Is he going to shoot something?” Mike said anxiously.

Both guards’ eyes are glued to Jeremiah, and they both take a hesitant step forward. Jeremiah's stealth-like movements push his body through a large bush, wedging his way to the other side.

Then suddenly, an alarming burst of sound startled him, causing him to arch his back and duck his head, guarding his head with his arm over his forehead. He sees an explosion of flying buzzards flocking their wings out of the bushes and damn near flying right into him. During the excitement, Mike was so frightened he fell backward, landing his butt on the ground. His gun accidentally went off in his hand. Jon dropped to his knees, thinking Mike just shot him.

“What the hell! Jon thundered. He was agitated. Mike saw Jon’s eyes bearing down on him.

“Sorry…that scared the hell out of me. The gun just went off.”

Jon and Mike redirected their eyes back to Jeremiah. They caught him standing in the bushes with his head turned facing them.

Jeremiah cocked an eyebrow while he shakes his head with a slight frown at them.

“Uh…are you love birds, alright?” Jeremiah asks.

Jon nodded his head and turned back to Mike, “Man, give me that!” Jon took the handgun out of Mike’s hand and walked away from him.

Jeremiah continued until he reached his destination. Then he found what the stench was. Jon saw Jeremiah looking down at the ground but not able to see what he was looking at. Jon started to feel weak, his stomach churned, thinking, *my God, he found the baby.* As Jon got closer, his knees felt like jelly, but then his eyes caught a glance.

“It’s a Lion,” Jon felt eased.

“No. It’s a puma, better known as a cougar. It’s a big one at that. I would say around two-hundred pounds.”

The animal was fully grown and had overwhelming flies, beetles, and other insects swarming on the dead cat.

“Tell me something, how come no-one else in the search didn’t find this?” Jon wondered. “Good question. Maybe it happened after they came through here. The cat is still fresh, Jeremiah said.

“Thank God it’s just the cat. I was so afraid it was the child,” Jon said with a sigh of relief. His eyes met Jeremiah’s.

“Yeah, me too.”

Mike, who was lagging a little, eased up to the men, seeing it was a cat. His eyes closed as if he was trying to escape time, “Thank God.” Jeremiah knelt, inspecting the dead animal.

“Whaddya think killed it,” Jon asked.

“Well, this is a big boy, and they are pretty sneaky animals. They’re fast, and he’s powerful. His head is crushed in, and it looks like his ribs are broken. Look…even his back legs are broken. This cat was basically beat to death.”

“What in the hell could do that?” Mike asked.

“Well, the thing that did it also left some of its smell here. It's not all the scent of a cat.” All three guys' eyes meet, glancing back and forth.

“But you found the baby's shoe. Do you think it got the child? Jon asked.

“Let’s keep moving,” Jeremiah said, without an answer.

**CHAPTER 5**

Something Has the Child

B

ack in town, Sherri was sitting on the couch, just daydreaming, holding the photo of her child in her hand. She rubbed the texture of the gloss photo as if she were trying to feel her little one. Her eyes were watery, puffy, and red from all the tears lost from her baby. She began to pray.

“God, please take care of my little girl, keep her safe. Give this man, Jeremiah, your blessing, and lead him to my child. Keep her safe for me, Lord, please, Lord, I ask for your help. I don’t want to lose her.” Sherri's father walked into the room and sat down by her.

He placed his arm around her. She leaned her head upon his shoulder.

“I heard you praying, baby,” he too broke into tears.

“Dad, this man… is he really good?”

“This man is the best. He once tracked down a bear that was a man killer. Everyone tried to kill this monster. No one was able to find it… they just weren't that good. This bear already killed people.

So, Jeremiah drove a long way using up his own time to track this killer. He left on this journey alone and risk his life in a vast forest, which he had never been in. Jeremiah wasn't looking for a trophy. He was looking for a killer. He spent three days hunting this bear. On that third day, he found it. It was attacking a hunter for its next kill. Jeremiah walked right up on this attack just a few feet away.

Another man was with the hunter, but for some reason, the man had no weapon and couldn't shoot the bear. The story is told that Jeremiah couldn’t get a good shot off to drop the bear because the injured man was so close that he might accidentally shoot the man attacked by the bear.

So, he pulled out his pistol and kicked the bear in the butt. The bear let go of the injured man and turned on Jeremiah. That’s when he rapidly fired many rounds to drop this giant bear standing on his hind legs. The bear dropped just inches from taking Jeremiah down with him. He saved that man and possibly the other guy's life. Yes…if anyone can find Gabby, it will be him.”

The two sat quietly on the sofa, and both admire a photo of Gabby.

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Back at the prison, the Warden was seated at his desk. His expression on his face looked somewhat lost. He picks up a daily paper off his office desk on the front cover of the news, which was Gabby's photo and story. He was thinking about the little girl and the men he just sent out into the forest. He picks up the phone to call someone but then thought about whatever he was thinking and just replaced the phone back onto the receiver. He gets up and walks over to his window, and gazed out. He could see some trees and deep woods on the other side of his prison fence. He speaks out to himself, “Jeremiah…I know you can do this…the hell with me, let them fire me. Just find the little girl, and God helps us… bring her back alive!”

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Another hour passed. The bushes were thick in the vast forest, making it more challenging to travel in many places. Mike still fighting off the flies, cursing, and grumbling. The guys just followed, cutting through the same paths that Jeremiah goes. Jeremiah stopped.

He cuts his eyes to the two men and, catching once again, Mike shoeing off flies from his face.

“Let’s take a break,” Jeremiah recommended. They removed their backpacks. Jeremiah sat down on a fallen tree. The others found a couple of large rocks. Each man pulling out their canteens filled with water. Mike pulled out a candy bar. Jon and Jeremiah watching him eat the candy.

“That candy is a little melted, ain’t it? Jon asked.

“Um… but it’s still good,” Mike piped. And he was swatting some flies off his face while eating the stuff.

“Are you wearing some type of cologne?” Jeremiah asked.

“Yeah…why?” Mike replied.

“Are you planning on finding a date out here in the woods… or snuggling up to one of these trees…?” Jeremiah said with a chuckle.

“No…I just always try to smell nice.”

“Well, I noticed you draw flies. The only other thing that attracts more flies than you is that cougar back there.

“What’s that supposed to mean?”

“It means that your smell’em sauce is drawing your little friends to you…they like your cologne.”

Mike trying to eat the candy and shoeing off flies at the same time, looking dumbfounded, “Oh shit! That’s why…!”

“Yeah, that’s why…!” Jeremiah snickered.

Jon busted out laughing, and Jeremiah couldn’t hold it back either. He cackled.

“Here… I have these baby wipes,” Jeremiah handed him.

Jeremiah hooked his thumb beneath his chin and tipped his gaze up to meet Jon and Mike. He drew in a breath, “I’ve got to tell you guys something.”

“Were not alone out here.”

Jeremiah shifting his gaze back and forth at both guys.

“Whaddya mean,” Jon asked.

Mike's eyes perked up. “You mean someone else is out here?”

“Yeah.”

“So, you think the child was taken or kidnaped?” Jon asked.

“Is it a bear?” Mike thinking in slight fear.

“No. It’s something else.”

“Is it about the cougar?” Mike asked as his head turned several times, looking over his and the others’ shoulders.

Jeremiah shook his head, “Okay, okay…Hang on!”

“What is it then…?” Jon asked.

“I believe the child was carried off by something that lives in the woods. But it wasn’t a person.

“A freak’ en bear! Mike probed.

“No… I said no bear, at least not yet!”

Keeping a steady gaze in their eyes and holding his hand up in suggestion for them to stop. A long silence grew between them.

They were waiting anxiously for his next words.

Jeremiah continued, “Bears eat people, and they don’t carry them… unless they drag off your dead body,” saying in a husky voice and cocked an eyebrow at them. The two guys appeared worried as they swallowed hard.

First, something else is happening to me. I’m not sure why or how, but since I have been in the forest, I’ve been getting some type of clairvoyant visions. I knew where to find the toy, and I saw the baby. I saw her cry as the cougar lunged to attack her.”

“So, you think the cougar got her?” Mike asked.

“No. I saw something else, but not sure what it was. I think it killed the cat.”

“This sounds crazy,” Jon disbelief.

Jeremiah took a sigh, then looks around his surroundings. Turned his head back on Jon.

“When I found the child’s toy, that’s when I found the tracks of something. Something besides the cat was stocking her. I believe it picked the child up, and it’s carrying her. Those tracks are what I’m following.”

The two guys are now silent, just waiting for him to tell them.

“I’ve had this experience once before. When I was a child, my father and I when hunting, he was teaching me how to hunt. We were in a deer stand when I spotted my first deer. My dad told me to line up my scope, and once I had a shot, pull the trigger. He was using his binoculars, and I was peeking through my scope. The deer was big.

Just as I was about to shoot, something came out of the bushes and attacked the deer. It grabbed the deer so fast and twisted its head totally around, killing the deer. My father saw it happen too. Then we saw two more of these things. They saw us also. My dad said, let’s get out of here, it scared him, and he felt we may be in danger.

As we tried to leave, they started following us. Then my dad and I fell off the side edge of a hollow, parts of the ground gave way.

My father was hurt and unconscious. I tumbled down to the bottom.

I also was knocked out when I hit a tree. Later I woke up, I was so groggy, and something was doctoring my head with some type of mud and plants. As I came too, I saw this huge man-like thing. I was so scared I kept my eyes shut so they wouldn’t think I was awake.

I was watching them through a slight eyelid peek. I then heard my dad calling out my name, the creatures left. I got up and ran toward where I heard dad. I found him, and we got out of the forest.

When we got home, dad told me we couldn’t tell anyone what we had experienced. He said they would think we were crazy and laugh at us.

What happened that day was these things tried to help me. They doctored my head. I also found something strange that also happens to me too. All the time I was there, I discovered I had some type of telepathic capability. I never knew what they were saying. I just know they were talking to me in another way. I also knew that I was safe.

When I got older, I studied them from books and documentaries. I also found plenty of evidence of their existence during the years of tracking. These creatures are not a myth. They're very real. And they are lurking in our woods.”

Homo Heidelbergenises is an extinct human ancestor.

“Man, I have never heard so much bullshit in my life,” Jon spud.

“Look, let me show you something,” he got up, and the guys followed him into the bushes. Jeremiah squatted down and pointed at a footprint in the soft dirt. The two stared hard at it, “That’s huge!” Mike's sigh of irritation.

“This footprint is about eighteen inches long and ten inches wide,” Jeremiah explained.

“Huh, it looks like a giant man’s foot,” Jon's eyes baring down on the print.

“You’re right. It’s a giant, I would say, around nine or ten-foot-tall, but not a man. Fellows… this track belongs to what we all call a Sasquatch.”

“A what?” Mike asked.

“They’re better known as Big Foot.”

Mike's cheeks flushed red, and the corner of his lips curled, face gloomy.

Jon, with a cruel smile, “No way… man… those things are just a myth, they don’t exist,” Jon retorted.

“Believe what you want to believe in. But right now, we’re not tracking a child. It’s a bigfoot.”

“That’s all a bunch of bull. Most of those pictures and videos are fake,” Jon huffed with his eyes downcast. He broke a twig from a small tree and moderately threw it to the ground.

Jeremiah turned and trailed off to sit back down on the log, Jon trailing behind him. Mike started looking over his shoulder, looking very confused and scared. He kept up close behind Jon, in fear of being behind the last guy in line. They all walked back to sit down.

Jon continued to press, “Ok, then how come no one has ever found one, or ever proved it? We bring you here because you are supposed to be tracking a child, and now you’re talking nonsense! Screw this whole thing. We’re going back and putting your ass back in the jail where you belong!”

Jeremiah stood up, and his brow rose, his gaze burned right through Jon’s eyes, and his tone tightened. Jon stood up also to face him, eye to eye. He's not taking this argument lightly.

“They have! Jeremiah voiced. They both fell silent for a few seconds…

Jeremiah continues, “But people like you have failed to listen to what’s really going on around you. Many people are close-minded and live in the suburbs, with glued cell phones to their ears and electronic games up their ass. They are all shut off from the real world. Many people don’t live in the forest or even been in one. They have no idea.” He sits back down to continue…

“They fail to gain knowledge and listen to those that are telling them about the overwhelming evidence that is happening in their own damn backyard. You are one-sided. Haven’t you been listening to our politics lately...? Our Government bought and paid for your news, and airheads falsify info and lack of information back to you. If your Government told you your moon was made of cheese, you would be stupid enough to believe it. Then… you have the real idiots that decide to make a game out of pretending and lying about what they see. They put people in monkey suits to gain a story, maybe so they can make a few extra friends or a green buck. Read your tabloids, thadda explain it.”

He shut down for a second with the silence surrounding them and then continues.

“Is it truth or fiction…?” Truthfully some of the tabloids are real, but how can we tell when idiots decide to mix false with truth.

So how in the hell do I know…? I tell you! Before we had a corrupt Government, we had no TV, we had Native Americans naming these creatures before any of us was born, their pictures of these things on the wall in caves. Because of thousands of reports over the years, we have gathered plenty of evidence. We even have the DNA of these creatures. Our new technology and modern man have caught up with the truth. The evidence is so overwhelming that it is more of an embarrassment not to believe. So, they laugh at researchers. But you know what…? The last laugh belongs to the researchers. They are laughing at those close-minded people that are un-knowledge.

And I saw them… I was there. I believe in these creatures, he spluttered.”

Jon and Mike did not move an inch. Mike's head moved up and down. They looked as if they just got a totally new education.

Jeremiah sat back down on the log, his tone eased, “Look…we have found them, killed them, photographed them, collected their footprints, fingerprints, recorded them, and got them on videos.”

The only way to end this insanity is to capture a live one or kill one. To do that, you couldn't tell nobody what you're up to. You would have to drop it off in the middle of a damn mall with a hundred people to get your witnesses. Do it quickly before you’re visited by the shadow government.”

Mike piped in, “I've heard of those guys. They wear like black suits and sunglasses…”

Jeremiah and Jon squinted their eyes and turned quietly to gaze at Mike. Mike shut up and noticed them staring at him.

“Well, that’s what I heard!” Mike nods his head and shrugging his shoulder, “Okay, okay, never mind. “I heard it, though.”

Jeremiah returned his sight back to Jon to finish his conversation.

“Anyway…most men are afraid of the consequence of taking one down.

If you kill one, many individuals would call you a murderer unless you prove self-defense. Remember, they’re human primates.”

He nods his head and turns his eyes directly to Jons gaze.

“Your right, Jon. Many of them were faked, but most were not. Those that fabricated the creature just made it difficult for people to believe in the reality of such existence. But overall, the overwhelming evidence from the real investigators, the Cryptid Researchers who are people like us, people with open minds to the possibilities of evidence they collected. It is the real reason they press on to continue working in the field to find the truth. I trust them over most scientists. A scientist isn’t a scientist if they don’t open to the real possibilities. Most are working for someone for money and suppress the facts. Others, or so-called scared to upset the society by their findings or beliefs, don’t want to spoil their dignities.

So, I feel they aren’t a real scientist. If they were, they'd get to the bottom of this. Instead, these jerks come up with whatever theory they want, such as it is our freaking imagination. I sometimes wonder if they can even wipe their own butt. And you won't find those idiots in the woods checking out the myth. Researchers are the heroes, the common man.”

Jon stared hard and stated, “It just would make more sense if one has been captured or a body brought to us.”

Jeremiah continued, “There are lots of reasons. One, is they possibly bury their own? Actually, there have been a few caught and brought to civilization. Some are information that leaked out from many organizations, law enforcement, military, and so on. Two that I heard of, and one was in Russia. They tamed a female Big Foot and allowed her to live in their village, and she lived for many years and even gave birth to a child, a human child.”

Mike and Jon were silent, both taking in Jeremiah's story.

“Another one was here in the states, at least I think that’s where it was…a man caught a juvenile. A man found him, not sure of the whole story, but he placed the creature in a traveling freak show. Hunters even caught a few after killing them, but cameras weren’t as available as now.”

“This is crazy,” Mike stammered.

“They’re around eleven thousand sightings around the world, Russia, China, Canada, N America, and many others. They have been seen by native Indians for over two hundred years. That’s where most of the names came from, like Sasquatch, Yeti, Skunk Man, Grass Man, Ape Man, Fouke Monster, and a hundred more. Experts who aren’t bought and paid for by Government officials and who dedicate most of their life researching these primates are the ones finding the truth about them. We know what they sound like, how tall they are, how much they weigh, what their strengths are, and many other things such as their habits.”

“How do you know so much about them?” Jon wondered.

“I’m a professional hunter, and I study all things that are lurking in the woods. I started researching findings from documentaries and real researchers.”

Mike jumped into the conversation, “Once when I was a kid, I was visiting my Grandfather at his farm in South Carolina. My Grandfather chased me down in the woods. He told me never to go into the forest alone. I remember he said something about the hairy people could get me. He would never explain what he meant by that.

But I believed him. I would always stare at the edge of the forest just to see if I could see a hairy person. I thought he may have simply scared me to stay out of the woods. But never less, it worked because I was afraid to even try. He died before I was old enough to question him.”

In remembering his Grandfather, Mike had a sad expression about him. Jeremiah and Jon listened and fell silent for a few seconds.

“I’m sorry for your loss at that time,” Jeremiah said.

Mike nods, “Thanks.”

“Are these things dangerous?” Jon asked.

“Depends. In some places, they are considered aggressive, and in others, they show to be curious or passive. They’ve even saved people’s lives in the forest, including me.”

“Can they be killed?” Mike asked.

“If it bleeds, it can die. That’s probably why some are so aggressive. Hunters have shot them or shot at them. They know what a gun is, what cameras are. They are intelligent. They sense your fear, like any wild animal would. Although… I believe they are a callous creature, that’s why I brought a big gun. I would say a headshot is an answer.

“Are they animals?”

“No, and yes. These creatures have some human in them, you can see it in their face, but their bodies are something else, primates.

I believe that they are forest spirits, a supernatural guardian of the forest. This may be why a strange phenomenon happens when they are seen. Such as disappearing or just appear out of nowhere. A primitive human may have an alien connection. These things may have a mission in our forest. There could be one watching us right now, camouflaged into the trees and wilderness, within feet away.

They are incredibly quiet and can stay extremely still for an extended period. If your downwind, you will smell something that just about makes you sick.”

Jeremiah stops talking. He stands up and glances over at Jon.

“Okay, let’s go. We wasted enough time here.”

Jeremiah gets up. Jon stands directly in front of him, just gazing into his eyes.

“Well, are we moving forward on this?” Jeremiah retorted.

Jon was silent and looked undecided. Jeremiah turned and started walking away from them. Jon yelled, “Stop!”

Jeremiah stopped but didn’t turn his head back around. He said with a firm voice, “I came here to look for a child, and I’m not leaving until I find her. Shoot me in the back if you want to stop me,” he started walking away once again.

“Okay, you convinced me. I’m not sure about this, but I’ll follow.” Jon with a gloomy expression. When Jon looked over his shoulder, he saw Mike. Mike just stood there.

“Are you coming?” Jon asked.”

“Okay then,” Mike reluctantly agrees, takes in a deep sigh, speaking softly to himself, “Damn, why did I let anyone talk me into this crap? I hate the woods. Especially, this Big Foot, Sasquatch, Yeti, Skunk thing, Grass Man, whatever the hell it is.”

He remembered what Jeremiah said that *they can be watching us.* He drops his head down, straining his eyes, checking out the trees near him, checks to the right, to the left, and turns to look around his shoulders, hugely paranoid now. As he saunters his moves to follow Jon, a squirrel jumped out in front of him. Mike was startled and fell over a stump in the ground, avoiding the small animal. He stands back up and looks down at his trousers. He noticed he just peed in his pants, “For crying sakes,” he was hoping the others never see it.

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**CHAPTER 6**

**Change of Plans**

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everal miles away from human ears reach, a sound is heard by other animals. A strange shriek and then a shrill sound blast through the unknown forest. The forest, loaded with millions of trees, seems to be unsettled. Something in the woods just frightened the deer. They are running away from something that lingers near their path. Birds also fled the trees that they were about to settle into for overnight. The forest is concealed with trees and plant life. If something were there, it would be hard to observe.

The shadowy areas away from the sun made it dreary. Another sound heard, an animal in distress, something had a hold of a wild hog. The squeal from the hog was loud. It most definitely was being harmed. And then it just stopped. Another powerful sound was heard just after this incident, a mighty dark roar, maybe one from a victory that occurred. Deep in the forest, somewhere hidden through the thick trees, another sound was heard, a sound of a child crying.

Meanwhile, it was getting dark. Jeremiah stopped walking and just set his eyes, pacing his surroundings. “We are never finding that child. I say we give up. It’s getting dark,” Jon said.

“I don’t give up. If you wanna go, then go! But I’m in this until I decide it’s over.”

He started to move on a little further and then gazed back at the two men. He stopped and took a deep sigh.

“Okay, will break here for camp.”

They got the camp set up, and Jeremiah had a campfire going. He was opening a packaged Cliff bar, and he tossed each man a bar.

“How long?” Mike asked.

“How long for what?” Jeremiah replied.

“How much longer were gonna search…?” Jeremiah didn’t answer. He just dazed off another direction and kept chewing the Cliff bar and said, “Get some sleep.”

The men took to their tents and zipped up their doorways.

Several hours passed.

Mike woke up and had a strong urge to urinate. He walks a few feet away from his tent to take a satisfying relief.

As he was standing near a tree, he heard a noise of some kind. Mike zipped his pants up and turned his ears to the direction of the noise. He believes he hears some sort of snorting and sounds of bushes moving. He steps back a few feet into the bushes when suddenly he tripped over a log, and a squeal was heard.

Mike screamed out loud, and a loud animal sound was grunting and squealing along with Mike. Jeremiah bailed out of the tent with his gun in his hand. Jon was trying to get out of his tent as fast as he could, hearing all the commotion. But the zipper on the canvas was stuck, so he started tearing the flaps lose ripping the zipper open. Jon then listened to the sound of gunfire several times.

He reached down very nervously, trying to find his weapon.

Jeremiah had Mike’s arm over his shoulder, carrying him out of the dark bushes. Mike was seriously hurt and yelling out in pain. Jon ran up to them with his gun in his hand and shouting, “What happened? What’s going on…!” He helped Jeremiah carry Mike to the campfire.

Mike whimpering and crying. Jeremiah laid him down by the fire. He gave an order to Jon to get the flashlight and first aid kit.

Mike had blood coming from his leg. Jeremiah was working quickly, ripping his pants so that he could get to the wound. Mike had a nasty gash and also bleeding rapidly. Jon made it back with the kit and held the flashlight, “What the hell! What happen?”

“Javelina got him.”

Jon looked back, “A what…?”

“Wild hog.”

“Where’s the hog now?” Jon asked, still worried about it.

“I got it!” Jeremiah claimed.

“Pull your belt off,” Jeremiah asked Jon.

Jeremiah had to place the belt as a tourniquet over the area to stop the bleeding. Mike was in pain and was feeling too sick.

“You’re going to be alright, Mike,” Jeremiah said.

After about thirty minutes, Mike’s wound was bandaged up. Jeremiah used everything they had to pack the wound.

“It looks like the bleeding has stopped, so we don’t need to continue with the tourniquet. Butt…he’s not going to be able to continue! You’re going to have to turn back.”

“Wait a minute, you’re going back with us!” Jon snapped.

“No. I’m going after the child,” a firm tone of voice.

Jon gazed deep into Jeremiah’s eyes.

“Here… take this compass to go back the way we came, south. Gather up your supplies. It’ll be light in an hour,” Jeremiah insisted.

Jon looked down at Mike on the ground. Mike hears the conversation. He is moaning in pain but able to put his word in.

“Let him go...the baby… let him find the baby,” Mike gasped out the words. Jon glanced at Jeremiah and back to his hurt friend.

Daylight came, and Jeremiah placed his backpack over his shoulders and started walking away.

” Jeremiah!” Jon called out.

Jeremiah turned his head to acknowledge him.

“Good Luck,” Jon said.

“The same to you guys,” he passed a slow smile across his face and walked into the bush. Jeremiah stopped and turned his head back to watch them leave. His eyes dropped to the ground, thinking *they’ll be okay*. He took in a deep breath and continued to look for Gabby.

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Two miles away, from Jeremiah deep into the forest, a cave was camouflaged by the trees and bushes on the side of some rocks.

It was a large opening. A sound of a child talking coming from inside from the dark, “Mommy, my mommy, I want mommy.”

Then another sound occurred. It apparently was not the sound of any human. It came from the cave. A yelp and some type of whimper sound were echoing from inside.

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Three hours have passed since Jeremiah separated from the two guards. He stops to take a break. He also has lost the trail that he was following, although his thoughts would be to continue deeper into the thick forest. He opens his canteen and gulping down some freshwater. Looking around his surroundings, thinking how much better this is than sitting in prison. He began ripping a package of a cliff bar to fill his slight hunger. As he was chewing on the food bar, he thought he heard a sound, so he stopped eating. He glances around, trying to see through the thick bushes and trees that surrounded him.

He listened to the sound again, a huffing snort. He slowly gets up from a branch he was resting on. The sound is now close. As a matter of fact, it is behind him. He turned around and was now facing down a giant brown bear. The bear looked very hungry. Jeremiah's heart started racing and pounding his chest. The hairs on his arms were standing straight up.

Once again, in his life, he is dealing with bears. He knows how powerful and vicious they can be. Gently pulled his weapon from his side, the bear stood straight up about seven feet tall, now on its two hind legs. The bear let out a roar and spread its arms. Then Jeremiah heard another sound to his left. He glanced over and saw another bear, possibly its mate. The two bears must have been stocking him, or he mistakenly fell into their nest. He knew the standing bear was the omega, and Jeremiah would have to deal with him first. He felt that the Omega would have a reputation to uphold in front of his mate and be the toughest to fight.

Jeremiah fired his gun directly in the chest of the big guy. The bear charged him. The bears were way to close charging, Jeremiah ran right through some trees and started darting in and out of thick bushes, and the bears were on his trail. Although the omega bear seems to just mow down the hedges as he drives right through them. This male boar was even more dangerous now. He’s injured and more fearless. It was like the bullet did not faze the big guy at all. Jeremiah knew he was not going to be able to outrun these monsters.

He had to make it hard for them by going through trees that were close together, making it difficult for them, so they would have to go around the trees. Then Jeremiah tripped over some branches and landing hard on the ground, as he was struggling to get up. From the corner of his eyes, he saw the giant bear's paw swipe him and knocked him down. While on his back on the ground and knowing now that he is wounded from the attack, and finding himself in serious trouble.

He knew he dropped his handgun somewhere near him. Not much time left. That damn thing is on him. Shifting his eyes and head right to left searching, his luck turned, he sees the weapon about a foot from him. He rolled over quickly, grabbed the gun with his left hand, and pointed it at the omega bear as the bear was about to make hamburger meat out of him. Jeremiah squeezed the trigger and rapid-fired into it. He watched the bullets spray blood from each hit into the animal's chest.

The bear roared and popping its jaws, then a bellow squeal and went down.

Jeremiah still has a second bear about to eat him alive, but he does not have time to reload his gun. The bear stands over him and is about to finish Jeremiah off. Jeremiah throws his arm over his eyes.

He is half-dazed as it is but still coherent enough to know he is about to be torn to shreds. Jeremiah almost passing out from fear, his eyes blurred, and from his peripheral vision, it looked as if something struck the bear like a linebacker. He heard the bear grumbling, which sounded in trouble. He believed he heard a scuffle and whimper that indicated pain of some kind going on next to him.

Jeremiah's head was bleeding, and it was running into his eyes. He tried to get a glance at what was occurring, but his eyes were too blurred.

What was he looking at?

It appeared something was beating the hell out of the enormous bear. Jeremiah tried to crawl away, but his body dropped on his belly. He rolled over, and from his bloody blurred vision, something straddled him standing tall and hairy. But Jeremiah's eyes fell heavy. His body was shutting down, and now he thinks *It’s over,* *I'm a goner.* His eyes closed into darkness.

Several hours passed.

Lying on the ground with the left side of his face flattened on the hard surface, Jeremiah awakens. His eyes not totally clear, and his mouth was dry. He tasted the dirt where his lips were laying, spitting out the soil. His eyes were trying to adjust. It seemed dark, he was thinking, *was it nighttime?* It was slightly dark wherever he was. He slowly rolled over onto his back. His last thought was the enormous angry bear he faced, as he still felt shaken from the animal.

His imagination carried him back to that horrible roar and sharp teeth coming from that thing. He rolled over to his side and shook his head, and covered his ears as if he were trying to get that sound and image out of his head. He lays there for a few seconds and then realized he was still alive and not eaten. He survived the bear, thinking *how, why am I not dead*? He turns over onto his backside.

He took in a deep sigh, maybe from relief. His arms were spread out on each side like a set of wings. He felt something in the right hand. He moves his hand to his eyes sight and sees some berries in his palm. When he turned his head to the right side, his eyes caught something. Although he thought *he must be dreaming.* Was he imagining the child that he was searching for? He shut his eyes and said softly, “Gabby…” as he laid on his back with eyes closed, he was thinking of *Sherri handing him the photo of Gabby.*

Once again, he felt the berries, this time, it landed on his lips. His eyes reopened, and he quickly turned his head to the right side, and this time, he knows that this is not a dream. It’s the missing child holding some barries in her hand, feeding him.

“Gabby!” He rejoiced, his eyes widened, and his heart fluttered.

“My God, your alive! Thank you, Lord.” He raised halfway up to get a good look at her.

Gabby, with a blue ring around her mouth from the berries, was glad to see him. Even though he was a stranger, she knew he was of her kind.

“Eat,” the child said. She was handing him some more berries.

He placed the berries in his mouth and smiled big, and they both giggled.

“Gabby, you're so wonderful.”

“Gabby,” the child said.

“Yes, your Gabby.”

The child was not wearing any clothing. She was filthy but looked to be healthy with a few scratches on her legs and arms.

“Go see mommy, want mommy,” Gabby asks.

“Yes, baby, I know. I know your mommy, I’ll get you home.”

Gabby took to Jeremiah right away. She knew even at the age of three that this man would help her find her mommy.

She also had been alone, and she felt a positive connection with Jeremiah. Jeremiah felt excited about little Gabby but then started to wonder, *how did I get here? And what’s outside of this cave I’m in?”*

He examined the cave with his eyes. The cave also had a terrible odor. It was dark from the backside, unable to see what may have been a tunnel. He spotted some branches on the ground floor of the cave. It appeared to be some type of bedding.

“Sweety, what's in here with you?”

He gets up on his feet makes his way to the opening in the cave. Gabby approached his right leg and hugged it tightly, “I go now, see mommy,” her eyes were sad, and she started to pout. He knelt and reached to hug her and said, “Little girl, I’ll do my best to get us home.”

He wiped the tears from her delicate cheeks, “It’s okay, sweetie, I’ll take care of you.” He placed his hand on the backside of her head as her head rested on his shoulder.

Holding the child in his arms, he quietly approached what he believed to be the entrance. Jeremiah peaking his head out but sees nothing.

“Go by-by?” Gabby said, as she still whimpers.

“Yes, baby, I hope.”

He started out the cave entrance and looked around cautiously, moving about, *thinking somethings there or somewhere.*

He gets about twenty feet when he hears a noise, he turns around, and he sees a seven-foot-tall female Sasquatch staring him down.

“My God, there you are, as real as the day.”

The Sasquatch did not move. It stood there, as still as a statue.

Jeremiah held Gabby very tight. He patted Gabby on her arm and said to the creature, “This is my baby. We're going home.” Gabby reached her arm out and pointed, “My bear friend.”

“Your bear friend, well, honey, I sure hope so.”

He started to walk away slowly when he was stopped, one hell of a humongous Sasquatch standing, nine feet tall, and weighed about eight hundred pounds was in his path. It grunted, and he did not look happy.

Again, Jeremiah said, “This is my child, and we're going home.”

Jeremiah started to move again, and the giant creature blocked him. It slammed its foot down hard on the ground as if it demanded him to let go of the child.

He moved closer to Jeremiah. Jeremiah moved back and then guarded the child by shielding his body between the creature and the baby.

The giant bigfoot made an aggressive sound of anger blasting from his voice. He wanted the child. Then from all sides, Jeremiah noticed several more bigfoot creatures surrounding him. It was a group.

Jeremiah was surrounded, and he backed up as far as he could against a rock. He then dropped down, holding the child tight to his chest, and yelled out, “You can’t have her!”

Gabby got scared and started holding Jeremiah tight. She started crying. The female Sasquatch was watching and then possibly realized that the child and the man were connected. The giant Sasquatch reached down and grabbed Jeremiah by his neck. This creature's hand almost covered his whole head. Jeremiah thought it was going to snap his neck into. Jeremiah also felt the child get yanked from his arms. The child was taken once again by another Sasquatch. Jeremiah was thrown onto the ground. The child was brought back into the cave with the female. Jeremiah backed away and made his way back into the cave. He sees Gabby with the female.

Jeremiah looked over his shoulder but did not see the large Bigfoot following him in. He eases up closer to the female Sasquatch.

He watches her closely, how she was holding the child, and he observed how gentle she was with Gabby. Jeremiah saw some berries on the cave floor. He picked them up and eased his way to Gabby and the Creature. He moves his hand toward the baby wanting her to take some of the berries. The female stood still but watched him closely. The sasquatch allowed him to get closer. She knew he was handing the food over to the child. Gabby looked down into Jeremiah's hand and took a few berries. She placed them in her mouth. The female watched this action with Jeremiah and the child.

Jeremiah then slowly reached to touch the top of the female's hand, moving slowly and smoothly. He felt her hand with a gentle stroke.

The female's eyes cut down to watch as he showed her his compassion, her eyes brought back to his sights, and made a noise in her vocal tone, “Blow whoop!”

Wondering what the word was she was saying, Jeremiah, said, “Friend!”

About that time, three younger Sasquatches came into the cave. Jeremiah thinking *these are her siblings. He sees they are all males.* Each of these juveniles was very muscular and stood tall, weighing maybe around five or six hundred pounds.

He noticed they were stair-stepped heights. The light reddish hair, the smallest of the Sasquatch, was around six feet tall. The middle size one was light brown hair and was approximately seven feet. The oldest of the three had black hair around eight feet tall, about the same height as his mom.

They watch the interaction with their mother and the two humans. Jeremiah still had some berries in his hand, so he also offered them to the three sasquatches. The youngest tilted his head and said.

“Leegulp!’ and walked up to Jeremiah and removed the berries. Jeremiah smiled and placed his palm on his own chest and said, “My name is Jeremiah.”

The young one swayed back and forth as if he were happy. Then Jeremiah heard what he thought was a laugh coming from the smallest one. The female Sasquatch holding Gabby saw the baby crying and holding her arms out, wanting Jeremiah. The female put the baby down on the cave floor, and Gabby walked over to Jeremiah. The female jerked her head around and followed the child with her eyes.

Jeremiah knelt and hugged Gabby and kissed her on the forehead. The mother creature observed this and sat down next to the cave wall. Her eyes were steady, and watching every move Jeremiah and the baby made. Jeremiah sat on the floor, as Gabby found his arms comforting. The baby's eyes were drooping, she was sleepy, and within minutes, Gabby fell asleep in his arms.

All the Sasquatches just observed Jeremiah. It was possible the first time any of these creatures ever invited a human into their home or much less this close to a human. For several minutes the creatures were silent. Jeremiah dropped his eyes down to observe the toddler. He was thinking, *My God, I can't believe she's alive, she's innocent, I can't imagine what this baby has been going through without her mommy*.

Then continued, *I’ve never held a small child in my arms before. She's so beautiful. Dear Lord, help me get her home*.

He stroked her hair as she slept. This could be the most comfortable sleep this baby has had since she wandered off. The juvenile's silence broke. They were probably getting bored.

Jeremiah watched the three youths sitting and playing with some rocks and sticks. They were crossing the broken twigs and piling up the stones in some type of formation.Jeremiah has seen these artifacts structures in the forest before. He knew they had some kind of artistic culture and fascination with trees, sticks, and stones. Next to Jeremiah was some twigs and other rocks. He was not sure if he should try to also play, but he decided to give it a try anyway. He was thinking, *I should design something I have already seen them make. He doesn’t want to do something wrong and offend them.*

He made a small teepee with the sticks and piled some of the small stones next to it. He cut his eyes upward several times to see if they were watching. And they were, watching him closely and even would tilt their heads as if they knew what he was making. Jeremiah's eyes tracked back to mom to see if she had her eyes on him. Yes, and she was staring a hole in Jeremiah.

Jeremiah, thinking, *please let this be a good thing…?* The oldest of the three tossed Jeremiah a few more stones for his construction. That was possibly a good sign for Jeremiah.

Jeremiah placed the stones on top of the rest of the pile. The mother watching her siblings closely interact with Jeremiah. Then Jeremiah sees the largest juvenile get up and stand tall, looking down at him. This kind of got scary as Jeremiah looks up at him, not seeing an approval expression on the creature. The Black-haired creature walked up to him and knelt and gazed in Jeremiah's eyes, and then reached down and took a rock off the top of the pile and placed it on the side of the collection. Then took two thick sticks and crossed them over the rocks. He stood up, and all the siblings started making sounds, “Jhaaa, Jhaaa, whaaaump, Twuimpf…” they seem amused and happy. Jeremiah took a deep sigh.

And laughed with them. The mother even took an interest in what just occurred.

“Well, not sure what I did, but I guess I just broke some ice with you guys,” Jeremiah said.

Jeremiah said out loud, “Well if we are going to be friends, I need some names.”

He looked at the three and decided to give each one a name, according to the personality he sees. He gazed at the smallest and said, “I’ll call you Larry.” He looked at the middle size and said, “I’ll call you Curly. And for you, big guy, your no doubt, Moe.”

Jeremiah saw the dominant male enter the cave door. He made a bursting and robust sound, “Clubonk Yooo whom,” The mother stood up and looked back at her siblings, and walked out of the cave.

The siblings seemed somewhat distressed. Jeremiah had a feeling that these three did not like the dominant sasquatch. Jeremiah eased Gabby down on the ground, trying not to wake her. He strolled his way to the opening to see what was going on. His eyes noticed the dominant male get on top of the mother from behind. He was about to have sex with her. The three siblings were not happy campers at all. Jeremiah started thinking *that the male doesn’t live in the cave with them because of Larry, Curly, and Moe.*

Jeremiah also believes through his studies from many researchers they believe that over time the youngest grows up to take over the dominant male. They may even fight to the death or run the dominant out of the group. These three males are older and maybe giving him some resistance. Each sibling impatiently stayed put and turned their eyes away from the incident. Jeremiah did notice the gaze that Moe delivered toward the dominant male. Even though they were not human, Jeremiah believes that it was a look of hatred. Mom returned back into the cave and pushed her shoulder against the stone cave. She avoided eye contact with anyone at that time. The night was getting darker. Jeremiah was lying next to Gabby. He smiled.

Her little hand had his index finger wrapped into her palm, holding it next to her Chin. She was so innocent and sweet. He moved his lips to her forehead and sneaked a light kiss from across the cave. Bigfoot Mom was lying on the floor and had her eyes open. She saw what Jeremiah just did. This is the second time she saw this kiss. Next to her was Larry, sound asleep. Mom raised her upper torso up from the prone position and reached over with her head, and kissed Larry on the top of his crown. She laid back down and fell back to sleep.

Jeremiah, not yet asleep with his eyes open, saw this, “I’ll be damn!” He whispered.

As he laid, his eyes were heavy, and his body is ready to rest. He joined little Gabby in a night's sleep, cuddling by her side.

**CHAPTER 7**

Finding Gabby

I

t was morning. The morning sun was creeping into the cave opening. Jeremiah's eyelids quivering, easing in a slight peek of sunlight. He could hear birds chirping outside the cave. He sets up looking around him, then glancing down at Gabby, suddenly discovering she was not there. He jumps up and checks the cave but no sight of her. He darted out the cave entrance, and then he sees a dispute taking place.

The dominant male has Gabby in his arm. The mom was attempting to get the child back. The male was pushing her to the side.

The three siblings were also there. It appeared they were all angry. Jeremiah saw the baby in this dominant male's arm. She was crying, which is all he needed to know. It was apparent that this creature was about to do Gabby some harm.

Jeremiah ran over and jumped between this giant nine-foot creature and yelled, “Stop!” He threw his arm and hand up.

“Don’t hurt her. Give her to me.”

This large pissed-off male placed his large hand over Gabby’s head as if he were going to squash her. Jeremiah not caring about his own life but only what happens to the child.

“Kill me, you bastard, but leave her alone!” upset, shouting.

Jeremiah moved forward with a normal strive. He gets closer and then right up to the creature, “Give me that baby!” The male swung his arm and struck Jeremiah across the arm and the side of his body, knocking him back ten feet and onto the hard surface. Then this vast male slung Gabby in the air like a ball. A throw like this could kill or injure a child.

Jeremiah, injured, laying in a prone position, sees the creature toss her like a toy. He reached his arm straight out as if he was trying to grasp the child from a distance. His begging scream was long and loud, “NOOO……!”

Curly’s eyes opened widely and glued to Gabby's little body, being slung through the air. He darted off with his powerful legs stomping and taking deep long strides, to intercept Gabby. Curly’s arm reached high as if he was catching a football from downrange.

He jumped and was able to capture the child in mid-air. Curly had the toddler. She was saved and not harmed from the throw or the catch.

Mom is also upset, and she roars out loud, which caused Larry and Moe to become angry and vocal. Jeremiah makes it to his feet but seriously hurt. He turns around to face the creature once again. The Dominant male has his eyes on Jeremiah, and Jeremiah knows this creature wants to kill him. A few feet away, Jeremiah saw a junk pile next to him. It looks like they were items found from campsites.

He saw a machete on the ground.

Jeremiah quickly made several large steps to the junk pile to grab it. Just as he snatched the blade, the giant Sasquatch stomping sound of his feet on the hard surface had already rushed him.

Jeremiah barely got turned around as the creature was already upon him. Jeremiah had the blade in the arm that wasn’t injured. He swung his upper torso around in a spinning motion and was able to strike the beast with the machete in the arm near the shoulder.

Jeremiah lost his balance, landing on his back.

The giant primate turned and took a step back, realizing he had been injured. Watching and getting angrier, Curly placed the baby on the ground and started toward the dominant male. Larry also wanted in on the fight. Mom stomped her foot and yelled out to stop Curly and Larry from going into the battle, probably looking out for the youngest of the primates. Mom started to pursue the child. Gabby, scared and crying, ran toward Jeremiah holding out her little arms.

Desperately the child was frightened and needed her new friend. Jeremiah, still down on his knee, opened his arm for little Gabby, who rushed him.

She grabbed him by his waist. Jeremiah cradled her but quickly drew his attention back to the dominant male he just cut. The male who was a few feet away started forward to possibly finish Jeremiah off. Jeremiah thinks, *there’s no way I’ll beat this creature.*

This creature darted back toward Jeremiah so fast he did not have time to remove the child. Jeremiah forced Gabby down onto his lap on her stomach, covering his upper body over her. He quickly raised the blade high, aiming the tip forward to place it through the creature's gut.

Instead, he stabbed the beast through the same arm that he had cut before. Jeremiah fell into a backward roll with Gabby in his clutch. This wasn’t easy for a man that’s busted up with broken bones. His adrenalin was the only real fuel that he had to keep his pain from stopping him. He still had a tight grip on the handle of the machete. He removed Gabby from his stronghold, getting her out of harm's way. He rolled Gabby out of the way from him and the pissed-off creature. With only seconds left to reposition himself, he lunged the machete once again at the charging monster. This time he was able to place it directly in the gut.

The Sasquatch let out a loud roar of pain. It moved about a few feet in agony, but it appeared it wasn’t done yet. The creature pulled the machete out of his wound but was unable to hold back a torturing scream.

Gabby once again ran back to Jeremiah. She wasn’t giving up her friend. She was crying, wanting to be with Jeremiah.

“No, Baby, you can't be with me. This isn’t over.” Jeremiah looked over at mom and is hoping she takes Gabby from him.

Holding the child in his left arm. He was thinking, *he was once more facing death. Maybe he would have been better off with the bears.*

The male grunted and made some moaning sound. Then Jeremiah saw another possible weapon, a baseball bat. No telling where it came from.

Jeremiah gazed into Gabby's eyes, “I’m sorry, baby. I tried,” speaking in a weak and defeated tone. He let go of her and pushed her away from him.

She sees Jeremiah is pushing her away, not understanding, and very scared. She cries and screams, feeling abandoned. Tears pouring from her little eyes. Jeremiah, with a possible broken arm, maybe ribs also, struggled back on his feet and grabbed the baseball bat.

The creature came again, stomping his feet and roaring.

Jeremiah kept the bat hidden behind his leg. Then he swung the bat with his working arm striking its arm. The sasquatch drew his arm back, feeling the pain.

Jeremiah swung again with a quick blow, and this time, hitting the Sasquatch in the head hard. It went down to its knees. Then Jeremiah charged him with a second smash to the side of its head.

Once again, it felt the pain from the impact.

A few distances away, Moe was watching. His head perked up, he sees that Jeremiah had injured this dominant male. Moe looks a little surprised in some ways.

This thing was tough, and no matter what Jeremiah hit him with, it only was temporary to this creature. The Sasquatch stood straight up. He even looked taller for some reason. His head seems to set into his shoulders. His chest raised high, his shoulders moved upward, and his long arms stretched out from his sides. His huge hands opened widely, stretching his fingers, and then closed his hands, clenching his fists. Jeremiah saw the look in its eyes, its eyes showed anger, and they were bright red as if they were on fire.

It rushed him, and this time Jeremiah got the worst end of the strike. His head was slammed by its fist, and Jeremiah's body was thrown into some rocks. Mom watching and pasting. She cuts her eyes to her young’ uns. The siblings' Moe and Curly, were pacing back and forth as if they wanted to intervene. They were very vocal and agitated about this fight.

Jeremiah's head was hurting, and his ears ringing from the hit. He held the side of his broken arm with his right arm. He felt as if he could not fight back any longer. Jeremiah sees the creature coming for him. Then the beast walked over at a slow pace, and it straddled Jeremiah's body between his feet and legs. It just gazed at Jeremiah like it was thinking or examining him from head to toe.

Jeremiah now thinking *he's about to get his neck broken by this thing.*

\*\*\*

Mom glanced her eyes at Larry and made a whooping sound. Larry broke his stance and darted to the arena and scooped up the child from the battleground. Mom was gazing at the child. Jeremiah looking up at the dominant male that was standing over him, “Okay, you ass hole, at least I hurt your ass,” Jeremiah smarted.

The creature roars a mighty and thunderous yell and then raises his foot high to stomp on Jeremiah. Suddenly Mom stepped in between him and pushed the dominant male away.

The male was highly pissed-off. Then Moe and Curly let themselves be known and faced off this dominating creature. Both stood on each side of him. The female let out a huge roar and stomps her foot. Curly and Moe already riled up, kicked the ground with their feet causing the dust from the ground to scatter. The angered male froze and turned his head toward the opposing siblings. He yelled out with a powerful and pissed off roar. They all become vocal in their one kind of language or communication.

The vocal roaring sound could possibly be heard miles away if anyone were around to hear. Jeremiah saw that they were protecting him and the child from the big guy. The wounded creature reached down and grabbed a huge rock and lifted it up like he would throw it on Jeremiah. Moe growled and shook his head, then he decided he’d had enough. Moe charged him, and so did Curly. A significant fight took place with all three of the Sasquatches’ pounding on each other.

Jeremiah gets up and grabs the scared child with his good arm and limped his way toured the cave opening. As injured as he was, it was painful to even lift a few pounds. He wanted to get the child away from the drama and to safety.

She was upset and terrified of the disturbance.

The female kept her eyes on the child and back onto Jeremiah. She walked closer to Jeremiah as his back was against a rock. She reached out and touched little Gabby on her hand. Gabby still sniffling and tears running down her cheeks. Jeremiah saw something in the eyes of this creature. He sees a reaction, maybe some type of sympathy. She cares about the child and has accepted him and the baby for some reason.

Jeremiah, hurt and filled with pain from his new injuries, still holds the child. He allows the primate to gently touch the baby.

“We want to go home. Can you help us?”

Not knowing if his words mean anything to this creature, but he felt he had to say it.

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Meanwhile, back in town at the hospital.

Mike was lying in a hospital bed. Jon was sitting in a chair next to him.

“Jon, do you think Jeremiah has found the baby?”

Jon shook his head and shrugged his shoulders.

“It has been four days. If he hasn’t found her, then something happened,” Jon figured.

“You know I liked the guy. I believed him about the Sasquatches. You saw that footprint. It was real. If he doesn’t return, I’m going back in the woods to look for him,” Mike promised.

“I thought you were scared of the woods?”

“It doesn’t matter, I’m not afraid anymore. We went out there to find that baby. The baby is the important thing.”

Jon nodded his head and said, “Your right. Jeremiah is a good man. He could have left us, and he didn’t. Yeah, I saw that footprint.

Jon continues, “You know, when I got back here after getting you in the hospital, I was at home. I checked out some of the YouTube documentaries on Bigfoot. There are lots of these things seen around the world. These things have been here for a long time.”

“I hope he didn’t find one, and it harmed him or the child,” Mike feard of the thought.

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Meanwhile, at the State Prison. Warden walking into the office. His secretary was at the desk. “Warden, I believe we have a problem. I was checking up on Jeremiah Ward, who was sent to the hospital. It seems he is not there. So, I followed up on the paperwork, and proper papers were not filed either.

Then I checked, and he's not here in prison, or is he registered back in. Warden, do we have a missing prisoner?”

“No, Tiffany, I have him on special detail now. I didn’t file anything.”

“But Warden, that’s against the policy.”

“I know, but something came up, and it could be life or death.”

“Oh, someone here was going to hurt him?” She asks.

“Something like that. So, I kept this quiet until I get to the bottom of it.”

“I see.”

“So, I’d appreciate it if you keep this quiet until it’s solved,” the Warden asks.

“Sure, Warden, anything for you.”

“Thanks, Tiffany.”

**CHAPTER 8**

The Confrontation

B

ack into the forest.

The fight was still hard and heavy as these massive creatures’ pound on each other. Jeremiah sees the dominant male slammed to the ground from inside the cave entrance. Moe and Curly were jumping on top of it, hitting their feet and fist on the creature's head and chest. Jeremiah glanced back at mom. She was upset, swaying back and forth, watching her siblings.

Jeremiah looked at Gabby and lifted her up with his good arm. He saw a long six-foot wooden staff that was broken from a branch.

It was thick and sturdy enough to use as a walking stick.

Jeremiah started walking toward the woods away from the fight. Mom sees this. She studies this for a few seconds and then caught up with him.

Jeremiah stopped.

“Mom, I have to get Gabby home. Please let us go.” He motions toward the forest that he must go. He turned and started walking again into the trees. Mom turns her head and sees the siblings winning the fight against the dominant male. The male got up and ran completely away from them into the wooded area. Mom then turned her head, looking into the trees where Jeremiah and the child went.

Jeremiah was several hundred feet into the woods. He was hurting significantly from his ribs and arm. He went down to his knees, bringing Gabby to the ground with him. He had to catch his breath and start moving again. A few more feet trying to carry this child began to feel like a ton of bricks. His muscles were tightening up, and small spasms in his ribs occur.

He went down again.

Dropping the staff and taking Gabby to the ground.

“Baby hang on to me, sweetie, somehow I’ll do this,” he breaks down with tears small cry whimpers from his lips. His forehead leans against Gabby's forehead. Then from behind, he hears something. He turns his head to the direction, and once again, it was the mom and her siblings. Larry knelt down and picks up Gabby from the arms of Jeremiah.

Mom grabs the wooden staff and hands it to Jeremiah.

“No, let us go. We got to go,” Jeremiah begs.

He gets up using the wooden staff to support him. Mom steps in front of him, and it appears she wants him to follow her. He looks at Larry, and Gabby is contempt in his arms. Gabby was tired, and she was resting her head on this creature's hairy chest. Jeremiah believes that mom is trying to show him something.

“Okay, Mom, will follow you.”

Mom leads the way in the opposite direction from the camp Jeremiah was in. Jeremiah knows that these sasquatches are not dangerous to him, nor Gabby, but will he be able to leave them from the woods. He's thinking *I’m so injured and can't get any medical attention. If something happens to me, what will happen to Gabby?*

\*\*\*

Back at the prison.

The Warden gets a phone call. “Hello,” he answered. The Warden is listening on the other end of the call. Warden Russel's expression changed on his face. He took in a deep sigh. This call has upset him. He placed his hand over his forehead and rubbed his skin tightly. Then his fingers raked through his hair.

“Yes, I let Jeremiah Ward out of prison to search for that child. I’ll take full responsibility for my actions. The two guards followed my orders, and I told them a lie and said that this was all authorized.

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Meanwhile, at Sherri’s home, Mr. Bob Stansfield, Gabby’s grandfather, was getting out of his car. He was holding a small bag of groceries. Then he saw cars pulling up to his house. It was the media rushing out of their cars and vans.

“Mr. Stansfield, did you hire Jeremiah Ward to search for your child?”

And other reporters ask, “Did you hire or pay the Warden to help you find your missing child?”

“No comment!” And he rushed his way back into the house. Sherri saw him lean against the door after shutting it.

“What's wrong?” She asks.

“They know about Keven and Jeremiah.”

She gazed out the window. “He was just trying to help us. What will they do to the Warden?”

“He could be charged.”

“And what about Jeremiah.”

“Well, he's already incarcerated, but maybe more time in prison or something,” he hung his head down as he mumbled it.

\*\*\*

Back at the prison. Mike Sundholm walking through the lobby of the prison. He was also trailing a few council members behind him along with the Sheriff. Kevin gets another call on his desk phone. The guard down below contacted him to let him know that the assistant Warden and the Sheriff were on their way up. Kevin stood up from his desk and walked over to the coat rack, and placed his dress jacket on. Tiffany walked in, “Warden.” Tiffany was about to say something but just froze in thought.

“It’s okay, Tiffany, everything will be fine. Go back to your desk. Thank you for everything. You’re a good secretary.”

He stood by his window and gazed out. The door opened. The assistant Warden walked up behind him.

“Warden, I’m sorry, the Sheriff is here to take you downtown. You’ve been relieved of duty here.”

“I understand,” The Warden said.

“Warden, I always wanted to be the Warden, but I didn’t want it this way. You have been the best Warden this prison has ever had.

I’m proud to be second in command with you,” said assistant Warden Mike. Kevin placed his hand on Mike's shoulder. That means a lot to me. You’ll be a good Warden.”

\*\*\*

One mile away, in the forest. Two men were hunting for deer in the woods. They are walking in a deer trail path.

“Man, this looks like a great spot. Look at all the tracks,” The one hunter said.

“Yeah, and over there is a small creek. It’s a perfect place to hide,” the second hunter mentioned.

“Will be taking some venison home tonight,” They both chuckled and gave a high five slap.

“Look… this tree is a great place to set,” the one hunter pointed out.

“Your right. It's got two perfect branches to sit on. You on that one keeping your eyes out that direction, and I’ll be on that side watching that area by the water,” the two agreed.

Just as the first hunter was about to climb up the old tree, a mighty sound roar and grumble sound was heard in the back of them.

“What the hell was that,” the first hunter wondered. They turned around to investigate the forest.

“You think that was a bear?” The second hunter asks.

“No, I’ve hunted bear and never heard them sound like that.”

“Look over there. I thought I saw something. Behind that white Oaktree, over there,” he pointed.

The first hunter observed. They both stared hard, holding their rifles tight.

“You smell that...?” The second hunter asks.

“Yeah.”

“Something dead or a skunk.”

“It's not a skunk, I've been sprayed by those damn things, and that’s definitely not a skunk smell. Let's find out. Let's ease up on it.

You go to the right, and I’ll take a left, move in at a triangular angle, keep your rifle in that direction just in case it's a wounded bear,” the first hunter advised.

“Thought you said you knew what a bear sound like?”

‘Go, go, he waved him own.

“Shit, I didn't come out here for no damn bear,” the worried hunter rambled to himself. Suddenly a small log landed next to the second hunter.

“What tha…!”

Another long tree branch was sailing through the air near him. He dodged it. Then the first hunter got hit with a stone in the arm, which caused him to drop his rifle.

“Damn!” He grabbed his arm.

When he looked straight ahead of him, he spotted a giant sasquatch bearing his eyes down on the hunter.

“My God!”

The second hunter saw it as well. The Sasquatch let out a mighty roar. He stomped his foot and swung another stone.

Almost hitting the hunter again. This scared the hunter so bad he did not bother grabbing his gun. Both hunters were racing out of the area as fast as their feet could carry them. The sasquatch was the dominant male who already had a bad day, was wounded, and did not want to be bothered. He turned around and attacked a tree. He literally pulled a thirty-foot tree about seven inches in diameter out of the ground. He then kept his temper tantrum going as he returned to the trees. He was snapping three to four-inch branches with one hand along the way back into the forest. The hunters made it out of the woods, totally out of breath. Both were down on their knees. The second hunter let out some steam, “Well… for a man that shot a bear, you sure forgot to shoot that ass hole back there.”

\*\*\*

Back in the forest Jeremiah following the mom. Jeremiah has sweat pouring from his forehead. He knows he is running a fever. He goes down to the ground again. The sasquatches stop with him. Moe squatted down to Jeremiah and hands him some worms. Jeremiah sees them. He knows that Moe is offering him a meal. He reaches his hand out, and Moe laid them in his palm. As much as Jeremiah hated to, he felt that it was necessary to show his hospitality. If he does not take them, it could be rude. Jeremiah placed them in his mouth and chewed. He cut his eyes back to Moe's huge dark eyes.

“Tasty, yum, yum.”

“Humblumbilun,” Moe said.

Jeremiah then rubbed his stomach in a small circle and said, “Good, yum, yum.”

Jeremiah then took his thumb and showed Moe the thumbs-up sign. Moe just stared. Not sure what Jeremiah was doing. Jeremiah took Moe's hand and helped him place it in a fist and then raised his massive thumb up to make the thumbs-up sign. Then Jeremiah raised his thumb once again to show him.

“Good, okay.”

Moe kept his fist closed and thumb up and raised it just like Jeremiah did. He turned his head and showed the others the thumbs-up.

“You know, big guy. You’re the king of your family now.

That's the way I see it.”

Jeremiah reached for Moe's hand and took it. He placed his hand in the palm and shook his hand.

“Friend.”

Moe tilted his head as if he were trying to understand Jeremiah. Jeremiah repeated it, “Friend.”

Moe then said, “Frun,” Jeremiah smiled.

“Yes, friend.”

Jeremiah getting weaker, gazed over to Gabby. She was still sleeping in Larry’s arms. Jeremiah saw Larry comforting her. He was not moving at all. Larry was taking great care of the child.

These creatures are thoughtful and human in so many ways. Jeremiah knew that Larry and the rest of this family would protect the child if he should die before getting out of here. The problem would be they are not used to humans, and the child would probably not survive this environment or the forest. As they sat for a while, the siblings were mumbling back and forth.

He would listen to the sasquatches to speak back and forth. If only he knew what they were saying. He sees a language that only they know. They were entirely communicating with each other, and yet they can even mock our voice. With some training, these primates may be able to understand us. Jeremiah feeling weaker, thinks, *I’ve got to keep going. I have to move.*

He stands Up and says, “Let's go,” and started walking.

Mom cuts him off and then directed him to follow her. A few seconds past and Jeremiah saw the forest just ahead of him breaking up. Then he sees the edge of the forest, and he steps out on to an open field that declined. He walks about thirty feet, and then the most beautiful sight to see—was a highway with cars traveling down the road. “Highway, we made it! Gabby, we made it, baby!” But when he thought his luck changed, the dominant male appeared out of the bushes, crashed through the siblings, and struck Jeremiah hard across his face. Jeremiah went down fast and hard. Curly was evidently struck in the head with a large stone. Jeremiah lost his sight, and all his hearing went away. He was fading out. Moe jumped the dominant male, and a mighty fierce battle took place with them both.

Larry approached mom to stay by her side. He was still holding Gabby, who was now awake and crying.

Mom took the child and motioned for Larry to support his brother Moe.

Mom was upset and pacing with the child. Larry and Moe fighting with everything they have. The dominant male is powerful and has everything to lose if he loses this fight. Jeremiah is gaining consciousness once again. He hears the commotion a few feet from him. He attempts to sit back up.

Thrown to the ground next to him, so Jeremiah, even in extreme pain, lifted the wooden staff and tried to drive it into the back of the monster. But failed. Moe saw this. Jeremiah caught his eyes, gazed at the staff, and threw it to Moe. Moe caught it. Larry had the dominant by the head but was losing the fight. Moe ran and jumped directly on the front of the dominant male. Both feet slammed into the dominant's chest, taking him down. Then Moe Jumped six feet in the air and back down on the dominant. He drove the wooden staff completely through the dominant creature. The scream was loud and robust. But the beast was dead. The staff went through the heart and entirely through the other side. Moe was exhausted, dropping to his knees. Things got quiet. Moe slapped the face of the dead sasquatch several times hard, just to make sure it was deceased.

Jeremiah, on his knees within a few feet, saw Mom, who still had Gabby, turned to walk away, and so did the siblings.

Jeremiah saw them leaving.

“What, what are you doing? No, bring her back, bring Gabby back!”

He watched them walk toward the woods.

“What the hell, you can't do this!”

He dropped his head crying. At this point, Jeremiah thought, *I’m not going back without her. I’ll just die here. But I’m not going back without her.”*

Mom was standing at the edge of the forest, Larry, Curly, and Moe were tilting their heads at Gabby. Gabby was crying and reaching out but no longer wanted Larry's arms. She was crying for Jeremiah. Mom gazed into Moe's eyes. He sees that Gabby wants to run back to Jeremiah.

Kneeled on the ground alone in the open field was Jeremiah, so heartbroken. He was crying as he has been defeated, blood running down the side of his face, broken nose, swollen eyes, his arm broken, his ribs broken, and a swollen ankle.

But the only pain he feels is the love for that little girl. That is the pain he feels.

Then he felt something touch his shoulder, “Jeremea, we go home, see mommy,” He grabbed her tight and said, “Thank you, God, thank you so much…” crying the word out, with tears falling down his cheeks. He turned his head but barely could see and smiled at the Sasquatches. Jeremiah raised a hand and made the thumbs-up sign.

Moe standing tall, looking down at Jeremiah, also raised his thumbs up right back.

Jeremiah took her in his arm, forced himself back on to his feet, and started down the hill. He made it to the street. He felt the asphalt of the road on the bottom of his soles. He dropped in the middle of the street. Both his knees onto the asphalt, holding Gabby tight in his arm.

Cars started breaking everywhere when they saw this injured man holding a child in his arm. Jeremiah's eyes were so swollen he could not see out of them any longer. People were coming out of their cars, running up to him. One lady approaching him, “Oh my God, it’s the missing baby. Oh my God, they're alive!” She was dialing 911 and was so excited she is crying as she is reporting it. You could hear others yell out, “It’s the missing child.”

Other people stepping out of their vehicles spotted something else. They observed four sasquatches carrying off another sasquatch into the woods. They took photos from their phones of the Sasquatches, Jeremiah, and Gabby.

Within minutes the Sheriff's Department and the ambulances were on the scene. A lady approaches the Deputy. I tried to help him and take the child, but he refuses to let her go. I only wanted to help.

The Deputy knelt down next to Jeremiah, and Gabby was holding her arms around his neck. She was not ready to let go. She was resting her head on his shoulder. The Deputy sees Jeremiah's eyes severely swollen and blood covering half his face.

Jeremiah looked like he was in a trance.

The Deputy knew this man must be Jeremiah Ward, the prisoner that went into the forest to locate the child. The news had already leaked about the prisoner who is searching for the missing child.

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“Jeremiah, Jeremiah Ward. I’m Deputy Ralf Anderson. Sir, can you hear me.” Jeremiah, who has been sitting up holding Gabby for dear life, and seemed somewhat comatose, begin to move his head toward the Deputy. His head was shaking.

“Sir, everything is okay. I have your back. Let me help you and the child. Hand me the little gal and let us get her in the ambulance so they can check her out. And let's get you some help.

I’ll make sure this baby is taken care of.”

“Gabby,” he muttered.

“What’d you say, sir?”

“Her name is Gabby.”

The Deputy reached over to take Gabby. She did not want to let go of Jeremiah. She felt secure with him. Jeremiah said, “It’s okay, honey, you’ll see mommy soon. He is taking you to see mommy.”

The Deputy helped carefully prying her lose from her death grip on Jeremiah. Gabby broke out into tears. Her little arms were reaching out for Jeremiah, and she screamed with heartbreaking cries as the officer took her away. She felt like she just lost her only friend.

“You’ll be okay now, baby, you’ll be okay,” Jeremiah said, as he was falling weak in his voice, and his energy had just dissolved.

The medical crew knelt to start on Jeremiah.

“Hey, buddy, I'm Jim, a paramedic, I'm gonna help you, and the baby will be okay,” Jim promised.

Jim tilted Jeremiah's head to the side. Looking into his eyes with a penlight and at all his wounds.

“Now, let's get you fixed up. Although… I must tell you, right now, you are wearing some horrible cologne,” Jim joking, trying to get Jeremiah to respond to his sense of humor, but Jim was gasping from an awful smell that Jeremiah possesses.

“Yeah, it’s called close encounters,” Jeremiah said with a giggle, even though he was weak and in pain.

The paramedic said to his crew, “He's lost quite a bit of blood. His left arm, ankle looks broken, and maybe some ribs.

This man is bruised up everywhere. We may have internal bleeding. They worked fast to get Jeremiah hooked up and into the ambulance. Jeremiah was in a separate ambulance from Gabby. In the ambulance, the paramedics grabbed their noses.

“Lord have mercy, what's that smell?”

One medic asks, “I’m not sure, but we may need to wear some mask,” another commented. The paramedic tapped the glass to get the attention of the driver, “Get this thing moving. We may be the ones dying back here!”

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People on the scene gathered on the streets, making mobile calls to their friends, and family letting everyone know that the baby was alive.

Deputy Anderson approached another Deputy looking through a pair of binoculars up on the side of the road.

“What are you doing, Charles?”

Charles looked at Anderson. “These people out here are saying they saw a bunch of Sasquatches carrying another one going up the hill.

“Sasquatches. Big Foot,” Anderson mocking laugh.

“They said that four of them were carrying another huge Bigfoot up through those trees.”

“So, you're looking through those glasses, hoping to see one.”

“Yes. And I see one. Here look.”

Charles hands the binoculars to Anderson, Anderson glanced at the Deputy's eyes like he was crazy, but he did what was instructed.

“Look between those two trees straight ahead, “Charles said.

“I’ll be damn.”

“It's just standing there watching us behind that tree,” Charles said to Anderson. Anderson lowered the binoculars down, “Are you writing a report on this?”

“Well, I kinda have too now that I got so many witnesses here.”

“Yeah, your right, but get ready to get joked at by the department. They're gonna have some fun with you,” Anderson lifted the binoculars and looked back up the hill. It appeared that the creature had left. Charles gazed at Anderson and said, “Do you think this guy and the child had an encounter with these creatures.

Anderson shook his head, not sure.

**CHAPTER 9**

The Recovery

A

t the hospital, Jon was in the room, visiting Mike. He heard a commotion outside in the hall. He stepped out of the door to take a peek. He sees them wheeling in a man into the ER. Then he sees a nurse holding a baby Girl. He recognized the child, and he knew that it was little Gabby from the photo he had seen. He grabbed a nurse in the hall and asks, “They found the child?”

“Yes.”

“And the man, was that Jeremiah?”

“Yes, that man found the baby.”

Jon ran back to Mike, “Jeremiah is here in the ER.” Mike set up straight.

“He's here!” Mike asked. Jon nodded, yes.

“He found Gabby. She's alive.”

“Get me out of this bed!” He whipped the cover off and swinging his injured leg over the edge. Mike rushed over and took a wheelchair from another guest who was about to use the restroom.

Mike grabbed it and said, “Sorry, dude, emergency.”

“Hey, what the hell are you doing?” The man yelled out.

Jon rolled Mike toward the ER room where the baby was. The nurses and Deputies were moving people out of the ER.

Everyone wanted in on the action. Jon and Mike rolled up with the wheeled chair near the room door. He was stretching his neck, trying to see in, hoping to get a glimpse of baby Gabby.

Security stopped them. “Sorry, can't pass this point.”

“It's okay, we're friends.”

“Sorry, you have to wait over there.”

“Is the baby alright!” Mike and Jon ask simultaneously.

The Security glanced at them both. “Yes, I believe so. They said she was scratched up but looked healthy.”

“Thank God, Jon said.”

“She's okay, Jon. The baby is going to be alright.” He said with excitement.

They turned around to move away from the room. Then they saw them rolling Jeremiah down the hall. Jon sped up the wheelchair pushing Mike fast to catch up with them.

“Nurse, Nurse, is he going to be alright?”

“We’re preparing him for surgery. Please wait in the waiting room.”

Two nurses rolled Jeremiah in the elevator. The door closed on Jon and Mike. Standing in the hall, Jon looked at Mike with a squinted nose.

“What's wrong,” Mike asked.

“You smell that?”

Mike sniffs his nose, “Yeah, what is it?”

They both were rubbing their noses. “What's that smell?” Mike asks again.

“That’s the same smell as what we smelt in the woods,” Jon claimed.

“Yeah! your right.”

“I'll never forget that smell as long as I live,” Jon remembers.

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Inside the elevator, the nurse asks, “Hey dude, what's that smell on you?” Jeremiah looked at them, “What smell!

The two coming off the elevator feeling like they wanted to throw up.

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In another room, the doctors were examining the child. Little Gabby was not too pleased. I want mommy, with sadness about her face and slight pout. “The female nurse placed her hand on Gabby's arm “Honey, you'll see mommy real soon. Will make sure you are okay.”

The doctor completed checking her out. “She’s fine, just some scratches and the strange odor. It smells terrible.”

“What is that smell? It smells like she has gotten into something dead,” the female nurse implied.”

“Clean her up and prepare her for her mommy,” the doctor directed.

“Here, Gabby,” the doctor handed her a lollypop.

“I want to see mommy. You take me home now?”

“God, she's such a beautiful child. This man that brought her in deserves a blessing,” the female nurse expressed.

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Meanwhile, back at Gabby's home, Sherri was in the kitchen. She had left her phone next to her bed, basically on silence because of all the calls she had gotten from media and people wanting to talk to her. Her father was sitting on the couch, reading the newspaper.

Sherri walked out of the kitchen, “Dad, would you like a sandwich?”

“Sure, dear, that would be nice.”

As Bob was reading, his cell phone went off. “Hello.”

“Mr. Stanfield, this is Deputy David Gant. Sir, if you can, we would like you and no one else steps out the door of your house.

Meet us at my cruiser. Don’t bring your daughter yet.”

“Sure, I’ll be right there,” he glanced into the kitchen. Sherri was still preparing the meal.

Bob started to cry, thinking *they have found little Gabby, and this is terrible news.* His stomach churned. His tears fell heavy, and his chest tighten. He made his way to the door. His hands were shaking extremely hard. Almost unable to open the door. He thought to himself, *I have to hold myself together for my daughter.* He strolled. It was like a mile long to get there.

The Deputy met him at the door and placed his arm on Bob's shoulder, and escorted him to the back door of the cruiser. The back door opened, and a nurse steps out of the vehicle, and she reached in.

The door that was blocking the view was clear. The young nurse was holding his granddaughter in her arms. Bob's face was covered with surprise, eyes widened, and his jaw dropped.

“Oh, my God…Gabby!” His tears escaped his eyes, and a cry of joy fell over him. His arms reaching for his baby, and Gabby was so happy to see her Pee Paw that she screamed the words, Peepaw! Peepaw! And was reaching with all her might for him.

Bob fell to his knees crying with her cradled in his arms, kissing her and holding her so tight. His eyes were closed as if though to escape time.

The Deputy himself could not hold back his tears either. The nurse also shed her share of this horrifying grief that just ended in happiness.

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Inside the house, Sherri Bettencourt completing the sandwiches and begin pouring two glasses of tea. Suddenly she felt strange as if something was behind her. She turned around, and her dad was holding Gabby in his arms. Sherri, bewildered, dropped the pitcher of tea on the floor, her gaze fixed on her child. Then Gabby was gleeful, her eyes widened, and her little arms going wild, she yelled out, “Mommy! Mommy!” and Sherri cried aloud, “My baby!” She rushed to her child. Gabby clung to Sherri like glue. Sherri sat in the chair. She felt weak at the knees. She cried with such happiness holding and rocking her little girl.

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At the Sheriff's office. The Sheriff working on his computer, finishing out his report. The Sheriff calls his sergeant from his desk landline.

“Hey, is Charles still here?” Good, ask him to step into my office.

The Sheriff gets up and goes to his printer, retrieving the print copy he needed. He looks in his candy bowl, sitting on the table, and decided to grab a few candy kisses. His office door opens, ‘Charles, good to see you. You guys did an outstanding job today.”

“Thanks, Sheriff.”

“Hey, I went over your report, so I thought I speak to you about it.”

“Yeah, but you see, I got a bunch of witnesses' information and addresses.”

“Yeah, that’s good.”

The Sheriff holding a copy of Charles’s report in his hand.

“You ah…you, also stated you saw this thing?”

“Yes, sir, through the binoculars.”

“Through the binoculars?”

“Yes, I was checking out what those people were saying, you know… investigating.”

“Sure, that’s what I expect you to do.”

“Did any, ah, deputies for any chance see these things?”

“Yes, sir.”

The Sheriff was waiting for him to say who. But Charles did not offer.

“Charles, who… who else saw this thing. You didn’t name the deputy in your report,” the Sheriff repeated his question.

“Well, sir, I’m not sure if he even wanted to admit to what he actually saw.”

“So, did he admit he saw one?” Sheriff asked.

“Yes. He saw it.”

“What did it look like?”

“It was hairy, black, and it was huge. It was from a distance, but I would say around seven or maybe eight feet tall.”

“What was it doing?”

“It was watching us. It was between two trees.”

“Your report says they saw four of these creatures carrying another one by the legs or arms.”

“Yes, they saw them carry it up the hill back into the forest.”

“Are there any ties to the baby and Jeremiah Ward with these things?”

“No, I’m not sure. Sir Deputy Ralf Anderson will follow up on Jeremiah.”

“Umm, so it was Anderson that saw the creature also?” The Sheriff remarked. Charles just raised his brows and shrugged his shoulder.

“Ah, the fewer people you tell about this, maybe the fewer people that will joke around with you,” the Sheriff suggested.

“Sure, I’m aware.”

Charles gets up and claims, “Sheriff, I saw this thing. I heard about them most of my life. But now, I know the truth. What I saw was terrific. Oh! Here something else.” He takes his cell phone and sends something to the sheriff.

“There! Check your phone, sir. I just sent you some pictures that were sent to me by all the witnesses from the scene.”

The Sheriff grabbed his cell phone. He opened the messages. Charles walked out. He scrolled through the photos and could not believe what he was looking at. He sees four of these creatures standing up, just watching whoever snapped these photos. Then he sees pictures of them carrying a sasquatch by the arms and legs.

The Sheriff's head rises to say something, but Charles has already left. He drops his eyes back onto the photos.

“They're real,” he said to himself.

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Two doctors washing their hands and arms, preparing for Jeremiah's surgery. “Man, did you smell that guy as they brought him in?” Puzzled Doctor Amy McKenzie.

“Yeah, I told the nurses to try to clean up the stench,” Dr. Lonnie Piatt stated.

“What the hell did he get into?” McKenzie wondered.

“No telling. But whatever it is, I hope they scrub it off before we go to work on the dude,” Piatt replied.

The two doctors walked into the surgery room. Doctor Lonnie Piatt stopped and sniffed.

“Nurse, what's that smell?” Piatt asks.

“It’s a peppermint aroma. Hum, he looked over at Jeremiah, who was already under.

“So that’s telling me he still has some smell to him?” Piatt asks.

“Well, we cleaned him the best we could. But he still has some odor,” Nurse Sandra advised.

“Good job Sandra,” Piatt concurred.

“Good choice with the peppermint,” Doctor McKenzie added, nodding at Sandra.

Whoa, look at this guy. He's had the shit beat out of him,” Piatt pointed out.

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Four hours passed. Jeremiah awakens in his darkroom. His eyes wandered around, noticing it was a hospital room.

“Well, I guess I lived through it,” saying to himself.

He saw his door open, and a head peeked around the corner. It was Mike sitting in a wheelchair. Jon was pushing him.

“Hey Jeremiah, you made it, and you found Gabby.”

“Yeah. We made it. Gabby, how is she? Is she alright?”

“Yes,” Jon smiled.

“She's home with her parents.” Mike chirped.

Jeremiah nodded his head and smiled.

“Jeremiah, you’re a famous man. You're all over the news. People calling you a hero.”

“Hum, I bet the Warden is happy about that?” Jeremiah snickered. Mike and Jon glanced at each other. Jeremiah noticed a sorrowful expression on their faces.

Jeremiah gazed, “What's up, guys?”

“It’s the Warden their filing Charges on him,” Jon said.

“Damn…he was only helping out. If it weren’t for him, the child would have died,” Jeremiah commenting. Then as they were speaking about the Warden, he walks into the room.

“Warden!” Jon blurted.

“Hi, guys.”

“Warden,” Jeremiah acknowledged.

“You men did a fantastic job. I'm proud of you. And you, Jeremiah, I’m not sure what all happened to you out there, but I want you to know that you’re a wonderful man. I hope they give you a break from prison. Mike, Jon, I let them all know you had nothing to do with my scheme, so you stick to that, you hear. As far as they know, you were told the Warden said all this was authorized by the state.”

“Sir, you did nothing wrong. If it weren’t for you, the baby wouldn’t be with her mommy right now,” Jeremiah commented.

“Thanks, but yes, I did. I let a prisoner out of jail without the authority of the state. That’s unacceptable, and I have to be punished for it.”

The room went silent for a few seconds. “I want to know something. Is it true what people are saying, did you encounter a bear or a Bigfoot out there?”

“Warden,” Jeremiah started to say something. The Warden butted in, “Call me, Kevin.”

“I encountered both.”

Kevin gazed at him, “Don’t tell me, you kicked all their butts…?” Jeremiah just smiled. “Jeremiah, you’re a badass with class.”

He turned to stroll out of the room.

“Kevin,” Jeremiah blurted out, “You, sir, gave me back my life. Thanks for asking me to help. You’re a badass yourself, Warden.”

“Mike, how's that leg,” Jeremiah ask.

“It’ll be fine. I should go home tomorrow.”

“Well, I’ve got to split and get this guy back to his room before the nurses call out MIA,” Jon noted.

Jon reached over and shook Jeremiah's hand, “Thank you for what you did. Mike and I are interested in you telling us everything that actually happened and how you found Gabby.”

“Yes, when I get a chance, I’ll be glad to share this unbelievable story.”

Minutes pass, and Jeremiah was thinking about what took place out there. Especially at the very end when they all fought for him and Gabby. He wonders *what will happen to them. Now that the story is out, will hunters go looking for them and try to hurt them.* His eyes were about to shut when a beautiful nurse enters the room.

“Hi, I’m Cathy, your nurse. I'm glad to see you're doing okay. You are quite a celebrity. We have to keep security on you just to keep reporters and people from coming in here to bother you.”

“You mean, keep security in here to make sure I go back to prison.”

“For what you did for that child, they should be giving you the medal of honor.”

Truthfully, I would like a steak dinner and you for my date,” Jeremiah chuckled.

“Humm…listen to you. How long have you been locked up, hero?”

“Too long. I forgot what it's like to even have a date or a steak.”

His brows rose and teased her by saying, “Although I'm all alone tonight in my sole call hotel, and we can forget about the steak,” Jeremiah smiles.

“You are a bad boy Mr. Jeremiah.” She smiled and then looked down and seen a rise in his sheet. She cut her eyes back to him and said, you are a naughty boy. She walked out, facing him with a smile and blowing him a kiss.

He noticed what just happened and then laughed, “Oh my God…!”

Several hours later, he was watching the news on TV.

They were talking about the Warden who is facing charges for letting out a prisoner. It was considerable controversy over this incident. Many people are talking about letting the prisoner Jeremiah out of jail for doing a great deal for the citizens.

They are also questioning his reason why he is in prison.

They say he was not guilty, and his crime was in the act of self-defense. Jeremiah's eyes were getting heavy, and he slipped off into sleep. It was evening, and darkness falling outside.

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As he laid there sleeping, he had a visitor. It was Sherri, Gabby's mom. She eased up beside his bed and just stared at him. She placed her hand on his hand, which awakened Jeremiah.

“Hi there,” Sherri softly said.

Jeremiah's eyes caught hers right away.

“You looked so comfortable. I almost didn’t have it in me to awaken you. But I had to see you so that I can express my feelings for what you did.”

Jeremiah smiles, “I’m glad you’re here. I’ve been thinking about the baby. How is she?”

“She's incredible. It's like nothing ever happened to her. How did you do it? And the stories I hear, was it true?”

“Yes.”

Sherri’s face looked surprised.

“I’m so glad she's doing great. I was in fear that she may suffer some type of trauma over our experiences,” Jeremiah concerned.

“How did you get so injured and she had a few scratches.”

“It was because of Larry, Curly, Moe, and Mom.”

Sherri's face looked very puzzled… “The three stooges?” She replied.

I tell you what, if I get out of all this and you invite me over for a steak dinner, I’ll let you know everything.”

Sherri studied him for a second. “Well, a man that saved my child deserves a home-cooked meal.”

“Gabby has been asking for you. She calls you Jeremea,”

Sherri chuckles.

“Yeah, I know,” Jeremiah giggled.

Sherri eased her way down over his face and placed the side of her cheek to his. Giving him a hug, then eased her face up and kissed him on the lips, “Thank you, Jeremiah.”

“You’re a good man that doesn’t deserve to be locked up.”

She walked out of the room.

Sitting elevated in his hospital bed, he stared at the door and said out loud to himself, “And now I got to go back to the hellhole.”

**CHAPTER 10**

The Words Out

B

ack to the Present. Jeremiah telling the story.

“Well, Jeremiah, that’s a damn interesting story,” Jon Jr. replied.

“Yes, it is. What will the front cover of the book look like?” Jeremiah asks.

“Not sure yet,” Jon hesitated.

“It would be nice to put a picture of the child on the cover,” Jeremiah thought.

“Well, Thanks for telling me the story.”

Jeremiah's hand went up, and he said, “I have more to tell you. I'm just warming up,” Jeremiah giggled.

“Oh, I thought you were done. I’ll tell you what… how about me taking you to lunch tomorrow afternoon, and we can start back with the story?”

“Thank you, I would love to get out of this damn place. These walls start to close in on a person after a while.”

“Great…I’ll pick you up around eleven tomorrow afternoon.”

“I hope you’re paying because this name place takes every bit of my social security money.”

Jon smiled, “It would be my honor to buy your lunch.”

Jon shook his hand and left for the evening. Jeremiah walked over to the large window and looked out.

“I’ll be damn! A book about me. Who would ever imagine that?” He places his hand on the windowpane.

Just thinking in silence, *whatever happen to time and all the things that came with it?*

Nurse Veronica entered the room. She noticed that Jeremiah looked as if he was in a lost gaze out the window.

“Jeremiah, is everything alright?” She saw tears in his eyes.

His gaze lifted, “Yeah, everything is okay. I was just thinking about when I was young. And now here I am, an old man just sitting out my time.”

Veronica listened and gave him a hug. “Look, you're not washed up yet. That guy, is he really doing a book on you?”

He turned and gazed into her eyes. “Yeah, it looks that way.”

“Jeremiah, that’s wonderful. This is exciting, people just don’t get these chances like that, and you will have a published book about you. I would ask you what the book is about, but I want to wait and buy your first copy.”

“That’s right. They can be sold,” He mumbled.

“Matter of fact, we can set up a table and chair for you in the lobby and sell some of your books, and you can do a book signing.”

“Yeah, it would be.”

“Now, let's go gets some dinner. We’re serving chicken and mash potatoes and corn. That’s your favorite dish.”

As they start strolling, he said, “Yeah, but they never give me cream gravy for my mash potatoes and bread.”

“Well, I did something special just for you when I found out what tonight's meal was. I got you a small container of white cream gravy to go with your meal. So, don’t tell anyone,” Veronica giggled.

“You sure you don't want to marry an old man?” Jeremiah smiled. “That’s a little hard to do when I’m already married.”

“Well, hell, lucky son of a gun.”

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The next day Jeremiah gets up early. He goes to his closet and sees his best wear, which he has not touched in a while. He is thinking *hum… I finally get to dress up and go somewhere.* He takes his time, primping up and combing his thin gray hair. Checking on his view in the mirror.

He strolls his way into the breakfast area and slows his speed, especially as he approaches the table. He noticed all the ladies were staring at him.

“Did I do something wrong?”

One of the residents he has never heard say one word to anyone, said, “You look very nice and dressed up today.”

He sat down across from her.

“Thank you.”

He took his fork in his right hand and cut his eyes up to hers for a second, and back down to his fork. He scooped up some egg on to the fork and placed it in his mouth. Then he brought his eyes back to the woman. She was eating her breakfast.

“I didn’t know you could talk.”

“I can talk when I want to.”

“So, you want to now?”

She shrugged her shoulder and said, “You never seemed interested in me.”

“Are you kidding? You’re the only one around here that’s attractive enough for me to look at.” She broke a smile and kept eating.

He took a bite of bacon and said, “I thought you were like… them,” he gazed over at some of the people sitting at the table just playing with their food. They both connected their eyes to one another once again and giggled.

That afternoon, Jon picked up Jeremiah and took him to a large restaurant. As they were getting out of the car, Jeremiah remembered this location. He sees an old cafe across the street that was there when he was a young man. He stopped to stare at it.

Jon noticed his gaze. “Is everything alright?”

“Yeah…that old café over there. I used to eat there. Your dad and I would meet up there for coffee and breakfast at times. It’s been there for at least fifty years.”

Jon took a keen look at the café. “Well, then let's eat there if you’d like?”

They grabbed a booth and sat down. Jon just scanned the inside of the café.

“I can't believe this place is still here.”

Jon mentioned, “I've seen this place a hundred times but never realized how old it was.”

“That fancy restaurant you were going to take me too, it wasn’t there then. An old Sinclair service station was there. This whole street has changed, all but this place. It still looks the same.

Even the seats… the leather is the same,” Jeremiah's eyes glazed. Jon felt good that Jeremiah was here once again. So, his eyes checking out the old structure. Jeremiah cut a grin as he took a long look at Jon, “You! You favor your dad. He sat right there on the very same bench you’re on now.

After I got out, we became good friends.”

Jon and Jeremiah enjoyed lunch. Jon stopped the waitress, mam, could you keep the coffee going? Thank you.” Jon asks Jeremiah if he enjoyed the meal.

“Well, it sucked! I think where you planned to take us may have been better. And you?”

“It sucked.” They both laughed.

“With food like that, I don’t know how they survived this long,” Jeremiah commented.

Jon pulled out the recorder. “You stopped at. You were at the hospital after Sherri visited.”

Well, I got up and walked over to the door. I peeked out and did not see the guard that was placed at my door. I think maybe he was in the restroom or something.

I was thinking about sneaking out of the hospital. I did not want to go back. It dwelled on my mind for half the night, and I fell asleep. It was extremely late, and I suddenly was awoken. It was the nurse that I teased earlier that evening. She was standing by my side.

“Hey hero, I decided to help you out, but keep this to yourself. She placed her hands under Jeremiah's sheets. His eyes looking down, watching her hands travel. He looks back up at her face. He saw a big smile cross her. Oh my gosh, I can't believe this is happening.”

“Relax, you're going to love it….” The nurse assured him.

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The next morning Jeremiah woke up. His eyes captured many gifts surrounding his bed. Flowers, boxes of candy, magazines of field and stream, hunting, and even playboy magazines were next to his bed. Doctor Piatt walked in to check on him.

“Good morning Mr. Ward.”

“Good morning.”

“How you feel today?”

“Really good,” he said with a smile and thinking *about his pleasure from last night.*

“Fantastic.”

“Who gave me all these gifts?”

“Well, I understand you have lots of fans.”

Jeremiah was holding a playboy magazine in his hand.

“I see you admiring one of them…? You have many more gifts. The Security stored it for you until you are released…you know, I always acknowledge people in the military, law enforcement, and fire departments. I usually say thanks for your service. So, I want to say to you, thanks for what you did for that child, you’re a brave man. I examined Gabby, and she was healthy. I expected malnutrition, among other things. But she was fine. What a beautiful child.”

“Your welcome, Doc.”

“I suppose your survival tactics is what kept the baby healthy?”

“If you only knew the half of it!” Jeremiah said in a mumble.

Jeremiah continued, “Yes, there’s *food* in the forest. You just got to know how to find it…” Jeremiah thinking *of the berries that were given to her by the Sasquatches.*

“I was told the State will be here at noon, to take you back, the Piatt said. I’m sorry. Your case was compelling. I read up on you.

Many say you were innocent. As a matter of fact, many of us here at the hospital will help support you. I’m setting up a fundraiser to hire you the best attorney we can find.”

“You guys are doing that for me?”

“You just went viral around the country. And your case is worth fighting for.”

Jeremiah hung his head and found himself unable to speak. His lips trembled, and he shook his head. His eyes rapidly started blinking and becoming moist. Piatt placed his hand on his shoulder.

You still have a great life ahead of you. Now you have lots of people that thanks you and want to help. Hang in there, my friend.”

The doctor walked out.

Piatt stopped outside of the hallway in front of Jeremiah’s closed door. A nurse walked by and caught a glimpse of the doctor.

She saw him wiping his moist eyes. “Doctor, is everything alright?” She worried. “Yes, everything is fine,” so he strolled on.

Piatt is a strong man and hides his emotions like many others. He did not want to admit he also can feel sadness.

Paitt's mind flashed back to a longtime friend who died. This experience reminded him of him. Doctors must hold back their emotions with their patients, they are strong people, but even the strong were given God's gift to share feelings with life.

One-hour passed, Jeremiah just finished his morning breakfast. Another visitor entered the room. It was Sherri and Gabby. As soon as the baby caught his eye’s, she yelled out Jeremea. Her little arms reached out and almost bailed out of Sherri's arms to get to him.

Sherri thought, *wow, this is incredible. Her child never showed so much affection to anyone stranger such as this. But then again, Jeremiah is not a stranger to her. They shared an incredible experience together.*

Jeremiah's eyes lighted up and were wide as saucers. He welcomed her in his arms.

“Mommy, bring me. See…!” Gabby pointing at mom.

“Yes, I see. Jeremiah wants to thank mommy for bringing you here,” Jeremiah complimented.

“You asleep in bed?” Gabby asked and tilted her head waiting for her answer.

Sherri's smile suddenly curved on her lips, soaking in all the conversations with her little one and Jeremiah.

“Yes. I have a big bed, no more hard ground,” smiling.

“Outside, we go play,” Gabby suggested.

“Hmm, maybe one day we play outside,” Jeremiah soothed.

“No, today!” Gabby said.

Jeremiah smiled, “I'm so happy you are okay. When Jeremiah gets out, mommy is going to make me dinner.”

“Mommy, make some food. I like cookies. You have cookies?” Jeremiah laughs.

“Well, now that you mentioned it, it looks like there might be some over there, mom,” Jeremiah shifting his eyes to a table near the bed. Sherri spotted them and gave Gabby a cookie. Gabby took a taste and then shared a bite with Jeremiah.”

She continued to share with him.

“She loves you,” Sherri says.

“When I was in the woods with her, she kept me going. It was her that saved us. Gabby even grew in the hearts of nature and inspired us all to survive. If it weren’t for Gabby, I would have died.”

Gabby staring out the hospital window, “Go play with bear friend, outside,” Gabby said and pointed at the window.

Sharri glanced at the window, “Will they return?” A question she feared.

His gaze drifted downward to Gabby, “I don’t know, but I don’t think you will ever have to worry about them. I believe they’re our friends,” he added with a smile.

The door opened, and in walked two Guards from the Prison. “Mr. Ward, it’s time to release you from the hospital. We need you to get dressed in your uniform jumpsuit.”

Jeremiah looked at Gabby, “Well, sweetheart, maybe I see you soon. I have to go.”

“You go with mommy and me?” Gabby asked.

“I wished, but I have to go with these guys,” he leaned over and kissed Gabby on her forehead.

“Wanna give me a hug by?” Gabby hugged him.

“Sherri picked Gabby up and held her in her arms, “Mommy Jeremiah, come!” Sherri gazed at Jeremiah and smiled. Her eyes were now becoming moist, and tears forming. She felt choked up and was not even able to say by. Although he acknowledges her soft smile.

Gabby also felt sad. She started to cry. She reached out her little arm, saying, “No, mommy, don’t wanna go…! Jeremea…!”

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Thirty minutes passed.

Jeremiah is now in his jumpsuit, and the Guard cuffs were placed on his wrist on the arm that was not hurt. It was clasped to the metal arm of the wheelchair. *Jeremiah inched over to his thoughts.*

*He seemed to be measuring them.*

“Back to the hellhole!” He said bluntly.

Looking straight ahead of him as his words abruptly trailed away as he left toward the door. As he starts out the door down the hallways.

People everywhere.

Cheering him on. Nurses and doctors, patients, and news reporters. As he gazes in front of him, he breaks a smile, and he was calmed by amazement. The hospital security had to wedge the cheering crowd out of the way on the sidewalks to get the prisoner in the car. He was sitting in the backseat of a state prison auto. He was able to look out the window as they drove away.

Traveling down the road on both sides was the national forest. Even though he just went through hell in the woods, he misses being there. Suddenly he caught a glimpse of something. It was in the tree line. He believes he just spotted a sasquatch, carrying timber. He stared hard, and the speed of the car allowed it to pass on. Jeremiah’s corner of his lips curled, and he started to laugh with his mouth closed. The guard on the passenger side of his seat asks him. “What's so funny? You seem pretty amused for a man going back to jail.” “You wouldn’t understand, but life is… amusing.” \*\*\*

**CHAPTER 11**

Save The Warden

T

wo months later.

Warden Kevin Russell is now on trial for releasing Jeremiah and violating state policies and fail to partition the court. The court had already begun the proceedings against the Warden. The Warden may face jail time for his action. As the court was tuning up, many community people outside of the court steps and sidewalks and from other counties.

They were there to support Kevin Russell for what he did. They had signs stating the Warden did no wrong, no charges against the Warden, and chanting let him go. As this was occurring, a truck pulled up on the driveway with dark windows. Prison Guard Jon Zelek and Mike Sundholm were getting out of the front seats and opening the back door to the vehicle.

Then stepping out of the car was Jeremiah Ward in his jumpsuit and handcuffs. He was being escorted to the building while walking in his leg chain. Everyone outside started cheering and clapping their hands for him. Once Jon and Mike got him inside the hallway, they met up with Bob Stanfield and his daughter Sherri, who held Gabby. Gabby saw Jeremiah. She could not wait to get back into his arms.

“Jeremiah!” She yelled, and she smiled from ear to ear and hugged him. “Wow! She said my name perfectly!” Jeremiah beamed.

“We’ve been practicing,” Sherri smiled and straightened little Gabby's new pink dress down over Jeremiah's arm.

“Good luck, you guys, make’em understand,” Sherri said with a smile.

Jon shook Jeremiah's hand, “Thank you, buddy, for everything,” Jeremiah said.

“No, thank you for making my life a little more exciting,” Jon smiled.

“Mike! You, too, we did this together. When I get out one day, I’ll take you camping?” Jeremiah sniggered.

Mike first smiled, and then his smile faded away quickly, thinking *about how much he hates the woods.* Jeremiah approached the double doors to the courtroom. Jon and Mike on each side of the doors grabbing the door handle and opening them up. As the door opened, Jeremiah walking in chains wearing his jumpsuit carrying baby Gabby in his arms. The court was just about to present the Statement of Case.

The judge at the bench stumbled on his words and just stared as Jeremiah enters. Everyone in the courtroom turned their heads.

They were stunned, watching Jeremiah and Gabby as they were coming in.

Jeremiah walked in very casually, which is as smooth as he could with leg chains. All the council members stood up from their table. The judge slammed his gavel and ask what is this?”

Everyone was entirely watching Jeremiah walk-in carrying the child. “Sir, you're out of order here. What's your meaning interrupting my court?” The Judge asks.

Jeremiah turned and faced the judge, “I apologize, Your Honor, for this interruption. I’m Jeremiah Ward, the man that saved this sweet child that I have in my arms. As you can see, I’m a prisoner, and I wasn't invited to this trial, although I should have been. This child is too small to speak about this case, so I come on her behalf to express what she would have to say about this.”

Jon and Mike were standing in the aisle near Jeremiah. The judge slammed his gavel once again.

“Bailiff… remove this man!”

The Bailiff started to move from his position when Jon and Mike stepped in his way. The people in the courtroom joined in and ask the judge to allow him to speak.

“Order! Order in the court!”

“Bailiff… remove the jury?”

The judge looked very disgusted, “Mr. Ward, you can be held…” then he stumbled on his thoughts and did not complete.

Jeremiah then spoke, “What Your Honor… you mean I can be thrown in jail…?”

The judge stared him down, “Why do you have that child?”

“Well, Your Honor, I promise you I didn’t kidnap her. She just needs a few minutes of your time.”

The judge looked at everyone's faces. It seemed like all the room faces were staring a hole in him, waiting for an answer. Even his clerk and court reporter had their eyes on him.

“This is strictly off the record. Proceed on, and I ask once you have your say, then leave my courtroom.”

“Thanks, Your Honor.” Jeremiah turned and faced the people while holding Gabby in his arms.

“This child, only three years old, deserves a life, just like every one of us in this room. But on that day, that giant tree fell in her yard, and it was a miracle that she wasn't under it. And as we all know, Gabby wandered off in the wilderness. This child is no match for what lives in our forest. Can you imagine being lost in a forest, a place you have never been, and a child that knows no survival techniques totally out of her environment? I can say this, it's dangerous for any one of us to be in that situation.”

Gabby’s Grandfather and mother loves this baby, and they could not stand the thought she was left alone in that place.

Mr. Stansfield did what any of us would have done. You do whatever it takes to save your loved one. There is no one in this city, this State as more talented as I am in tracking in the wilderness.”

Jeremiah walks over to gaze at a closer view of the Warden.

“The Warden knew that the child had only one chance. That chance was me. He knew the red tape that he would have to go through would take too long, and the child would die in those woods.

He risks his future, his career to save this child's life. So, he grabbed two of his best guards and sent me into the forest to bring her home safely. The Warden may have broken the rule written by State policies, but he fulfilled a rule that had a much higher policy, and that was for the life of another.”

Gabby interrupted his speech, “Jeremiah,” she said, and she gave him a big hug around his neck. Everyone saw this as all eyes on him. Many smiled and eased out of their voices with “Ohhh.” expressing their emotions,

Jeremiah continued, “In that forest are wild hogs, cougars, bears, snakes, spiders, dead trees that are waiting to fall, and many other dangers await.” Jeremiah walks over to Jon and Mike. He gave a friendly smile.

“As you know, those two brave guards experienced these things. Mike was almost killed by a five-hundred-pound boar with huge claws that can rip you apart. We crossed a cougar that may have been pursuing the child but was attacked by another wild animal before It caught its prey.” He strolled over to the Judge, gazing up over the bench. “And I fought two bears and nearly died.”

Making his turn back to Kevin Russell, “Mr. Warden, I’m sorry, Sir, that you lost your job and facing prison over this. I'm speaking to you for all the inmates that know what happened. We thank you for your service, and you did the right thing. And Gabby thanks you from her little heart.”

Jeremiah walked over, looking at the Plaintiff's counsel.

“I was sentenced from my trial, and for some reason, the only witnesses that could have saved me were not subpoenaed, and I got, ten-years for only defending myself. I realized I was not summoned to your trial either. The warden doesn’t deserve jail time. He deserves a medal of honor. This child was in the hands of God in that forest, and there is no way she should be alive today. She outmaneuvered every danger she crossed. She and the Warden deserve respect and deserve to go on with their lives. The one thing that kept me going to find Gabby was this,” he held up the photo of her and showed everyone there as he waved it from right to left.

“This photo gave me faith to push on until I found her whether I died trying or not. I also showed this photo to the Warden.”

Jeremiah placed the picture down on the opposing counsel's table.

“Gabby and I wish that the Warden gets his freedom and moves on with his life also.”

Jeremiah turns and walks toward Mike and Jon. They followed him outside the door. Everyone watched quietly as he exited the room. Jeremiah steps outside in the hall. Reporters were already being held back by the local Sheriff’s department.

Jeremiah looks at Gabby, “Well, girl, we did the best we can do. You were beautiful in there.” Jeremiah kissed her on the cheek, and Gabby hugged him again. “Here, mom.” he hands Gabby back to mom. Jeremiah placed his head toward the floor and walked out with Jon and Mike. Sherri watched him as he left out the door. Gabby said, “Where Jeremiah going?”

“He's got to go home, baby. You will see him again soon, I promise you.”

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Jeremiah was placed back into his cell. The evening fell. Jeremiah laying in his bed, his hands behind his forehead. He was thinking, *it was nice to get out of this hell hole for a while*. His eyes got heavy, and he fell asleep.

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Sherri was tucking Gabby into her bed. “Mommy go see Jeremiah?” little Gabby asked. “You like Jeremiah, don’t you?” She nods her head yes and says, “I like Jeremiah. I want Jeremiah come home.”

“Well, sweetie, let's talk tomorrow. It’s time for all little girls to get some sleep.” She kissed Gabby on the forehead, tucked her stuffed animal under her cover, and turned out the lights. Sherri leaned on Gabby’s outside door, her head tilted back against it, thinking, *Jeremiahs such a wonderful man to be wasting away in prison.*

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The next morning Mr. Stansfield answered the phone. He got a message from someone on the other end. His face caught a gleam, and he said, thanks. He smiled and turned around to run into the kitchen, “Sherri! Sherri!” He yelled.

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Inside the prison walls, Jeremiah was on the floor exercising, doing his setups as he did every day when he heard Jon call his name.

“Jeremiah! Warden Sundholm wants to see you.” Jeremiah got up from the floor and placed his shoes on.

“Do you know what he wants?” Jon nodded, no.

A few minutes later, he entered the Wardens office. Warden Sundance stared at him for a second in silence. Jeremiah glanced back at Jon. Jon again nodded his head and shrugged his shoulder. The Warden then broke his silence. “Jeremiah, I have some news to tell you. Warden's eyes cut to Jon standing behind him. Then the Warden's eyes shifted back to Jeremiah.

“About thirty minutes ago, I received a phone call.

The Governor has given you a remission of punishment to suspend. You’ve been pardoned.” Jeremiah's eyes widened, his face looked as if he was in disbelief, “I’m free?”

The Warden nodded his head and said, “Yes, you're free.” Jeremiah turned around and grabbed Jon's arm, “You heard that… you heard him say that, right…?” Jeremiah asks, just to make sure it really happened. “It will be a few hours, but by noon, you be on the outside of these walls,” Warden promised.

You could see Jeremiah relieve from a deep sigh. His eyes cut back to the Warden. “What about, Warden Russell?”

“The court took a recess and returned back this morning. They dropped the case. I believe both of you were a packaged deal. He will no longer have a position with the State, but he can go home.”

“Yes…! Jeremiah and Jon both blurted simultaneously.

“You also have a visitor, waiting to see you,” the Warden stated. Jeremiah was escorted to the visitor's section. He entered the room and saw Sherri and Mr. Stansfield waiting at the table. Mr. Stansfield shook his hand, and Sherri hugged him. They all sat down.

Sherri reached out and held Jeremiah's hand while giving him a big smile. Jeremiah, we have a car waiting for you when you come out.

Jeremiah looked lost for words. “Thanks, this is awesome.”

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Two hours later. Jeremiah was walking through the corridor. Other prisoners were whistling and yelling, “Your free, peace with you, brother,” and they were chanting, “Freedom, freedom,” all these guys, they knew Jeremiah as a hero for saving a small child.

Jeremiah approached the last room and was standing next to the exit door to his freedom. Standing on each side of him was Jon and Mike. Jeremiah looked at Jon, “I hear you guys got a promotion?”

“Yep!” Jon nodded his head yes and smiled.

“Yeah! Jon and I are sergeants now!” Mike proudly interjected.

“That’s great. You guys deserved it,” Jeremiah praised.

“I’ll meet you for coffee in a few days and bring you your backpack and your gun,” Jon added.

“Thanks, I’ll see ya!”

The door opened. Jeremiah strolled out the door into the fresh, clean, and spacious, fresh air. He stopped and looked at the outside brick walls that held him in confinement. And turned his head and walked through to the gate exit. His eyes just landed on Mr. Bob Stansfield, who was standing directly in front of him.

As Jeremiah approached, Stansfield brought his hand out to shake his hand.

“Welcome to freedom, Jeremiah.”

Jeremiah had a huge smile.

“I have some things here for you,” Stansfield was holding three envelopes. He handed an envelope to Jeremiah. Jeremiah removed the content inside it. He is reading a check that is made out to him for twenty-five thousand dollars.

“What's this?” He asks.

“This is the donations from many people that want to help you get back on your feet. Jeremiah looked stunned, “This is great. How can I thank them all?”

“You already did when you provided your great service to finding Gabby.”

Stansfield holding another envelope and hands it to him. Jeremiah opens it. Inside was a title to a brand-new 1985 Chevy 4X4 pickup truck.

“A title.”

“Yes, the dealership donated it. It will be delivered by tomorrow.”

“This is awesome. I can't believe this!”

“Oh, I have one more thing. Here’s the third envelope.”

Jeremiah opened it, and he pulled out a title to his home.

“I discovered your home was in foreclosure. The bank was going to take it. So, I purchased your cabin. It's paid off in full, and you now own it.”

“Wow! This overwhelming. It's incredible. Thank you, thank you, and everyone very much.”

“Maybe we should all thank Gabby, sometimes God has strange ways to help people,” Bob suggested.

“Well, I have to go. Got work going on today. See again soon,” Bob Stansfield shook hands, and as Bob started walking, he stopped again, “Damn! I almost forgot I have one more envelope to give you.” He handed it over to Jeremiah and strolled away to his vehicle. Jeremiah glanced over and seen Sherri standing next to her car. He approached her.

“Hi!” He said.

“Hi!”

“So, you're my ride home?”

“That’s right!”

Jeremiah just paused for a moment, gazing at her, “I guess you knew about all this?”

She nodded her head, yes. He chuckled. She held out her car keys in her hand.

“You drive!” He took the keys from her.

“It’s been a long time. You gonna trust me…?”

“Any man that can navigate the wilderness can surely handle the city streets,” she assured and smiled.

He opened the passenger door like a true gentleman should for a lady. He walked around the car and placed his hand on the doorknob. He stops and looks over at the prison. He was thinking, *I thought I was doomed the day I came here. Every day for me was like death over. And now I’m free and treated like a king. He looked up at the sky and said, thank God for helping me find Gabby. She's the reason why I’m free.*

He got into the automobile and placed the key into the ignition. He put both hands on the steering wheel.

He paused. It was like he was reacquainting himself back to what was once a part of his life. He gazed at a short glance at Sherri and placed the car in drive, and drove off the lot.

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He drove up to his driveway and parked her car. He took a few seconds to gaze at his cottage. Then he looked at her, “This place doesn’t look so hot outside, but it's kinda cozy inside. It belonged to my father. He built it. I grew up here.”

“I like it,” Sherri said.

“I would invite you in, but it's pretty dirty in there. I've been gone for a while.” She giggled slightly as if she was thinking of something. “We have plenty of time. I suppose you want to take me for a ride in your new truck sooner or later?”

“You damn straight!” He giggled.

Sherri steps out of the car. She was walking around the vehicle to get into the driver's seat. He just stood there for a second. In his mind, *he wanted to stop her and place his arms around her. A kiss would be his next move. But what was stopping him? Has he lost his touch? Maybe the slight fear of thinking he was too pushy or impatient would probably be totally out of place. He decided not to make a fool out of himself.* He clears the path so she can enter the vehicle.

Sherri came to a halt and turned around. She moved slowly and eased a kiss on his lips. The kiss was slow, soft, and very sensual.

She pulled away with a warm smile and got into her car. He watched her drive away until he could no longer see her car.

\*\*\*

When Jeremiah entered the house, his eyes saw a cleanroom. He could not believe that his home was immaculate and smelt fresh. They had even cleaned, sanitized, and washed all his clothing and bedspreads. Now he figured out that Sherri giggled because she knew this place was cleaned.

He walked from one room to another. He then went to his refrigerator and opened it. He was expecting an empty or gangrene, mold, and roach-infested fridge when he opened it.

Instead, it was filled with fresh food and beer. A smile crossed his face, “All right!”

Jeremiah grabbed a beer and made his way back to his living room. He grabbed the remote and turned the tube on. His fingers gripped the twist-off lid and took a deep smell from the open container, “Oh yeah!” Saying to himself and downed a big swig.

He leaned back in his chair. His head was nodding up and down as if he were thinking of something. Then he noticed he was still holding the last envelop that Bob gave him. He opened it, and it was a dinner for two at a steak house, from Warden, Kevin Russel.

“I’ll be damn he didn't forget!”

His head leaned back to watch TV, but after downing his beer, he fell asleep in his chair.

\*\*\*

Two days passed. Sherri gets a call from Jeremiah.

“Hello!” Sherri answered.

“I was thinking… tonight would be a good night to have dinner together, what do you think?” Jeremiah crossing his fingers.

“I think your right. All though, I may have a problem getting a babysitter with short notice.”

“I don’t think that’s a problem at all. Gabby deserves this dinner as much as me, and she should come with us,” Jeremiah smiles.

Sherri smiled, “Well, it’s a date.”

“How about five-thirty, I’ll pick you guys up?”

“Great! See you then.” Jeremiah ended the call. He had a pleasant and excited look on his face. Picking up his keys off the kitchen table, he wasted no time and strolled out of the house. He was approaching his new red Chevy truck. He was heading for a small grocery store nearby. He was shopping in the produce section and picked up a bag of apples and Oranges. He then stopped at a Boat supply store and purchased a sizeable marine air horn can. A few minutes later, he drives down the road and sees a cut-out section in a wooded area. His truck stopped on the side of the road. He got out and was carrying the brown paper bags of fruit with him into the woods. He also has a baseball bat in his hand. He walked about twenty feet into a small open area. He saw a tree that was down.

Jeremiah broke some branches from the down tree, pulled his Kabar knife out from his side, and started carving some limbs.

Jeremiah sharpened both ends of the sticks. He placed the sticks into the ground about six inches deep. Then he stuck some apples and oranges onto the sticks. So that they would balance on top.

Then he placed some fruits on the tree. He kept a few in his hands. He gazed around the area, carefully looking between the trees.

He grabbed his bat and walked over to a medium-sized tree. He pulled the bat back over his shoulder and swung the bat to hit the side of the tree trunk. The sound was loud and echoed through the woods. He struck the tree two more times right afterward. He then reached into the brown paper bag and pulled out the air horn. He pushed down on the button for three seconds and did this three times.

Then he made the sound of a whooping noise, much like the sound of the sasquatch. He stood silent after this. About a minute passed with no response from the wilderness. He struck the tree three more times, and then the air horn once again. He was just about to make a whooping sound when his eyes caught a glance at something behind a tree.

“Is that one of you guys?” He was hoping.

“Hey, it's me, your friend, Jeremiah.” When he and Gabby wherewith these creatures, he repeated his name and Gabby’s to them many times. He was trying to establish some form of communication.

“I have something for you.”

Jeremiah threw an orange toward the tree, where he believes one is hiding behind.

“Jeremiah, Gabby, friends!”

He waited, then nothing happened. He decided they were not going to show themselves. Jeremiah turned around to head back, and as soon as he did, standing twenty feet in front of him, was possibly Moe. The sasquatch, at eight feet tall, looked like a frozen statue. His eyes were dark, and he did not move a muscle. It stood there with its long arms hanging from each side.

Jeremiah dropped the bat. He had an apple in one hand, and he tossed it to Moe. Then from his right, another big guy stepped out.

“Is that you, Larry?”

Jeremiah raised his thumbs-up sign, hoping they remember him. Moe raised his arm and gave him the thumbs up. Jeremiah smiled and witnessing Larry doing the same.

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**CHAPTER 12**

The Reunion

I

t was five-fifteen. Jeremiah arrives at Sherri’s. She opens the door, and her eyes scanned Jeremiah as he was wearing a white dress shirt with a tie and slacks.

“Oh my, you look great!”

“Thanks, and I love your dress.”

“I have something for you and Gabby.” He removes his hands from his back. He handed her a beautiful bouquet of flowers, and Gabby, a little flamingo, stuffed animal.

“Oh, she’s going to love this!” Sherri smiled. Well, if you keep Gabby entertained, I’ll be ready in five minutes.”

Jeremiah walked around to the door well and peeked in. There Gabby was playing with one of her dolls. She turned her head and caught him watching her. Her eyes got big, and her expression was excited. She yelled out, Jeremiah…! She ran to him with her arms wide open, ready for that huge hug. He picked her up and welcomed that hug with a kiss to the top of her head. “Hi sweetie, I missed you.”

“We go by-by?”

“Yes, we are going by-by. You wanna go eat some good food?”

“I want some ice cream.”

“You do, well! I’ll see what I can do. Here I have a present for you.” He hands her the new stuffed animal.

“It’s pink.”

“Flamingo…! She shouted.

“I like Flamingo.”

“So, do I, baby.”

He wonders off, carrying her to the living room. Mom walked in and said, “Well, let’s go gets some food. I’m hungry.”

“Ice cream! Gabby yelled as they were heading for the door.

“Ice cream? What were you guys up to in their…?” Mom smiled.

“I think she suckered me in on that one,” Jeremiah laughed. \*\*\*

In the driveway approaching his truck. Gabby yelled out, “Truck, look, truck, mommy, truck!”

“Yes, it’s beautiful.”

Beautiful…Gabby repeated also.

“I love your new ride. It fits you perfectly,” complementing.

“Thanks. It drives great.”

They all jumped in the cab. Jeremiah started the engine. He was silent for a few seconds, just gazing at the steering wheel. His mind was in deep thought but had a pleasant facial expression.

“Are you alright?” She asks.

“He took in a deep sigh, “I couldn’t be more perfect as I am now.”

“We go get ice cream now?” Gabby reminding the two… Jeremiah and Sherri started giggling. Jeremiah backed out of the driveway and off down the road. They were heading to the steak house in town.

The three were now inside the restaurant sitting at a table near the front. The establishment was busy with plenty of customers. The waiter was bringing the food. Jeremiah admiring the huge T-bone steak.

Sherri had the sirloin. Gabby was enjoying some chicken strips that mommy cut up for her so she could eat them better.

“That steak is huge!” Sherri grinned.

“Yea, but it won’t be for long…he smiled. He cut into it and placed his fork in a piece. He wasted no time getting it into his mouth.

“Umm, I forgot how this felt,” he said with a hunk of that medium-rare meat in his mouth. His facial expression was very pleasing, and his eyes shut for a few seconds just to experience only the taste.

Gabby was watching him eat the steak.

“Yours big…” Gabby said.

“You want a bite,” Jeremiah offered her. She opened her mouth wide for him to give her a piece. Jeremiah and Sherri both found this very amusing and smiled as he cut off a small section for her to taste. He placed the softest part of the meat on the fork and put it to the mouth. She grabbed the chicken with one bite.

Gabby chewed it for a few seconds and then spit it out. “You didn’t like it?” Jeremiah asks.

“It too hard, this better,” she pointed at her chicken. Gabby grabbed a piece of tender chicken with her fingers, opened her mouth wide, and stuffed the piece into her mouth.

Jeremiah's eyes shifted to Sherri. He caught her gazing at him. He returned his gaze as if he were seeing her for the first time. A slow smile slid across her face. A slow smile tugged at the corner of his mouth. He lowered his head and placed his sight onto his plate.

Clutching his knife, a cut another piece of steak.

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They were heading back home. “Gabby had fallen asleep in the truck. Sherri lightly brushing Gabby’s hair with a few strokes of her fingers. She was smiling as she gazed at her child.

Sherry gazed out the window from her passenger side. She was observing the forest of trees. “Do you think they’ll come back for her?”

He looked at her and noticed she was staring out the window. He knew what she was replying to.

“I don’t think so.”

“I still have nightmares thinking about it,” Sherry replied.

“They won't bother you. Believe it or not, I think they know not too. They also want ever hurt her.”

“Where did they come from?”

“I don’t know. But they’ve been here a long time.”

“It’s hard for me to imagine what she went through there. I cry about it all the time.”

“Truthfully. Gabby missed you a lot, but she really did quite well out. They were gentle and accepted her. She made new bear friends while she was there.” Jeremiah cut a grin from the corner of his lips.

“What did she do for food?”

Jeremiah had a flashback on that for a few seconds, thinking about the worms and raw meat they possibly fed her. He couldn’t bring himself to tell her that.

“They fed her berries and fruits and water.”

“The water, do you think it was from the lake or stream?”

“Well, maybe.”

She turned her head back to the window, just observing the scenery.

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Once home, Jeremiah carried sleeping Gabby cupped in his arm. His head tilted, and with his lips, he gave a gentle kiss on her forehead. Sherry smiled as she knew that Jeremiah was very fawn of her child. He reached down, careful not to wake her, and placed her into the bed. The two sneaked out quietly, not to awake the child.

Jeremiah stepped into the living room, looking at a photo of Gabby and her grandfather. “She's so lucky to have this man in her life. If it wasn’t for your father, this would have been a different outcome. I’m sure you're proud of him.”

“He's always been there for Gabby and me. And he respects you very much. He had lots of confidence that you would find her.”

Jeremiah smiled. He gazed into Sherry's eyes, thinking, *she's a beautiful person.* Jeremiah stepped forward a little closer to her. He had an urge to kiss her goodnight. Sherry, in her own thoughts, wanted to do the same thing. But neither one steps up to the plate at the moment.

“Well, I really enjoyed this night. Thanks for joining me. I’ll catch up with you guys again.”

He turned toward the front door and opened it.

“Stop!”

He turned around, and she approached him, “Stay here tonight. Spend the night with me.”

He gazed steadily into her eyes, and she moved forward to place her lips to his. She pushed hard against him. The kiss seemed like minutes but only a few seconds. Without looking, his right hand found the door, and he pushed it shut.

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Across town, that night leaving town, a woman, Barbara Baker, was driving her car down a dark road. She and her nine-year-old son were going home. They were coming back from a birthday party that was given for her son’s school friend. It was nine pm, and no streetlights available on this road. She was just about to cross over a small bridge that covered a small river when suddenly a deer ran out in front of the car. Something else was chasing the deer also. This occurred so fast the woman did not notice anything other than the deer. Her car went out of control, and she ran her vehicle off the road.

It rolled downhill and struck a small log. It stopped with the front fender and bumper hanging over the ledge leading into the water. The woman had hit her head on the steering wheel, and the top of her forehead was bleeding a little. Her son, who was in the front seat, was okay.

“Mom, mom, are you okay? Mom, mom…” the boy was shaking his mothers’ arm. Barbara regains her focus from the impact.

“Honey, oh my God, are you alright?” She had a hold of his shoulder.

“Yeah, I think so!”

She rolled her window down to get a look to see where they were. Her headlamps were still illuminated. She raised her head higher and then noticed, “Oh my God!…the river,” she felt her car shift forward slightly.

“Oh, know… honey, grab my hand.”

Bobby, open your door and get out now. Bobby tried, but he could not get the door opened.

“Okay, be very still. Hold my hand when I say go. You move as fast as you can when I pull you out. You understand?”

He nods his head, yes.

She tried to open her door, but it was jammed, she attempted to roll the window down more, but it only opened halfway. She looked again and noticed a stump was blocking the door.

“Okay, baby, will your windows roll down?”

“I’m scared, mommy!”

Barbara has tears running from her eyes, she sniffles, she fought off the fear not to frighten her child any more than he already is.

“I…I know dear, be strong, you know like daddy. Roll it down, baby.”

Bobby bravely grabbed the window handle and rolled it down.

“That’s good, honey,” the car shifted again about afoot. She screamed and then caught herself. Taking in a deep sigh, she continues.

“Okay, climb out the window right now and do it fast, but very smoothly.”

Bobby had his head, and the upper torso started out the window. He made it out. “Bobby, get away from the car, baby, mommies coming out.”

She grabbed the door handle and tried to push the door open. It was jammed tightly. She started out the window. She was a little heavy, and the window was going to be a challenge. Suddenly the car shifted again.

“Oh, my God!” She cried and tried to push through the window fast. At this time, the car shifted down hard to the driver's side, knocking her back toward the driver seat.

Bobby was screaming, “Mom, mom, hurry, mom…!” She tried pushing her way up to the window when suddenly the car jerked and started over the edge into the water. She screamed, “Bobby! Bobby!”

And she saw water busting into the car from the floor. Then she felt another jerk, and the car had stopped. The lights on the vehicle were no longer working. She felt her vehicle being pulled up the hill. Her heart was pumping so fast her head seemed to be spinning. She yelled out with all her might, Bobby! Bobby!”

The car finally stopped moving. Then she saw the door sling open. It was ripped off the car. Although she did not see what ripped it off. Her eyes were wide and teary, and she was not sure what was happening. Then she saw her son. He stepped in front of the door well.

“Mom, he saved you! He saved you!” he hollered, with extreme excitement. Barbara was traumatized a bet and was not sure what just happened. She got out of the vehicle and grabbed her son, holding him tight.

“I thought I lost you,” whimpering.

She was overly concerned about her son. She checked him out, moving his head and scanning parts of his body, “Are you hurt?”

He nodded, no. She collects her thoughts. “Honey… who helped us?... Where’d they go?”

“He went that way.” Bobby pointing at the woods. She glanced in the woods and then looked up toward the road for a person or car.

Who, Bobby!” …Who helped us?”

“A big hairy man, he helped us.”

“A hairy, man?”

Bobby nods, his head yes.

“Baby theirs no hairy man here.”

“He pulled the car up out of the water with one arm and broke the door, mom.”

She took another gaze into the woods but did not see anyone.

She grabbed Bobby by the hand and started back up the incline toward the road.

“You should have seen him, mom. He was huge and strong,” Bobby babbled as he and mom go back up for help.

\*\*\*

The next day, it was early morning, Jeremiah, Sherri, and Gabby at the kitchen table, eating breakfast. Sherri’s' phone rings.

“Hello!” Sherri listening to her caller.

“Okay, Look, I’ll try to be there as soon as I can. Can you handle it until I get there?” She looks up at Jeremiah and gives a frown and shrugs her shoulder.

“See you soon.” She hung the receiver up.

“One of my employees failed to show up. And I’m going to have to go down there and help Angie.”

She grabbed her address and phone number book to search for a number. “I’ll have to call my babysitter, so I can drop Gabby off.”

Jeremiah placed his hand on top of her hand as she grabbed the book. “Hey, I don’t mind. I’ll watch Gabby today. I got nothing going on, so we'll have some fun together.”

“Well, you sure?”

“Positive.”

They both gazed over at Gabby, and she was eating a piece of toast and then feeding some toast to her little doll. They both smiled.

“Okay, then, I better go get ready.”

One hour later, Gabby and Jeremiah were in the back yard. Gabby was playing with her dolls and pulling them around in her little wagon. She loaded Jeremiah down with plenty of stuffed animals in his lap. She would take a stuffed animal out of the wagon and give it to Jeremiah, and then he would give her another doll to put into the wagon. As he was sitting in the lawn chair, he heard a thump on the ground. Gabby looked down and picked up an apple from the ground.

“Oh! …Jeremiah…look…! Apple.”

He took it from her hand and then looked over his shoulder toward the back fence. He did not see anything. Then little Gabby pointed her finger to that fence and said, “My bear friend.”

He glanced back once again and then turned around to Gabby, “Yes, your bear friend.” He smiled, and she took a bite of the apple and then stuck the apple up to Jeremiah's face for him to take a bite also.

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Present time, Jeremiah finishing his story.

He sat there for a few seconds, just smiling while in his thoughts, “And now that’s all I have to say. It’s now twenty-twenty, and I’m an old man.”

Jon turned off the recorder.

“Jeremiah, this is going to be a great story. I can’t wait to get started and finish it.”

Jeremiah smiled.

“Jeremiah, do you have a photo of you so that I can place a photo on the back of the book,” Jon asks.

“No… well, yes, but.”

He stood up and approached his dresser. He opens a drawer and pulls out an old Field and Stream magazine.

Hidden inside the binder were two photos. Jeremiah is quiet for a moment, just gazing at the photo’s and took his place back in his chair.

“I have only these two. I’ve never had another picture of me. When I was fourteen, I was in a severe storm. My parents knew something was about to happen. My mother placed me under the house, my dad was building a basement, but it wasn’t finished. She told me to stay put and kissed me on the forehead, and said, I love you. Then the next thing I hear was a terrible sound, a sound of destruction. I closed my eyes and put my hands over my ears. I'm not sure how long I was there, maybe just a few minutes. I didn’t hear the sound any longer, so I pushed the exit door as hard as possible to get it open. Once I stepped outside, the house was gone. The debris was scattered so bad that it looked like a home was never there. I cried out to my parents many times. They weren’t there. The storm had taken them.”

Jeremiah broke up slightly with his eyes watery, thinking of that moment. “I wondered around just walking looking, I kept staring over where my house once was, and then I saw something strange.

Something was falling from the sky. It was a picture tumbling down horizontal as the wind directed it. I watched it land on the ground. I approached it, and what I saw was a picture of my mom.

But even stranger, her picture just landed on top of a photo of me that was on the ground already. Everything we owned was gone.

I never had any other photos taken.” He hands the photo to Jon of his mother, “She was beautiful.”

“Yes, my mother was. And this is the photo she made sure even in her spirit, that I would find.”

He handed Jon a picture of him. “You were young, Jon said.

“Yes.”

Jon flipped the photo over and read, ‘To my little man, four years old.’ Jon brought his gaze back up to Jeremiah's eyes. Jeremiah just gazed at the photos that Jon was now holding.

Jeremiah's eyes were moist and glossy.

“This photo is excellent. I will use it, and I’ll make sure you get it back,” Jon promised.

“I’ll be back in touch with you when I’m done.”

“Jon, your dad would have been proud of you. You are a good son.”

Jon stood there for a second, and his emotion got to him. He had tears in his eyes, as he too had thoughts running inside his head.

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Several months had passed.

Jon once again returned to see Jeremiah. Jeremiah was asleep in his recliner in his private room. Jon sat down in a chair and scooted it up in front of Jeremiah. He shakes Jeremiah's shoulder to wake him up.

“Jeremiah,” shaking his shoulder, Jeremiah awoke. Jeremiah's eyes opened, and he sees Jon.

“Hey, my friend, I made it back,” Jon beamed. Jeremiah cleared his eyes and smiled.

“I have something to show you,” he opened his briefcase and pulled out a book. He handed it to Jeremiah. Jeremiah placed his glasses on and lifted the book. It read Gabby N the Myth by Jeremiah Ward. He observed the front cover. It had a picture of baby Gabby on the front cover.

“Gabby!” He blurted.

He softly ran his index finger over the photo. He stared at it for at least a minute. His tears fell from his eyes.

“Where did you find her picture?” He asks while admiring the picture. Jon didn’t answer.

“You did it. It's real,” Jeremiah mumbled.

“Of course, it’s real. It’s about you.”

Jeremiah opens it and glanced through some pages. “This is your copy. I have a box full in my car that I will give to the Senor Living to hand out to everyone.”

Jeremiah was intrigued by the book. He had great excitement in his facial expression.

“I also have something else for you.” Jon got up and walked to the door. He waved for someone to come in. Walking in the door was a woman. She slowly strolled toward Jeremiah. She sat down in the chair Jon was in. She gazed into Jeremiah's eyes and smiled.

Jeremiah sees a lady approaching him wearing a white peach light square neck polyester print shirt. The shirt was accompanied by black loose pants trousers. Her brunette hair hung down to her shoulders. Her eyes were blue with a hint of gray. She had a soft, gentle smile.

“Do you remember me?” She asks.

He just stairs, driving his eyes deep into hers. His thoughts were, *whos this beautiful lady?* *Do I know her?* Then places his hand on her cheek. She stayed silent, waiting to see if he recognized her.

His eyes narrowed, and his brows lowered, dropping his sights down to his lap. Then softly replaced his view back, and his eyes widen with interest. It seems he just realized something.

“I know you… you're… it can’t be!” He brushed his fingers lightly through her hair.

Tears start to drain from his eyes, his nose sniffled, and he begins to squint his eyes holding back his cry. “You… your little Gabby, aren’t you?” She smiled and sniffed her nose, slight tears moistening her eyes.

“Yes, I’m Gabby.”

His head was nodding as he reached up to her from his chair, crying from happiness. Just to see her once again was a wonderful thing. He tried hard to speak through his cry, “My God! …You… you're all grown up…. I can't believe this!” tears rolling from his moist eyes.

Gabby knelt down to wrap her arms around him feeling his joy vibrate through her. He also shares her tears with his feelings. Her nose sniffling. Jon watched and smiled and was proud of his accomplishment to see the two meet again.

As she pulled away from rubbing the tears from her eyes. “It… has been so long… but I could never forget you.” She holds both his hands as they reunite once again.

“You are just as beautiful now as you were then. Maybe a little taller.” She chuckled while wiping tears from her eyes.

Jon watched them both and smiled. He was excited to see them reunited once again.

“How did you find her?” Jeremiah asks.

“Internet, It's pretty easy these days.”

“Do you remember me? I mean, I was much younger and more attractive back then,” Jeremiah pranked.

“So was I,” she said. They both giggled.

“Yes, I remember you… I even remember the sasquatches.”

“You do?” She nods, yes.

He looked down at the picture of her on the cover. “I should have known something was up when I saw your picture on the book,” he smiled.

“Have you read the book?”

“Yes, I couldn’t wait. I read it all in one day, Gabby said.

“Jeremiah, will you join me for a T-bone steak dinner tonight?” Gabby asks.

“He smiled and said, “You damn straight!”

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Just outside of town, Jon standing at his dad's gravesite, looking down. “Hey, dad. I miss you. I have a gift for you. I took your notes, and I finished your book you wanted to publish. I met Jeremiah, he helped us complete the story. He likes the name you gave the book, Gabby N the Myth. Now everyone will know the truth. I also reunited Gabby and Jeremiah once again.”

Jon dug a small hole and then placed the book in a metal box and buried it on top of his dad's grave. Jon finished planting the box.

He turned and strolled away. He got about twenty feet and then stopped. Surrounding the graveyard was a forest of trees. He turned his head to the left and stared hard into the woods. Then he heard a noise coming from the right side of him. He turned quickly to see if he can see something. Again, he stared hard and long. He was thinking, *they’re out there, and they may be watching us.* He grinned and proceeded to his car.

**THE END**

**A TRUE STORY.**

H

ere is a short story that happened to me and my friend Frank. This happened around the late 1970s near Livingston, Texas. Frank and I were good friends. We both worked at American Porcelain Company in Houston. We loved to spend a few days out of a month enjoying the outdoors, camping, and fishing.

Frank and I both were married, and we both had parted from our wives for the weekend to go fishing and camping overnight. I believe this was around September on Saturday morning. Frank had a tent that slept two, and we both had fishing gear. We had a special place near a bridge off in a wooded area of the National Forest. We had been here many times.

The small creek was always good to us when it comes down to catching fish. To get to it, we had to park the car up on the road near the bridge. Then to get to the location, you had to walk your way down a graveled slope at a forty-five-degree angle and about twenty feet downhill. You really had to go down slow, the gravel was slippery, and you could end up on your butt on the way down. Then we had to take a narrow path about fifty yards from the bridge to get to our favorite fishing and camping area. The creek was plentiful of water about twenty feet wide and waist deep to us. The location was surrounded by trees that the National Park offered. We set the tent up and prepared our campsite for the campfire and our needed equipment. I happened to make a mistake and forgot to bring a bag with me, which has survival equipment in it, such as a flashlight, knife, and first aid kit.

I did remember to bring my short-barreled twenty-two rifle with me. It had two bullets strapped to the barrel with a tight rubber band. We were planning to use it if we saw a rabbit, snake, or whatever. Although the extra rounds were also in my survival bag, which I forgot to bring. Frank had an old-time Coleman propane mantle lantern. Which those small lanterns did not Illuminate many areas, maybe ten feet or so.

But “what the heck,” we were snug in a rug far as we were concerned. We spent the day on the creek fishing and jabbering away about what guys all talk about. We were lucky as always fishing here, our first few catches, we fried up and ate right there in camp. When night fell, it was one of our favorite times to fish. Frank and I both seem to always catch some giant catfish after dark. On this night, we had no moon what’s so ever. We were sitting on the banks with only a small lantern that could barely see each other, as Frank and I were around ten to fifteen feet apart. If we had not had that lantern, we would not have been able to see anywhere around us. At the campsite, about a hundred feet or more behind us, we kept our campfire going.

That fire only illuminated the camp area. It was late, and we were about to end our fishing for the night. We just engaged in a conversation about women, which seem to be on young men’s minds a bit. Then something happened. I heard a strange sound. At first, I thought it was the sound of a cow or wolf type.

Then I heard a huge cracking noise. Frank was still carrying on his conversation, but I was no longer listening to him. Something else had grabbed my attention. I was alarmed about something on my right. Frank was on my left side. I also noticed something else, the crickets, frogs, and night sounds of the woods had stopped. I stood up and tried to glue my ears to the direction I heard the strange sound. Then I heard something in the water.

“Frank!” I said sharply to cut his conversation off.

“You hear that?”

“Hear what?”

“Listen!”

“What the F…!,” he said.

“It sounds like it's coming towards us.”

“Who is it?” I yelled out. But it kept coming, plus it made a huffing noise also.

“Whatever it is, it's big, and it's walking down the creek,” Frank said.

My twenty-two rifle was next to me, I grabbed it, and Frank placed the small Coleman lantern high over his head. Still, that did not illuminate a damn thing. It was so dark looking down that direction because Frank was on the opposite side of me.

“Stop, or I’ll shoot!” I yelled out loud, but it did not stop. It kept coming closer. Frank, now extremely excited, yelled out, “Shoot it! Shoot it!”

“I pulled the trigger, not seeing my target. I know that that was something my father taught me never to do, but we are now in the woods alone, “Maybe!” I could only shoot in the direction of the noise. A sound of a twenty-two rifle is not very loud and is not too intimidating to some, although the thing stopped and did not move.

Now the sound got quiet all around us even before the excitement started. At this point, our hair was standing up on our head, not feeling secure.

Frank and I knew something was there, and I didn’t hit it, it didn’t fall or yell out, and it was close, I would say within twenty feet from me.

Frank worried, “Let’s get the hell out of here!” I was not going to disagree with him at all.

Whatever was happening was still there. When Frank moved the lantern as we were about to flee, I momentarily saw something flash. It appeared to be a set of eyes. They were way above the water, and It seemed to be glowing green.

The water was waist-deep to us, both of us were over six feet tall, and we would not have been able to push our legs through the water of the quiet creek as hard as this thing did. I would say… you had to be about nine- or ten-feet tall to force water forward like that with both legs moving. I came up with the possible height after settling down, thinking about what appeared to be glowing eyes. If it stood in the water, touching the bottom of the creek, then its eyes were six feet or so over the top of the water. This would make this thing possible around nine feet tall.

To continue with my story, we both left the gear and headed out on the same trail that we come in on. We decided to pick our camping gear up early morning at daylight. As we started up the gravel incline to the road above, I felt something was following me.

Frank and I both were sliding on the gravel, causing some of it to roll down. And then I heard something behind me also walking up the gravel incline. It sounded heavy, and gravel was sliding under whatever it was walking behind me. Something was coming up the hill. Frank and I moved much faster at this point. We both made it up the hill and wasted no time getting in the vehicle and hauling butt.

So, for the first time ever, we were run out of camp by something unknown. What my friend and I went through in what was supposed to be a fun and relaxing night turned into a fearful feeling.

And I can tell you now, it wasn't our imagination after it was over, we discussed what happened and we both explained things we both heard and that we haven’t even mentioned yet to the other, and we both were right on target. That next morning, we both listened to a news broadcast over the car radio, which stated that a strange creature that looked like bigfoot was sighted in Livingston. That area is where Frank and I were fishing. We discussed this incident over and over many times. No matter what things we came up with, we basically debunked it. It was not an alligator, it was not a cow, it wasn’t a bear or any person. I yelled out many times, stop, or I’ll shoot. A person would have probably acknowledged, not knowing what type of gun I had, and wouldn’t have taken any chances with me. A bear, most likely not, not in that area. And after shooting the rifle at whatever it was, you would think it would have caused some type of reaction.

Well, this is my story, and I’m sticking to it…LOL. Many people around the world have had strange incidents like this. So, I will stop here so that you may enjoy the story below.

**My thoughts about Myths.**

I

hope you enjoyed the story about Gabby and the Myth. Now I’ll share what I believe.

Overwhelming Documents.

“Documenting evidence is one way to set up proof that things have happened. But what happens when the same event is happening around the world and continues to play its roll-on us for centuries. You may not believe in a story told by one person, but what if that story has been recognized around the world a thousand times over by different people and seems to never stop.

Wouldn’t that seem to be incredible?

Do you believe in ghosts, UFOs, Monsters, Cryptids, Demons, and Unexplained phenomena? Or, would you be foolish enough and tell your friends, family, and others that… “They’re no such things as paranormal phenomena. They’re no such thing as ghosts, monsters, flying saucers, and so on.”

After you tell them this, would you feel you just gave them some good experienced advice? Did you do your research on the topic first before you belittled them? If you were honest with yourself, then you would be knowledgeable when making accusations on a subject such as these. To do that, you would have to research this topic maybe for several years and study documents into the thousands.

After doing these, and you don’t take it as a science, and you're able to open your mind with clean and valuable information from hundreds of other researchers, you might become interested, and likely you become an investigator. Who knows, maybe you have a possible encounter of your own. After you become experienced, only then can you feel comfortable telling what you believe. I believe once you have done this, you would find overwhelming evidence of existence. I did not really believe in ghosts until I saw one. I went out with a real research team and discovered that what I was seeing, hearing, and experiencing was none other than a supernatural phenomenon. Some people rely on science. In today’s political world, I cannot put all my beliefs in those that call themselves a scientist. They do not want to put their job on the line and say that these things may be possibly real. Although, isn’t that what scientists are supposed to do, reach out for the possibility, research to see if it is possible, and to discover. If they did, then that means they would have to be brave enough to go out into the field with the real heroes, the researchers, and find these things. They would have to get some guts and quit worrying about their reputation, they could start by using their skills on what’s really out there, or maybe they just prefer to stay indoors with the AC units or comfortable heated rooms and just continue debunking everything from there little cubby holes.

Perhaps if they went out into the woods and joined some of these researchers, then they may be able to provide us some real science and discover what other people have seen and heard, then they could really change the world with real science.

Suppressing science is not science at all.

Because of them and a few other reasons, that is why these things are Myths. I believe many of these people are bought and paid for. God bless many of them as we do need them, but they seem to be told what to do or say or shy away from showing the truth and suppress many facts from our society. Just like our doctors and medical practices. We love them, but they do not heal us with the truth. They are stirred in another direction of those that control their careers. We all know that cancer is not the killer. It’s those that want the all mighty green buck. They suppress the truth. For us, we have found the right cure for many of these diseases.

Many of us must go underground to solve problems. If you prove you have solved the problem, then you have just taken money out of their pocket and labeled you as a troublemaker. And if you do have a treatment cure for cancer or other conditions, they will shut you down, place you in jail, or simply make you disappear.

Most medicines grow on our sweet Earth. They are natural and not genetically formulated as what is happening to the chemist made poisons. The people I trust are those individuals that have seen and studied the overwhelming evidence. They are called researchers.

And that could be researchers for curing diseases to the unknown phenomenon.

They hit the fields of our towns, ocean, skies, mountains, gardens, agriculture, and forest by learning from real personal experiences. They may have cured themselves or others that may have encountered these phenomena and have been filling up the evidence and documenting through video, cameras, impressions, physical, and visual settings for years. These are the real dedicated scientist who finds the evidence and facts and gives it to you. Many of these researchers even must deal with another encounter called the government. They, too, will do everything in their means to suppress the truth from you.

Some of these researchers have gone as far as to make movies of actual events that have taken place. One such film was “Something in the Woods,” inspired by an actual event in the ’60s, a David D. Ford film. You can find some actual events today on YouTube, many or real encounters on video, and many documentations. I also enjoy some of the stories that are told on genuine encounters. Remember these things from what I say, we are becoming too high technology for men in monkey suits. Our technology can catch fakes from digital technology to science when it comes to DNA, actual prints, and accurate findings of what is possible for an average human to achieve.

Well, let us set the record straight for you disbelievers. Truthfully, you are a paranormal phenomenon from this world. Yes, there had to be a God that created us and everything around us. But even we have secrets lying inside our bodies. The word God, this word was known before Christ was born, and it was documented by Moses. Let’s use the Romans, for example, “The Gods will be angry.”

Yes, there was a Jesus that claimed to be the son of God, and it was documented by thousands of witnesses. Yes, beings are visiting us from other worlds. It has been documented before Christ was born.

Yes, there are spirits and demons, and it was recorded in the bible. Our Technology and specialized equipment are catching up to these facts in this day and time. Yes, there are many unknown creatures in our waters, and we are finding them every day. Our forest and mountains on Earth are still deep and wide, and some uncharted.

It has all been documented, starting from day one. Everything is recorded, whether on our mountain ranges, deserts, caves, artifacts, skeletons, remaining ruins, or actual findings and sightings. It is so overwhelmingly documented it’s beyond our capability for people to understand. Question yourself now and re-asked yourself once you have researched all the unexplained documents offered to us in books, documentaries, YouTube, and Science. Could this stuff be real?

“Do you believe that we as living species were actually given this world just for us to live on?”

My thoughts would be, NO.

“If any other undocumented creatures are living in this world, a question stands, “Do they have a right to live here too?” I believe many animals have been here way before us.

This world is so large, and it's full of forests, mountains, oceans, and deserts. Many of these areas have unchartered territories. Some caves have never been explored. What’s down there? “Does this planet have another dimension for the afterlife that creates a spiritual ghost or demons?” Maybe death assigns many different arrangements, especially for the lost souls that were not finished living and still trying to accomplish a task. Maybe for their death to be solved, it must be discovered by us, the living. We may be a big help in setting some of these spirits free to a better place or casting out the demons that linger in our dimension that try to possess our living. “How about this one. Is this planet visited by other worlds from their high-tech flying machines?” Well, our cameras from our cell phones are proving this one. And hundreds of encounters across the world from eye view. “Are movie monsters made up of Hollywood actually manifesting?” I know that many of these movies were not just made up.

They were taken from real true stories and legends. Some of these movies portray an actual event, so they copy the information given to them to make a monster movie. But over the last few years, new reports are coming out about similar creatures, like the monsters being betrayed in the films.

Here is one that stuns me.

The dog man is being seen in our forest around the United States. If you have not heard of this one, check it out on YouTube.

Now before I go any further, some of you may think YouTube is exposing a bunch of crap. But I also see them allowing the real documents and stories to be told. Plus, you know that you can get some great ideas on YouTube from the people who are being honest.

Just be selective and listen and watch. Use your common sense. We are getting hundreds of sightings, and it has been described as looking like a werewolf, maybe something like the movie An American Werewolf in Paris or Underworld Rise of The Lycans. If this is true, why are they here? Is there a new idea in mind for a future world? I hear of the theories of UFOs’ in our woods. Let’s see, let me come up with a hair brain idea of what is going on. Let us see how close I get with my theory in the future if it is ever discovered. Of course, I may not still be alive to view it. I say the aliens from other worlds know what we do. They seen or movies, learn our language, and they know we are scared. They toy with us, and they want to make superior beings, so they designed these monsters that Hollywood created. Such as werewolves, giant hairy creatures, serpents, fairy’s, trolls, water creatures, flying monsters, and so on. Come on, Hollywood, keep bringing them on…LOL.

Another thought, our hidden government, and science genetic research experiments, have they gone wrong, or are they intentionally playing God with cloning? We know they damn sure like to play with our natural food. One day they will be feeding us rubber. I believe the woods around the world are the most excellent places to hide strange things.

So why not give them the ability to be intelligent with human and animalistic capabilities to defeat us in survival in the wilderness.

And of course, we will not be able to discover the truth because our Governments have a policy with the Aliens to guard them so that we think it’s all a myth and a bunch of crazy legends.

There I said it…. I’m crazy...LOL.

As the author of this book, people may find me ridiculous about what I now believe. I believe more in the unknown than ever before in my life. I was a law enforcement officer, and I spent thirty years doing that. I once even encountered a disturbance call that may have been paranormal related. And these people were scared out of their wits. And no, I did not doubt what they told me, and I did not make fun of it. Something terrible was occurring in their presence, and unfortunately, they called us to the scene. But I will not get into their story at this time. I sometimes feel that I have seen it all. To be a good law enforcement investigator, you must believe in the possibility of being open-minded, and you do not always have to have the subject to not believe it did not happen. The overwhelming evidence sometimes can be all you need to have actual suspicion that something exists. Let us use unidentified flying objects once again, for example. I will barely touch this subject. UFOs’ have and are visiting us. How do I know? Well, it is overwhelmingly documented on our planet since the beginning of time. It was written in our most important documents in the Bible, it is worded differently, but it is there. It was drawn on the caves' walls, and it was mapped out on the earth’s soils and stones. Ruins were built that cannot be explained, and many of these sightings were designed to be seen miles high from the surface when man did not know how to fly. Today, hundreds of sightings across our world from every country are reporting them. Cameras and videos now capture these things. They are seen in our waters, mountains, space, and in our forest. Documents are now being released from our government, easing their way into telling you the truth in our future. If you ignore this, then how or why should you believe this? But, if you took some time and studied this from documentaries, YouTube, and other places that might be releasing the information to you, you might think differently. I believe you will be convinced that it is its overwhelming evidence that they are other planets, and they are here in their UFOs visiting us. I think we are all in harm’s way if our government does not start telling us the truth. I believe we could be a better-united world if mankind were not lied to by a few high paid influential people who suppress the truth.

If the aliens do exist, we would be better off with the Government acknowledging the fact and maybe create a more high-tech technology for our future. The government misleading us and hiding all or technology that people have invented over time, locked and buried in their warehouses, is not practical when many people outside of our government are just as smart or smarter. This world could have advanced many years ago before baby boomers if they have not been dishonest with power, greed, and money. Many of the inventions that they are hiding came from us, who live outside of the brick wall of government. These hard-working people who live in our country had excellent and inspiring ideas. Many of the world's greatest inventors came from out of a garage, backyard, or home. We may be a hundred years behind in technology because of a government coverup. I believe, for some reason, that if these aliens exist, they would have been extremely interested in us gaining useful and successful high technology than what man did here. And I am sure that if aliens are here, they would not want us to be designing nuclear bombs anymore. That is probably why they are here in the first place.

This story is not about UFOs. Although the truth is, it is overwhelmingly, I believe, it is a fact that they are thousands of documented cases that it’s happening right here in your own hometown or near you. This story is written by me as a fiction novel, but I feel immensely confident that these things are here, and they are in your forest. I hope you read and enjoy my story. Before you get to Chapter One, Gabby N the Myth, I have decided to add a true story of an incident in 1970. I hope you enjoy it.

**ABOUT THE AUTHOR**

G

et to know this new author. Chuck Wayne was born in Texas and raised in Houston. He was raised by loving parents who had three children. If you lived in the baby boomer generation, imagine the old television show, Dennis the Menace. As Chuck was growing up, he always accepted new and fun challenges. He did not have a scary thought in his mind.

Maybe a little daredevil. Chuck loved any kind of adventure.

As he grew older, he experienced just about everything. He hardly ever had a dull moment in his life. As a young man he was well-liked and was popular in school, although he was not an A student. He was quick to make friends, even those he rumbled with, fist to fist.

Eventually, they would turn out to be his buddies. He never started any trouble, and he was no bully. Chuck did not like bullies or troublemakers. If he saw more than one guy ganging upon another, he would literally jump into the fight to help that one person. He was pretty good at fighting. Chuck was the school’s artist. Put a pencil in his hand, and he could draw.

He loved the drums, and he owned a full set at home. He also played in the school band.

He was into football, baseball, and other fun things. He got involved with motorcycles and practiced for motocross. His first motorcycle was a Yamaha 60. That bike was given to him by a man named Earl Junior. Earl was a member of the Banditos. He taught Chuck how to ride the bike.

Earl said to Chuck, “One day, my friend, you will want a bigger bike.” And so, it was.

Today Chuck belongs to an exciting motorcycle riding club with around thirty-five thousand members across the US. They help with fundraising for sick children and other Charities.

He loves riding his big street bike and relaxing in the wind. He got married at the age of twenty-one. A year later, they had a baby boy and named him Chuck. He also has two daughters and now has seven grandchildren.

Chuck also studied martial arts in his early teens. Today he is a high degree Master of Hapkido and Judo. He practiced religiously and taught hundreds of students and friends, turning it into his lifetime dedication. Chuck's actual goal was also to become a police officer. He tried three times before he was accepted. He served as a police officer in one of the largest cities in the country. After his law enforcement career, he became a bodyguard and an investigator for a large corporation. He knows what hard work is.

He never wanted anything given to him. He has also cheated death numerous times. He has been knocked down many times physically, but he got right back up and kept going. Here are just a few of the physical traumas he has experienced.

He was stabbed two times, was shot in the head, fell through the roof of a burning building into the floors below. He drove a vehicle off a small ridge and had to be cut out of the car.

He dropped a motorcycle at fifty-five miles per hour and flew off the bike, landing forty feet ahead of his bike. He was run over three times by automobiles and had several beer bottles cracked over his skull. In an undercover sting, he had a two-by-four slammed on his head. Another time his clothes caught on fire as he was pulling a woman from an upside-down burning vehicle.

Chuck has been in over a hundred confrontations. He’s suffered concussions, broken ribs, broken back, broken foot, broken fingers, broken nose, stab wounds, gunshots, and many more wounds.

He is a person that really and truly lived some of the adventures you will read about in this book. Even as he ages, he seems to develop more strength and endurance as he continues. He teaches Hapkido martial arts several days a week. He lifts weights, rides a motorcycle, practices his shooting abilities, and enjoys reading and writing. He is also has researched paranormal investigations and studies Cryptid Research. He is one of the thousands of people worldwide who believe In the Big Foot creatures in our forestry.

His thoughts are, stay open-minded, and you should do your research and listen to people that are making some of these complaints. Through all this, he took up writing, and through his adventures, he wanted to learn how to write novels. Before that, he wrote several screenplays for a small theater. He wrote articles in the city paper about the need for learning martial arts, and he wrote many programs for self-defense training. Through his books, he expresses his feelings through all the experiences he has been through. He will use them, and many of the writings in each of them will have some actual events. In Gabby N the Myth, he has placed many actual things that were based on real events. Also, you may enjoy his other novels, the Homeless Master and Love and Bounty.

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