

Our lucky day! Last night, after dark, Warren and I were awakened by the most terrible howling coming from the direction of the woods. We recognized the voice immediately and knew it to be one of the beasts that had finally blundered into one of our traps. Grabbing our rifles we hurried out with lanterns and rifles only to discover that our captive was gone, apparently chewing off its own leg to escape. We followed the bloody trail for a short distance but then, sure that we could hear the sound of more beasts than the one that had found our trap, we lost courage and returned to the cabin without a trophy.

Warren is a fool. He wants to take this foot and sell it to the professors in Toronto. Says we need the money. I told him that if we let the rest of the world know what we've found here, the place will be overrun with folk out to make a quick buck and cheat us out of all the work we've put in. I insisted that we keep the foot here and not tell anybody until we capture a live one, then we'll make a lot of money. I woke up this morning to find that fool gone. Left me a note saying he had taken the foot to Toronto and that he would be back in two weeks. That fool! I'll be waiting for him.

Warren came home today, or almost. It must have been just after noon when I looked out the window and saw him walking across the field of snow toward the cabin. I was ready for him. When he opened the door with that big grin, I let him have it, both barrels right in the chest. I don't think he ever knew what hit him cause when I got outside he was laying on his back in the snow, deader than a doornail. I buried him down on the west side of the lake where no one will ever find him. If anyone asks, I'll tell them that Warren came back all right but then left on a trip to the mountains. When he doesn't come back, everybody will blame it on the Indians. I found \$200 in his pocket. Probably what he sold our foot for.

A stranger visited today. Just the type of thing I was afraid of. He said his name was Bentz and that he and his wife were on a camping trip. They had Paragent and Makelhenny with them as guides. I could tell right off that this fellow was lying and I was sure that he was looking for sasquatch just like I told Warren would happen. I was pretty careful and pretended not to know too much about the things. Told him I've seen tracks a couple of times but didn't know much and think about it even less. He asked me where I'd seen these track so I told him to the west and sent him in the direction of the Indians. I thought Paragent or Mak would maybe know this and tell Bentz, but apparently they didn't know that's where the Indians are camped now. Neither one of them gets out of Labrador Town enough I guess. With any luck, the Indians will kill

them or drive them out of this area.

I'm surrounded. I looked out the window early this evening and I could see them, at least a half-dozen of them, hiding behind the blocks of ice down near the lake. I don't know what they want.

Later. It's terrible. Bentz, the stranger, is with them. I looked out the window and I could see him standing there, nearly naked in the cold wind. Then he spoke to me. Told me to come out of the cabin without any weapons and I wouldn't be harmed. Said he only wanted to talk. Fat chance! He was an easy shot, but I was nervous and I think I jerked the trigger. Anyway, he ducked down real fast and I couldn't be sure if I hit him or not. He's not hurt bad at any rate cause I could hear him ordering the beasts around, though I couldn't make out what he was saying.

10:30 p.m. I can see a good-sized fire burning down by the shore of the lake. It's too far away for me to tell what's going on but I can see the beasts every once in awhile throwing more wood on the blaze. They must be very near where I buried Warren. Would they dig him up and eat him?

Midnight. God help me. The fire finally burned down and went out and even with the moonlight I could not see what was taking place. It was only late that I happened to notice one of the beasts reached near the peak of the tree that I could see that it was carrying Warren's frozen body, unearthed by the monsters after they had thawed the grave with that fire. The beast left Warren hanging in the top branches of the tree and then climbed down. They're all assembled now down near the lake somewhere and I can hear them singing and chanting, and above all of it I can hear the voice of Bentz, leading them on with a screaming voice. Even now this sound is being drowned out by the whistling of a great wind and in the distance I can hear a tremendous storm coming. I have latched the shutters and door tightly, but the wind blows through them anyway. The temperature is dropping so quickly that my fingers are numb and it is hard to write. That terrible screaming of the wind! The whole cabin is rocking