

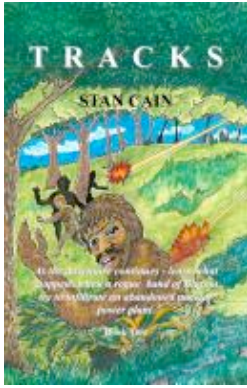
# TRACKS



STAN CAIN

*As the adventure continues - learn what happens when a rogue band of Bigfoot try to infiltrate an abandoned nuclear power plant.*

Book Two



*Tracks: Book Two* is the continuing story of three strangers who are brought together by their interest in finding "Bigfoot." They come together seeking the creatures in the hope of being reunited with a lost loved one, and learning more about how these creatures came to be. The story advances over 30 years from their first encounter to deal with a rogue band of "Bigfoot" who are reeking havoc on a small town in the Midwest.

# Tracks

## Book Two

**Order the complete book from**

**[Booklocker.com](http://www.booklocker.com)**

**<http://www.booklocker.com/p/books/7451.html?s=pdf>**

**or from your favorite neighborhood  
or online bookstore.**

**Your free excerpt appears below. Enjoy!**

TRACKS

BOOK TWO

PART 3 - THE ANSWER

Copyright © 2014 Stan Cain

ISBN 978-1-63263-130-5

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, recording or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the author.

Published by BookLocker.com, Inc., Bradenton, Florida.

Printed in the United States of America.

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents either are the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously, and any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, business establishments, events, or locales is entirely coincidental and should not be interpreted as factual.

Even though this is a work of fiction, all the passages from the King James Bible, are quoted as written.

BookLocker.com, Inc.  
2014

First Edition

## CHAPTER 2

The small park is starting to get a little fuller with mother's wheeling their children and the bigger ones playing ball and tag. The noise level has gone up enough to make it hard to hear. And seeing we needed a little more privacy I suggested, "It might be better to find another place to finish our talk."

I think to myself that I need some more time to sort this all out. How do I answer all the questions she has when I don't even understand what her final thoughts and questions are?

We make our way back to our trucks. As we are about to get in I ask, "What do you think about going out to the farm? We can finish our talk with a sandwich and a beer."

"OK, I guess," she mumbles. "But mother won't like what I want to do. She probably won't understand, and I have a hard time trying to talk to her. I always feel like I'm doing something wrong."

"Well-well, you must have forgotten all the times she helped both of you kids with all of your school work, personal problems and *all* the times she stood up for you both. Even when I thought you needed some form of punishment. I'm sure she will understand as much as I do. Nevertheless, right now I don't think I understand just what it is you intend to do, that is if I can't help you."

Missy's reply, "I was thinking if God is here on Earth helping and bringing people back from the dead, you could help me contact him. You know, help show me how to talk or pray for help."

I say, "The first thing we should try to understand about God is he isn't *present* on Earth now in his body. It's his spirit or the Holy Spirit is the right word to use. Again, one should

be careful about calling on *spirits*. There are other spirits nearby as well. This brings to mind a verse from that old preacher Ecclesiastes. In Chapter 11:5 it reads, 'As thou knowest not what *is* the way of the spirit, *nor* how the bones *do grow* in the womb of her that is with child: even so thou knowest not the works of God who maketh all.' So it may be smart to leave *God* and his spirit alone to do their job, or his will."

We are still standing next to our trucks when I look around and see the sun has moved across the sky, and it's almost in my eyes. I say to Missy, "We'd better get a move on, or your mother will start to worry."

"I'll follow you," she says as she opens the door to her jeep and gets in.

As I pull out of the parking lot and start for home, I say to myself this is way above my pay grade, as the old saying goes. Just what is she planning at the end? And if it is what it looks like, how do I tell Mandy? And how do I live with myself? Boy, it seems like I have as many questions as Missy!

The ride home is only a few minutes. I can see our mailbox up ahead on the right side of the driveway. I pull in and stop at the mailbox. I pick up a couple of pieces of junk mail along with the paper.

As I stop next to the back door, Mandy comes out and asks, "What's been keeping you guys? I thought you were just having lunch?"

"We haven't eaten yet; we got to talking, and I guess time slipped away. What say we have a nice sandwich and a beer?"

"Well then, come on in," she says as she throws her arm over Missy's shoulder. And continuing, "Let's see what we can find?"

As we all gather around the kitchen table, Mandy reaches behind her and takes three cans of beer out of the fridge and hands them around. Then she asks, "Now, what is all this *hush-hush* talk all about?"

I say, "The long-and-short of it is Missy feels she can't handle things the way they are without talking to Raymond!"

Mandy just sits there for almost three full minutes with her mouth hanging half open, as if trying to say something, but can't make it work. She slowly closes her mouth, pops the top on her beer, lifts the can, takes a prolonged drink, calmly sets it back down on the table, looks at me for an extensive minute. She later turns her head and looks at Missy. Next she picks up her beer, finishes the rest of it, reaches behind her, gets another beer, pops the top, sets it in front of her, then in a firm voice says, "All right, who's gonna be first?"

Missy, in a voice we can hardly hear, starts, "I suppose it should be *me*, as I'm the one that called Dad and asked for help. What it all comes down to be, I need to let him know ... let Raymond know how much I cared. ... I told him every day while he was wasting away in the hospital. Even after that I feel he didn't ... or he *doesn't* even know I loved him and appreciate all the good things he brought into my life."

Mandy slides her chair back, stands up and walks around the table and stands behind Missy, puts her hands on her shoulders and says, "Look, if you really loved him, he knows it. That's something you can't hide. He knew it when he was here, and he knows it now. However, you can't talk to him. The real clincher is how in the world you think your father could bring something like this about? Now don't take any of this or what I'm about to say the wrong way. You haven't come right out and said what you plan on doing if things don't work the way you want. Your father is not the only one in this house that reads and studies the Bible. There is a verse

in the book of First Corinthians where I have gone to for help on more than one occasion, when your father was away working, or at war, and those really trying times when he went traipsing off into the woods looking for something with the power to destroy him, It goes like this, 'There is no temptation taken you but is common to man; but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it.'

I say, "Thanks hon. Maybe Missy coming here could be a start to what you just said. It's clear what that verse means, and that is ... what is happening to you Missy isn't anything different from what has happened too many before you. God knows what you can stand, and he knows you are strong enough to handle it. And the last thing he is saying in that verse is he will, if things get really bad, show you a way out or at least a way to bear it. This talk may help? It also may be an answer?"

Missy starts running her hands through her hair, something she has always done ever since she was a child when confused. Then she stands up and says, "All of this has..." The phone rings, and she stops talking.

\*\*\*

I ask, "Will you get that Mandy?"

She walks over to the other side of the kitchen and picks the phone off the wall. We are probably the only people left that have a phone that doesn't have the TV screen and speaker system like everyone else. Not only do they cost a lot more than we can afford, we very likely couldn't make them work even if we had one.

She then says, "Hello ... Who? ... Yes ... Oh ... Yes, I do." She listens a few more seconds and says, "*Really*, that's



hard to believe. Just a minute, he is right here." She motions for me to come over to the phone. Then she hands the phone to me and says, "It's for you, maybe you should sit down."

I take the phone, sit at the small breakfast bar, and say, "York here."

In return, I hear, "Arnold here."

I ask, "Is this Professor Arnold?"

I hear, "Ed, if you don't mind. It seems you haven't changed?"

I again ask, "Is this *my* Ed, the one that cooks like a master chef?"

"The same," I hear from the other end.

God, it's good to hear your voice, and you sound like you haven't changed a bit? What in the world brings you out of your bunker? Why would you call me after all these years?"

He says, "I don't know how to tell you this. I can't believe *it* myself."

I say, "Ed you haven't changed either, so *get* to the point."

He comes back on the line and in a voice extremely calm, and very slow, says, "*She* called me. ... She said you have a problem."

"Who's *she*?" I ask. "Who are you talking about?"

He says, "You know that old woman that runs that small store in Broaddus."

"You got to be kidding me," I add. "There's no way that old woman could still be alive? Let alone *know* if I had any kind of a problem. She had to be in her 70s, when we were down there. That would put her well over 110 years old!"

"It was her," he says.

"How can that *be*? What else did she say? And what makes you think she meant me?"

TRACKS

"Just that you might have a problem, that was all she said."

I ask, "Did she give you a number where I can reach her?"

"No," he says, "Just those few words, then the line went dead."

"How can you be so sure it was *me* she was talking about?"

He says, "I don't know for sure, but you are the only one that she could mean. The exact words she said was, 'He has a problem, and you and Duane are the only ones I knew when we met her.'"

I ask, "Do you think Duane could have a problem? She may be talking about him."

He replies, "I wouldn't know; I haven't heard from him for 10 or more years."

"You have seen Duane since we were in Washington?" I ask.

"No," he says. "I haven't seen him, but he sent me a copy of a film he had completed and wanted to know what I thought about it." The Professor goes on, "Is everything all right with *you*? You don't have a problem do you?"

"Well," I say. "I don't, but my *daughter* may have. Do you have any way I could get in touch with the old woman?"

"No," was his only reply. Then he added, "But maybe Uncle Bob or his people could help? They were in touch with her all the time we were in the woods. Nevertheless, I doubt Robert is still around. I haven't talked with him for years. His office would be your best bet."

Then he says, "Good luck, and keep me posted will you? *Oh! Sarg*, there's one more little thing, something that has been bothering me from the very first time I met you."

"Yeah, what is that?" I sorta laugh.

"Well, it's *rather* personal. I'm not sure how to go about asking it," the Professor replies.

"When did you *ever* have a problem asking anybody anything?" I wailed.

"OK, here goes. If I remember correctly, you told us you were in the Marines? And you had only an eighth-grade education. It seems to me you *had* to pull some strings to get into the Marines without a high school diploma? Of course, I may be wrong about that."

"No, my friend, you're not wrong about anything. At the time that was the case. But if you *remember*, I think I told you I had to leave school early because of my father's health? I had been going to school in my freshman year at the time. So after I left school, my mother insisted I keep up with my studies through night school, and some home courses. I *did* actually finish. I completed about one and a half years ahead of my classmates. However, in *my* mind, I always felt I didn't have a complete high school education, what with not competing in any sports, or other social events such as proms, and other everyday things kids would go through while in school. I felt like I had crammed four years of knowledge into those few years, and I might have felt a little guilty by not spending the same amount of time as the others, so I tried to leave it as eight years only. Even so, I guess you could technically say I did finish high school."

"Yes, I do remember that," the Professor quickly remarked.

"I hope this doesn't change anything between us?" I quietly tell him.

"That's good enough for *this* old Professor. That clears up that little thing that has puzzled me for all these many years. You take care." The phone goes dead.

I replace the phone, sit back down, and get ready for the onslaught of questions I know are coming. My head is still spinning from all this Missy stuff. And how could that old woman know we have a problem? It's been years since we last met.

Mandy hands me my beer, then says, "I'll fix us a little something to eat, while you let us know what you and that old Professor was talking about."

With a deep sigh, I say, "I don't have a clue about what's going on. There is *no way* she (that old woman) can know what's happening way up here, even if it is her that the Professor is talking about. I have a feeling someone is messing with Ed's mind, or the whole thing is a misunderstanding, you know like a wrong number."

Mandy nods, while making the sandwiches. "Do you actually think someone could *fool* that Professor, Mr. Arnold? From what you have told us about him, I find it hard to believe him to be the kind of man who would fall for a trick like that?"

"Common sense says your right," I answer. Then I added, "He never would fall for anything like that ... so it means *what?*"

Missy comes over and sits next to me at the bar, then she says, "I think I remember you talking about how some old woman, knew a lot of things about you long before you met. Could this even be the same woman?"

"I suppose it could," I say. "But for that to be the case, a lot of crazy things have to happen, and I'm not ready to think this is on the up and up. Not just yet, that is."

Mandy places a big plate full of sandwiches on the kitchen table, and says, "Let's have a bite to eat, before we go running off on any wild goose chase."

Missy and I return to the table. As I start to sit down the phone rings again. I holler, "I'll get it." I pick up the phone and say, "York here."

"Stop that," Ed snarls. "We, or *you*, have some decisions to make, and the way it looks you're going to have to make them rather fast."

"Hi again," I chuckle. "What in the world are you talking about?"

"She called again," he strongly replied. "I gave her your number. She said she must talk to you. So get ready to move into the past ... that's what I felt she was talking about. You know, kind of like the time we were sitting on that porch. And she just kept telling you things about yourself, and what you were thinking. It was creepy, just as if she could read your mind. ... Good luck, and keep in touch will you?" he says, as he hangs up.

They both look at me with a frown on their faces that I read to mean, "What now?" I hang up the phone, return to the table, pick up my beer, and take a long drink.

As I reach for a sandwich, Mandy says, "That can wait. *Now* what just happened there?"

"It was Ed again," I reply, "He said the old woman was going to give me a call."

"Give you a call about *what*?" Missy and Mandy say as one.

"I don't know yet. We will just have to wait and see. Can I have a sandwich now?" With that said, I grab a sandwich, and my beer, and go over and sit at the bar. I no sooner started to eat, when Missy joins me.

She asks me, "What is all of this going to do to *my* problem? That phone call seemed to put everything on hold?"

My answer is, "We'll get back to your problem in just a few minutes. I can't honestly turn down some old friend for

only a couple of minutes on the phone. I'm sure you would do the same if one of your friends called and wanted to tell you something?"

"As we're all waiting for the phone to ring," Mandy suggests, "Why don't we have Missy finish her request, and what she has in mind to do if we can't satisfy her dilemma?" Subsequently, she comes over to the bar and joins us there. After that she says, "Missy."

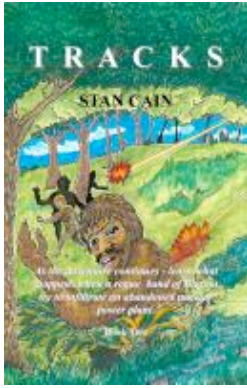
Missy slides her chair back, gets up and leans against the breakfast bar, takes a deep breath and says, "If nothing happens, I was planning on joining him. I don't know how ... or when. *There*, I said it, and now I believe I will start to breathe again. So go ahead and *scream* at me."

Mandy evenly remarks, "What makes you think we would scream at you? That's not what we have done in the past, and I for one don't intend to start now."

I break in and say, "What we have here doesn't call for any screaming. It calls for love and understanding, and that's the only thing I feel your mother and I will use."

Missy sighs. "*Whew!* Am I glad to hear that? I was sure you both would hit the ceiling. Nevertheless, I don't think it will come to that. I have watched the fellow on TV that can talk to someone on the other side. I think that's what he calls it. And I might be able to see him!"

Mandy says, "I hate to tell you this, but that man is a fake ... a fake like almost all of them that claim some kind of power to reach the dead, so ..." Then the phone stops her in midsentence.



*Tracks: Book Two* is the continuing story of three strangers who are brought together by their interest in finding "Bigfoot." They come together seeking the creatures in the hope of being reunited with a lost loved one, and learning more about how these creatures came to be. The story advances over 30 years from their first encounter to deal with a rogue band of "Bigfoot" who are reeking havoc on a small town in the Midwest.

# Tracks

## Book Two

**Order the complete book from**

**[Booklocker.com](http://www.booklocker.com)**

**<http://www.booklocker.com/p/books/7451.html?s=pdf>**

**or from your favorite neighborhood  
or online bookstore.**