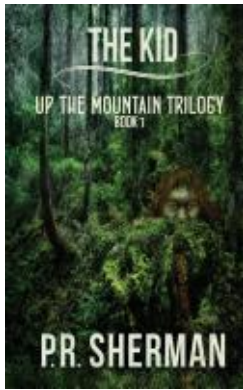


The background of the entire cover is a dark, dense forest. The trees are covered in thick, vibrant green moss. In the center-right of the image, a small figure with long, brown, shaggy hair is partially visible, their face peeking out from behind a large, moss-covered tree trunk. The figure has large, light-colored eyes and a slight smile. The overall atmosphere is mysterious and magical.

# THE KID

UP THE MOUNTAIN TRILOGY  
BOOK 1

P.R. SHERMAN



*The Kid is the first book of the Up The Mountain Trilogy, which touches on the real possibility of the Bigfoot as a human. The Kid is an adventuresome and touching tale about a woman who establishes a relationship with a juvenile Bigfoot while camping in the Sierra Nevada Mountains. After discovering his humanity, she will do anything she can to protect him and his family from hunters and curiosity seekers.*

# **The Kid – Book 1 of the Up the Mountain Trilogy**

**Order the complete book from**

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

**<http://www.booklocker.com/p/books/8626.html?s=pdf>**

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

**Enjoy your free excerpt below!**

# **THE KID**

## **BOOK I OF THE UP THE MOUNTAIN TRILOGY**

P.R. Sherman

Copyright © 2016 P.R. Sherman

ISBN: 978-1-63491-336-2

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 on acid-free paper.

The characters and events in this book are fictitious. Any similarity to real persons, living or dead, is coincidental and not intended by the author.

BookLocker.com, Inc.  
2016

First Edition

## Chapter 3

I had thought of leaving again, but there was something really pulling me to stay and find out what was going on. If I hadn't spent so much time here in the past, I might not have felt that way, but this was like my home away from home. I'd been coming here for years. As I thought about it, I've probably explored more of the area around my campsite this visit than any other.

I went in my tent and sat down. It was time to meditate. The weirdness of it all was making me crazy. I figured if I just calmed myself inside that I could come up with what to do. I took a few deep breaths and cleared my mind.

I meditated for about an hour. I felt better after that. The fear that I had earlier was gone. In fact, when I thought about what happened, I now found the humor in it. I was staying, and whatever was going on, I wasn't going to worry about it.

The evening's diminishing light descended on the camp. It was imperative to grab my lantern from the tent and put wood on the fire. Hunger eluded me – a rare event. Tea provided warmth and comfort, perhaps a psychological addition to when life's challenges knocked on my door. As the darkness began to surround me, the outline of the giant trees stood as sentinels in the clearing, nature's fortress. A twinkling of stars emerged in the sky above lightening my mood.

In the distance a knocking was heard, the sound of wood on wood. Not a woodpecker sound, but deeper, almost as if a signal. It was odd but my mind quickly dismissed it as the cave entered my thoughts. A knock echoed through the clearing again. Goosebumps stood to attention on my flesh. It unnerved me. It was very close. Thoughts of Indian spirits rattled me. *Maybe I had disturbed them in the cave.* Perhaps it was a sacred site. Weird thoughts rushed through my brain. Deciding I needed to respond to the knocking, I picked up two pieces of wood and knocked them together...once...twice...not even a bird chirped. Everything was silent. It was eerie. Too quiet! After waiting a couple minutes, I threw down the wood deciding to not allow crazy thoughts to ruin my evening, and just enjoy the beauty around me. Just as I was seated, in the distance coyotes began their serenade. However, since the coyotes had never made an appearance at my camp in the past, and the fact that they sounded so far away, I felt no threat.

After that it was a relatively peaceful night. Tired from all the hiking, bed came early. Even the beautiful sky couldn't keep me up. I needed a good night's sleep. Later, as would happen from time to time, I'd wake up in the middle of the night and have to pee. I put on my camp shoes, jacket and grabbed my little flashlight. I don't usually walk far to find a spot to crouch. I went out behind the tent about twenty feet or so. I put the flashlight on the ground and did my business. I was just pulling up my leggings, when about ten feet in front of

me I spotted a hairy kid with yellow eyes. I froze. This wasn't a bear or a human child staring at me. It looked like a miniature Bigfoot about four feet tall. We both seemed frozen, neither ready to move. We just kept staring at each other. I was in a half-crouched position, my leggings not pulled all the way up. Luckily I was wearing my jacket. The flashlight beam caught him enough for a good look. His hair was long all over similar to an orangutan. I smiled at it (as if he could understand a smile!), and spoke softly, "Hello...it's okay...It's okay." I just kept repeating it. "It's okay." Neither of us moved. I just kept saying "It's okay." There was something so human about him despite the big brow and body hair. I wanted him to understand me. "It's okay."

Here I was with my pants half down with a young Bigfoot in front of me, both of us just staring at each other. I didn't know what to do. I didn't want to scare him, and funny enough I wasn't scared of him. We both seemed to be studying each other with great curiosity. I couldn't crouch much longer. My thighs were screaming, tired from my hike. Slowly I pulled up my leggings, continuing the staring contest. Once I was standing up I realized I'd better bend over and get the flashlight. "It's okay, honey. It's okay." I just kept saying the same thing as I slowly bent down, never taking my eyes off him. In the split second it took me to look downward to retrieve the flashlight, he was gone. It was as if he flew without a sound. My heart was doing a tap-dance, a mile a minute. It was unbelievable!

This was the most exciting thing that had ever happened to me. My mind was bubbling, searching for information stored there. No doubt this was a Bigfoot. Adults were known to be between seven and ten feet tall. This was a child, perhaps eight or ten years old, if he had been human, as he was only about four feet tall. In all the time I had come here I had never heard mention of Bigfoot.

I shone my flashlight around hoping he somehow was still there, but I saw nothing. After a few minutes of hoping for another look, I decided he may have been so scared he wouldn't come back. My stomach was still doing flip-flops of excitement. I had heard of Bigfoot on television. There were lots of stories of them there. I really hadn't felt attracted to the subject to investigate it. Joe never mentioned them being up here and it had never crossed my mind. I suppose because my trips here were always an escape of some sort. I lived in my own world, not really thinking of anything except what I experienced. This was such an amazing experience. I felt like I had just found ET or something. I loved it. This was definitely a child and he was as curious about me as I was about him. He was so human!

I made my way back to my tent, got undressed and got into my sleeping bag. Boy, was I awake now! There was no way I would sleep after that! There was no fear in his eyes when we were staring at each other. I never felt fear from him or towards him. He was adorable! I concluded that he must be the creator of my recent



mysteries. Then my thoughts veered to his parents. Where are they? They might not be so friendly if you want to call that friendly. The experience was overwhelming. I hardly slept that night thinking about him and all the events that had happened since I arrived. This was so exciting!

The next morning I was feeling very chipper doing my usual routine of getting the fire, having tea, and cooking my breakfast. Having not eaten dinner the night before, I was ravenous. I prepared a large bowl of oatmeal with bananas and strawberries, thinking only of my visitor the night before. I wondered if he had watched me sketch. *Was that why he took the sketch pad?* The hair in my hairbrush had to have been his. Everything was coming together. I think he was watching me all this time. Basically he was a kid – a curious kid. I knew he'd be back.

Continuing to use cookies for bait, I left four cookies on the plate in the clearing. I wanted to see him again. I hoped he would come during daylight. I wanted to get a better look at him. I suspected he was like most human kids sneaking out from the parents on his own adventure. I wasn't concerned that the parents would show up, but even if they did, I found it exciting. I certainly wasn't afraid. This kid hadn't done anything to make me fear him.

I had always felt that people create their own experiences with fear. I had a friend who was afraid of

cats. Cats weren't afraid of her, and they certainly wouldn't attack her, but she put herself in that horrible fear state. I think a lot of people are like that with animals. My parents introduced me to all kinds of animals when I was little and I had tons of pets until they died. Aunt Harriet was one of those fearful type people. I always had a dog after Aunt Harriet died. Jack, my malamute, had only died in the past year leaving me petless. It was devastating loss when he died. Like a child. He had cancer and had to be put down. It killed me. It had only been recently that I thought about getting another dog.

This was no pet I saw. I could see the humanity in his eyes. I thought about how this child could be in danger. I knew of hunters who came to these mountains to kill anything – for the sake of killing. I feared for him and his family.

After cleaning up camp I decided to go for a hike. Maybe he would come get the cookies while I was gone. Packing up my gear and throwing my on backpack, I took off across the clearing.

Dark clouds suspended from the mountain tops, although threatening, were interrupted with an occasional peek of the sun. Stepping carefully through the verdant calf-high brackens, I wandered further and further west. Unfortunately the dim light provided no opportunity for photography. As I advanced, the terrain revealed an assortment of vegetation. Mushrooms

sprouted from the moss-coated ground. There were brown ones, yellow ones, big ones and skinny ones. Unfortunately I had no knowledge of mushrooms. I would return on sunnier days to photograph them.

The rains had fed the moss that carpeted the downed trees and rocks. I always liked moss. As I turned to climb over a downed tree, a deer wandered in about fifty yards away. She didn't see me. I stood perfectly still watching her with glee as she wandered through. She appeared to be a young deer. Her ears perked up searching for the slightest sound. Behind her strode a powerful looking buck. He was handsome, with a large rack of antlers. Not often had I seen a buck and never up here in these mountains. This was such a treat. If only the light wasn't so bad, I would get a great picture. Deciding to risk taking a bad one, I quietly got my camera from my pack. Of course, by the time I was in position the two of them had skipped off out of sight. Still hoping I might get a shot. I followed them. I flew over logs, branches and rocks. After running quite a distance, I gave up. They were nowhere in sight. I would get no buck picture that day. It was getting darker and a smell of rain permeated the air. I decided to turn back. Turning around there appeared a large dark figure in the distance ahead of me. Luckily it wasn't coming my way. I froze. I tried to get a better look to see what it was. A bear or the Kid's parent? As it strode through the forest it took great bounding steps, shaking the earth below. Its arms swung back and forth as he took enormous strides. Its long body hair flew

behind him. This was no bear. It was huge! It was incredible to see how fast he moved, with barely a sound. This was probably Daddy Bigfoot! The hair on the back of my neck stood up. In a minute he was gone.

The enormity of this creature sent a bolt of fear down into the core of my very being. Glad he didn't discover me. I cautiously made haste through the forest, watching around me fearful he might reappear. Knowing there was an adult, this enormous creature, turned my day as dark as the sky. Luckily I never saw him again.

When I got to the clearing, the cookies were gone. The Kid, as I called him, had gotten his snack. Suddenly the heavens opened up and the rains poured down. Hastily I gathered the stove and chair and put them in the tent, as I was greatly in need of a cup of chamomile tea to calm my nerves. It was both excitement and fear that was jumbling in my stomach.

The rain loudly pounded on my tent. With the water on the stove I took off my wet jacket and boots and put on my warm sweater and camp shoes. Slumping into my camp chair, and weary from the day's events, I thought "Here we go again." Should I stay or should I go?" I didn't relish a visit from Daddy Bigfoot, but I did want to see the Kid again. There was something so special about seeing the Kid the night before. It was imperative that I stay. This was a once in a lifetime opportunity here. It seemed like he was genuinely

curious about me. Nobody had ever communicated with a sasquatch. Perhaps I could talk to the Kid somehow. Connecting with another human of a different experience would be fascinating. He had appeared so human. I had to assume he was. Communication was something I believed he could do. This being was part human or something out of our evolution, that I had no doubt. Therefore, it had to have abilities to understand, and establish relationships. This was an opportunity. It occurred to me that the Kid's father and mother were about twice my size. A terrifying thought. They may determine my ability to establish a relationship with the Kid, but I wanted to try.

Three days passed with no incidents or sightings of the Kid's presence. My water supply was getting low and I was forced to go down the mountain. There was a little grocery store at the bottom of the mountain just before the main highway. I could pick up fresh veggies, wood and other supplies. I pulled my SUV next to a lone vehicle, a beat-up old pickup. I was surprised as it wasn't often that other people would be here this early in the season. I grabbed my canvas bags and walked inside.

At the counter was Bill Magee, a skinny crusty old guy, who had been here for most of his life. I had known Bill for years. I could see from the expression on his face he wasn't happy having these very suspicious-looking men in his store. They stood across

the counter from the old man. I passed them quickly catching their conversation.

“Ya got any bullets?” mumbled the large man with a slow drawl. Both men smelled of booze, oily dirty hair, and were unkempt. The large man had skin like old leather with moles on his cheek with a tattoo on his neck. He wore a dark blue jacket over a lumberjack shirt. His huge belly hung over his belt holding up his jeans.

Bill nervously twitched scratching his chin, seeming uncomfortable with these men. “No,” he said. “You’ll have to go to town for that.” I knew Bill kept a 45 revolver under the counter and suspected he was thinking about it with these two characters.

“Why not? People need ammunition,” the red-headed skinny guy with the bearded stubble retorted. He obviously had been drinking and shifted around angrily. He wore a dirty pair of cowboy boots, looking as dirty as the rest of his clothes, a torn ski jacket over a smelly T-shirt and old filthy jeans. He glared menacingly at Bill.

Bill watched them closely. I could see his right hand positioned next to where he kept his gun, suspecting there might be trouble. He stood his ground, giving no indication of his fear. “I just sell groceries. That’s all.”

Sensing the tension at the counter, I moved as far away from them as possible, but continued to listen to the conversation which appeared to be accelerating in volume.

“Bullshit! You got all kinda shit here.” The big guy picked up a camping lantern on the counter and slammed it down, shaking all the items resting there.

Bill remained cool, knowing he didn’t want to antagonize these two drunken men. “That will be thirty four dollars and fifty two cents for the groceries.”

The surly man threw his money across the counter at Bill. He growled angrily, “I shouldn’t have to go to town for bullets!” Still maintaining his composure, Bill cautiously opened the register retrieving the man’s change. The man slapped his dirty hairy hand on the change that Bill put on the counter. Slowly the angry man picked up the money and stuffed it in his bulging pocket.

The skinny man pushed his friend towards the door. “At least he has beer.”

Bill continued watching them as the skinny one opened a beer and threw his friend a can. The big man was still growling as they walked out the door. “He’s a liar. He’s gotta have bullets!”

“Let’s go. We’ll get some later.” The skinny man was heard telling him as he jumped into their truck.

As they pulled out of the parking area I noticed Bill relax and bring his knobby hand onto the counter. He began to straighten some of the items overturned from the man's quake on the counter. I also breathed a sigh of relief. I've never been comfortable around drunks and belligerents like these. They made me as nervous as Bill. I brought my full bags to the counter, and putting them in front of Bill.

"Hi, Bill. They giving you trouble?" His encounter with these men appeared to have shaken him up more than he wanted to let on. His glances out the door gave him away.

"Trying to...but up here you see all kinds... These two I never saw before. Look like trouble to me." The pickup squealed out of the parking lot. Bill returned his attention to me. "You still up on Greenhorn Ridge?"

"Yeah."

"Kinda early this year." He gave me a look trying to find out why I was there.

Avoiding a lengthy answer, I just pretended it was nothing. "I needed to get away." I grabbed some jugs of water and put them on the counter. "I'll need about a cord of wood too." Searching for the wood, Bill came around the counter and gathered some wood from the porch. He put them by the door and came back in



examining my goods. "Looks like you're going to be there a while."

"Yeah...It's nice and peaceful there." Waiting for him to tally up my bill I searched for some bills from my purse and laid them next to the register. Quickly he gave me my change.

As I picked up my heavily laden bags, Bill stopped me. "Here let me help you load your truck." He picked up the cords of wood and followed me to the rear of my vehicle. I opened the back door. Bill deposited the wood. I loaded my bags. Bill returned with my jugs of water. I closed the hatch. Bill I could tell was still nervous about those men in the area. I could see it in his old cloudy eyes.

"You be careful up there alone...I know you been coming up here awhile but you never know who or what's out there."

He was a sweet man, always looking out for me. "I'll be okay," I said.

Just as I was about to get into the truck I stopped. "I forgot the cookies!"

Bill laughed, leading me back inside. "Yeah, you can't forget the cookies."

I grabbed a few bags of cookies and put them on the counter. Bill tallied up the cookies and as I paid for

them, he looked at me concerned. “You gotta gun with you?”

“No. I don’t believe in them.” Before he could counsel me on that subject, I was out the door. He followed me out and called after me. “You be careful. I’ll get Joe to look in on you now and then.”

I smiled. “It’s okay, really Bill...Thanks for everything.”

Starting my truck, a beep reminded me that I forgot my cell phone was on its charger. I put it on before I came down the mountain. I couldn’t get a signal up on the mountain. I needed to make some business calls even though I didn’t want to. I waved to Bill who stood at the door watching. I pointed to my cell phone. He nodded and returned inside. Curiosity got the best of me with the annoying beeps. There were a lot of texts from Dan. “Call me.” “We need to talk” “I’m sorry” “Please call me” I didn’t need to see them. I put the phone down. My thoughts began to go to the forbidden zone. I wasn’t going to think about him! I sat there for a while thinking.

Bill saw me and pushed open the door and called out to me. “You okay?”

I opened the window and called to him. “Yeah, I just need to make a couple calls before I go back up the

mountain.” He acknowledged me with a nod and went back inside.

I phoned my partner Tammy at work. Things had been slow at the shop. I thought this would be a good time to get away. She told me Dan, my ex, had been bugging her about me, but she was a good friend and didn’t let on to my whereabouts. She wasn’t really pleased I was staying up here alone. Tammy is not an outdoor girl. She is scared of the outdoors – a “real city girl,” and would never ever go camping. She knows me very well, as we have been partners for over ten years. She knows there is nothing that she can do to get me out of the woods if I want to stay. She would’ve fainted if she heard about what has been going on up here. I didn’t tell anyone except her that I was here, and she was sworn to secrecy. I knew I could count on her. I put the phone back on the charger.

I was angry again - angry that Dan texted me. *Why wouldn’t he just leave me alone?*

Suddenly my city life impinged on my mountain life, flooding my mind with that world, not the world I wanted to be in. I had no intention of calling or texting Dan back. It was over. There was no need to open that door. He really had the audacity to call me after all his lies. Tears streamed down my face uncontrollably. Quickly I wiped them away with my sleeve. Before I could slip more into the melancholia of heartbreak, I took a deep breath and put my truck in gear. I backed

the truck out onto the main road and headed back up the mountain road. The entire way memories seeped into my head – her and him – lying...I tried to gain control. I didn't want to go there anymore. I put an Aerosmith CD in and blasted the music to drown out my thoughts. I sang along just to distract any thoughts from coming into my head.

The road to camp was a series of switchbacks through the forest. Luckily it demanded my concentration for driving so by the time I pulled into my parking area, thoughts of Dan were gone. Thoughts of what I would prepare for dinner now that I had fresh supplies luckily filled my mind.

After putting away my supplies, I began to prepare dinner. It was getting cold so I got my fire going. Keeping busy was good. While chopping carrots I heard branches breaking in the woods as if something or someone was running. I stopped, erect. My ears were on high alert, and my eyes searched the surrounding area for a physical presence. Then a piercing scream broke the silence. It reminded me of a baby crying. It sent shivers up and down my back. It was too dark to see anything past the fire and there was no moon or stars on this cloudy night. Frozen with the knife in my hand I waited to see or hear something else. It was many minutes before I dared to move. "Was that the sound of a Bigfoot?" I knew it wasn't a bear, wolf or coyote.

Fear brought out that thought again. "Maybe I should go home." Almost as soon as it came I erased it. "No way. I'm staying!" There has been no threat to me, so why should I expect one? Determined to not allow anything to chase me away, I went back to my chopping. However, my ears remained on high alert.

Finishing my salad, I was putting things back into the cooler when I heard a rustle coming from down where my truck was parked. I stood erect waiting for something to reveal itself. Then the beam of a flashlight came my way.

"Oh, my God!" I thought, "I hope it's not those men from the store!" The rustling came closer and closer, the beam blinding me as to who was behind it. Then suddenly I could see a face behind the flashlight. It was Joe.

"Hope I didn't scare you."

Releasing a deep breath, I laughed. "As a matter of fact..."

Joe walked closer. He could see I had been rattled. "Sorry," he said. "Bill told me you came in the store."

I finished putting things in the cooler and tried to be in control. I knew how Joe was and I didn't want him to put pressure on me to leave again. "Yeah. I needed supplies."

*BOOK I OF THE UP THE MOUNTAIN TRILOGY*

“So he said.” He walked over next to the fire and rubbed his hands for warmth. He looked around the camp “How is it going?”

I came and sat next to him in my camp chair nonchalantly. “I’m enjoying myself.” I smiled.

Then he pierced my charade. “I guess you didn’t hear that scream a few minutes ago.”

I couldn’t believe he heard it. My face dropped for a moment. I hoped he wasn’t able to catch my expression in the darkness. Trying to still remain calm I said, “What was it?”

Joe crouched down next to me and the fire. “Do you know what a sasquatch is?” My heart starting pounding fast. I certainly did not want him to know anything about what happened the night before.

With as little interest as possible, I responded, “I’ve heard of them.”

He stood up once again, studying the woods beyond. “Well, they’re up here.” He turned back around and looked at me as if he was trying to see through me. “That was one sasquatch calling to another.” He waited for my reaction. It didn’t come.

Continuing to be only slightly interested I asked, “How long have they been here?..In all the years I’ve

been coming up here nobody ever mentioned them before.”

Joe took his pipe out of his vest pocket and hit it with his hand. Then he retrieved a bag from the same pocket emptying its contents into the pipe. “The local Indians know. Everyone else is too afraid to talk about them.” He wrapped up the envelope of tobacco and put it in his pocket. Then he gave me a suspicious look. “Best leave them alone they say.” He lit the pipe sucking hard to get a swallow of smoke. “They’ve been here forever according to the local tribes. They have great respect for them.”

A part of me wanted to tell him of my experience, but I was afraid he’d talk me into leaving so I never let on. Joe sat on the other camp chair, puffing on his smelly pipe.

“They can be over seven to ten feet tall and broader than a couple bears.”

I tried to feign a normal reaction. “So what do I do if I see one?”

“You’d be lucky if you do.” He let out a long puff of smoke which intermingled with the fire smoke curling up into the air. “They don’t like people. They take off, but that’s men. I don’t know what they’d do if they came in contact with a woman.” Again that look.

*BOOK I OF THE UP THE MOUNTAIN TRILOGY*

“Joe,” I said adamantly, “I am not leaving. I just need to be here now. I’ll be okay. They never bothered me before.”

He wasn’t pleased but conceded. “Okay, but if you get spooked by anything, get out or get me. Okay?”

“Sure, Joe. I appreciate your concern, but I’m okay. However, you’ve made me curious. Where can I find these local Indians to find out about the sasquatch? I have always felt that knowledge is power and if they’re here it would be better if I know something about them.”

He sucked on his pipe a couple times looking into the woods beyond the licking flames. “Well, there’s a fella by the name of Grey Claw. He lives over on Bemis Road. If you take the mountain road down you’ll see where it crosses. Make a right. He’s gotta trailer about five miles down on the right. Can’t miss it really. The trailer’s back from the road. He’s got a big bear totem out front. Tell him I sent you. He’s a good guy...We play cards once in a while.” Joe stood up and banged his pipe on one of the rocks in the fire circle, depositing ash into the fire.

“Thanks, Joe...I think I’d like to talk to him. This stuff is fascinating.” I stood up next to him. He turned tucking his pipe carefully in his pocket vest.



## *THE KID*

“Fascinating?!...You be careful..Grey Claw will tell you.” There was fear in his voice. It wasn’t going to scare me. I would not allow it. Of course he never had seen the Kid or he wouldn’t be so fearful.

“Sure, I’ll be careful...Want to stay for dinner?”

“Watcha got?”

“I’m making a nice salad.”

Joe scowled and turned on his flashlight. “I gotta get back to the station...maybe some other time.” He pushed back the camp chair to pass and headed back down the road.

“Thanks for stopping by Joe.” I called watching his light gradually disappear into the night.

Returning to my salad making, I thought of Joe’s words. I was intrigued. I must talk to Grey Claw. Although partly fearful for the possible arrival of an adult Bigfoot, I prayed the Kid would return, but the evening was uneventful.

The next morning I gulped my breakfast down anxious to go meet Grey Claw. After securing my camp, I practically ran to the truck. The road to Grey Claw’s trailer was a difficult dirt road to drive. Five miles seemed like fifty on these switchbacks with huge ruts scattered to obstruct the ride. I had to take it very slow. In fact, at one point I wondered if I would have to

*BOOK I OF THE UP THE MOUNTAIN TRILOGY*

put my truck in four wheel drive as a large rock blocked my path. I took it super slow trying to straddle it. The scraping as I passed over it was like fingernails on a chalkboard. I hoped that it didn't damage the truck.

As my truck curved around and around the bending road, I saw beyond the next bend a twenty-foot bear totem in all his fearsome glory greeting me ahead. It was a massive wood carving with a bear head, at least three feet wide. It also depicted a coyote with a snake and a moon overhead. Turning into his pocked driveway, I traveled in the tracks of vehicles that had ventured in before. Before I could get out of my vehicle, a small old Native American man with gray hair in braids walked out. He was adorable reminding me of a leprechaun. His grey beard hung down to the huge bear claw that hung on a chain around his neck. Although he appeared to be about seventy-five years old, his gate was spry as he quickly walked over to my truck. Even though it was cold out, it appeared he didn't feel it. He was dressed only in a tee-shirt with "Earth Dance" written on the front, and jeans. His feet were bare. He adeptly maneuvered through his littered yard full of various junk, buckets and gas cans. The loud roar of a generator could be heard coming from behind the rusty trailer.

"Hello!" he called to me. His face welcomed me with a toothless smile.

Opening my door, I returned the greeting. “Hi! My name is Jill Engle. Ranger Joe told me that I should talk to Grey Claw. Is that you?”

“Yeah.” He stopped next to me. He was so adorable I wanted to hug him. In that moment I felt a connection to this old man. I extended my hand and his short rough stubby fingers held mine.

“I’m camped up on Greenhorn Ridge.” Instantly I felt I could talk to this man about anything. “Joe has been warning me about the Bigfoot. He said you could tell me more.”

Grey Claw laughed. He put his arm around me and led me through his littered yard to his trailer door. “Yeah...I spose I could.” He opened the door and motioned me inside. “Come on in. Want some coffee?”

His smile never left his face. It was infectious. I smiled and shook my head “no”. “Thanks.”

Upon opening the door, three small yipping Chihuahua dogs jumped in front of us. Looking around the room there was a warmth and love present here. Indian artifacts decorated the walls. It was a small room, but large for a trailer, obviously an add-on. Sitting at a round wood table was a large Indian woman with her long hair pulled into a braid. She got up upon seeing me, revealing her simple shift dress. She seemed a little nervous about my unexpected visit.

“Hello.” she said in a deep voice. Her smile exposed a couple missing front teeth. Despite her surprise at my visit, she was Ms. Hospitality. “Come on in and sit down.” Her large dark eyes were friendly. She appeared to be a lot younger than Grey Claw. Both were very amiable. “Please, sit down. I’ll get you some coffee.” She shuffled in her worn moccasins towards the rusty wood stove.

Grey Claw stopped her. “She don’t want no coffee. She’s here to talk about the Kooseekoosnow.” He pulled out a chair for me to sit in as he introduced me. “This is my wife Mountain Rose,” indicating Mountain Rose. He nodded to his wife, “This is Jill Engle. Joe sent her.”

The mention of Joe’s name made her relax. Another toothless smile exploded on her face. She took the chair next to me easing her large body down till she squeezed into it.

“Nice to meet you.” The table was covered in an assortment of items; coffee cups, toilet paper, beads in small plastic boxes, feathers, limbs of willow trees, completed “dream catchers,” ashtrays, tobacco and cigarette papers.

Grey Claw sat down between us adjusting his chair for comfort. He then proceeded to roll himself a cigarette. “Rosie, she wants to know about the Kooseekoosnow.” He gave a grin before wetting his

cigarette, rolling it in his mouth. "Joe told her to talk to me about them," he giggled.

Mountain Rose also found it amusing and laughed. I wondered what the joke was. Grey Claw turned to me with his steel grey eyes. "So what do you want to know?"

I wanted to keep my secret so I was careful how I asked my question. "You've seen them up here?"

Mountain Rose let out a loud belly laugh which shook the table. "You bet!"

Grey Claw grabbed a box of matches that lay on the cluttered table. He stopped before striking the match. He puffed on his cigarette seemingly going into a reverie. "Never forget it."

My curiosity was overflowing. "What happened?"

He took another deep drag on his cigarette staring motionless at a set of deer antlers that hung across the room on the wall. "I was out bow hunting up near the Ridge Roost, which is about three miles from here. I saw a deer and I was just getting her in my sights when suddenly the monster came out of the woods after her. He was about eight feet tall with dark long hair hanging off his body. His legs were as large as your waist. His arms were long and swung loosely as he ran. He was like a locomotive shaking the ground with every step. The hair on the back of my neck stood up at the sight of

him. I was dumbfounded, only able to watch as he snatched up that deer like she was a bag of potatoes while he continued running.

My hair stood up on the back of my neck remembering the Bigfoot I had seen in the woods. I needed confirmation, although I really knew. "You're sure it was a Bigfoot?"

Grey Claw chuckled taking another drag. "Oh, yeah. I knew. From the time I was little, I was told the stories of these people. Growing up, my family lived further east from here. My people didn't think of them as animals as the white man did, we respected them as another tribe. In return they respected us. Many people had seen them. They would knock on wood to make their presence known." He sat back in his chair and took another drag. "We hunted in the same areas, but would always make sure we weren't taking away from them. My people believed they lived in caves and tunnels. The Koosseekeosnow is said to have a foul odor. It is believed that was because they live in those underground caves which are full of foul and decayed things. They don't clean up as far as I know."

Mountain Rose watched her husband intently, although having heard the story before. Grey Claw took a drink from a coffee cup, his throat dry from his discussion.

“Has anyone ever tried to communicate with them?”

Mountain Rose let out a burst of laughter. “Not much chance of that. But I’ve heard them chatter to each other.” She imitated the sound. “Like squirrels.”

“Really” I was intrigued. “Have you seen them?” This was wetting my desire for more information.

“Yeah. They’ve come right down in back here.” I gasped at the thought of the huge Bigfoot so close to their home. “I was hanging clothes when a female was spotted watching me. They are curious.”

“A female? What about the talking?” I was hanging on their every word.

Mountain Rose got up and poured herself some coffee, adding a couple teaspoons of sugar. Before speaking, she slurped a couple mouthfuls then continued, “Well, I made like I didn’t see her and just went about my business. Course you could smell her, the stinky thing.” She was enjoying telling the story and became quite demonstrative with her hands. “Anyway, after a couple minutes I heard this chattering coming from inside the woods. She responded right back.” Mountain Rose did an imitation of the chattering noise again. “I think she was getting yelled at the way she was carrying on. They don’t like to get too close to people, but they like to watch.”

*BOOK I OF THE UP THE MOUNTAIN TRILOGY*

Grey Claw interrupted her, “They have a scream that would curdle cream.” Grey Claw screamed.... “Ooa...haa!...Ooa...haa!...like that.”

Mountain Rose annoyed at the interruption, scowled at him. “Not like that! It’s more like a baby crying...Whaa...Whaaa!” It was just like what I had heard. Goosebumps ran up my arm. Grey Claw gave her a dirty look and puffed on his cigarette.

“Have you ever seen a young one?”

He looked at me square on and asked me, “You have, haven’t you?”

I could feel the flush rising on my face. How’d he know? I struggled to know what to say. Finally I blurted out, “Yeah.”

Mountain Rose was excited, urging me on. “So, tell us.”

I took a deep breath and proceeded to tell them the series of incidents and the night the Kid and I met face to face. When I was done Grey Claw sat back in his chair and laughed. “Don’t that beat all!...He probably was checking you out when you were naked.”

Mountain Rose barked at him. “Honey!”

Grey Claw continued, “Well, he probably did. If he was about four feet tall, he was as you say just a kid,



probably sneaking away from mommy and daddy...Likes those cookies too, I bet."

I couldn't help myself. I had to ask them. "Do you think I can...communicate with him?"

Grey Claw snuffed out his cigarette in the ashtray. "What?...Communicate?...Well, I guess as much as you can communicate with a dog or wolf or something... You hoping he'll come back?" They had to have seen my excitement.

"Yes. It seems like there is some humanity in him." They looked at me surprised. I weakly defended myself. "He was adorable."

"Daddy don't have any humanity I bet." Mountain Rose chortled.

They could see this meant a lot to me. Grey Claw sat back in his chair sipping his coffee. "You kinda have a point there. I mean I heard a story about one of these guys taking a young Indian woman and screwing her. She got away and later had a baby by it. I guess it was a little hairy, but it was human, no doubt."

I wanted them to understand. "If I could make friends with it, maybe there's a chance."

"Lady, that's a real long shot. I'd be mighty careful if I was you." He patted my hand. "They are a weird

lot, and there's no telling what they'll do – young or old."

"I heard a story of an old trapper who used to travel these mountains. He had a friend, an old miner who used to travel far up to find gold." He smiled to himself before taking a drink from his coffee cup. "Apparently the old guy was captured by a Kooskoosnow family. They took him while he was sleeping in his sleeping bag. They helped themselves to his provisions. He wasn't sure what they intended to do with him, but kept him on a leash like a dog so he couldn't escape. The large male left to go hunting one day leaving the younger male, young female and the old female."

He stopped a moment remembering his story. "Apparently the old female was attracted to him. She wouldn't let him out of her sight and once her mate was gone, she shinnied up to him checking him out all over, if you know what I mean." He laughed. "Old Ross told him she was feeling him up and down. The younger ones sat watching the whole thing!...Well, while she was in such an amorous mood, he managed to slip the leash, wrapping it around her feet, trapping her. He took off with her screaming behind her. If he hadn't jumped in the river, she would've probably kept him for herself. Apparently she wasn't interested in getting wet. She just stood at the top of the bank and watched as the old guy swam like a fish to freedom."

"Really?" I found this amazing.

"I'm sure only part of it was true." Mountain Rose clucked. "Old Ross loved to tell stories."

True or not, I found it fascinating.

Grey Claw gave his wife a sly grin. "Yes, Ross loved to tell stories, but that was what was so great about him."

Mountain Rose snorted. "You, men, you can't believe a single word." She turned around and returned to the kitchen. "Jill, sure you won't have some tea or coffee?"

"No, thanks. I probably should get going."

"See," Mountain Rose glowered at her husband. "You scared her away with those stories. Now, honey, if you should see one of them again, I'd steer clear if I were you. I doubt very much they're going to talk to you in anything but that squirrel chatter."

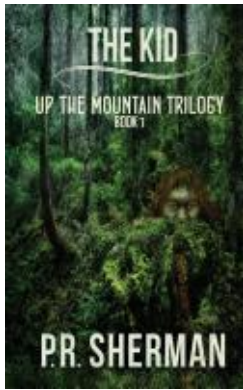
I got up from my chair. "Thanks. I appreciate all you've told me." I quickly walked toward the door.

Grey Claw followed me out. When we got to my truck he said, "Nobody's ever been killed by a Kooskeekosnow as far as I know...People are scared of their size and run off...You be careful though." He stroked his beard and then continued, "I have to say I'm kinda curious about the young one you say you saw, but again, remember he may be little, but mommy and

daddy are big, and parents tend to be protective of their young. You be careful.” After I got in my truck he came to my window. “Mind if I come over and visit you?”

“No. I would welcome it. Thanks a lot.” I was feeling torn between fear and excitement. Grey Claw stood smiling as he watched me pull out of his driveway. They were nice people. I wondered if they thought I was balmy. I didn’t regret telling them about my experiences. I felt I needed to tell someone. I hoped Grey Claw wouldn’t tell Joe. Joe could be overprotective and would be after me to leave.

The truck jiggled all the way out of the road from Grey Claw’s. Many thoughts were running through my head. Mostly the stories that they told me of what they knew learned of the Bigfoot. A couple miles after I turned off the road from Grey Claw’s I saw the beat-up pickup that was at Bill’s grocery store. All I could think of is the two guys I had seen earlier looking for ammunition. I prayed they would never see any of the Bigfoot.



*The Kid is the first book of the Up The Mountain Trilogy, which touches on the real possibility of the Bigfoot as a human. The Kid is an adventuresome and touching tale about a woman who establishes a relationship with a juvenile Bigfoot while camping in the Sierra Nevada Mountains. After discovering his humanity, she will do anything she can to protect him and his family from hunters and curiosity seekers.*

# **The Kid – Book 1 of the Up the Mountain Trilogy**

**Order the complete book from**

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

**<http://www.booklocker.com/p/books/8626.html?s=pdf>**

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