A SCARY NIGHT

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Chapter 1

I was on my way to see my best friend John who lived about two hours away in the mountains where he had a nice cabin he built himself. I did not get to visit him very often because I do not like driving so far.

It was a foggy night, so normally, on a night like this, I would have stayed home and read a book by the fireplace, but it was my best friend John’s birthday, so I did not want to miss his party.

It was very difficult to see where I was going because the fog was so thick. Even though I was driving very slowly, I could barely see the road in front of me.

When I was about an hour from home, I suddenly heard a loud thud. Then I saw the blur of something slide past me, and then it disappeared.

Surprised at what had just happened, I stopped my car, got my umbrella, and walked to the back of my car to see what I had hit. There was nothing there.

I went down the road a few meters to see if what I hit might be lying on the ground. There was nothing there either.

As I returned to my car, I found the headlight on the right front side was broken, and there was blood on the door. I looked around again. I still did not see anything.

I yelled into the fog, “Is anyone there? Are you OK?”
There was no response. As I went around my car to get back in, something jumped up in front of me, stood still for a second, and then ran away. It was huge. There were any other sounds; just the noise of something really big running into the fog. I was getting scared.

“What is that thing?” I thought to myself.

I got into my car and tried to start it. Nothing happened. I tried again, still nothing. I sat for a moment trying to think of why the car would not start. I tried to turn on the radio, but it did not work either.

Just then, right in front of my car, that big thing appeared, stopped and looked at me, and then it disappeared into the fog again.

Now I was getting even more afraid.

I went to get my cell phone. I looked everywhere, but I couldn’t find it. I always put the phone on the charger in the car so I would not get a low battery display. I looked and looked. I could not find it. I must have left it at home.

It began to rain again. I looked around to see where I was, but I couldn’t see anything familiar. I did not know how far I was from my home or how far it was to John’s house.

Suddenly, my car started to move up and down. I looked in my mirror. Something was climbing onto the back window. It was big. I locked the doors and sank down into my seat trying to hide.

What was happening! When I looked in my mirror again, there was blood dripping down the back window where the thing had been, but whatever it was, it was now gone.

Everything went quiet. I looked out the windows, but I could not see anything.

I looked around inside the car to find something I could use to defend myself against this monster. I picked up my wet umbrella to use as a weapon.

“Ah ha!” I said aloud.

It had a point on it, so I could use it as a sword and stab the thing that was lurking outside my car.
Just then, my car started to rock back and forth. I could not see what was doing this. The car rocked harder and harder, and just as suddenly as it had started, it stopped. This thing was playing with me. If it wanted me to be afraid, it was working. I was scared to death.

Things got very quiet again. It was so frightening. I had never been in a situation like this before.

The headlights of another car came into view. I tried to honk my horn and flash my headlights at them, but they did not work. I watched the lights disappear as the car sped by.

I thought about getting out of my car to get their attention, but I knew that if I got out, something bad might happen to me.

Now I was sitting in my car trying not to panic. I looked in the glove box, and I found my flashlight. I turned it on, but the batteries were dead. Just one week before I thought about checking the flashlight, but I put it off until a later time.

“I will never do that again,” I said to myself.

I was nervous just sitting in my car, so I thought about running to safety. I started to open the door, but just as I did, the car began to bounce again. It bounced higher than before. Since the door was open, I almost fell out. I was getting dizzy from the car bouncing and bouncing. There were no other noises, only the tires of my car bouncing on the pavement.

Then suddenly, everything went silent again.

It seemed like it had been a very long time. When I looked at my watch, it was midnight. It had been three hours, and I still had no idea what to do.

I had to make a plan. I would wait until the sun came up. Then I would be able to escape.

My thoughts turned to my family, “How would they survive if I were gone?”

I thought about my two small children and their mother all alone with no one to take care of them. I needed to find a solution to this problem. I needed to find a way out.
I started to get sleepy. I could not keep my eyes open. I lay down on the seat and started to fall asleep. I did not want to, but I was just so tired.

When I awoke to the daylight. The fog was still very thick, but at least it was light out. I looked around and did not see anything, so I picked up my umbrella and slowly got out of the car. The silence was deafening. I squinted my eyes trying to see through the fog.

After getting out of the car, I started to walk slowly. I found the white line on the side of the road and followed it as I began to walk. I could see trees on either side of the road. I knew there were a gas station and convenience store ahead where I could get to a phone and ask for help. I just needed to get there safely.

As I walked, and when I was about one hundred meters from my car, the hair on the back of my neck stood up. Something was watching me.

Because of the strange feeling, I started to walk faster, but I still felt as if something was following me. I began to run. Then I heard the sound of something getting closer and closer to me.

I turned my head, and the big monster that had played with my car was behind me and it was running. It was coming after me! I could only make out the outline of his shape. It looked like a giant bear. I had heard stories about large grizzly bears in the forest, but it had been a very long time since there was a report of a grizzly in this area.

Knowing that I could not outrun the monster, I turned and faced the animal. As I looked closer, I realized it wasn’t a grizzly bear. It was something completely different. I had never seen anything like it before. It was covered in fur, and it stood on two legs like a human. I think it was about three meters tall. It had big eyes and even bigger feet. The smell of the animal was terrible. There was blood on its leg where I had hit it with my car. It appeared that the injury had not slowed it down very much. It still was moving fast, and it was running right at me.

I decided that if I was going to die, I was going to die fighting. I pointed my umbrella at the monster and set my feet to defend myself.
Suddenly the beast came to a stop. It just looked at me. I made the most threatening face I could make. The monster did not move. It just stared at me.

“Get back!” I yelled as I pointed my umbrella at it.

It did not move. It just stood there looking at me.

Someone had told me in order to stop an attacking dog; staring into its eyes was a way to make it stop. I stood in front of the monster staring it in the eyes.

I do not know how long we had been there staring at each other when a big truck came down the road. This scared the animal, so it turned and ran into the woods. I tried to get the attention of the truck driver, but he did not see me. The truck flew past and continued down the road.

I thought it would be a good time to start running again. The gas station couldn’t be that far away.

As I ran, I began to get tired, but at least I did not see the beast anymore. I slowed to a jog. Then I stopped and began to take long breaths. I was feeling a bit more relaxed, but I still could not see the gas station. I had my hands on my knees trying to get enough air, so I could continue. Running in the mountains where the air is thin makes it hard to run for a long time.

I looked back behind me and it was clear. Nothing was there.

When I turned around to continue to the gas station, right in front of me was the monster. I took my umbrella and thrust it at the animal, but the beast hit the umbrella out of my hand, and it flew away. I was now defenseless.

The big monster picked me up, put me over its shoulder, and carried me into the woods. I was bouncing up and down like a rag doll as it carried me deeper into the forest.

It was getting darker and darker because of the thick trees. Then it took me into a cave.

Once inside the cave, it put me on the ground. It was completely dark inside. I could smell the awful odor of the animal, but I did not know where it had gone. I heard noises like something moving around deeper in the cave. In my mind, I thought I was
going to be dinner for this monster.

The dim light from the entrance caught my eye. I began to move slowly toward the mouth of the cave, hoping to make an escape. The animal seemed distracted. It did not see me moving slowly out of the cave.

I managed to get away without being seen, but for how long? I was getting desperate.

As I ran away from the cave, I heard voices talking close by. I yelled out for help. A voice yelled back, “Where are you?”

“Over here, by the mouth of the cave!” I responded.

I heard the breaking of branches as two men approached me. They were hunters looking for deer.

“What happened to you? How did you get here?” they asked.

“I’ll tell you later. We need to get out of here fast!” I yelled as I ran down the hill toward them.

Not really knowing why I was in such a panic, they followed my directions. Then we ran through the forest until we found their pickup truck.

I jumped into the back. I was completely out of breath. When I looked up, I saw that the monster was coming after us.

The hunters got inside the truck and started the engine. Just before the animal got to us, we got away. It was a very narrow escape.

The men took me to the gas station. It turned out that it was not very far from where the monster had picked me up.

We sat down at a small table in to calm down. While I drank a cup of coffee, I told the men about everything that had happened since the night before.

“We would not have believed you if we had not seen the monster ourselves,” the two men commented.

After I had a chance to call John and my family, to let them know I was OK, they took me back to my car.
The blood was gone from my car, but there was hair from the animal in the headlight. That was the only thing that proved I had struck something.

It turned out that the connection to my battery had come loose when I hit the animal. That is why it had not started.

While we waited for the police, the men told me the legend of an animal found in these woods that only a handful of people had ever seen. They said it was called Sasquatch in the local native American language or Bigfoot in English. They told me I was very lucky to be alive.

I told my story to the police. They searched the area where I said the cave was at, but they found nothing. They did find some strange hair that matched the hair on my car in the bark of a tree, but nothing else.

To this day, no one else has seen Sasquatch nor are there any photos. To most people, Sasquatch is just a legend that can’t be proven, but for me, it is all too real.

I thought about going back to see if I could find it, but I was too afraid. I studied stories about Sasquatch and newspaper articles that told about people who had seen it like me. There were many stories, but none of them had proof.
**VOCABULARY** *(Match the word to its definition)*

1. foggy ____
2. cabin ____
3. lurking ____
4. rifle ____
5. panic ____
6. monster ____
7. relaxed ____
8. handful ____
9. mouth ____
10. match ____

   a. comfortable, restful
   b. long gun
   c. a small amount, few
   d. hazy, misty, thick cloud
   e. small house in the forest
   f. afraid, great fear
   g. large scary creature
   h. compare, the same
   i. opening to a cave
   j. linger, stalking, following

**TRUE OR FALSE**

1. The night was cold, and it was snowing.  
2. My radio worked when I tried to turn it on.  
3. It was my birthday.  
4. A car went by but did not stop.  
5. I fell asleep in the car.  
6. My car hit a large deer.  
7. I met Bigfoot in the forest.  
8. I was carried into a cave.  
9. The hunters shot Bigfoot.  
10. I thought I was going to be Bigfoots’ dinner.
MULTIPLE CHOICE

1. Who was I going to visit? ____
   a) John
   b) Jim
   c) Sam
   d) Sasquatch

2. Where was I going when I left the car? ____
   a) gas station
   b) police station
   c) birthday party
   d) cave

3. How long was I in the car? ____
   a) three hours
   b) all day
   c) a week
   d) all night

4. Where did the monster carry me? ____
   a) pickup truck
   b) John’s house
   c) cave
   d) gas station
**COMPREHENSION:** *(Write a complete sentence to answer the question.)*

1. Where was I going on the scary night?
   
   _________________________________________________________________

2. What was on my back window?
   
   _________________________________________________________________

3. What woke me up in the morning?
   
   _________________________________________________________________

4. How many men were hunting in the woods?
   
   _________________________________________________________________

5. What kind of vehicle did the hunters have?
   
   _________________________________________________________________

6. Where did the men take me in their pickup truck?
   
   _________________________________________________________________

7. What was wrong with my flashlight?
   
   _________________________________________________________________

8. Why did not I get out of my car when another car passed?
   
   _________________________________________________________________

9. Where was my cellphone?
   
   _________________________________________________________________

10. What happened when the big truck went by?
    
    _________________________________________________________________
Chapter 2

My friends did not believe my story, even though the hunters said they saw the monster as well, they thought I was making up a story and the hunters were in on it. They said we probably met at the gas station and came up with the story, so I could explain why I had missed the party.

A few days later, my friends and I were playing cards, and the story of the monster came up again. They kept laughing and said it was one of the best stories they had ever heard.

I got upset and suggested a plan, “OK guys, if you do not believe me, then let’s make a trip to find it!”

Suddenly the room went silent.

“Huh? You want us to go with you?” John asked.

“Well, if it’s the only way to prove what I said was true, then why not?” I responded.

The guys looked at each other, shrugged their shoulders and agreed to go.

We made plans to drive to the spot where I had first met Sasquatch the next morning.

Around 9:00 am we left in John’s van. We brought rifles, just in case the monster attacked us. We packed food and extra gear. Actually, we had too much stuff, but it did not matter.

The trip into the mountains took about an hour and a half to get to the eighty-mile marker where my car had stopped. We pulled over and got out. We looked into the forest. The trees were thick, so it was hard to see past the first row.

“OK, Bill. Tell us where to go,” John asked as he looked into the deep forest.
“I think we need to go down the road a little further to where the monster took me into the woods,” I suggested.

We got back into the van and drove about two-hundred meters and then I told John to stop.

It was very different from when it was so foggy.

We pulled the van into the forest and then got out. We walked until I found some footprints, big tracks leading into the forest.

“Come here, I think I found something!” I yelled to the others.

They came running to see what I had found.

“Here, look at this. What do you think?” I asked.

John got onto his knee to look at it closer.

“I’ve lived in these woods for a long time, but I have never seen anything like this before,” John commented.

“Do you think we should follow them?” Ron asked.

“Why not? That’s why we came, isn’t it?” I answered.

We moved slowly into the deep dark forest. John went first. He has experience as a tracker, so following this trail was nothing new for him.

It was not very difficult since there were so many broken branches, and the soft soil left perfect imprints of the animal.

“I’m surprised the police did not see these tracks when they looked,” John spoke up. “It is really easy to follow them.”

We went deeper and deeper through the trees.

We could hear the birds and the noise of small animals as they ran away. The wind blew through the treetops, which made the forest seem alive. The crackle of breaking branches below our feet echoed back to us. When we stopped to listen, the silence as awesome.

Then there was a new noise. Something was moving ahead of us. We could not see it, and it was moving fast.
We tried to run faster, but the logs and branches on the ground made it difficult. We came upon some tire tracks.

“This is where the pickup was when I escaped from the cave!” I exclaimed in a soft voice. “We cannot be far from the cave.”

“Let’s spread out. If we do that we can see more of what is up ahead. Be careful. That monster is tricky. When you least expect him to be there, he will suddenly appear,” I directed the group.

We moved forward as a group. Cautiously checking out under logs and around rocks.

“I think I found something!” Roger yelled over to us, and then “Aieeee!”

“Roger, where are you?” I yelled out.

No answer.

“ROGER! Where are you?!” I asked again.

“Guys, come here, Roger is in trouble. He was over there, but now he’s gone. Let’s go together and see if we can find him,” I suggested.

We ran over to where I had last seen Roger. There were fresh tracks from the monster, and Roger was nowhere to be found. His gun was laying on the ground.

“The tracks go this way,” John pointed to the left. “We should be able to follow these pretty easily. Stay together, we cannot lose another person.

Slowly we followed the trail. Then it seemed to disappear. We went left and right and forward, but we did not see anything.

“What happened?” I asked. “Where did the trail go?”

“I’m not sure,” John answered very puzzled.

In front of us was a big tree that had fallen. There were no tracks after the tree.

“Maybe he’s under the tree?” John suggested.

“How do we move it, the thing is huge,” I answered back.

“The three of us have to be as strong as he is. Let’s give it a try,” Ron said as he moved to one end of the tree.
“Uhg, this thing is heavy,” I said as we lifted the log about half a meter, then we dropped it. “We have to try again. Maybe when we lift it we can start to roll it down the hill. Then we can see what’s behind it.”

We lifted it again and this time we pushed it to the right. It worked. We ran to the other side and saw the cave where it had taken me before.

“Now I know why the police never found the cave. It was hidden under this tree,” I said to the guys.

“Do you have the flashlight?” Ron asked me.

“Yep, and it has brand new batteries in it,” I was proud that I was prepared this time. “I even have my cell phone with me.”

“What are we going to do now?” Ron asked.

“I think we need to go and find Roger,” I answered.

“I’ll stay here and watch the entrance,” John offered.

“Why? What is there to guard?” I asked.

“Well, maybe there’s another Sasquatch out there. You never know, do you?” John gave his response.

Alright, I guess that might be a good idea, especially if we get caught, then you can run for help,” Ron gave his opinion.

Ron and I went to the opening of the cave. I turned on my flashlight as we crawled under the log into the darkness. I remembered the smell. We were in the right place.

Once inside the cave, we heard Roger’s muffled voice. He was trying to make the Sasquatch leave him alone.

I yelled out, “Hey Sasquatch! Over here!”

I pointed my flashlight deep into the cave. The monster was coming toward us and he was moving fast.

Ron and I pointed our rifles at him, and then he came to stop. He just stared at us.

Following behind was Roger. When the monster stopped he ran past it and met us in the entrance.
“Shoot it!” Roger yelled. “He was going to kill me!”

“NO!” I yelled. “Wait a minute. If it had wanted us dead it would have done it already. I don’t think it’s as dangerous as we thought.”

“What do you mean! He was going to kill me!” Roger said in frustration. “Kill it!”

We still had our guns pointed at Sasquatch being careful not to let it hurt us.

“How long were you in the cave before we found you?” I asked Roger.

“I don’t know. Too long for me,” he answered.

“You were in here long enough to have been a goner, but your still here. He didn’t kill me either. I was able to escape. Maybe it just wants some friends,” I made my point.


“It’s just standing there. It hasn’t done anything to make us feel afraid,” I commented, as I put my rifle down on the ground.

“What are you doing? Pick up your gun. It’s going to eat us for sure!” Roger said as he lunged to get my gun.

I put my foot on it, so he could not pick it up.

“Ron, do the same thing. Put your gun on the ground and see what it does, OK?” I said as I looked over at him.

“OK, I hope you know what you are doing,” Ron said reluctantly.

He put his gun down, but I kept my flashlight in the monster’s face. It put its hands in front of its eyes and then sat down. It grunted.

“Let’s get out of here. I don’t like it,” Roger said.

First Roger left, and then Ron picked up his gun and walked backwards keeping his eye on the Bigfoot as he left the cave. I was once again eye to eye with it, just like I was on the night of the fog.

I picked up my rifle and did as Ron had done, slowly exiting the cave.

Once outside we all felt relieved.

“Now what?” Ron asked.

“Oh no! I forgot to take a picture!” I said.
I had my phone with me and I could have gotten a photo to show everyone what we had found. No one is going to believe our story.”

“Should I go back to get one?” I asked.

“Are you kidding? What if it gets you and eats you?” John said, trying to convince me that we needed to get out of there and go home.

“I’m serious. You guys made a lot of fun of me before you knew it was real, now you want to run away? If we have a chance to prove that Bigfoot is real, I’m gonna do it!” I said as I went back to entrance to the cave.

The others stayed behind, too afraid to go in. Slowly I moved into the darkness, with my flashlight leading the way. I got to where saw the monster. The place was empty. Now I had to go deeper into the cave to find it. I was alone, and the cave was silent. I moved my flashlight from side to side making sure that the monster wasn’t hiding and ready to attack.

I kept moving forward and found nothing until I saw daylight.

“Another exit?!” I thought to myself.

I poked my head out of the hole and looked back to where my three friends were standing. They hadn’t seen Bigfoot leave.

“Hey, guys! Over here! I found another way into the cave. It must have gone out this way. Did you see anything?” I asked as I shouted down the hill at them.

“Nope, nothing!” Ron yelled back.

I crawled out of the opening and as I did, in front of me was the monster, staring down at me.

“AH, don’t hurt me! Go away!” I yelled.

The monster just stood in front of me and looked down. He seemed to be more curious than afraid.

There was a BOOM as one of the guys shot his rifle. Bigfoot turned and ran away. My friends ran up the hill through the fallen branches.
Roger was the first one to get to me.
“Are you OK?” he asked.
“Yeah fine,” was my answer.
I got up from the ground and brushed the dirt off my jeans.
“I don’t think it was going to hurt me. Do you think you hit it when you fired the gun?” I asked.
“No, I fired the gun into the air to scare it away,” Ron replied.
“I guess at least I have proven to you guys that the story I told was true, Right?”
“Yeah, we would never have believed you if we hadn’t seen it ourselves,” John said.
We walked back to where we had parked the van. There were branches and leaves all over it. We almost didn’t find it.
“Who do you think did this?” Ron spoke up.
“Maybe it was our friend, Sasquatch,” I replied.
“Why would it do that?” John asked.
“It’s possible that it didn’t want us to find the car, so we could stay here with it and be its friends,” I suggested with a laugh.
The others didn’t think it was so funny.
We cleaned off the van, and as we started to leave, Roger pointed and said, “Look, there it is. I think maybe you were right. It doesn’t want us to leave.”
“Stop the car!” I yelled.
The car stopped, and I jumped out. I walked toward the monster. It just stood there and looked at me.
“Are you crazy?!” yelled Roger.
“Quiet!” I yelled back. “Let me do this.”
I walked up to the Bigfoot and stood in front of it. It was huge but didn’t move.
We looked at each other for a long time. And then I waved at the car to invite the others to join me. John got out and walked up to me followed slowly by Roger and Ron.
The four of us stood and watched the big beast look at us. I put out my hand and Bigfoot put out its hand. We shook hands.

“That’s really weird. How does it know how to shake hands,” Roger commented, and then he put out his. Sasquatch took his hand as well.

“You might be right. He seems to want friends. What do we do now?” Roger asked.

I gave my phone to Ron and told him to take a picture of Bigfoot and I. We took a lot of pictures of each of us with it. Now we had the proof we needed to show that we knew Sasquatch.

It was getting late, so we said goodbye to Bigfoot, got into our van, and went home.

The next day, I got my phone to show my family the pictures we had taken. When I opened my app for photos, I was shocked. In every picture all we could see was us. Bigfoot was not there.

“Were we dreaming?” I asked myself out loud.

I called the guys and told them what had happened to the photos. They came over to see for themselves.

“What happened? Was it a ghost or something?” Ron asked.

“I don’t know. Maybe that is why there are no pictures of Sasquatch. If our camera did not get a photo, then perhaps all the other times people thought they had a photo of him, the same thing happened.

So, now the legend of Sasquatch continues. There is still no proof it exists.
**VOCABULARY (Match the word to its definition)**

1. shrug ____  
   a. equipment, kit
2. spot ____  
   b. long gun
3. gear ____  
   c. to persuade, induce, prove
4. van ____  
   d. raise shoulders to show agreement
5. crackle ____  
   e. place, location, site
6. trail ____  
   f. noise from breaking branches
7. rifle ____  
   g. annoyed, not able to do
8. entrance ____  
   h. large vehicle for many people
9. frustration ____  
   i. the way to go in
10. convince ____  
    j. path, way to walk through the forest

**TRUE OR FALSE**

1. The night was cold, and it was snowing.  
   T / F
2. My radio worked when I tried to turn it on.  
   T / F
3. It was my birthday.  
   T / F
4. A car went by but did not stop.  
   T / F
5. I fell asleep in the car.  
   T / F
6. My car hit a large deer.  
   T / F
7. I met Bigfoot in the forest.  
   T / F
8. I was carried into a cave.  
   T / F
9. The hunters shot Bigfoot.  
   T / F
10. I thought I was going to be Bigfoots’ dinner.  
    T / F
MULTIPLE CHOICE

1. How long did it take to get to the forest? _____
   a) two hours
   b) one hour
   c) one and half hours
   d) half hour

   e) Who was taken by Sasquatch? _____
      a) Bill
      b) John
      c) Roger
      d) Ron

   e) How did I get out of the cave the second time? _____
      a) on my knees
      b) a second entrance
      c) carried by Sasquatch
      d) in the van

   e) What was on the van we got back to it? _____
      a) mud
      b) leaves and branches
      c) blood
      d) snow
**COMPREHENSION:** *(Write a complete sentence to answer the question.)*

1. What were we doing when we decided to find Sasquatch?
   ____________________________________________________________

2. Where did stop the first time?
   ____________________________________________________________

3. What was another name for Sasquatch?
   ____________________________________________________________

4. What did we carry with us into the forest?
   ____________________________________________________________

5. What did John find in the ground?
   ____________________________________________________________

6. What was covering the cave?
   ____________________________________________________________

7. What did I remember to bring with me?
   ____________________________________________________________

8. Why did I not want to kill Sasquatch?
   ____________________________________________________________

9. How were we going to prove we saw Sasquatch?
   ____________________________________________________________

10. What happened to our photos?
    ____________________________________________________________