Bigfoot Night

by Aaron S.

The giant stood up and scowled menacingly.

"WHAT! You don't think bigfoot is real?!" Big John's face seemed about ready to scowl in on itself.

"Well," I said, "I don't think so. There's never been any real evidence to support it."

"Evidence? Look out that window son, you'll see some tracks out there!"

I did look out the window and wasn't really surprised to see dark holes punched through the crisp white in the moonlight.

"Look at them strides! A person couldn't do that." His bellowing voice was full of certaintly.

I smiled and started to say "No, but a person on stilts--", but the words stopped when I saw movement in my periphery. I looked towards the corner of the yard, where the forest began. There it was.

Big John began to chuckle.

"Holy SHIT that's a big one! You must be good luck!"

My knees started to shake as I stared at the hairy beast. Then I heard the clank-clunk of a shotgun. I turned around as he was loading another bright red shell.

"Wh-what are you doing?" I stuttered, scared.

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Big John somehow had a pump-action shotgun handy. "Well, let's shoot the bastard! The scientists are gonna love this."

My voice had dropped to a whisper. "What...that sounds danger..."

Of course when we turned back to the window, the shaggy apparition had disappeared into the black forest depths.

Big John grinned dryly. "Damn. They get away every time."