

“Bigfoot Behind Winnebago Attack” by Dan Boyts

It all started on a cold, snowy night in the Pacific Northwest. The influx of tourists was at an all-time high. More and more people were invading the mountains with RV's bringing with them their children, pets, and noise. The peaceful and serene demeanor of nature was being systematically reduced to something akin to the cities from where they came. Campers were no longer setting up their tents, cooking their food on a small fire, and carrying out what they brought in. Instead, they were bringing with them all the comforts of home. They brought their radios, their TV's, their ATV's, their generators, their gas stoves and grills, their reclining chairs, their food, their alcohol, their laundry, and their toilets; but most of all they brought their trash. The once pristine wilderness was now a dumping ground for the weekend warrior.

Although the campgrounds employed students to police the area daily, they were not very diligent in their efforts. Invariably, the wind would blow paper and plastic out of the camping area and into the mountain terrain. The locals were getting sick and tired of cleaning up after the campers but none were as irritated as the Bigfoot population. It wasn't enough that they had to hide from the teeming masses of the foul smelling creatures; they also had to put up with their poor manners and apathy about the environment.

Jack and Betty were two of the worst offenders in the mountains. They brought their Super-Deluxe Winnebago with expanding sides, green and white striped canvas awning, and a compartment in the rear with a loading ramp for their ATV's. It was loaded with much more gear and toys than any of the other campers and they spread their stuff all over the campground. They always invited their friends to join them which multiplied the amount of noise and garbage. They ran their ATV's off the trails and into areas that were considered off limits. They tore up the land

without any reservation or thought of what it was doing to the ecosystem of the mountain; how it affected the plants, animals, and other inhabitants. When they would leave, there was always a mess to clean up. Mostly, they were just rude and inconsiderate.

Bob Jeati, one of the oldest of the Yetis in the area, was completely fed up with the noise and the traffic. He and his wife Yolanda couldn't even take an evening stroll without stepping on some form of trash or another. It was beginning to bother him and his clan a lot. All of the places they traveled had been damaged by the humans. He didn't mind if they came to enjoy the mountain; that was what it was for, to be enjoyed. But the nonsense of tearing up the land was getting old. Besides, this was *his* home; *his* front yard. How dare the human creatures come into his home and tear it up. He decided that he would do something about it. Bob put together a plan. This was unusual for Bob because living in the mountains, there wasn't anything *to* plan. Something had to be done though. He would make the campers' lives miserable. He would turn the tables on them and turn their campsites upside down. While they were out tearing up *his* yard, *he* would tear up theirs.

The moon was bright overhead and the air was crisp and calm. The snow had just started to fall in a light, even pattern. It would be a good night for the meeting Bob had called with the clan. He explained his position, and what he had in mind, to the rest of the mountain beasts as best he could and persuaded them to join him in a raid. They would sleep tonight and get up the next day to carry out Bob's plan. As they left the meeting they were all excited about standing up for their neighborhood. The next day while Jack, Betty, and the group of friends they had visiting were out ripping up and down the mountainside, they struck.

When Jack and Betty returned later that day they were frightened and appalled at the mess they found where their campsite used to be. Their Winnebago was lying on its side. The

dog was shivering in the weeds just outside the campsite. The tables were turned over and their food was scattered as far as they could see. Betty found her favorite folding chair destroyed and tossed out into the road. Jack's Lazy Boy was shredded and the stuffing was blowing everywhere. The beer cooler was upside down and all of the beer was lying on the ground. The TV had been smashed and the radio was moaning a song like a sick cat. Jack and his friends couldn't believe the condition of all of their possessions. They immediately began to search for evidence of who had vandalized their area. They looked for hours trying to find the culprits that did it without any luck. All they could find were dozens of very large footprints in the dirt around the camp.