**WHERE DID IT GO?**

It was a little past dusk on the mountain. They wanted to complete one more run before it was dark. There were a few inches of fresh powder on the trail from the snow storm that came through a few hours ago.

They were not quite a quarter of the way down the mountain. Jim was leading the way down the slope and suddenly stopped. It was getting harder to see. Even though they knew the mountain well, it was time to don their headband lights to light their way down the slope. Bill and Robert slid to a stop near Jim.

“Why are we stopping?” asked his brother Bill.

“It’s getting dark pretty fast. I think we should put on our headband lights now,” said Jim.

“Yeah, I’d prefer not to run into a tree,” said Robert sarcastically.

They stuck their ski poles into the snow before taking off their backpacks to find their headband lights. After donning and turning on their lights, they heard a loud noise coming from the trees on their right about sixty yards in front of them. It sounded like something large was pushing its way through a dense copse of smaller pine trees.

“What the heck is making all that noise?” asked Robert. They were all staring in the direction of the sounds.

“Shh, let’s wait to see if anything comes out onto the slope. We need to see what it is first. I don’t want to ski past it, if it’s a bear,” said Jim.

“Whatever it is, it must be fairly large to be making such a racket,” said Bill.

They continued watching the tree line nervously. A dark shape finally stopped at the edge of the trees. They couldn’t see it too clearly yet, since it stopped behind a large pine tree. It looked like it was standing on two legs. It must have heard them speaking, since it was peeking around the tree at them. They heard it voice loud low guttural grunts.

“What the hell is that?” said Robert.

“I’m not quite sure yet,” said Jim.

“Well, it could be a bear standing on two legs clawing and peeking around the tree,” said Bill.

“I’m not too sure about that, look!” stated Jim.

The tall figure walked out onto the slope on two legs. It covered about twenty-five yards in only four steps. It turned towards them and let out a thunderous scream that reverberated around the mountains. It looked to be at least nine feet tall covered in dark reddish-brown hair. Its arms were very long and hung below its knees. The beast had a conical head that peaked slightly in the middle. It then turned to its right and ran to their left down the slope and back into the trees.

“My God! It’s a Sasquatch!” bellowed Bill.

“I don’t care what it is was. I’m not skiing close to that anytime soon,” stated Robert.

“Let’s give it a few minutes to get further away. Then we can ski past it fast,” said Jim.

“There’s a clearing on the left. It’s has a rocky ledge overlook of at least forty feet. We can look down and follow it as it runs away down the mountain,” said Bill.

“I’m not comfortable about going anywhere near that thing,” said Robert.

“Don’t worry, that thing is probably a long way from us by now. Let’s go over to the ledge,” said Jim. All three of them skied about forty yards to the left. They took off their skis and stood on the ledge looking down.

 “Where did it go?” asked Bill.