

Phantom Bigfoot & The Vampettes from Venus

SOMETHING MASSIVE CRASHED through the ancient forest covering the foothills of the Shasta Cascade. Two large creatures with long, straggly blond hair and tufted, twitching ears, chased a pair of raccoons. They howled with joy and the raccoons chattered in unison.

Both WereBigfoot picked up the raccoons' thoughts.

"Hey Rocky, when are these two lame brains gonna give up the chase?"

"Dunno, Rockette, but you'd think they'd have something better to do like raiding trash bins or pooping on their stuff."

"I know, when they're done let's poop in that stinky armchair of theirs and pee in it too."

"Great idea, let's do it!"

One Bigfoot stopped the chase and clawed a Douglas fir with animal abandon, thinking, so that's why my armchair is so stinky? The slightly smaller WereBigfoot stepped away and inspected the marks on the trunk -- *"Phantom Bigfoot wuz here"*.

The taller WereBigfoot scampered up to Phantom Bigfoot and gave him a friendly nudge.

"That was fun, Duane ... gotta do this again some time." He hugged his son. "And remember Rome wasn't built in a day ... so take your time with Lou and Virgil ... okay."

"Will do, Dad ... see ya soon," Duane replied to his father, Sam.

The excited chattering of raccoons diverted their attention. The raccoons gave them the bird with their middle claw before scurrying away.

Both WereBigfoot snorted and bent over and let rip a stinker methane cloud. Several flies buzzed through the cloud and dropped to the ground, their legs and wings twitching in an unconscious state.

"And keep away from my furniture," Duane shouted out. Sam gave his son a pat on the butt and howled off into the forest.

Duane heaved a sigh and waved to his father. Exhausted from his shenanigans he trudged the few miles back home to his log cabin. The sight of the dilapidated homestead always brought a smile from him. It was more than just a home it was a way of life. To any stranger it would seem derelict except for the Harley and the shiny new Winnebago Bigfoot Mobile parked out front.

No sooner had he stepped on the front porch he went through the painful change. His bones and muscles contracted. The long thick finger and toenails flattened and shortened. His excessive body hair shriveled to a tolerable length, except for the face fuzz. He entered his cabin.

Now dressed in scuffed jeans and grubby t-shirt, Duane collapsed into his father's old rocking chair and fell asleep on the front porch.