

Chapter 1, Flash of Red

Sept 26, 2020, 12:30am

On a late evening in September of 2020, I walked out onto the driveway to see the moon cast its night light through the mist. A rare and beautiful scene, especially as the evenings grow colder in anticipation of winter. We had already had our first frost, so the brilliant colors of fall had been turning brown and the leaves had begun tumbling to the ground. The air was cool, crisp, and filled ever so slightly with a thin mist. The light reflected by the moon became slightly illuminated as it filtered through the mist, making the shadows from the trees more prominent than they would be on other evenings. Nights like this provide a bit of peace as well as a chill up one's back. This night would be different from all that came before.

I live on the edge of a forest which covers the hills behind my home. Each fall results in an abundant number of leaves to push back into the woods. In front of the house is a large field, which years before was used for hay and sorghum, but was now pasture for a small herd of horses that graze during the day. At night, the horses are brought down to the lower paddock and closed into the fenced area around the barn. Behind the barn and lower paddock is a steep decline, almost a small cliff, which drops down to a small river. Beyond the river are more woods intermingled with rural areas created over time as people built homesteads and farms over the years. Most of the activity in the area is by the local farmers tending to their fields, travelers which appreciate the beauty of the seasons, and occasionally a new animal, like a moose or bear traversing through the property as they search for a location to claim as their territory.

I had never thought that much about bigfoot. My previous viewpoint of them could be considered agnostic. Might be something real, might not be, but I had no way to know. The only information I had learned about them was through a couple of older television shows where bigfoot hunters were getting rocks thrown at them from off in the woods. Honestly, at that time, I thought it was a bit goofy. I could rationalize how easy it would be for them to have a producer off in the woods throwing the rocks and breaking sticks, so their show had a bit more excitement than what they were initially finding. The idea that some enormous and unknown monkey/humanlike animal would throw rocks and was rarely if ever seen seemed a bit of a stretch. At the same time, I did not find the hosts to be dishonest, and I felt they were doing their best to present something they genuinely believed. I found it confusing, compelling, and interesting all at the same time. It also wasn't relevant to my life... until this night.

In the thick air of the flowing mist which gently glistened in the moonlight, I looked out into the darkness of the night and could slightly see the silhouettes of the upper fence and the many trees both close and far. Parts of the sky were a dark black, while the areas which picked up the most light from the moon were a light gray. The light would shift depending on how the upper clouds moved through the sky. It was all so quiet and peaceful.

As I peered down towards the upper paddock fence line, it was then that I saw a flash of two red eyes looking directly at me. I gasped at the sight of the dark red eyes, which were unlike anything I had seen here before.

This flash was very different from the eye shine seen when car headlights cause an animal's eyes to reflect an almost purplish glow. There also wasn't any light bright enough to

reflect. This was in the darkness, and these eyes were not light red or purple. They were a dark rich red which relayed power, intensity and strength. If they were meant to intimidate, they were very effective.

When something causes such a deep level of fear and confusion, my thought process changes so that everything around me seems to slow down. All my senses enter into a zone where they process information more quickly than usual. It is an evolved instinctual reaction to survive the moment. I think as rationally and concisely as I can, trying to surmise my options. This is how my state of shock feels, regardless of what brought it on. My automatic reaction is to focus and process as much of the information my senses can collect.

I stood still, staring into the mist as I tried to understand what could have flashed red eyes at me. Initially, I questioned whether it was some sort of demon trying to scare and intimidate. Was Satan down in the pasture? As my thoughts began to race, I started to think about what type of animal could have been down below me. A moose, bear, coyote, wolf, or mountain lion? Am I going to be attacked by some type of predator? But what animal flashes red eyes? None of which I could think.

I strained to see anything else in the area where the flash emanated. The location was down the hill about forty yards from where I stood, next to a wooden fence which was used as a riding paddock. Along the fence were several small trees which blocked much of the moonlight which would have aided in my view. In the shadow cast by the trees and within the mist, I could ever so slightly see a huge dark form which seemed to be hunched over, almost in a defensive position, leaning slightly backwards from where I stood. I could not tell what it was, other than it seemed massive, and way too big for any of the animals around my home.

Amid my state of confused focus, I begin to process what I had just seen. Two dark and bold red eyes, roughly forty yards away, flashed directly at me. It seemed the eyes were part of a huge form I had never seen the likes of before. But it was too dark, even with the moonlight in the mist, to tell what it might be.

My focus now shifted to my survival instincts. As I stood still waiting for whatever this thing was to make its next move, I planned mine. My door was about thirty feet behind me, so if anything started coming towards me, I could run for that. If it reached me before I got to the door, I would have to fight. I did not have a weapon, so hopefully this wouldn't be the case.

At the same time, I still wanted to know what it was, so I stood in the dark and damp air focusing my eyes and ears to see if I could pick up anything else which might explain what was happening.

It was then that I heard two loud branches snap, as if they were stepped on. But they did not come from down below where I saw the red eyes. These snapping sounds came from behind me. They also were not from the same location. One sounded like it was on my back left and the other on the right. Both coming from within the forest on the very steep banks which run up behind the house. The branch cracking sounds continued every couple seconds, and slowly seemed to move closer to where I was standing.

I now felt surrounded. Could this be a pack of coyotes getting ready to pounce? But their paws wouldn't crack branches the size needed to be as loud as these were. I also couldn't escape the thought that these cracks were deliberate, as if whatever was causing them wanted me to know they were there.

A red eyed monster in the front, and two more behind up in the woods, with me in the

middle... it was then that I felt like I was being hunted.