



BIG FOOT WAR ONE

by Dan Sullivan

Contents

BIGFOOT WAR ONE: Chapter 1 – Casus Belli	2
Bigfoot War One: Chapter 2 – Chastisement Day (10/13/26)	18
Bigfoot War One: Chapter 3 – The Battle of Denver	35

BIGFOOT WAR ONE: Chapter 1 – Casus Belli



I am NARD the “Story Teller”, a crow, and I am going to tell you a story.

At the beginning of time the great golden gyre spun, the fires burned, the light of the eternal realms glowed brightest. There was a silent harmony to all things, as

rock, stone, created a chorus of emptiness. GREAT was the desolation, POSSIBLE was the coming dawn – when time was born.

When the first song was heard, it was the voice of a crow, crying out in the night, telling the world: “WAKE UP!”; it was loud and heard everywhere.

Life sprung from every corner of creation, green and red and blue. Water flowed upon the wastelands, and the world became a garden and alive with possibility. This is what the crows believe, WE were here long before the funny apes: the humans.

The forest people or sasquatch were around long before the humans as well.

The BIGFOOT were intelligent, but in ways humans didn't understand. They were kind and loving, they were passionate and sometimes possessed by a boiling rage. The forest people were dimensional travelers, not limited to the simple forms of experience humans enjoyed. They, the sasquatch, conceived of all things as much as was possible, they told stories and kept track of the stars. They were the explorers of portals, vortexes, and passageways between worlds, and the guardians of these strange “doorways”.

This might not be well known to many, but the bigfoot or sasquatch are capable of limited invisibility. The BIGFOOT are carbon based, but their carbon is old, crystalline, strong and yet flexible. Their molecules refract and redirect light, like an octopus or squid. They could be standing in front of you, in the woods, and you wouldn't notice; they might be quietly observing you right now, from behind your house; as you trounce and talk and prattle and pick and prod.

You funny apes “pack it out” from the woods, and then move back to your toilet cities to pack it in to the sewers, the rivers, the sea. THE SASQUATCH PEOPLE watch you. They sometimes visit your cities, they have been curious about humans, and observing them, for tens of thousands of years. There is probably one watching you right now, and you couldn't tell – lucky for you they hate your smelly cities, and your cocaine nightmares.

For a long time, human and sasquatch lived side by side, and knew each other. The crow didn't care about any of this.

The crows are above the ground level thinking, beyond scant concerns, aloof.

Our time is different, steeper, closer to infinity and yet too brief.

You don't understand the crow because you're "funny" and not to be taken seriously. Your life appears long, but it is quite boring and dumb to crow folk; we do love your garbage though.

The crow lives for about 7 or 8 of your human years, that's those of us that live in sector-34-hotel or what you "funny apes" call the United States. We would probably live longer, but did I tell you we LOVE your fast food garbage? – we do.

In simple terms, one crow year is like 50 human years. We live in one day the bounty of a season of life, we breathe fast the air of freedom and coarseness. We were and ARE the whisperers for great authors and artists, thinkers and other human wanderers and rebels. Humans pretended to know our wisdom, Nietzsche got the closest, but he was too soon.

But, as I said, I am Nard, and I tell stories, I'm going to tell you one ...

This story is the tale of how one day, after a long term set of grievances and insults, the sasquatch people DECIDED they have had enough. They were curious as much as tolerant, and the "funny apes" were often hilarious, their antics, their inventions, their means of achieving a kind of sublime laziness only a crow could appreciate. But the "funny apes" weren't always so funny.

Humans loved war, and then learned to build even BIGGER BOMBS for war. They, the humans, built bombs big enough that the earth shook when they exploded. One day, the day before Halloween 1961, the humans went too far.

Some of these clever and funny monkeys figured out a way to capture the sun in a bottle, and others decided to make the biggest BANG ever. The blast from that explosion shook the world, the forest people, everywhere on Earth came alive, awake, from late autumn sleep. They could smell the metal of the Earth dissolving, they felt the cry of the frozen lands, the Yeti, cohort of the ICE, cried a scream that was heard from Nepal to Newark, NJ (where I live). This triggered a calling of the FIRST WAR COUNCIL of the SASQUATCH PEOPLE.

At the meeting of the FIRST WAR COUNCIL the forest people argued, discussed, drank mead and tried to find balance – balance is everything to the sasquatch. They do not expect perfection, “perfection is for funny apes who go nowhere” as so many would say. The BIGFOOT believed “balance” or the acceptance of equilibrium and normal give and take of life was possible, if a being had the wisdom for it. They knew the world was terrible and amazing, it could be quite beautiful, but that doesn’t mean it is beautiful.

FUN FACT: another name for “human” in the language of the sasquatch is stoogis (pronounced: stew-giz), roughly translated “messy folk”. The messy folk were, to the sasquatch, a curiosity. For most of the Age of Stoogis, the messy folk mainly built cities, piling themselves upon each other, building mountains of stone and brick and filling some local river with their stoogis waste – it wasn’t pretty, but it was limited in scope, restricted, and often doomed in the end.

It was roughly 300 years ago that the sasquatch people noticed something new. The stoogis began building machines – machines of black and smoke, machines of noise and clatter, machines that moved faster and faster. Sasquatch understood machines, they just didn’t need them. If a bigfoot needed some amazing gadget or thing-a-ma-bob, they had allies in nearby dimensions, a portal jump away; those other peoples were wiser, older, more advanced than stoogis.

It was during the “Great Smoke” as the sasquatch called it, or World War II, that the bigfoot began noticing a greater and far more dangerous eventuality – the creation of technology for undoing all of creation. There were forest people at Hiroshima and Nagasaki when those cities were destroyed with the first atom bombs in 1945. All the sasquatch remember the clamor and screams, not just of the other bigfoot, not just of the stoogis being burnt alive, but of nature crying; they, sasquatch, from all over the world, could feel the tears, the sadness, of nature. Nature cried for several months.

At the FIRST WAR COUNCIL there was heated debate about “what to do” generally, the bigfoot eschewed WAR. They were okay with limited engagements for limited goals, but they did not understand the blood thirsty side of stoogis or what the funny apes called “total war”.

Side note: “funny” doesn’t really translate for the bigfoot people. In their language it usually means two things – a) pathetic and b) tricky. And to be “tricky” among the sasquatch is to be not trustworthy.

The forest people remember what happened to the Neanderthal – how “funny apes” were really good at lying. Bigfoot understood lies, and I can tell you crows have always told the best lies – for fun. But the human lies ran deeper, uglier, and they were so believable.

The Neanderthal people were kind, connected, much like the bigfoot and the other sentient creatures that lived on Earth tens of thousands of years ago. But stoogis would trick them, they would tell tales of the moon and the sky, they would claim power over the tides and the volcanoes, they were gifted “counters” as the bigfoot would say and it was the stoogis who created mathematics. And so it was, long ago, piece by piece, village by village, the stoogis or homo sapiens killed and raped the Neanderthal out of existence. Gentleness or kindness was a mental obstacle for stoogis, many saw it as weakness; the few stoogis who knew kindness to be strength were forced to hide, to cower, to watch as this atrocity was carried out. These events transpired over a few centuries of time, 65K years ago, as the crow folk recall.

But I am getting off topic ...

The FIRST WAR COUNCIL lasted 12 days – because the bigfoot had never called a war council, they were unsure as to the agenda.

The CLEEVUS or jungle bigfoot of Africa and South America demanded justice.

The Tagan-Clan of Canada were not clear on what the outcomes would be, and they tended to worry a lot.

The few forest people left alive from Europe were battered and worn, filled with distress. The war had been over for almost 20 years, but they were still recovering and then there had been Stalin, and his secret wars to destroy the sasquatch. The European bigfoot chose to remain silent at the meeting, they wanted no more pain.

The most respected bigfoot there was Bordo – Bordo was a sasquatch from California, near Eureka. He had fought skirmishes with loggers and hunters, so he knew something of human violence and their weapons. Towards the end of the council, when nothing would be or could be agreed upon – these councils required unanimous consent – Bordo stood up to speak, it was June 14, 1962:

The world is built upon life and the kiss of the Moon and stars. The world is made of movement and dance, and we know this, we've always known this.

When we first met the stoogis, they were what they still are: small and cold and frightened and tricky. Our compassion led us to help, and to nurture. We even stood by as the yoog-folk (Neanderthal) were wiped out, all of them, their men killed, their treasures stolen, their women defiled, their children eaten. We thought, didn't we, as a people 'they will learn', because WE SEE THE LINE OF TIME and we know the depth of eternity.

But our sense of importance and beauty never really worked with them, the tricky apes, the hairless monkeys, the stoogis.

Our tribes and clans taught, and some humans found balance – but so many were impatient, wanting to know things that they were not prepared to know.

The CREATOR says 'make your home a garden', the stoogis say 'MAKE YOUR HOME BIG' ... we took pity and laughed, and then not so long ago, as our own people were destroyed in THEIR WAR, we stopped laughing and took notice.

They are clever, they are counters, they have means of recording all and yet no means of understanding or remembering beyond the 'it is mine' perspective. And when their leaders attempt justice? - it ends in murder, rounding up other stoogis and killing them without honor, without respect, we saw this in the last war too and our people among the CLOB-TRIBES (USSR/communist Russia) are still being put in places of murder TODAY!

So I understand the heat of CLEEVUS clans, and their voices are heard, but I am going to offer a compromise and a pause. I say we give them more time – perhaps a humpton-age (about 40 years). They have young and the young can often learn where the old are too scared to learn. THEREFORE, we must give their brood time to think, to meditate, to consider.

If in the next humpton-age these tricky apes do not change, then we have no choice – I WILL NOT HEAR THE EARTH CRY AGAIN AND BE SILENT AND REFLECTIVE, I WILL NOT FEEL THE TEARS OF THIS GARDEN AGAIN!

There is no balance in needless murder.

The other members of the council heard this, they stood up and cheered.

Bordo preached caution against war with the stoogis, but he also set conditions.

Bordo's words touched most, and the CLEEVUS were assuaged, knowing that "their time will come", for they didn't expect the tricky little people to change. The CLEEVUS had long memories, and as bigfoot they lived a long time, so they would wait, see, and prepare for WAR.

You may not know this, but crows know this: there are many thousands of sasquatch tribes, covens, claggit-gangs and strob-armies on Earth at any given time.

The total number of sasquatch living on Earth, or traversing dimensions near Earth, can be measured in BILLIONS. Billions of 12-15 foot tall hairy creatures, capable of sprinting up to 50 MPH, and jogging, for hours, at 25 MPH. They can hurl a three hundred pound rock a third of a mile, and toss a tree spear up to a full mile. They can see as well at night, in pitch black, as during the day – and their hearing is considered better than bats. They use echo location to find their way sometimes, and can carry on low-frequency "hum chats" with other sasquatch around the world. All without technology, all given to them by the CREATOR.

BTW: a "claggit-gang" is a group of 400-500 sasquatch that roam the remote parts of this world and other desolate planets. They are foragers and hunters, often hunting ceremonially, and sometimes they hunt people. When someone disappears in a forest, and another clever monkey says "holy crap, where's Uncle Harold?" – this could have been another victim of a claggit-gang. These gangs were formed after the FIRST GREAT INSULT, when the humans tricked and stole and murdered the Neanderthal peoples, and were on the first rung of shunning.

Many rungs on that ladder would follow. When many of these gangs join forces, it is called a KLUNGIT-ARMY.

Strob-armies are YETI ARMIES, primarily in Siberia and Asia.

Strob-armies are motivated by honor and adventure, and seek after gold and silver and spice and rubies and tasty meals.

There are thought to be, according to crow reports, millions of yeti in these armies, hiding in seclusion, nestled in the Himalayas. It is possible that some of these forces fought along side Chiang Kai-shek during the Chinese Civil War. It is thought that Mao Zedong had special arrangements with these strob-armies and they protected him during the Cultural Revolution (1966-1976). Hard to say – but these are the pirate sasquatch, the adventurers, soldiers for hire in more than one dimension.

The FIRST WAR COUNCIL ended with a decision to WAIT. And so, time passed.

It was after Fukushima in 2011 that the high council of the sasquatch people was called to meeting AGAIN, at the SECOND WAR COUNCIL. The meeting was held at Tyg's Bluff in South Dakota, not far from an abandoned gold mine. Tyg's Bluff was a old boom/bust town from frontier times, but now it was just several dilapidated buildings along a dirt road, surrounded by forest and stone.

“All to order”, cried the high-lord of forest wardens.

“ALL TO ORDER! Take your spot ...”, screamed his assistant.

The high-lord was named Kordos, he was a sasquatch from the Olympic Peninsula in Washington state.

Kordos was 13 feet tall, weighed 800 pounds, and had seen a great deal. A sasquatch can live up to 500 human years, and this can be a lot for any being to handle, if what they do is watch, listen, observe. He'd seen human wars, revolutions, and greed, he'd seen their beauty and their love too. He knew them to be mercurial creatures, dangerous, but also willing to sacrifice on occasion. He

did not want war, but he knew that many bigfoot did and the stoogis had been given a chance.

Kordos had a stoogis or human friend named Debra, Dr. Debra Young.

Debra was an anthropologist from the University of Washington in Seattle, and had spent her time in graduate school studying the Salish people of the Pacific Northwest. Debra understood much of the sasquatch language, and their use of gestures to “fill in the gaps” of syntax. She also knew they had a spooky, if not explicable, way of knowing what some other sasquatch was thinking – mind reading? – not exactly. The sasquatch used gestures but also a kind of low frequency bone clicking – like a weird dance, they could send a pulse around the world, transmitting simple ideas of exceptional importance.

Debra and Kordos met while she was exploring the forests of the Olympic Peninsula, and they had what could only be described as a love affair, not impossible between sasquatch and stoogis, but exceedingly rare and thought to be disgusting by most crows. Crows can’t mate with humans and we are glad, we have songs about this joy.

“Are you real?”, was the first thing Debra said to Kordos.

“Are you kind?”, was his response – he did speak a little of the stoogis language.

They had no children ... yet, even though it was not impossible, and very disgusting to crows when it did happen.

The SECOND WAR COUNCIL was held in April 2012.

Debra was at this meeting, as an observer ONLY. Rarely were humans (stoogis) invited into the inner circle of the sasquatch. Debra was respectful and kind and generally ignored or tolerated by the bigfoot.

Debra listened as best she could, still not fully understanding the intricacy of sasquatch communication, but she got the gist. She knew they were talking about humans, and she could tell they were angry, angrier than she’d ever seen any person, human or bigfoot, ever become. Something about that primordial rage

scared her, because she understood it was REAL and JUSTIFIED and directed at her kind.

“... our children are dying, our waters are unclean ... the salmon are covered in scars and illness, the seashores are becoming gray ...” said Tuul of Oregon.

“... they know only filth and death and tricks ... we’ve had 200,000 years of their tricks ... I’m tired of their tricks.” – said Cur of England.

“... there is an intolerable smell to what they did, dark and sticky and overwhelming in its demons ... our people who live near the GREAT SCAR (Fukushima) cry each night, for themselves and the wretched stoogis ... the time for patience is over ...” – said Xono of Japan.

A representative of the CLEEVUS was about to speak, when Debra broke into the conversation: “I know I have no privileges here, no right to be heard. It is not my place to defend the stoogis, though I am one of them. But I ask for more time. I think the recent events will awaken a spirit, a renewal, in my people and I only ask that you think on this a little longer before attacking the stoogis.”

“YOU SPEAK LIES TRICKY WOMAN!”, yelled Dirg of the CLEEVUS. Dirg was from South Africa, and had seen so clearly what humans do, to the land, to each other.

“I am not lying, I am touching the Earth.” Debra kneeled down and placed her left hand on her left knee, and her right hand palm down onto the ground – this is a sign of honesty and submission among sasquatch.

“TRICK, LIES, TRICK, LIES – she lay with Kordos in his forest wallow and now she pretends to be like you and I, BUT LOOK! She is dirty and tricky and filled with lies.”

“I speak my truth.”

“You speak as you can, you cannot help but to deceive ...”, Dirg paused in his speech, knowing that the tricky apes were themselves susceptible to deception.

“But I am an honorable and fair being, and I propose a trade Kordos! We give the dirty deceivers 14 more years, human years, for a price!”

Kordos knew Dirg was angry and himself a gifted speaker and conjurer of schemes, so he asked a question fearing the answer: “What do you propose?”

“I propose a FLESH-OFFERING!”

And the crowd gathered at that abandoned town in South Dakota screamed with joy, through Dirg’s clicks and hums and low frequency dance, they all knew what he was proposing, all except Debra.

“This is the stain of stoogis on you!”, responded Kordos.

“You are the stained one!”, replied Dirg.

Kordos looked at Debra, with sadness.

Dirg looked at Debra with blood lust.

Debra stayed in her position of submission, sensing that things were about to get dire.

“14 more years of human arrogance is a small sacrifice to be sure of our cause”, Kordos said. “And Dirg is right, the time of half measures is over – I have lived over 400 years and my time will be over soon enough. I agree with Dirg of the CLEEVUS – we cannot simply let this insult pass, so I accept the need for a flesh offering on one condition: that my final wish be law, and by law none shall question.”

“What trick is this Kordos?”, Dirg spoke with a noticeable hesitation.

“No trick, no joke, no smile, no more words, if a flesh sacrifice can be acceptable, then I, as high-lord, must be the sacrifice! It was under my watch that the GREAT SCAR formed, and it was my counsel that led us to this point.”

“What do you want?”

“That after I am dead you elect a WAR LEADER to prepare our people, and also watching, with sincerity, for any change among the stoogis and that Debra be allowed to return to her world, if only as a messenger, if only to give the stoogis a chance to change.”

Debra knew what the words meant, she leapt up and ran to Kordos, and held him, holding onto his right leg, crying tears of love and sadness.

“You can’t do this”, but she knew he must so her words were subdued.

“I am responsible”, Kordos said, but he knew he had never loved anyone as much as her and didn’t want to leave her.

The sasquatch people allowed Debra and Kordos one final night, and in the morning, near the Stone of Wrath (a burial ground from older times), Kordos was sacrificed and his spirit returned to the sky. The SECOND WAR COUNCIL was over.

The elders spent their time, over the coming months, deciding, determining, and discussing who should be their war leader; eventually they decided upon Dirg of the CLEEVUS.

Debra returned to lecture at the University of Washington, she knew there were a dozen years that separated humanity from the worst disaster no human could imagine – something so ugly, that the mere sight of it would cause many to drop dead. She spoke at conferences, she wrote articles on the need to address Fukushima, but the humans played games and watched movies and raped and stole and invaded their neighbor’s lands. They committed greater crimes in order to steal the black blood of the Earth (oil), and they squandered the little time they had left, not knowing or understanding the Sword of Damocles that hung over them. Ignorance is bliss, and for humans ignorance is a deeply addictive drug.

One night Debra heard a song, an old song, that Kordos had loved “Just one of those things” sung by Frank Sinatra. She cried, as she remembered their time together. Debra did not give up trying to raise alarm about Fukushima, the state of the natural world, and the madness that led the human race to this point. Her colleagues mocked her, she barely made tenure, and was left with one freshman

class “INTRO TO HUMANS” anthropology 101 and a basement office near the boiler.

Kordos left Debra a gift though, a child, a boy Debra would name Charles. She was left with this gift on that final night, and she would raise the child to know of his father and his customs. In middle school, Charles drew a picture of his dad – the children laughed.

And the sasquatch? – they prepared, Dirg prepared. They formed alliances with the orca whales and the raccoon and squirrels and coyotes. The wolves, like the crow, were neutral – they would be happy eating any of the dead. Other forest creatures also decided to stay out of it, and promised to not interfere with what must be done. Humans had no allies but each other, and that wasn't much.

The years passed, and the humans grew dumber.

Human children were abused and sold, human old people were tossed into the streets.

Dirg, and others, saw no evidence that it was “getting better” instead, the stoogis piled one insult upon another. They were even teaching their machines now, brilliant machines, to be as tricky and evil as them.

Dirg sent out the WAR CRY on October the 1st, 2026, a hum, a vibration, heard around the world. It was not the signal of the attack, it was a warning order.

It was eerily quiet those days following the WAR CRY, even human newscasters reported a strange “calmness” among the intemperate masses of hairless monkeys.

And then there was Carl and Trevor ...

Unbeknownst to Carl and Trevor – two men who lived in a camper near Port Angeles WA – there was a company of roughly 200 sasquatch organizing near the tree line, not far from their campfire.

Carl and Trevor were old friends – they worked on boats and crabbed and fished and drank and smoked. They would argue till midnight about the most obscure topics, to include aliens, monsters, ghosts, weird stuff, best lures to catch trout, and BIGFOOT.

“Something odd is going on Trev.”

“Huh.”

“I get this feeling that the clouds are angry and the trees have eyes.”

Carl had just consumed 4 tabs of premium LSD he’d bought in Vancouver BC. Carl wasn’t a heavy drug user, and he hadn’t done LSD since he dropped out of college several decades earlier.

“I got this sensation, on my spine, of harbingers ... bringers of destruction and pain.”

“What the fuck does that even mean Carl?”

“It’s like the world is our stage, and our work is a cage, and the monsters live in the cracks at work and they stare at me, and I stare back.”

“Did you just start your in-between job at Joe’s?”

“In-between jobs” were gigs these fisherman did between fishing seasons. They chopped wood, logged, and sometimes did some grow operation maintenance for a local cannabis farmer named Joe Slogan. Joe paid well, and Carl was a gifted handyman and hard worker; this was a Friday night, after work, and both men were satisfied with their oasis in the woods.

“Joe’s great ... great ... but the cracks in the world are widening, and the various realms are at knifepoint.”

“Carl, you took too much acid.”

“I didn’t, I took the government recommended amount.”

The men laughed, and then Trevor heard a sound, like branches breaking, ground being crushed.

“Are the bears back?”, Trevor muttered.

Trevor and Carl’s place was near Hurricane Ridge, and periodically a hungry bear would wander into their camp and look for food. So it seemed the “bear was back”.

“Trev ... that’s not a bear, that’s our chastisement”, Carl said these words, looking up to a clear night and a full moon.

“Sure Carl.”

“I mean it, the forest people are angry and we’ve given THEM reasons because we’re assholes, but we don’t think we’re assholes so that makes it way worse.”

“Forest people? What the fuck Carl.”

“The Wookie, the bigfoot, the SASQUATCH, the forest people ... you can feel it.”

“I don’t feel nothing, I’ve been drinking Jack all night and I don’t care if the forest people come by.”

“Don’t mock them Trev.”

“I will.”

“Don’t mock’em ... they see you.”

“THERE IS NO FUCKING BIGFOOT! I GET SO FUCKING SICK OF THIS SASQUATCH NONSENSE. NO WAY SOMETHING LIKE THAT LIVES IN THE WOODS. WHAT’S YOUR FUCKING PROBLEM!”, Trevor was belligerent and tired. Trevor paused his ranting for a moment, and then peered with squinted eyes, past the fire, past the open meadow, into the woods across the way. At that moment a tree spear, tossed by a lower level and younger sasquatch named Jiblis, hit Trevor square in the chest. Trevor’s last words were: “fuck”.

Carl, high on LSD and whiskey and weed, instinctively got on the ground and held his hands up. Carl didn't have a driver's license because he'd been pulled over too many times for intoxicated driving. He was lucky, what he did as a reflex saved his life.

THE WORLD WAS WAKING UP ... morning in many places and the darkness still covering half the world. But a wake-up call was being heard.

The sasquatch were storming out of the hills and woods and fields and swamps that night: from Seattle to Chicago, from Maine to Florida, from Tibet to Toledo to Chile and Siberia; everywhere on the Earth, the forest people were waging war.

Humans were shocked, caught off guard, paralyzed and stunned.

Many software engineers at Microsoft, in Redmond, who'd been working late and into the early morning, saw the armies, carrying torches and spears and hammers made from stone and steel, storming angrily out of the Cascade foothills. They, in their high tech world, observed all of this as their cars were smashed, and everything was turned upside down.

On Wall Street, bankers and other kinds of grifters were shocked and amazed at the sudden appearance of bigfoot from Central Park: "how could they be there? Where were they coming from", questions too big for the tiny tricky lying mind of a human financial analyst.

The world was spinning the other direction now.

Trevor was dead, a giant spear sticking out of him.

Carl was captured, a prisoner being led to a makeshift camp in the deep woods of the Olympic Mountains; he didn't know this at first.

Governments were in panic, some were preparing to launch nuclear weapons; none too sure where to target the nukes.

Carl was right: "the forest people are pissed off, today is chastisement day".

Bigfoot War One: Chapter 2 – Chastisement Day (10/13/26)



What a scene to this CROW, watching a shambling group of stragglers, stoogis, being led along with chains and rope, up that ridge trail.

Smoke and fog mixed, and the noise of explosions could be heard in the distance. As the prisoners were led out of town, the cries and screams died down, left behind in the distance. This was a dark day for the human race. Coyotes and raccoons and squirrels seemed to mock them, periodically, which made the whole thing weirder and more humiliating.

“Can I take a break?”, Carl asked the sasquatch in charge.

Carl was exhausted. Carl was in shock, still hungover and high as fuck. It was him and about a dozen other humans, all in bondage, being led up some random mountain game trail – going deep into the Olympic National Forest. They began this march around 2 AM, and now Carl could see the sun coming up, he guessed it was 6:30 now.

“Break for water”, the bigfoot in charge said quietly, he pointed towards a stream nearby.

Carl looked around at the group in chains, so miserable. Carl thought it was funny how easily his human brethren took orders from these ape-like giants, “It didn’t take much”. Carl was thinking about his old preacher and the times of Egypt. He had thought of his fellow beings as “slavish” most of his life, but it was at this tense moment that the clarity of human obedience came into full view. For all the pride, all the violence and drama, all the great achievements, the human race seemed most comfortable being told what to do and this made Carl sad.

“We stop a short bit, get rested, a few more hours till camp”, said HOOBOO the sasquatch leading the column of what were, apparently, POWs.

Carl could hear gunfire in the distance again, they could all smell smoke and not just forest fire smoke, they could smell the dark rancid creosote smoke of small towns, cities, villages, gas stations, military equipment, crashed planes, burning.

Up and down the west coast, from the Pacific Ocean, to the Atlantic, and around the world: humans were being hunted, killed, their homes were being set on fire. The richest, the poorest, the sasquatch did not show compassion or deference, they didn’t care. All would feel the punishment and death, some more than others. When the attack began most governments and journalists believed it was a hoax, a joke. Within the first 15 minutes it became obvious that there was no joke.

“We have to get going”, said HOOBOO and the tired and dirty humans were pulled further up the trail, deeper into the woods.

To the south of Carl and the POW column, near the naval base at Roort’s Point, things were awful. The base commander, Admiral Jansen, had been out late partying with his executive officer and command staff. They had just gotten back

from a long mission and spent 6 weeks undersea, continuous silent operations; this kind of operation was hard on submariners. They had only been back one day when the attack commenced.

Roort's Point is a ballistic missile submarine base, part of the nuclear triad, and on that day there were 2 of 5 nuclear submarines in port, all of them armed with nuclear missiles and only requiring codes and command authorization to launch. All the nuke subs that were AT SEA received orders to stay at sea and to maintain the highest readiness – these orders were sent through a more secret channel via ELF networks and did not get transmitted to the naval bases directly. Admiral Jansen felt as if he was the last to find out they were under attack, but it was clear to him too, when he saw that strange force before him, before his men.

Hundreds of sasquatch riding orca whales, armed with rifles and pistols, attacked from the sea down Hood Canal. Thousands of coyotes and raccoons storm attacked the gates of the complex, overrunning the security outpost before the SP guards at the gate could notify base HQ.

Squirrels tossed rocks and sand and debris into the fuel tanks of vehicles prior to the attack ...

Raccoons, packing 4 pounds of SEMTEX apiece, launched waves of Kamikaze style attacks upon the perimeter, the armory, gates and docks.

The entire assault lasted no more than two hours; for Admiral Jansen, a NAVY SEAL combat veteran, the attack seemed to last days.

Admiral Jansen tried to reach WA DC, but cell towers, fiber cable, even COMM-sites for satellites were being set on fire, tore up, and literally shat on. Sasquatch, raccoons, squirrels and coyotes were having fun SHITTING on various forms of human tech, causing short circuits, biting into cables and wires, and this made the situation even more aggravating. The orcas that were not being used as attack boats by the sasquatch tore up underwater cables and controls for the sub pens near Roort's Point and blocked the harbor by dragging wreckage from the deep up to the opening. It would take a day, but by the end of that day no sub would be arriving or departing any time soon.

Jansen was able to set up a shortwave radio set, an old AM outfit, from the cold war. After about 45 minutes of messing around, a young NAVAL seaman was able to pick up the same useless message that was blasting over TV, RADIO, and what was left of the WWW, a crackling computer generated voice spoke:

“THIS IS AN EMERGENCY BROADCAST, THIS IS NOT A TEST. STAY INDOORS, GO TO THE LOWEST POINT IN YOUR DWELLING. SEEK SHELTER IN YOUR TOWN’S BUNKER OR THE SUBWAY SYSTEM. REMAIN HIDDEN. HAVE WATER AND FOOD FOR 3 WEEKS.”

The EBS noise could be heard echoing, as the phones of the dead lit up – the buzz, the repeated klaxon, it was unnerving. The noise could be heard everywhere around the world at that time, Jansen heard it as he ran up the hallway to his office – it was 3 AM. Sasquatch were running loose all over the base.

“WHAT THE FUCK WAS THAT?”, an explosion near the docks and chaos. Sailors and civilians were running for their vehicles, gunfire and muzzle flashes were everywhere. One sailor had managed to get on an M2 .50 caliber machine gun operational before he was killed and several bigfoot were shot to pieces as a result. The standard sidearms (.9mm and 40 caliber) and rifles (5.56) were nearly useless against the sasquatch – in some cases the bullets simply bounced off. A few of the sailors mixed tracer rounds in, but found this only enraged the bigfoot and made the outcomes worse for them.

The sasquatch had disabled the remaining submarines in port, tearing large holes in their titanium armor. Luckily, the nuclear containment held up and the reactors went into SCRAM – but the subs were now useless, filling with water, sitting at the bottom of the sub pen.

By 6 AM Admiral Jansen, and what was left of his command, surrendered to the sasquatch war leader TOOGS and his cadre of furry invaders. The NAVAL personnel, civilians and military, were rounded up and taken to the trails, to the woods, and they too were being led up to the camps where Carl was heading.

In WA DC things were no better ...

At around 4 AM DC time, the first wave of bigfoot attackers hit and hit hard. 10 cohorts of sasquatch, each 1,000 strong, came from the northwest. The sasquatch rolled through Darnestown, Maryland, and only a small group of Capitol Police and local sheriffs put up a fight and it wasn't enough. One cohort split off to attack the White House, but by this time President Jordan and his staff were evacuated via Andrews AFB and luckily they got off the ground and arrived safely at the Cheyenne Mountain Complex (NORAD) near Colorado Springs.

3 cohorts, 3,000 sasquatch, attacked the House of Representatives – given the time of day and the legislative calendar, there were almost no congress people there and very few support staff. Congresswoman Grenna Deare of N. Dakota had just finished giving a CSPAN speech to an empty hall, and she noticed that 50 bigfoot were at the doors; she then fainted and fell to the ground unconscious. She was ignored by the beasts.

The sasquatch proceeded to dismantle the House of Representatives, the Senate, the White House, the Pentagon. Soldiers and sailors and other folks made a brave stand at the Pentagon, but it took less than an hour for the bigfoot to breakdown the barriers and take full control. Squirrels and raccoons ran roughshod over the Capitol Mall, urinating and defecating on the Lincoln Memorial, pissing into the reflecting pool. Coyotes, completely out of control, ravaged the cities on the “loop” just outside of WA DC, fully occupying the time and resources of local cops and sheriffs.

General Yates, Chief of Logistics Command for US Forces CONUS, was the senior officer on duty that day and the highest ranking officer left alive in the DC area; he surrendered the last forces of WA DC at 9:15 AM, local time, October 13th, 2026, a Tuesday.

The United States government was in disarray, every state capitol, every locality or county, every townhall and mayor's office was on its own. Around the world, militaries caught by surprise were going into hiding – in basements, under schools and hospitals, the places they had bemoaned in the past as a “refuge for cowards and terrorists”. They, the “good guys”, were in hiding, like the terrorists.

The United States used 3 nuclear weapons early on that Tuesday: one was used to block the movement of sasquatch in South Carolina, this was a 15 kiloton

tactical nuclear weapon used on a gathering of sasquatch near Myrtle Beach. To the west of NORAD, 2 nukes were used, 1 megaton each, to create a no man's land along the principal avenues approach to the Cheyenne Mountain complex. It was an effective deterrence, and the sasquatch stayed away. The combined use of nukes that morning killed almost a million Americans.

In Berlin, NATO forces were holding down their positions on the west bank of the Spree, but they were only able to mobilize a brigade of troops. They had a lot of ammo and rocket launchers that were intended for the war in the Ukraine, and this allowed them to make an effective stand. Nearly 50,000 sasquatch from Romania and Bulgaria attacked Berlin, almost 200,000 attacked Paris. If the numbers had been smaller, it would have been hard, but this seemed impossible. NATO A-10 close-support aircraft were authorized to use depleted uranium ammo on the European Theater sasquatch and this did make a dent.

Everywhere around the world militaries were confronting the impossible, the fog of war, the unknown unknown. It was "impossible" that these savage freaks were reeking havoc on the most powerful and technologically advanced nations in world history. It was "impossible" that they, the sasquatch, simply didn't give up, running headstrong into heavy machine gun fire and anti-tank missiles and even artillery being fired at point blank and flat trajectory. SP-155mm artillery were firing continuously at the waves of bigfoot attacking in Oklahoma, and the sasquatch kept coming.

A significant portion of the world's naval forces scrambled to sea during the first hours of the attack, along with air forces moving what was left of their aircraft to forward operating airfields and refueling sites, off the beaten path, as far from the mayhem as they could get and still provide air support. Forces were doing the only thing they could do, according to worst case OP-PLANS: evacuate, scatter, communications silence.

The various world militaries that were pinned down were fighting to the last man, the last woman, the last military contractor. Civilian workers were given pistols, rifles, and very brief instructions on how to use them. It would be remembered as the most frenzied day in the military history of the world. Some were saying "aliens", but a few in intelligence circles knew better.

The CIA had been aware of the “Sasquatch Threat” since its inception in 1947. NAZI paperclip scientists, “rescued” after WW2, understood this issue better than the Americans and provided a full briefing to the CIA in 1952. Colonel Rolf Kadner of the SS had been in charge of experimental programs and apprehensions under the Third Reich. At first the NAZIs had great luck capturing bigfoot, but no luck holding on to one of them. For whatever reason, they could escape and did so quite easily. As with much the CIA did, the CIA kept this secret for their own protection and they provided the knowledge to the President after it was too late to help.

ALL OF THIS was happening, and Carl knew none of it; he knew he was tired, scared, confused, and “too fucking old for this crap”.

It was almost noon when the column of human prisoners made it all the way to the makeshift POW camp in the hills. The campsite was a small assemblage of cobbled together cabins and tents, some barbed wire and ramshackle fencing. It was at the site of an abandoned mine, not far from Boulder Creek Falls.

The site was strange: there were people already there when Carl and the other beleaguered prisoners arrived, but they were carrying guns. Carl recognized one of them, a man named Jon Shadow. Jon Shadow was a member of the Twacloam People, a Salish Tribe who’s lands used to be where Port Townsend, Washington, is today. Jon was a childhood friend of Carl’s, they went to the same elementary school.

“WHAT THE FUCK CARL?”, Jon yelled, and then he ran over to his friend to greet him.

Jon unlocked Carl from the makeshift chains and with a nod from HOOBOO and then took Carl to a small tent near the shelter of the trees, with the noise of the falls washing out most of the racket. No one was being tortured or killed, humans were being placed in holding areas, but the sick and wounded among the prisoners were being treated well and given food and medicine and medical attention.

Jon took Carl to his tent. There inside was a small propane stove boiling hot water. Jon grabbed some instant coffee from his backpack and made Carl a cup. Jon

had a thing about adding a spoonful of chocolate milk mix to the coffee, and this did not bother Carl. Jon and Carl sat down, cups in hand, staring at each other.

“What the fuck?”, Carl quipped.

Jon shook his head.

“Remember that time when we were in school and I told you about my cousin going to special ED classes at the Native School?”

“Yeah.”

Jon spoke slowly, deliberately, with a somber look on his face.

“She went to that school, run by the FEDERAL GOVERNMENT and the Catholic Church. She went to bed most nights hungry, she woke up most mornings to a beating. There were things done to her that she told me about later that I cannot speak of ever again ... She had 4 abortions before she was 18, and this was an all-girls native school run by nuns and male Indian Affairs administrators. She killed herself 3 years ago after dealing with alcoholism and depression her entire life. Because I like you I am not going to punch you in the face.”

Carl looked down at the ground, it occurred to him, in that moment, that he never really understood the anger of many natives until that Tuesday, that October the 13th. Down in Port Angeles, women were being killed, men were having large chunks of rebar shoved up their butts, children were being taken away to the camps in the hills. The sasquatch were not bloodthirsty by nature, but this conflict had been a long time coming and they were never about half-ass action.

A historical digression, as crows are allowed.

In 1915, General “Blackjack” Pershing led US Army forces into Northern Mexico, chasing after Pancho Villa, delivering what would later be called a “chastisement”. A “chastisement operation” has a singular purpose: to punish and humiliate. With a chastisement, the goal is NOT to occupy territory, the goal is to punch an enemy in the nose, knock them to the ground, and then when they are trembling, shaking? – walk away. Carl didn’t know a lot about military operations, but he did

understand bullies. If the USA had become the biggest bully in world history, then it would take one hell of a bloody nose to teach IT a lesson.

“That’s not me Jon, that’s no my folks.”

Carl’s response made Jon a bit angry.

“No, it’s not YOU. It’s never any one of us, good or bad. But it’s enough people Carl. Enough people chose not to care, chose to look away. Enough people became giant assholes in the last few decades CARL ... And the rest? – STOOD BY AND WATCHED IT. Sorry friend, there are no innocent people today.” Jon was upset, but he knew Carl was still processing and in shock.

Secretly, prior to the attack, WAR LEADER DIRG of the Sasquatch sent emissaries to the shaman of the several North American tribes. By the end of September, nearly 300,000 Native Americans (and their allies) in all 50 states had joined forces with the sasquatch and were preparing for war. Some of these were already enlisted in the US military, and they were willing to violate their “oaths”, noting that this was the case with the great white father (various presidents of the USA) on many occasions. “Oaths and agreements don’t mean much to them, and our oaths to them don’t mean much to us”, remarked a Native American Chief at the Battle of Toledo.

“What’s gonna happen now?”, Carl asked meekly.

“Buddy, it’s going to be okay. This battle was never supposed to last more than a few days. Once the governments of the world surrender ...”

“SURRENDER, WHAT THE FUCK?”

“Once they surrender, then this will be over.”

“What happens after?”

“After what?”

“After this fucking war is over?”

“Well, let’s think ...”, Jon pondered Carl’s question. Jon was a fairly low level operative in this adventure. He knew HOOBOO and a few other local sasquatch, he didn’t really know anyone who KNEW anything, other than the basic plan.

“I think, Carl, the sasquatch will go home. They will count their dead. They will make their peace. They will leave every human government and community with a warning. It will be over.”

“Just like that.”

“Yes.”

“What if humans are stubborn and crazy?”

This caused Jon to pause once again. Jon contemplated Carl’s question, and began thinking about SITTING BULL and LITTLE BIG HORN. There were several potential lessons in this line of thought. What if General Custer possessed humility? What if the US military had respected the tribes, and their ability to make war? Lots of what ifs and hypotheticals. Jon knew that all life was CRAZY to live, and LIFE stayed alive in fits of madness. “Sitting Bull” was CRAZY for his cause of justice, Custer was CRAZY for his weird beliefs concerning the inherent superiority of whites over natives. This made Jon worried.

“I don’t know.”

HOOBOO came by the tent, “you have the prisoner?”.

“You can stop with the scary voice pal”, Jon smiled at HOOBOO. HOOBOO laughed.

“HEY, your friend want something? Some food?”, HOOBOO was checking on the prisoners and they weren’t really prisoners to the sasquatch. Until this “war” was over, the prisoners were merely guests, not hostages, not targets. Sadly, sasquatch that fell into human hands that day were mostly not treated so well.

HOOBOO brought by some smoked salmon and biscuits. Jon made another cup of coffee and gave Carl a water bottle. Jon had to leave and so Carl was alone,

in the tent, eating, still in a state of shock but the mortal terror was wearing off. Jon laid out an extra sleeping bag so that Carl could sleep, and Carl did sleep for about 5 hours.

It was near 6 PM when Carl awoke. The tent was still empty, but there was noise outside, and “music”. “Fucking music?”, Carl muttered under his breath. He got up and opened the lip of the tent to peer outside. He ventured outside, walked around camp. And then, as he was walking about, he heard a new voice ...

“You like my biscuits sugar?”

“What?”, Carl was caught off guard. A sasquatch, about 11 feet tall named REETAH, was watching over a large caldron. She was making a northwest Salish stew of venison and potatoes and all Carl knew is he could eat the whole thing.

“The biscuits sweetheart.”

“They were the best I’ve had in a while.”

“Well, I don’t use seed oils.”

“How do you speak English?”

“Well, I manipulate my vocal cords and cusp my lips ... what do you do honey?”

“I mean where did you learn?”

“OH ... where and WHEN did I learn ... I learned from a nasty old Jesuit, about 170 years ago. At the time I was living on Vancouver Island. Some Canadian troops with British Army regulars were patrolling the island, surveying for natural resources, when they encountered us and well ... I mean ... it was a bad day for them. We killed and ate them. Who doesn’t like British cooking?”, Carl didn’t get the joke.

“You eat people?”

“Not all people, but some people.”

“What about the English teacher, the Jesuit?”

“Oh, I lose track all the time sugar. After that skirmish a Jesuit priest was left alive, and our clan captured him. He taught classes, but he was kind of nasty. We caught him doing some not so nice things, so we ate him too, eventually.”

“Are you going to eat me?”

“Nope, I don’t eat people any longer.”

“That’s nice”, Carl said wryly and REETAH smiled.

Carl stepped closer to REETAH and the caldron she was stirring, he gulped and asked: “... are there people in the stew?”

“No ... just love and venison and some other herbs and spices.”

Jon came up from behind and startled Carl.

“You too getting along?”

“I guess, I’ve never had a conversation with a bigfoot and my first encounter today wasn’t so good.”

REETAH laughed again, “Child, it’s been a hard day for all.”

“Okay, we’re not keeping anyone prisoner here, at least not yet. You are welcome to stay in my tent to sleep and to stay at the camp. I think you’ll find we’re not your enemy.”

“Jon, I don’t have Stockholm Syndrome ... my friend Trevor is dead ...”

“Trev?”

“Yeah ... impaled last night or early this morning.”

“He was a good guy.”

“He was ...”, Carl’s voice was quiet and trailed off as he said this. He hadn’t thought about Trevor much in the last 15 or 16 hours. He didn’t really know how long it had been. But in that time he hadn’t taken pause or a moment to think about Trev, in that open pasture, near the woods, with a large wooden spear the size of a small tree piercing his chest.

It was nearly dark, given their location and time of year the darkness starts falling around 4 PM, and the light is gone by six.

The day had been long. Towns and cities around the world were given a pause, a moment to breathe, because DIRG had given his stand-down and reorganize order, and his hums and clicks and messages were heard and acknowledged around the globe, if not obeyed.

Most of the sasquatch went back to secure bases in the woods. In some locations, as the sasquatch retreated, they were harassed by human troops, strafed, fire bombed. Some of the humans were more circumspect that day, too many, enough, were simply angrier and crazier than they’d ever been and filled with hate for the bigfoot and desires for revenge. DIRG did not fully realize that human war and sasquatch war were not the same. DIRG would learn that humans hold grievances better and longer than sasquatch.

It was nearly 8 PM in the woods, on the Olympic Peninsula. The sasquatch were around a fire telling stories with the local Salish men and women present. They were laughing and singing. They were happy. Jon motioned to Carl to join them, and Carl did. Carl didn’t talk much. They ate and drank, Carl had several helpings of REETAH’S stew.

Nearing midnight, one of the sasquatch patrols came back to camp and JIBLIS, the sasquatch that killed Trevor, was with them. JIBLIS was carrying a knife, a skinner, that Trevor had custom made from old chainsaw blades and part of an elk’s antler, it had Trevor’s initials on it and it was covered in blood. Carl, tired and enraged, screamed at JIBLIS.

“BLOODY MURDER, BLOODY MURDER ... YOU FUCK ... you killed my friend ... you killed him. He didn’t have anything! He didn’t know anything! He never

wanted much and he would help when he could. TREVOR WAS A SIMPLE FUCKING MAN AND YOU KILLED HIM! MOTHER FUCKER!”

The whole camp grew silent, only the wind and the torrent of the nearby falls could be heard.

JIBLIS, who was young, only 45 human years old, walked up to Carl and handed the knife to him. JIBLIS didn't know Trevor, he was simply doing the work of war. War is dirty work, for filthy people or for humans who let the demons into their hearts. Crows don't go to WAR because CROWS aren't that fucking stupid, but humans are so clever they invent new levels of ignorance.

Carl was shaking, he had zero chance killing a bigfoot – not without a heavy weapon, the very least a .454 CASULL with armor piercing bullets or a full size STIHL chainsaw.

Carl was exhausted and breaking, mentally. He reached out with his shaking hand to grasp the knife, knowing what he wanted to do next.

REETAH came up to Carl, and grabbed his hand.

“Hon, I'm going to take you back to your tent.”

Carl grabbed Trev's knife from out of JIBLIS' grasp and let REETAH take him back to Jon's tent. REETAH smiled and left him there, It took about 30 minutes of shaking and sobbing for Carl to finally go to sleep and BOY did he sleep. As he drifted off, he imagined that the whole day had been fake, that he was having a “bad trip”, that the University of British Columbia “chemist” who sold him the LSD might have been a jerk. Carl played pretend, in his head, and went back to sleep again. This story was ALSO repeating itself around the world, in a myriad of different forms. Some call this denial.

World governments were organizing again and slowly communications were being restored. Messages were being relayed using shortwave radio and the few satellite comm-links that functioned. Fiber cable was being patched and mobile emergency cell towers were deployed. Many, even in rural communities, had

several hours of working internet again and so families connected and let each other know “I am alive, I am safe”.

The military “professionals” were planning their counter-attack. They’d learned a few things on that horrible day, and began rounding up suspected indigenous military personnel and placing them in special holding areas, better known as concentration camps. Anywhere indigenous peoples chose to fight alongside the sasquatch, the story was the same. Many that were rounded up had nothing to do with the attack, but this never mattered before in human history so it didn’t really matter that day.

Militaries had learned that small arms were mostly ineffective against the sasquatch, but .50 caliber M2 machine guns worked quite well, and 20 mm BUSHMASTERS with sabot rounds made great work of the furry commandos. The various armed forces were rapidly deploying next-gen explosive rounds for their standard rifles, and engineering new designs for standard sidearms and rifles capable of taking out a sasquatch. The M-14, a 7.62mm rifle from the 1950’s was BROUGHT BACK TO LIFE, and with some modification redesigned to fire a modified .50 caliber round. Most of this work would take days, weeks, but it was good to know the bigfoot were not immortal or impervious.

At NORAD, Cheyenne Mountain, the remaining political and military leaders were licking their wounds and issuing orders to forces still capable of action.

President Jordan organized US FORCES CONUS (continental United States) from NORAD and a working and secure communications network was finally established the next day. Jordan met with the few cabinet officials he could save from the “Massacre of Washington”, what they would later call it. Jordan took office during a time of division, and now it seemed the division had split open and the depths of Hades and its demons were escaping through. He had a son in the US Airforce, stationed in Japan, he had no idea if his son was alive or dead.

Vice President Linda Wahl was not at NORAD. She had been visiting US forces in Hawaii when the attack started. She was native Hawaiian, and like many from her home state she had issues with the “USA” and its attitude towards places like Hawaii, or Guam, or Puerto Rico. She once called these places the “margins”, because no one cared unless margins mattered and they rarely did, till that day.

Hawaii, Guam, Puerto Rico, became virtual safe zones for the US military and high command. Their indigenous people did not join with the sasquatch, and they were happy to keep that “axe to grind” in the closet, for now.

The 101st, 82nd, and 10th Mountain divisions redeployed to Colorado, at assembly areas near Fort Carson.

The 25th division stayed at Hawaii, luckily they were just back from a deployment.

Various US Marine Corps units were attached to the carrier groups in the Pacific after being loaded on transports. For now they would assemble at secret locations in the Pacific, Atlantic and Indian oceans.

A safe-zone was established at an unknown and top secret complex in Antarctica. Families of senators, corporate leaders, and other American splendids were sent to this base, “Camp Coolidge”, to wait out this conflict in relative safety.

President Jordan had already begun conversations with the Chinese and Russian militaries, and the world powers were forming working groups to put together a plan: a major counter attack to take out the sasquatch threat “once and for all”. They had poor intelligence, too much confidence, and not enough respect. A British scientist during one of the ZOOM CALLS said “maybe we need to pause, and listen, and try to talk to these ... beings”. Everyone was silent, and then the facilitator, NATO General Doog-Stolz, smiled and continued the meeting. They simply ignored it, they could not hear it, this was not a time for reason or logic or commonsense. This was a time for revenge.

By the end of 10/13/2026, over 2 billion humans were wounded. Between 400 and 500 million, worldwide, were assumed missing or dead. The sasquatch were not some homogenous mass following standard order, every clan and gang had their own culture and ethics as it applied to WAR or conflict. Some of the clans, like the clan that captured Carl, merely wanted to “teach a lesson”, and only a few humans were killed. Other clans, more feverish and bloodthirsty, killed as many humans as they could. Sasquatch, generally, were not into torture per se, though they could conceive of clever punishments as ghastly as any Torquemada might imagine. Humans were great at torture, and by Wednesday, the next day, there

were already hundreds of bigfoot, around the world, at black sites being tortured. The sasquatch felt this the way the crow knows the winter will be cold.

Jordan thought on all this, in his room at NORAD, and then his military intelligence attaché knocked on the door.

“Who is it?”

“Mr. President ...”

“Yes ... you can come in.”

The US Army captain stood there, staring bleakly at the President.

“Speak son.”

“Your son took part in the defense of Tokyo, he was wounded and died 4 hours ago.”

“Get out of here please ...”

“Mr. President I have ...”

“GET THE FUCK OUT OF HERE!”

The President slammed the metal door as the Army officer left. He slammed it twice and then fell down upon his bed.

President Jordan cried, sobbed, as Carl had, as so many others had that terrible day. But he took the job understanding the obligation and he knew the deal: he didn't get to lose it, he didn't get to fall apart.

President Jordan needed his rest, the next day they would begin planning the human counterattack ... or at least the American counterattack.

Bigfoot War One: Chapter 3 – The Battle of Denver



The dust was settling, the sky was clearing ...

By October 16th, what was left of the US command staff was planning their first offensive operation since the war started. Normally, this kind of operation would take weeks or even months to organize, but they had days. Days to plan an operation involving nearly 100,000 US troops, on US soil, the biggest domestic offensive operation since Sherman's March to the Sea.

The good news: the US had massive caches of conventional weapons at locations around the globe. As much damage as the sasquatch did, much of this and the logistics required to utilize the supplies were operational. Re-supply of newer munitions were being sent out to front line troops within a few days following the

attack, while the troops stood fast in the “shadow armistice”. “Shadow Armistice” is what forces around the world were calling the pause that unfolded after “Chastisement Day”, after 10/13.

DARPA’s investment in next gen manufacturing and 3D printing tech allowed for the rapid deployment of experimental weapons and ammunition factories – small, mobile, easy to set up, capable of producing current and new types of weapons. Allied forces had also learned that the bigfoot were more susceptible to damage from radiation than they had realized, and fell due to sickness faster than humans, much faster. The US forces would use this information to their advantage.

The bad news: various nations were already forging agreements with the sasquatch, NATO was split in half and Japan, where the President’s son died, sued for peace first. The USA was mostly isolated, and other than China and Russia, had no allies for this fight. As horrible as the onslaught was, and as much damage was done, many around the globe wanted to stop, evaluate, and understand. For them, and the bigfoot, the war was over almost as fast as it began. The real problem was DENVER, both in terms of human life and, as important to politicians, optics.

As of October 16th, nearly 10,000 sasquatch in 6 separate battle groups were hold up around Denver, Colorado. These were scavengers and pirates, members of KLUNGIT-ARMIES from the EAST, mercenaries and monsters – formed from claggit-gangs. They had traveled through portals, and were assigned DENVER as a holding point by DIRG, the sasquatch WAR LEADER. These sasquatch were vicious, and did a great deal of damage on “Chastisement Day”. Nearly 50,000 people were executed by the bigfoot forces in Denver, another 10,000 were being organized for transport as slaves, to be sold. The rest were scattered, hiding, waiting for the nightmare to end.

Hasty kangaroo trials were held at the Denver Botanic Gardens, the local sasquatch leader, VORTIZ-WOO, sat upon a throne made of human bones, judging the humans. The crimes they were accused of were mostly made up, crimes of destruction, neglect, pollution, but in general VORTIZ-WOO enjoyed the emotional torture of judging these weak little hairless monkeys. For several days the gutters were sticky with human blood, for several nights these ravenous and vengeful sasquatch fed on human flesh, human babies.

But what seemed the worst insult, and the greatest provocation, were the “dog trials”.

Dogs that barked at the beasts, that attacked them, bit them, that stood by their owners to protect them? – they were put on trial. Not knowing or really understanding any of it, simply knowing that their owner was in trouble and they wanted to help, and now they were to die. The wolves had stayed neutral up to this point, with the crow: and DIRG considered it a kind of treachery if dogs attacked their sasquatch forces. But the dogs howled, and word got out to the wolves.

For VORTIZ-WOO and his angry sasquatch army, it mattered not the lives of dogs or people. They laughed and mocked, and even took turns swallowing French bulldogs live. It is notable that the most shocking thing to come out of the Denver assault were these dog persecutions, people seemed to care more about dogs being killed than people being killed. Soldiers, marines, airmen and sailors were marking their bombs and planes and tanks with one particular name: “Boomer”.

Boomer was a mutt. He was adopted by Jennifer and Tyler Rhodes, a newly wed couple living in a small one-bedroom apartment. Boomer was being raised by dog fighters near where Tyler and Jennifer lived. Nights, they would walk around their neighborhood, they’d hear the screams, they and others knew what was going on. Boomer was being tortured, beaten, spray painted and starved. Boomer dug a hole and escaped. The first time he escaped, Tyler called animal control and they took Boomer back to the dog fighters. The second time Boomer escaped Jennifer just said “fuck this, let’s grab him”. From that day on Boomer was their dog, their kid, and he knew it and loved it.

On the morning of the GREAT CHASTISEMENT, October the 13th, the KLUNGIT-GANGS of VORTIZ-WOO attacked Denver around 8 AM, coming out of the mountains, from a few portals. Boomer had been up and nervous the night before, he began wailing like never before at 6 AM. Tyler and Jennifer learned to trust that dog, so they loaded up their car and decided to take a day off from work, “we’ll visit your mom in Kansas”. The Rhodes were just outside of Watkins, Colorado, traveling east on I-70 when the attacking sasquatch began road blocking. They were so close to escaping, before the worst of it would hit. Their

Toyota Corolla slowed down, as a the large hairy beasts were directing cars into a parking lot nearby.

As one of the beasts got close to the car, Boomer lunged out and attacked him, biting the sasquatch's throat. Tyler hit the accelerator, he didn't know what else to do. What Tyler did, and Boomer did, saved Tyler and Jennifer's lives. They, Tyler and Jennifer, managed to get back on I-70 and make it to Kansas. Boomer was captured, one of the first dogs to be put on trial.

Boomer's trial was the best known, because he jus sat there, growling at VORTIZ-WOO, as the local sasquatch war leader described Boomer's crimes ...

"My oldest friend, JEBROSS-TOWNE, was severely attacked by this mongrel beast. His injuries being extreme ... the punishment must be so also ...", the sasquatch throng cheered. Boomer did no real damage to this bigfoot mentioned.

When VORTIZ-WOO finished opining, Boomer escaped his leash, jumped up onto the platform where VORTIZ-WOO was, and bit him on his penis. VORTIZ-WOO picked up the dog, before the whole crowd, and tore Boomer in half. It was said that the dogs in all the pens began howling, and you could hear the howls as far away as St. Louis, or at least other dogs could. Dogs around the nation began barking, howling. One dog that had been given a few years of joy, a dog that loved its human cousins, a dog willing to do as had been done for him. Boomer was dead. It is also said he died with a chunk of VORTIZ-WOO's penis in his mouth.

Now, among the US forces preparing for a counterattack, "Boomer" was a banner, a cause, a mythos, a reason to believe they could fight back. When Tyler and Jennifer relayed the full story to the press, it went viral. Videos taken by the humans living underground, videos depicting the trial and immediate execution of Boomer, were being viewed around the world and many sasquatch clans with internet access looked upon it in horror.

"Sir, there's a lot of good news here", said Captain Daniel "Danny" LeRoi, President Jordan's military intelligence attaché; he had just spent the last hour explaining the "situation". It wasn't great, it also wasn't the end of the world.

President Jordan looked at General Allen, and General Allen began to speak.

“Sir, I understand we have good reasons for wanting to launch our counterattack soon. But we are barely recovering from this attack right now, and I’m just not ...”, the president cut him off.

“Shut up, how much time do you need?”

“A month.”

“You have until October 31st Halloween.”

Lack of sleep, grief, and the ever present reality of “being the one in charge” was hitting the President hard.

When he ran for the office, Jordan didn’t want to make waves or implement some huge agenda; he merely wanted to be president for two terms. He was popular, handsome, and a gifted public speaker but he had zero military experience and had very little patience for the “West Point Way” as he called it; he also had no choice now but to trust them. “The team you have, not the team you want”, the president remarked in a speech once; he had the team he was going to get.

Following the briefing President Jordan retreated to his quarters at NORAD. A lukewarm meal of Salisbury steak and mashed potatoes awaited him, plus half a fifth of really expensive single malt scotch. The internet was spotty and very few streaming services were functional, but there was an old DVD player in his room and a couple movies. One film, THE FINAL COUNTDOWN, caught his attention. He’d seen it before, not a great film, but escapist enough to take his mind of what was going on.

President Jordan had about 20 minutes of quiet before there was a knock at the door. It was his intelligence attaché.

“Sir, there’s movement to the southeast here, we have cavalry units checking on this, it could be an attack.”

“When will we know for sure?”

“We expect a report in 90 minutes.”

“Great”, President Jordan muttered.

“I’m sorry Sir?”

“That sounds fine, notify me when we know more.”

The president settled back into watching his movie, a movie about a nuclear powered aircraft carrier traveling through time back to December 6th, 1941. He thought it was silly, pretentious. He usually hated time travel movies as much as he hated movies about wizards and orcs. But on this day, for this break, he simply needed the distraction of the nonsense.

“Sir, what’s up?”, Cheryl Strand swung the door open. She was the current Chief of Staff, and one of the few cabinet members to survive. She was with the president, briefing him on current harvest data when it all began. She had been the Interior Secretary, now she was like the president: a bit rudderless, in a job suddenly bigger than what she expected.

“Can I get 30 minutes?”, the President said.

“No ... Sir ... you can’t.”

“What do you need?”

“Nothing, just checking in.”

“Checking in, you did it.”

“What are you watching?”

“Some dumb movie.”

“I love dumb movies, which one?”

“The Final Countdown, Kirk Douglas is in it.”

“I love that movie.”

“You love that movie?”, the president said incredulously.

“Yes ... Kirk Douglas is one of my all time favorites.”

The president pushed play, and they both kept watching. Nothing was said, Cheryl grabbed a chair in the room and the president sat on the bed. They spent another 30 minutes watching, not talking, and then the president pushed pause.

“What do you think is going to happen?”, the president asked Cheryl.

“I think ... I guess we don't know.”

“Do you think we will win?”

“I'm not sure what that means Mr. President, win what?”

“I don't know.”

Cheryl stopped before she continued. She knew the President's son had been killed in Tokyo. She knew the President had lost his wife to cancer a few years earlier.

“My dad used to tell me we win by staying alive. I think we win Mr. President by not giving up and I think we win by taking back Denver.”

“Do you think we can take back Denver?”

“Sure, the real question: can we take back Denver before the atrocities there get out of control?”

They were both silent for a moment, and then the president spoke.

“Have you heard from Linda?”

“Yes Sir, she's been doing what you asked and organizing civilian and military forces in the Pacific for defense and humanitarian operations.”

“Glad she’s safe, been too hard the last few days.”

Cheryl looked at the paused HD screen, one of those martial scenes when the soundtrack blares and the roar of the F-14’s is caught in the crescendo.

“You know, I like the old movies where the cavalry saves the day”, Cheryl said.

“Or when the Marines show up, and you know it will be okay ...”, the President responded.

“And there’s always some ally waiting to be revealed.”

“And we don’t know the ending until it’s over.”

Cheryl and President Jordan both laughed.

“MR PRESIDENT, COME TO THE SITUATION ROOM”, a crackled and demanding voice came over the president’s intercom. Cheryl and President Jordan picked themselves up and walked swiftly covering the distance to the situation room in a matter of seconds.

When President Jordan got to the situation room he was met by a shocking surprise: several armed MP’s carrying bolt action rifles chambered in .700 nitro express. There was one solitary sasquatch, a Native American chief, and a 200 pound gray wolf ... along with military staff, the large staff room was packed.

“What’s the situation General?”

“Sir, the units that we believed were enemy units probing for an attack ... well ... they were emissaries, requesting parley and to speak with you, the President, directly.”

“This is not funny.”

“It’s no joke Mr. President.”

And then the Native American chief spoke: "President Jordan, please sit down and lets talk."

The room became quiet, the sasquatch leaned up against the wall, bowing his head, not quite fitting and still too big for any of the chairs. The wolf brought herself up to the table, her paws laid out on the surface, staring intently at President Jordan.

"Mr. President, this is not the time to address past grievances between my people and your government", the "chief" had worked for the most recent Vice President of the Navajo Nation. He was a farmer, he had some cattle and a small diner he ran. Prior to the great conflict, he was merely one of the elder tribal leaders that would often be ignored or ridiculed as too connected to the past, not enough open to "new ideas". He joined forces with the sasquatch 5 years earlier, secretly meeting with them and organizing Navajo men and women into an army.

By July 2026, Randall Black-Horse had organized, secretly, 10,000 young Navajo men and women into 5 separate cavalry brigades. The entire scheme was funded by the Bureau of Indian Affairs, without them knowing it. Money earmarked for "cultural rejuvenation" and "COVID ERA REBUILDING" was directed to the purchase of horses, weapons, armor. The horse purchases were the hardest, given that domestic production of horses and other farm labor animals had dropped off significantly in the previous 100 years. It took scavenging, it took horse trading, but by October 2026, Chief Black-Horse had his force prepared and ready to go.

"We made our choice and have no regrets. Our people have known the promises and treatment of many U.S. presidents and we no longer take you seriously."

Randall paused, looking around the room at all the faces.

Randall was a man in his sixties, he wore jeans and cowboy boots and a red baseball cap with "THRUSH" written on it in bold white letters. Randall continued to speak.

“It’s no matter the disappointments because maybe for the first time in millennia we have a chance to speak plainly and understand each other. We do not support what is going on in Denver, we will not allow it to continue.”

“What do you me you won’t allow it?”, the President responded, the wolf in the meeting growled at him.

“We are not negotiating as much as telling and I’m telling you WE will not allow it.”

Randall stopped speaking, and then a series of sounds came from the wolf. No one understood except the sasquatch in the corner.

“Noree says you should listen to Chief Black-Horse”, the sasquatch added. President Jordan shook his head and thought “fuck, wizard and orc bullshit”.

“We are here to make peace. We are here for a public and binding agreement. We are here to help and to heal Mr. President.”

Randall kept speaking, the wolf would interrupt periodically. At one point the President’s attaché asked if they could bring food for sasquatch or Randall or the wolf. Noree cried a little, looking in the direction of the cafeteria.

“Why don’t you bring some steak tar-tar for the lady here.”, the President said to one of the marine sergeants nearby.

The meeting lasted nearly 4 hours, and it seemed as if time had stopped.

The sasquatch, YOG-THUURY, was a leader of bigfoot that lived in the Rocky Mountains. His people had guarded these mountains for thousands of years and the portals that were hidden within. He had been mainly silent, translating for Noree, and providing requisite nods as Randall spoke.

What was being laid out was an alliance between the gray wolves of North America, the Navajo and other allied tribes, and the sasquatch of the Rockies. They would join forces to liberate Denver. The wolves bringing 10,000. The Navajo bringing other 10,000. The sasquatch providing 3,000. The numbers were adding

up in the President's head, and all of the sudden the silly conversating with Cheryl, earlier, seemed prescient.

What they wanted was the sticking point ...

Black-Horse's demands:

1. The immediate recognition of all US indigenous tribes and peoples as having their right to exist and to represent themselves diplomatically as a separate nation: either jointly or separately.
2. The incorporation of every existing US national park into a protectorate owned and administered by the several tribes and autonomous indigenous peoples of the USA territories.
3. The transfer of all US public lands and state/national forests, in the Rocky Mountains, to a protectorate overseen by the sasquatch people.

There were details to be worked out, but the shock of 10/13 seemed to make the impossible possible. Black-Horse envisioned a restoration of respect and to achieve that he needed to go back to his people, the Navajo, and the other tribes with a deal that would justify both peace and the rebuilding required.

"So, with a pen, on a piece of paper, this happens?", the President said sarcastically, getting dirty looks Randall, YOG-THUURY and more growling from Noree.

"There are too many dead we know of, and too many we will never know of, to pretend it's that easy ... but I think my friend in the corner would hunt you down and kill you if you broke this promise", with that YOG-THUURY growled and combination of noise and bad breath got them back on topic.

"If we make this happen, you will fight with us?"

"Mr. President, we showed up ready to fight ... are you ready yet?"

"We need two weeks ..."

YOG-THUURY shook his head, Randall sighed, Noree nodded.

“We will make that work, our forces are scattered near the Beaver Creek wilderness area, we would like to bring our forces into your camp.”

The main US ground forces were gathering at Fort Carson. A full bird colonel from the 82nd Airborne motioned Randall to the hallway. They talked and laughed a little and Randall was given instructions on procedures to follow and they were given a military escort as well – 2 platoons of US Army Rangers.

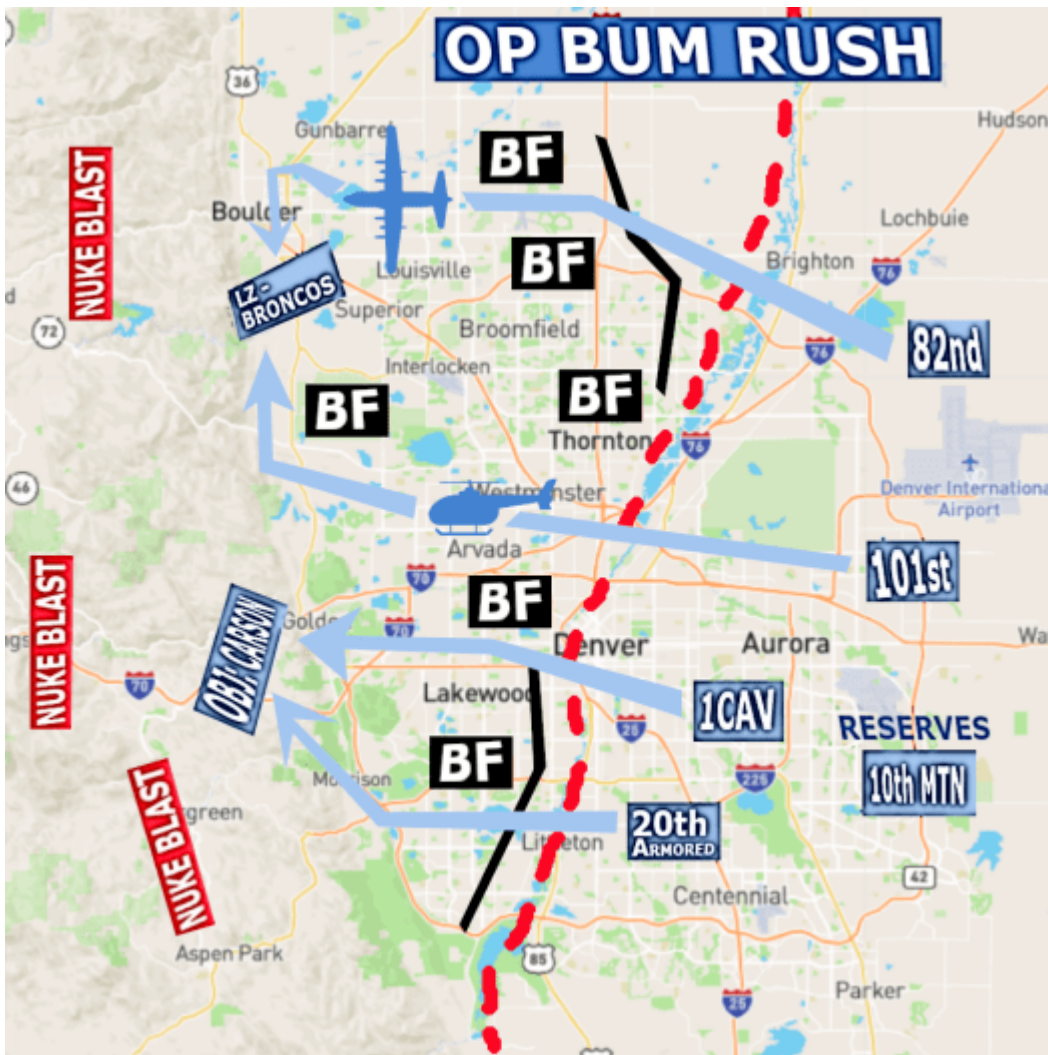
The NORAD facility had the tightest security of any US based in the world, the rumor about wolves and people and “Indians”, joining with the USA, spread beyond the walls of that cave; within a day people were whispering on shortwave radio and those nodes of the WWW still working: Denver, we’re coming.

It turns out there is a queer kind of osmosis, it confounds all walls and doors and cages. It is the imbalance between darkness and hope, and there was just too much darkness outside of Cheyenne Mountain, and now there was real hope bubbling from inside.

They toyed with different names for the operation: “SLAM DUNK”, “HOME RUN”, “EASY RIDER”. Nothing really fit.

It was going to be a rapid and sustained attack, aggressive. The entire plan envisioned a one or two day battle. The KLUNGIT-GANGS occupying the city were ruthless pirates and unserious in the ways of war.

It was a younger brigadier general, part of the 101st Division, that suggested “bum rush”. They would overwhelm, they would startle and shock, and it seemed like a flash mob. But the term flash mob seemed less appropriate, so they settled on OP BUM RUSH.



YOG-THUURY provided excellent intelligence on the location of 3 portals, the three the KLUNGIT-GANGS were using to get to Colorado, and the 3 they would escape through when their pillaging was complete. VORTIZ-WOO, the leader of the sasquatch in Denver had orders to punish, to seek revenge, and then leave. DIRG, who was already growing impatient with many of the sasquatch forces under his command, was becoming embarrassed by the events in Denver.

The President made it clear to everyone in the situation room: we are not making peace, we are KILLING and if they surrender capturing, but the emphasis was on killing.

3 x 5-kiloton penetrator neutron bombs, dropped by a stealth bomber, would close up the holes – this would signal the beginning of the attack.

The 8nd and 101st would move rapidly to take up blocking positions to the north. 1st CAV along with the 20th Armored Division, would grind through Lakewood and take out a significant portion of the sasquatch forces.

The wolves, working with US Special Forces, would strike the ramshackle compounds around the Botanical Gardens, freeing humans and dogs both.

Black-Horse's army would attack OBJECTIVE ARVADA, getting close support from an APACHE squadron from the 101st. Along with the attack helicopters, 2 squadrons of A-10 CAS were on call and loaded with thousands of rounds of 30 mm sabot.

All indirect fires and other artillery support would be coordinated from NORAD and Fort Carson. All US Naval and Air Force bases in the region were set up as reserve force concentration areas and casualty triage and collection.

By October 20th, the OPERATIONS ORDER was ready and it would be issued the next day. Ten days for the troops to plan, write letters, and probably say goodbye to the ones they loved. The President had set this up as a battle of overwhelming force, but no one had the gung-ho confidence of just a few weeks earlier. They were launching a counterattack, and it could not fail ... because if it did, the USA was done. They expected a minimum of 20% casualties.