

The Storyteller's Collection

Story 5



Rage of a Myth

By Don Boivin

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(Note: This is a short excerpt from the full short story.)

As the droplets of rain slowly fall from the thick canopy of leaves above, the afternoon shower slowed and the visible vapor of mist engulfed the thick forest area. The campfire smoke twisted its way up through the canopy, as the moist wood fought to keep burning. Two local hunters were preparing something to eat after their early morning hunt. This is usually commonplace up here in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan, with the exception that hunting season for the game that they killed ended months before. These were not your typical hunters per say, but were hunters that did not hold regard for the laws too high. They enjoyed that feeling of power over other living things as long as they had their rifles in their hands.

This was a desolate area of the U.P. and not a lot of the locals ventured through these thick forests. For one reason, this unoccupied area had no houses, homes or cabins of any kind, so survival was necessary if you got into any type of trouble. The main reason that most people do not venture through this area of the forest, is from the local gossip of legends or myths that have been passed down through the ages. These old stories tell of large creatures that roam these forests, called the Old Ones, Guardians or the more common name of Bigfoot. Of course, these old myths are just that, myths... At least that is what these hunters thought and backpacked deep into this area for their own sport of killing what ever they wanted too.

As the tantalizing smell of the roasting game started to fill the air, the hunters broke out a bottle of whiskey and started talking about their hunt that day. From a distance, a number of curious eyes watched as the two hunters talked and drank, until it was time to eat. Time trickled by as their language had grown louder and harsher. By this time, the sun had made its exit and the moon was rising in the late evening sky. Most of the food was gone, but the whiskey still flowed as they sat by the campfire still celebrating the day's kill. The shadows of the campfire begin playing tricks on their eyes with the illusions of sinister movements just on the border of the campsite and tree line of the forest. They begin hearing strange noises coming from the darkness of the surrounding trees. As they stopped talking and started listening... The eerie noises stopped, they heard nothing but the crackling of the burning wood from the fire. They sat there for some time, until one of the hunters said... "This is crazy... There is nothing out there, but some little animals. Hell... We have the guns."

After laughing about their foolish imagination of some type of creatures in the night, they went back to talking about the earlier part of the day. Some time passed and the hunters were getting some of their gear around for the next day of hunting, when suddenly a hooting sound from a near by owl made the hunters about jump out of their pants. Uneasy and being spooked again from the sudden noises popping up without warning, the two hunters slowly stared into the misty indistinct moon light that pierced the darkness. Silently staring with their hearts starting to pound a little faster as every few seconds passed by and yet nothing was happening out of the ordinary. They slowly turned and looked at each other, until one of the hunters suddenly begin laughing with the other hunter joining in.

"Here we go again," said one of the hunters as he leaned his rifle against an old tree stump by the tents.

"I know what you mean," said the other hunter as he too leaned his rifle also against the same tree stump. "This is a good place to put the rifles just in case the big bad boogie man tries to get us." They both started to laugh while passing the almost empty bottle of whiskey around for one more drink.

Drinking all that whiskey did not seem to help matters either, as it enhanced the eeriness of the surrounding forest with the sudden noises and quick moving shadows from the flames of the campfire. The ever-watching eyes that have been stalking them from a distance were starting to move in closer. Slowly easing their way from one bush to another, until suddenly they started to scatter quickly in different directions as if they were getting ready for something. In the night air, drifted a strange pungent odor that mixed with the smoky smell of the campfire. The hunters detected the odor, but were

slow to react from all of the whiskey they had consumed through out the evening.

"Hey! What the hell is that strange odor I smell?" Said one of the hunters as he stood up and looked around the campsite. Suddenly he caught a quick glimpse out of the corner of his eye, of something moving through the shadows. The quick movement swiftly darted through the darkness as another large blur of movement followed. The hunter moved his head to see what the blurred movement was, when suddenly the other hunter's eyes fell upon an eerie figure of towering size. The massive beast stared at him with the look of rage in it's hungry eyes... The dancing shadows from the light of the fire outlined a tall hairy creature that stood about eight or nine feet tall. Its eyes and teeth glistening from the light of the flames as it stood intensity staring right straight through the terrified hunter. The muscular mass of the dark haired creature was extensive, its appearance resemble that from the ape family.

Suddenly, the other hunter jumped for his rifle, which was still leaning against the old tree stump. As he turned with the rifle loosely in his hands and fumbling around to get a solid grip, it went off, firing a shot that hit one of the creatures in the shoulder. Blood splattered wildly through the night air from the point of contact as the creature cried out in pain. The echoing sound was quickly followed with the creature grabbing the hunter and squeezing the very life right out of his body. Bone crushing sounds were followed with the hunter's body flesh splitting open from the enormous pressure from the creature's powerful hands. Finally, after a few horrifying moments, the massive enraged creature, flung the hunter's limb body against a large pine tree, where it fell in a mangled bloody mess.

The other hunter tried to run, but was grabbed by another creature, that quickly raised the hunter up over its head. The screams from the hunter painfully filled the cool night air as the grip from the creature started crashing the hunter, breaking the backbone and then suddenly throwing the hunter's broken body violently against a nearby tree. The night air suddenly went silent and both of the hunters were carried off into the darkness of the forest with the shadows of the flames from the peaceful campfire, still dancing against the surrounding bushes and trees. The echoing screams that only moments before filled the area, were now just a past moment in time as the small forest creatures slowly started filling the night with their chirping sounds...

If you like this short excerpt from the full story, this story plus five other eerie stories are in my new book - "Storytellers Realm Collection of Fiction Quest Stories". You can get more information or order my book or ebook from the Storyteller's Realm Website - www.storytellersrealm.com. Thank you again for reading this excerpt - Rage of a Myth.

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