

Evidence for the Existence of Bigfoot (Free Style)

By Joe Student, JS-B-440

I've always been fascinated with the existence of Bigfoot. I live in the American Pacific Northwest, and I have friends or relatives who claim to have seen these hairy-hominds.¹

My own encounter with Bigfoot happened ten years ago . . . but I digress. Let me give a little information about Bigfoot and return to my personal encounter later. Bigfoot is the most celebrated and recognized creature in all the annals of cryptozoology. Unlike we humans, *at least most of us*, these are lumbering, massive, ape-like beasts.

They have been sighted 100's of times by various people from various backgrounds. These people range from the Native Americans of the Pacific Northwest to the Eskimos of the upper North Pole. These sightings are not limited to wackos and quacks, or kids pulling pranks.

Normal people like you and me—well, like me anyway—have seen Sasquatch. The name Sasquatch is the technical term for Bigfoot.² Some of the cross section of people who have seen Sasquatch include doctors, lawyers, loggers, farmers, hunters, children and adults; all of whom have seen this magical creature.³ Big Bob Zomodudal explains:

¹ William Dontstopmenow Badstains, *The Promise of the Spirit People* (Philadelphia, PA: The Cryptozoological Press, 2008), p. 13.

² Ibid.

³ Ibid., p. 333.

Sasquatch, aka, Bigfoot (Bigfeet for plural) sightings have been reported in every American state, and every continent has its own variation of these fur-bearing, hairy-hominds. Bigfeet often show themselves to whomever they feel like. They most often reveal themselves to backwoods hicks, but occasionally they even reveal themselves to doctors and drunks, priests and poultry farmers—it seems that Bigfoot likes those redneck hicks best, however.⁴

There have been many accounts of redneck hunters who have had these creatures in their sights, but they choose not to pull the trigger. To many of the hick-hunters, these animals looked like distant cousins or their mother-in-law. These so-called “monsters of the forest” are just really gentle giants who like their bellies rubbed. How do I know? I’ve done it . . . but I progress. Now I return to my personal encounter.

Last Saturday my Bigfoot-research partner (Bubba) got me out of bed before noon and told me he had the jeep all gassed up and ready to go. So, Bubba and I explored the wilderness north of Seiad Valley in the Oak Knoll Ranger District of the Klamath National Forest (Northern California) where Bigfeet footprints have been found.

We sped along northbound on Seiad Creek Road, which borders the creek until you reach Bigfoot Bridge. It’s there the road swings up the hill to the right. The road continues all the way to Oregon. Once we got into Oregon, Bubba stopped off at a local pharmacy to pick up some “medicine” for his glaucoma. Bubba had given no consideration to the famed optician, Dr. Dee Zaster, who stated that, “It borders on malpractice to give marijuana for glaucoma.”⁵ I told Bubba I was having some difficulty seeing too, so he shared his “medicine.”

⁴ Big Bob Zomodudal, *Gifts From the Zoo* (San Fransisco, CA: Stupid Publishing Co. 2004), pp. 22-23.

⁵ Dee Zaster, *100 Ways to Treat Glaucoma* (San Fransisco, CA: Stupid Publishing Co. 2004), p. 8.

Once our eyes got clear and we were seeing well, we left the jeep and went into the Oregon woods. We hadn't walked 1,012 yards when we both smelled that Bigfoot familiar smell. Bigfoot is known to have a stench that rivals most redneck woman at a wedding. Denny Carlton explains it well. He says,

The last time I was at a real redneck wedding, I noted an incredible stench that just about fried my olfactory sensory neurons. I thought that perhaps a Bigfoot had crashed the festivities, but I soon discovered that I had over reacted. The smell, though accurately described as a stench, was not as bad as what one would smell when near an actual Bigfoot. The smell was, as it turned out, Bubette Foxworthy, the maid of honor.⁶

Once Bubba and I smelled the stench of the Bigfoot, we followed the scent that wafted our direction. Soon, we came upon the real thing: Bigfoot. He stood 9 feet 6 1/2 inches tall, and weighed 487.3 pounds.⁷

It was incredible. There we were, Bubba and I. All we could do is fall to our knees and beg Mr. Sasquatch not to eat us. In all of our excitement and unmitigated fear, and a little pee running down our legs, we forgot to take any pictures. But, we both saw it. We both testify to it. And, Jesus said, "But if he will not listen, take one or two others along, so that every matter may be established by the testimony of two or three witnesses" (Matthew 18:16).⁸

Now, it's up to you to determine if this has been enough evidence for the belief in the existence of Bigfoot.

⁶ Denny Carlton, *Bigfoot and You* (Seattle, WA: Bigfoot International Press 2005), p. 1102.

⁷ Of course we did not measure or weigh the Bigfoot, but we guessed.

⁸ Unless otherwise indicated, all Scripture is from the *New International Version* (Zondervan Publishing Company, Copyright © 1973, 1978, 1984).

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