

SASQUATCH JUNIOR HIGH PREMISE

Story of a family of three girls who live in a rural wooded part of Montana and while on a camp out stumble on a trapped just turned teenage Sasquatch boy.

He was more used to humans as his curiosity would egg him closer and closer to them just to see and hear their speech and living style.

He was not fluent in human but could get his point across.

To go to a school was his dream.

The girls hatch a scheme to shave, wax and pluck him while dressing him as a young teenage boy in baggy clothes as to hide his unchangeable qualities...Good sized feet, muscular legs, arms longer than one would think on a 13 year old and the hair...so much hair.

They blow up dad's shaver & borrow their granny's dog clippers for her wolfhound and finally end up going through a bag of disposable razors and half gallon of wax for those special areas.

SASQUATCH JUNIOR HIGH

CHAPTER I

Hey Sis...Look What I Found !

It started, as it always does, on a nothing day just about a week before summer vacation was to end and school to start up again.

My two sisters, Amy and Gina and me... Isla were just going to have one more campout together before the opening bell at Woodrow Wilson School rang starting another season in the 'Grinder'!

We live in upper Montana not too far from, Oh well, you're not interested in where but....

Our home was on a rambling piece of land covering a few hundred acres, butting up against the National Forest region of many thousands of acres of beautiful woods, meadows and water in many forms...Lakes, creeks and ponds dotted all the area and fed so many kinds of animals we felt like we lived next to a critter preserve.

"Not much excitement left in this summer"
Amy said with half a grin.

"Naw." "We'll be able to scare something
up, you just wait."

What none of us knew, yet, is exactly how
true that statement would be, but it was about to
become the wildest summer 'Anybody' ever had.

Whenever we wanted to get away from
everything, we would pack up and go camping
for a few days. Dad taught us well and we were
always equipped for anything that came at us.

Well, anything till that day.

Didn't hike more than a couple of miles into
the woods when we made camp at the bottom of
Preskar Ridge, a thousand foot sheer wall with
some out croppings and caves in the face all but
unreachable except to eagles and perhaps a wild
cat.

It blocked the winds and at night, when all
was still and gave to echoing all nature to those
who knew how to listen.

First day went peacefully, and while we were
washing our dishes in the creek, Amy snapped
her head around as if to see something.

"What's up sis?" "Just heard a larger crunch out there than I'd have expected." "After we all stretched our hearing to its limits," Amy said "Must have just been that 'Tree' falling in the woods they always are talking about. hahah

Night comes quickly up here, and a blanket of stars was laid out before us as we laid on our sleeping bags looking for shooters. That's what mom calls the stars streaking across the sky.

"Wait a second.' 'Hear that?" Amy said.

"That same noise, and it seems to be almost high above us." Sounds like rocks falling"

We all jumped up and with our flashlights we scoured the sheer cliff for what could be making the odd noise.

Half an hour of search turned up nothing. Seconds before we were to stop, I heard a slight crying.

Now were all into it and figuring how to scale up the face of this rock wall.

Gina remembered what dad once said that as a kid he and his brothers found a slight but passable trail off to the side that went fairly safely to some caves in the cliff.

Amy asked, "Fairly safe?!" We both gulped and began to search for it's beginning.

"Thank Goodness for a bright moon and all these stars tonight to light our path!" Then I heard Gina mumble 'Fairly?' Humpff!

Of to the left and behind an outcropping of rocks, stood the beginning of the thin trail upwards.

There's that muffled cry again" Amy whispered. "I heard it too," said Gina.

As we crept upward, Gina kept mumbling "Fairly safe", with that same noise 'Hrummpf, she always made when she was nervous.

It seemed to take an hour to get a few hundred yards up the hill, but there was a tall thin cave in the side.

"There...that sound again" whispered Amy. "Inside there."

All three of us squeezed into the opening which got larger a few steps in.

Our three flash lights really lit up the place, and ..."WHOA!! What the heck was that!!" one of us, or all of us yelled. I wasn't rightly sure at that point.

Off to the side was a young person with their leg caught by a rock that must have rolled down when touched.

"Don't worry, we're here to help, "YOU"! As our lights all converged on what turned out to be a him, and what a him.

"Please don't hurt me, I was just curious." Heck, curious was our middle names, so we immediately took a shine to him. Even though he was furry from head to foot, and..."What Feet'!

You speak English pretty well. Where are you from.

"I live in the forest with my family, but I sneak out to peek at your people because you have so much "Fun," is that the right word?

'Oh yeah, "Fun," that's just the right word." As all of us, even our new acquaintance laughed!

Amy tugged on my sleeve and whispered in my ear, "Bigfoot."

My answer in amazed confusion, "A what?" Then she blurted out loud, "A Sasquatch!!"

We all jumped for a second...even him.

Then Gina said, "Cool," my very first Bigfoot"

He responded with "Cool is good, yes?"

"Sooo good" I told him. Now let's work on getting you free of this rock.

With just the right amount on grunts and pushing, he was free.

Amazingly enough, there was no bleeding or crunch mark where the stone pinned him. All the better.

So, I said "Shake it off and let's get going!" He smiled confusingly...took a step and fell over.

Well, guess I was wrong about him getting away without a scratch. The ankle started to balloon up like a Christmas float!

"Quick, Amy, take our scarves to the creek, soak them and run back here."

Off she went as I calmed down our new friend.

"Here you go" Amy said. A

As I wrapped his swollen ankle he howled.

We all looked at each other as at exactly the same time said, "That's what gives off that sound at night!" "Wow!"

Again, he gave that 'What the heck' look but then smiles as the cold compresses helped his leg.

After a short rest we got him up. Darn, he's heavy. Carrying him back to the house will be a tall order. "Hey ...aahhhh... What is your name?" I asked our new mate.

He seemed to understand, started to speak and stopped. "I don't think you can say it."

"Hmmm, We'll call you Mike" Gina said, after grandpa Mike. He was hairy with big feet and a huge grin just like our young "Squatch" here.

"I Like Mike" he laughed.

"Then Mike it is" we all chimed.

Now enough blabbing and lets get his hairy heinie back to the house without mom or dad catching sight of him!

Down the trail and to the edge of the woods seemed pretty easy. Now, across a two football field meadow and into the house, reality was setting in.

Gina said, "Maybe we should tell mom and dad."

Both Gina and I said, as one voice, Ok now, that's just crazy!

"Hey mom, we just saved a Sasquatch and brought him home cause he wanted to see how humans lived and maybe watch some T.V."

"How nuts "Does" that sound?" "Omigosh, I'm ranting!"

Amy said she was sorry asking me what we need to do.

Hmmmm, how can we keep from getting caught, rattled round and round in my brain.

When, all of a sudden, Amy said, "Let's make him look more like us!"

Gina stared a moment and smiled, circling her face with her finger.

"No, NO." "We can't," I replied.

"Why not" they both said. "It'll grow back."

He smiled as we looked him over and asked, "You have idea?" "Yep...we have idea."

"Gina go to dad's bathroom and get his shaver."

"Amy...go to mom's side and grab that bag of disposable razors, the wax and strips."

"You're gonna' look great Mike." Where as he gave with a big grin. "Ok, I'm ready."

Operation "Squatch" to Boy had begun.'

END CHAPTER I

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CHAPTER II
A Little Snip Here,
a “LOTTA” Snip There
& a Huge Shave All Over!

Sneaking him into the house proved to be a lot easier than originally thought. Only... once inside, there was the 'Smell.'

"To the showers," I cried! Thank goodness no one was home.

Showing him a shower wasn't the hardest part...having him get out of his odd clothes he had on, he explained that he wore them to mimic us. It just so happened he "liberated," really meant stole, some clothes here and there to make a set of wearing apparel one would not normally find in a magazine, but suited the purpose.

Then there was soap and shampoo.

"Look at me Mike," as I lathered up my hair. Like this but all over, then use the waterfall, that's what he called the shower, to clean off.

We closed the curtain, he handed out his clothes and we could hear him scrubbing and, and, sort of singing, an odd but soothing tune.

Just like my sister Gina, he didn't want to get out, so I carefully reached in and shut the water off.

"What...waterfall...why did it stop?"

Time to dry off now, I think I said first.

Putting a towel around him, without looking of course, he stepped out onto the floor and

shook like Granny's big hairy wolf hounds, when they came out of the lake from a swim.

Eyaaahhh! All of us yelled as we ducked the flying spray. "No, no. "Use the other towel to dry off with."

"Yes, thank you." "Did I say that right?"

We all smiled, nodded our heads and proceeded to help him get dry.

I gave him a pair of dad's shorts as we left the bathroom. A second later we heard a roar like yell and ran back in.

"What's wrong?" everyone said. "The wall, Who is in the wall looking at me?!"

Looking to where he was pointing was the mirror.

"That's you, silly." "How do you like yourself?"

He stood, now not as frightened and almost admiring himself said, "I look like, "Dad", with a big grin from fuzzy ear to fuzzy ear.

Amy, next said, what would shape the things to come.

"Just a shower and dad's shorts aren't going to fool anybody. We need some drastic thought here!"

"Let's see', said Gina...Pop's shaver should help with the face."

Amy chimed in, "Grandma's pooch clippers for those hard to find the skin spots."

I on the other hand wend a little high tech on the situation. "Mom's waxing kit for "those,"
'That' eyebrow!

"Mike, sit here and don't move, we need to get a few things and we'll be right back"

He seemed to be smitten with my stuffed bear collection so I piled them in his lap, there sitting up on my bed, as I started to leave the room I looked back to see him sitting there smiling, holding armfuls of stuffed critters. What a sight.

Within minutes, me and Gina were back in the room, Amy ran next door to Grandma's for the electric shears.

"Ok, let's look him over and see where to start."

"The face. I bet he's cute" Gina giggled.

Now, to try and explain what we were about to do may be another matter all together.

"Mike, how would you like to see what you look like as one of us?" I asked with a nervous smile.

He tilted his head to the left then the right and asked, "Will it hurt?"

"Not too much, just dome buzzing noises and some tickling."

"What's 'Tockling'?"

"Tickling is, is...Well like this." As I wiggled my fingers in his ribs, he let out a hoot!

We all jumped back!

"I like Tockling!!" "Fix me."

On went the Grandma's shears. Carefully getting down to face skin so we could use the electric shaver.

I worked the shaver, Amy ran the vacuum cleaner to pick up any evidence, and Gina critiqued, as she would usually do.

First layer gone, now dad's shaver to see what Mike really looks like.

With one of my stretchy head bands holding back his plentiful head hair, his face was all

ready for shaving and the simultaneous eye brow waxing.

Maybe not the best thought out plan, as when Gina yanked the first chunk of waxed cloth, Mike shouted, did a back flip off the other side of the bed, as we went rolling in the other direction!

All of us were sitting on the floor as we saw his eyes slowly pop up on the other side, "OW" was the only word out of his mouth.

"Mike,' Gina said with a kind soothing voice, only 'One' more 'Ouch' and we'll be done with the...ahhh...'Ouches.'"

He looked strong and hard at the piece of waxed cloth lying on the bed with a goodly patch of his hair attached and asked, "Only one more?"

"I promise" Gina said as she crossed her heart. He looked and crossed his heart too.

"Ready?" One..two...YYaaannnkkk! He gave a grunt and a long breath, and we were fine. Blinking for a few minutes while I finished giving him a close shave, we sat back to see what we had done.

"Oh my" Amy said. Gina said "Exactly" and I just gave him a big smile.

"How do I look" was the first thing he said.

"Here' as I handed him my hand mirror,
'Take a look for yourself."

Staring so deeply, it seemed like minutes till
he broke into the biggest smile. "I look just like
you!!"

"Cute too" Gina chimed in.

"Now, lets get started o the other parts",
Amy said with an excitement in her voice as if to
say, "Wonder what we're gonna' find under the
rest of him!' 'ha ha ha."

For the next hour, Mike was so patient as we
clipped, sheared and shaved a pile of hair big
enough to fill a small mattress!

Then we stepped back. No one spoke a
word. We just stared.

"What. WHAT? Mike asked? What do I look
like?

Not a single thing came out of our mouths
till Gina grabbed him by the arm as she led him
to the tall mirror in her room.

His mouth dropped as he touched his face,
rubbed his arms and chest.

"I'm a BOY!"

I shook my head up and down crazily cause no words were sufficient at that time.

Amy said with a laugh "sorta sounds like Pinocchio."

At that moment we all raised our arms, danced about the room and cheered at the top of our lungs.

I grabbed Gina and Amy saying We need to clean up and disguise Mike before Mom and Dad get home.

While they cleaned and vacuumed, I dug through the old clothes closet.

Ahhh...here are some jeans, I think they may even back in style. Here's a couple of nice pull over shirts. Hey, a great old leather jacket pops used to wear in the way back.

Ok, now, best for the last. Here are my dad's old army boots, for those feet Mike has, and I "know" these are back in style.

A little gel here, pluck a few more hairs there. Now...Everyone, lets back up and see what.....

Oh My!

Mike smiled at our astonishment.

"I am O.K.?' 'Yes?"

Our heads shook slowly up and down.

Then like a cheer leading team, we all screamed, "YES"!! "Look!"

Spinning him around to face the full length mirror. He touched his face, looked at both sides of his hands, ending with a big eyed stare at the first real clothes he's ever worn and fell back on the bed, sat there and put his face in hands.

"What's wrong?" was all I could say.

He looked up with a tear in his eye and said.... "I 'Am' a boy, a Real boy."

"You sure are," Gina gushed.

"Let's try him out on Grandma...she is a bit nearsighted and knows we bring all kinds of friends around" I said. Right now? "Yep, lets go"

Across to G-ma's house across the yards we hurried Mike.

"Hey G-Ma, are you home?" We heard a crash in the kitchen. "Dag Nabbed squirrels, always sneakin' in my kitchen trying to get a free meal."

"We'd like you to meet our new friend, Mike."

She held her hand out to him and he looked confused, smiled, then sniffed her hand.

"Well," Grand Ma said...That's as good of a hello as I ever got!" As we all laughed.

Mike has made his first conquest.

Back at the house, the reality of 'What the heck are we going to do with him now?

I said to Amy "Only two days till start of school, then what?"

This seemed to light up Mike's eyes. "I've always wanted to go to school and see how kids are and do you think I could try?"

"Wow, all that in one breath" Gina replied. "No, NO! There's not a chance of us bringing him to school with us" I said, being the oldest and clearest thinker.

"Please, please" both my sisters pleaded. Then there was that silent smile and big pair of brown eyes staring at me from our creation.

"I know I'm going to regret"...and before I could finish my sentence, my sisters were hugging me, jumping up and down.

Mike got scared, jumping back, staring at us. "It's ok Mike were going to take you to school with us.

That smile of his shined in the sun.

What is his story going to be? Let's see...
I have it. "He's an 'Exchange student and his English is limited." "Great answer, Isla & Gina agreed.

Now, we needed to try him on mom.
We all agreed.

Working with him for the few hours before mom came home from work, we were able to show him sitting at the table, not to grab for food, saying hello, his new name which he seemed to like very much, and 'The Spoon'.

He took to the spoon like a duck to water, except for the fact of his holding it up in front of him, twisting and admiring it. He did fine.

"Oh, I hear mom pulling up, Isla," said Amy.

"Now, Mike, just smile, and shake mom's hand if she puts it out."

In the back door with two bags of groceries comes mom. "Hey guys, there are six more bags in the wagon, can you give me a hand?"

We all went out. I handed a bag to Gina one to Amy, another to Mike and I took the last.

Here ya' go mom. "Where's Mike?" shot into my mind!

Back out by the car he stood. Looking into the sack and sniffing, while stuffing his mouth with half a bag of mom's favorite Toll House cookies.

"Mike...Stop!" I very quietly and sternly said. He sure understood the tone, probably same as 'His' mom...I know it sure is the same as ours, and dropped the whole thing.

As quickly as I could, I recovered the remaining cookies, the bag and Mike's hand, gently leading him inside.

"Mom, I'd like you to meet Mike."

"He's new in the neighborhood, isn't he?" mom asked. "I've not seen him before."

"Oh...he's, a, a... He's an exchange student!"

From which country was the next question that I had no ready answer for.

I whispered, "One of those tiny middle, southern European principalities, can't remember but he wants to be treated completely like an American. So, well, we need to only speak

to him in English." Yeah, that's it, I said to myself.

Not too bad a tale if I do say so myself.

"Well...he must not have 'Toll House' cookies from where he comes cause' he's wolfing down the last of them right now" Mom chuckled.

'Wolf' may be closer than she knew.

I've invited him for dinner. Is it ok?

"Always plenty of food on the table, go wash up."

Pulling Mike upstairs, I led him into the washroom. Showing him the water faucets, soap and towels I left him and closed the door.

Splash, quiet, Splash, quiet, then I heard a growling noise that sounded like "Yuuucchh!"

Peeking in the door, Mike had water all over, a soaked towel and half a bar of soap in his hand with apparent teeth marks in it.

Spinning him around, I was confronted by a soapy bubbly mouth person with a drooley grin.

"I like" he said, mouth bubbling away as he just shook his head up and down.

Couldn't help but to laugh at the big foamy boy, which brought a big smile to his face.

"Here, let me help you." So, I washed off the excess soap, re-combed his hair. "There, you look great, and remarkably, he did!

"O.k. Mike, Look at me now." "We are going to eat, so just watch me and do the same thing, o.k.?"

He stared at me for a moment and then said, "I will do just what you do, Isla, O.K.?"

"Great, I think." Amy mumbled.

With some old things that had been put up in the attic, we put together a pretty good set of clothes for Mike to wear and a bunch of changes for what was to come.

"Now Mike...don't make any quick moves and don't say where you come from." "Any questions you are afraid to answer, just look at one of us." Amy said.

He shook his head, smiling like an excited puppy when I said, "O.k., down stairs to dinner."

Holding his hand, and a bit too tight he whispered to me, we all sat at the table with Mom, Dad and Granny.

He looked carefully at me place my napkin on my lap and followed. So far so good.

I filled his plate and slyly pointed to the fork.

Again, he did fine, holding it up in his right hand.

The thing I didn't know was that he was "Left handed" and commenced to scoop food with that hand directly into his mouth. At a pretty good rate too as he was done before I could collect my composure and lay a pinch on his hairy leg he won't soon forget, apparent by the scrunched up look of pain he had on his face! "Sorry," he said to the family as I threw in that the customs in his country were a bit obscure, but we would teach him ours, to the relieved look of our parents even though they never stopped smiling pleasantly and or scarily.

Mike switched hands with the fork, as I did to teach, and seemed to pick it up fairly quickly, excepting for the two or three pieces of food that dropped onto his lap or the floor.

Dinner being over, dessert soon followed.

Now, this would be a great part of the evening's meal...Except... Mike had never had "Sweets" before to speak of. His eyes slowly but intently followed Mom's hands from the cutting of the Banana Cream Pie, to the setting of it in front of him.

With my two fingers under the table in beginning pincer mode, Mike turned slowly to me holding both a fork and a spoon with a "Which the Heck" look on his face.

I personally use a spoon with this kinda pie so I held the spoon in my right...oops, my left hand.

He dropped the fork like it had the plague and locked his sights on this fluffy great smelling thing in front of him.

Then there was the "Attack." First bite opened up a whole new world of yummys for him. Dropping the spoon and with a direct finger swoop, he finished a jumbo slice in the proverbial "Two Shakes or scoops, Flat!"

"Well, seems he really enjoyed the pie, girls." said Mom. Mike shook his head up and down like a bobble head doll while staring at the remaining pie plate.

"Like another piece, dear?" Mom asked. He lifted up his plate to her as if to beg for another slice...well, that's just what he was doing!

Smiling, she scooped a ginormous chunk and placed it on his plate while handing him a spoon. He looked, and took the spoon using it to

eat with. Rather quickly, but a bit more "Human" than at first.

Well, with that last lick of the plate, dinner was over, going much better than it might have so I returned the smile the Mike when he gave me one as he thanked Mom for the food, which surprised me completely.

"Can we help with the dishes, Mom" we all asked...all but Mike. She said to take Mike for a walk around and show him the town in the family car. "Amy, you're the oldest and need to follow all safety procedures, O.K?" Mom said. So off we went, passing the first test...barely.

END CHAPTER II
WHEW!...A LONG CHAPTER...BUT NEEDED

CHAPTER III
I Say Potato...
You Say Tollhouse Cookies

"Mike", Gina asked, "Can you read?"

"I can read the signs in the parks and along the roads, and some food wrappers, I think." he answered happily as a lark.

"O.K." I said, writing on a tablet of paper the word "STOP." "What's this say."

"STOP!" he shouted.

"Mike, let's speak a bit more quietly so no one knows what we are doing." He just shook 'Yes' and stared at the tablet for the next word.

"Now...this one." I asked, showing him a big lettered word "Enter."

Thinking a minute, he spoke in question form... "Ent...ter?"

"Perfect!" He had the capability to learn so we started a crash course in letters and numbers. The alphabet song may not have been the best choice as he seemed to love it and mumbled it incessantly over and over. Numbers came just as easy, and we were just getting into adding when Mom walked in.

"What are you youngsters up to?"

The mind of Isla was quickest. "We're practicing English with him, Mom." She nodded and walked on.

All of a sudden, she peeked back into the door asking, "Anybody like some tollhouse cookies and milk?"

Mike shook his head and immediately said, "YES" in a strong but happy voice.

"I can see, he learned Tollhouse cookies and milk in English right quick." Mom laughed as she said.

Gina sat up with a puzzled look on his face asking, "Where is he to sleep tonight?" We hadn't thought of that and it was getting late.

"Our tree house." Amy said. "He's used to the forest, and our tree house even has a potty in it!" Dad put one of those porta-potties in it for emergencies, and I can't think of a more emergency like thing than him.

Now, who was going to show him how to use it!?

Our day's studies being done, we went out back and up the ladder to the tree house. Now, this wasn't any run of the mill tree house. It has three rooms and a bathroom. The mighty elm behind our house gave Dad a chance to show off his building skills, but it sort of got out of hand.

He kept adding rooms till Mom made him stop. Good thing, cause he had plans for several more directions to build in.

With all in attendance in the "Great Tree House" as Mom calls it, we show him the potty and proceed to try horribly to explain....and no way was he catching any part of our trying, till Isla finally just sat down on it, scrunched her face and grunted.

"Ohhhh" He said, smiled, then covered his face.

"You understand?" Isla asked while shaking her head up and down.

He sort of half grinned, turned a shade of pink and nodded.

"Here are some pillows and blankets in this closet to use. He looked at the pillow and I showed him how it was for his head. This seemed to amuse him. Why, I have no clue.

"Now, we brought you a bag of fresh fruit and veggies to eat if you get hungry, just stay up here till we get you in the morning, O.K.?"

"Yes Gina." he said. I was impressed as to how quickly he caught on, or so I thought.

About midnight, I can hear grunting and growling coming out of the back yard.

Seems we all heard it as I was almost knocked down by Amy and Isla flying past me, out the door and shooshing towards the tree.

Mike looked out, then disappeared and a raccoon came flying out of the window, hit the ground and ran for it's life.

Up in the house, it seems, a raccoon tried to share some of Mikes goodies, finding the Toll House cookies it appeared Mike had snuck into the bag. The aroma was too much for the critter too.

"He hung his head and said, "Sorry."

"That's ok," I said, as we tucked him in, with his handful of cookies and went back to bed, leaving a smiling Sasquatch munching himself to sleep.

The crack of dawn would have new meaning.

END CHAPTER III

CHAPTER IV

A Wake Up Call & Who Wants Pancakes?

Just about a moment after dawn, we hear a strong voice in the back yard..... "AMY, GINA, ISLA!" Over and over he called as we sped down stairs. In an instant, there were six hands all over his face stopping his squawking.

"What's wrong?" Gina asked.

Looking befuddled, he asked "Wrong?"

"Why are you yelling?" I asked.

"Time to get up and find food." Mike said.

"O.k. We sleep for a while longer and have food stored in our home like the bag you have in your room.

"Oh, bag empty, and I must find food for you."

How sweet and thoughtful but we needed to teach him some more rules.

Let's go inside for some breakfast. Quietly taking him to my room, we spruced him up so he didn't look so...so...well, like he stayed the night in a tree house!

A little here and some there gave him a fresh appearance then off to the breakfast table we went.

The ruckus brought Mom down, nothing could wake Dad, and seeing us all smiled saying "Anyone for pancakes?" We three raised our hands and Mike grinned raising his too...Not knowing what for but why not, he must have thought.

Hot smells came from Mom's griddle and Mike got a bit too excited, starting to wiggle in his seat. I reached down to pinch his leg and he sat straight up whispering, "No pinch. I'm o.k. now." I looked at him and smiled approval. Then Mom started shoveling pancakes at us with a passion. I piled a heap on Mike's plate, slathered on some butter and syrup, gave him the go ahead but said quietly.

"Not so fast, watch me." He looked and followed, yumming with every bite!

Mom asked, "Haven't you ever had pancakes before? Mike just shook his head, not able to answer with three pancakes in his mouth.

Mom leaned over, whispered, "What country is he from?" I held my fingers close together and said, "A really small one." She shook her head

and made some more pancakes as the two serving plates were now empty.

Another couple of batches and we were ready to go to town to show Mike the lay of the land.

"Hey, Mom...we're gonna' take Mike into town and show him the way we live here." That didn't sound too right... "The way we live here" but that's what fell out of my mouth and off we went. Mike in tow and Mom waving good bye, with a fairly confused look on her face,

It took a bit of maneuvering to get him into the car and buckled up as this was his first time. Easily seen from peeling his hands from the door, hood and then the dash board before sitting him down facing forward.

"Now Mike, be calm because this big box we are sitting in moves." It was like I threatened to bite him as he tried to stand up slamming his head into the roof.

"Well...stunned is as good a condition as any to get going as I started her up and out the drive way we pulled.

Gina and Isla sat on either side so when he awoke they were each hugging an arm quite

tightly till they were able to explain what was happening then calming him down.

As we hit the edge of town center, Mike was now into the ride, pointing like a kid asking, "What's that...and, What's that," over and over again.

Gina suggested we drive to school, showing him what it is we do in class, and especially to interact with other people.

There lied the test.

Pulling into the parking lot, we were lucky as during vacation there were few kids around this time of the morning and less to pose a possibly unwanted answer by our guest.

Showing him the classrooms didn't impress him much at all, but the younger grade's playground lit him up like a Christmas tree!

Monkey bars, rings, swings, although he used the top bar to swing from and not the seats and climbing ropes seem to make his day.

All seemed ok. Then there was the sports coach off the field, just out our of view, seeing all this super athletic ability bursting out of Mike, bringing unwanted idea to his mind that could throw a monkey wrench into our plans.

END CHAPTER IV

CHAPTER V

A Great Idea When It Started or...

Is That Pie I Smell?

The Gymnastic coach ran over, introduced himself and asked, "Are you new in school this semester?" Mike looked around wondering who this strangely dressed man in shorts and a black and white striped shirt was speaking to.

"You, son, are you going to come here to school?"

I jumped right in explaining he was an exchange student from a central European village and his English was limited.

"Great!" the coach said. "Those guys are great soccer players and will be super for football tryouts."

"Foot....Ball?" Mike said with a grin. This have the coach reason to smile too saying,

"Come to tryouts this next week." "Here's my card," saluted and ran off. Mike looked at him then me and saluted too...well he tried anyway.

"That's great," Gina said...Just fresh out of the jungle and he's now on the football team!"

"Let's get out of here." "Enough school for today."

"I like school...and Foot...Ball." Mike said as Isla rolled her eyes, squishing him into the back seat again.

Driving through town slowly on a Sunday morning gave a peaceful feel to everything.

"It's getting near eleven o'clock, lets see what's going on down Main Street," I can remembering me saying.

He looked do much like a boy, we forgot his wild side and senses to match as we passed 'Diana' Pie Shoppe.' Mike darn near jumped from a moving car when I yelled "What are you Doing?!"

"Good smell, I need some of that." Mike drooled.

I knew just what he was talking about as I circled around the block while he gave a sad puppy dog look as we drove away.

"I'll get you some "Smell" if you stay in the car with Isla and Gina keep quiet and calm.

He crooked his head, thought hard and nodded.

Parking out front, I gave Mike what my dad calls the "Stink Eye." You know...when he wants to stop you right in your tracks look.

It must be the same one Mike's dad uses cause ha saw it and sat right back lowering his head.

Hey... I got it too, I thought. Into Diana's I went and promptly ordered four pieces of different pies in separate containers.

Back in the car, I had seen how good Mike had been, I gave him his first.

A confused and almost grumpy look cast over Mike's face.

"No silly, open it." As I did, and he saw the pie he could only smell to that point. It was gone in an instant, the blink of an eye would have been too slow for the speed he wolfed, there's that word again, down.

The three of us looked at each other and smiled offering Mike our pieces but showing him the proper way to eat it without endangering anyone's hands that may be near!

This began the first teaching of Mike to get along in our world.

END CHAPTER V

CHAPTER VI Everybody Take a Look

Mom was standing in the driveway, watering the lawn when we got home. As we piled out of the car, Mike slowly walked towards Mom with that "What the Heck" look on his face. Staring at her hand as it moved with the hose in it my mind sprung into action as I grabbed his arm and led

him quickly into the house asking, "Haven't you ever seen a hose before?"

"No, it makes water?"

"I can see where you would be amazed by this but every new thing you see that you think is special...ah...just wait till we are alone and ask about it. Don't spaz!" I said.

"What's 'Spaz'?" Mike asked.

Thinking a moment then raising my arms wiggling wildly above my head, making freaky faces, said... "That's spaz!" "Even if you only do it with your eyes and get that way in your head, people will know, and that won't work, o.k.?"

He nodded saying, "I will try my best."

Mom came in saying, "Tonight, granny, your two cousins Jenny and Ginny along with their mom, Aunt Georgina will be joining us for dinner." "Is Mike coming too?"

I started to shake my head no and Mike jumped in asking if there would be your "Dessert" there too. Mom smiled pretty big and said, "For you...certainly," then turned and walked into the kitchen to prepare.

Mike leaned over and whispered, "What is Cer..tin..lee.?"

"That means, "For sure."

"Oh boy." As he gave a little bounce and immediately 'shushed' himself like I told him to.

"Very good," I smiled and said as he grinned back dreaming of pie!

We took him to the tree house to teach him some more about humans, especially those two sisters from you know where and their crazy Mom.

"Not all people are kind and nice." I started with. There are many...as he placed his hand on top of mine saying. "Not all my people are kind either." "Most are mean and make you fear them...Only my Mom and my Pa and my sisters are nice to me." "I can be o.k, ok?" and as he smiled, his face lit up with happiness.

"Don't worry, just remember what we learned. He shook 'Yes.'

Isla noticed the stubble on his face looked worse than granny's and said she would slip down and borrow Dad's electric shaver.

Back in a few minutes, she went to work on the nubs before anyone else questioned a boy with Dad's beard starter.

"There, nice and smooth" Isla said as we climbed down to go inside.

Gina asked him, have you ever seen a movie?"

Don't think so, cause I don't know what one is." Mike shook his head saying.

"Well, we have a few hours before dinner and the crowd gathers so let's go to the T.V. cinema room." Dad had built on this giant room out back when we were kids for games and movies...it just kept growing into a great little movie house for us.

"Which do you think?" Isla asked.

"Well...No monster or love stories." she said.

Gina was stumped when I pulled the "Our Old Time Favorite, "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs."

"Great" came from them both as we sat Mike in the center of the couch to start his movie education.

He sat there wide eyed, quiet as a mouse but grinning ear to ear till the witch gave Snow White the poison apple and she fell deep asleep. Almost seemed to get angry as a low deep growl came out of him, as we held hit hands tight.

In the end, when the prince woke her I swore I saw a little tear in the corner of his eye, but he wiped quickly, and I wasn't 100% sure. Pretty sure though.

When it was over, he looked at us saying, "This was a good thing." What a great understanding he had. I'm sure he can adapt to humankind...Even my cousins and aunt!

"Supper!" Mom yelled. We ran to keep up with Mike who took off like a shot!

As we stepped into the back door, we were met by Aunt Georgina, Jenny and Ginny. "Oh joy," I said under my breath. Which Mike immediately repeated quite loudly, "Oh Joy!"

Not knowing whether we were really happy or "What" at seeing them, she half smiled with a bit of confusion. I guess this meal might be more fun than I thought.

END CHAPTER VI

CHAPTER VII

Just How Much Can We freak Out My Cousins?

Just as soon as we sat down, my aunt locked on to Mike...so did my two cousin's stares.

"Oh, a new boy friend for one of you?" she cackled.

"He is an exchange student visiting out town and school, seeing how "Different" people are here." I said.

"Hmm" Aunt Georgina said, under her breath.

Jenny and Ginny must have both thought he was cute but the girley looks the were giving Mike.

He turned to me, whispering, "Do they have bad...and he rubbed his stomach, cause the look funny?"

I told him that this was how they looked and don't be scared by them.

Giving a half smile to them seemed to make them act even weirder so I jumped in to break their stare down on him.

"Ginny, any new boys in your life?"

Her answer would have scared Mike if he would have understood. "No, but I'm looking."

Although not knowing her words, Mike squeezed my hand in a bit of a fright, feeling

some natural predator was after him. He wasn't far from the truth. Ginny was a fang tooth boy eater if she was anything. She would scoop up boy friends, spin them around and spit them out before they even knew what was going on!

Jenny was the kind one, but lead around by Ginny following her every lead, tearing up boys even faster.

Mike said, "Don't let go." Guess his wilder instincts were doing him well right now, feeling something was about to pounce upon him and staying so ever alert.

Mom came to the table with the biggest bowl of spaghetti and meatballs I had ever seen, and Dad brought is Family famous 'Grilled Garlic Bread.' The aromas wafting through the air caught Mike's nose as he stuck it into the air sniffing like Granny's old wolf hound, making happy growlie noises till I elbowed him in the ribs. Sitting up straight after that asked, "What is this," pointing to the spaghetti?

Again, Mom asked, "What European country?" Again, I held up two fingers closely schrunched together, "Small one Mom." She sort of shook her head while serving the rest of the plates.

Mike was being pretty good as Gina filled his plate and handed him a cloth napkin.

He watched me, copying my moves with the napkin on the lap and even to grabbing a spoon in his left hand and fork in the other. Hope he's right handed.

Now, twirling spaghetti in the spoon with a fork full is not a Sasquatch sport and I figured some explaining was going to be needed as he may be flinging splurps of pasta and sauce everywhere.

Surprise! He took to twirling like a dog to a bone. I leaned over whispered saying, "Not too bad, huh?" and smiled a little. He took a few moments eye balling the meat balls but they, too went off without a hitch.

Then Mom walked back into the kitchen and opened the swinging door to let out the smell of her 'Deep Dish Granny's Bourbon Apple Pie.' This was a lot to ask Mike to keep cool for as he sat up high in his seat sniffing for all he was worth.

"Oh my." slipped out of my mouth as Mike's dessert plate shot up first before anyone else even knew what it was! I didn't want to elbow

him again cause he was too high out of the chair, by now to hide the hit.

"Mike!" "May I get that first piece for you?" sprang from Isla's mouth, as she sort of cross blocked him over the table.

Mike looked at her, then Gina and finally me, saying, in a complete question form "Thank You?" Confused but getting more and more used to our ways, strange as they may seem to him.

Mike's piece got the puffy apple crust design on top Mom always made. Ginny said, "I always get that piece at home, mind if I take it?" as she reached across the table with her fork.

Bad move on her part as Mike slammed his fork into the plate and let out with this low deep growl that made the water in my glass vibrate.

"O.k. then... we won't do that again will we?" Mom said with an ever so slight giggle in her voice.

My Dad even leaned over and quietly said, "Good move my boy." Mike smiled and started to eat the pie slowly.

"Do you like the pie, Mike" Mom asked.

"In my whole time...never so good like this." As he looked at each bite before putting it in his mouth.

I could swear Mom had a tear in her eye. Dad said, "Couldn't have said it better myself honey."

The sisters and my aunt just went on eating and snorking as usual.

"How about some swimming?" "It's all heated up just waiting for some fun and splashing."

Mike shook his head yes because the twins, Auntie and Mom were doing so then leaned over asking, so quietly, "What's swimming?"

I looked at Gina and Isla saying, "Something your hairiness isn't ready for. "

Up to my room Mike and I went, as Gina ran to borrowed Granny's wolf hound electric shears and Isla got Dad's shaver.

All back together in my room, I put on some rock music from Dad's old songs and started on the rest of Mike.

We already did his arms, face, neck and legs...well up to a point...thank goodness, he wasn't a full grown Sasquatch with a full bunch of hair. Still, there was a bit too much on his shoulders and upper back for fifteen or sixteen, so with a zip, zip and a buzz, buzz. "There, Great!" I said. "Here Mike get into these

swimming trunks and come down to the pool.:
"Yeah, the big blue water hole," I said as he started to shuck his pants, I shouted "STOP!"
"We'll leave as you can change." He looked confused and I explained, "That's how our Family did things." He smiled and waited.

I could hear the sisters in the house from poolside. "Hello Michael, Let us hold your arms to the pool." When they got him there, he looked terrified. When all of a sudden my Dad did a cannonball to break the uneasiness. Mike thought this was pretty cool, taking half a dozen steps back. Into a full run as I've never seen before, he springs, I swear, eight feet into the air and did a back layout flop, splashing everyone. After the initial shock Mom and dad, along with Gina, Isla and I started clapping and cheering. The sisters and Auntie slid to the far side of the pool in a small bunch of pretty freaked out folks.

Mike said, "Amy...Hurts less with the hair." To which hearing this, Mom scrunched her face in a 'What the Heck' look but we, all four of us just looked at her and smiled, then back at each other and laughed.

END CHAPTER VII

CHAPTER VIII

"Things That Make You Say Hmm," Mom said.

The sisters and Aunt Georgina having left, Mom asked to speak with the three of us alone.

Not being a usual thing she did, we were a bit apprehensive, well...downright freaked.

Mike went off with Dad into the back yard talking about goodness knows what, while Mom took us into the kitchen.

Sitting all of us down at the breakfast table, she smiled. Isla leaned over and whispered "Ohhh...Here it comes."

"Well no, my little mysterious ones...we have a secret, don't we?" Still smiling but with a bit more strength in her voice.

"Amy...You, I expect, are the ring leader, not by any other reason but that you are the oldest

and somehow have a gift for the extra creative surprises, "Now Fess up."

I looked at my sisters and saw them looking towards the heavens. "Mom...Mike is a....." at which point Dad and Mike walked into the kitchen grinning.

"Have you told Mom yet? Dad asked.

"Just about to, Dad."

"Go ahead, I want to hear how you do it." he smirked.

"Well Mom...Mike is a ..."Sasquatch Boy."

She squinted and eye and tilted her head.

Dad said, "I was wondering all the long hairs in my shaver," at which point, Mom plopped right down into her seat.

"Well that's not quite what I expected. I guess the small Middle European country is our woods behind the house?" Mom said, still a tad flustered.

"He looks like us," Isla said. "With a little bit of pruning or so."

"Mike learns so fast," Gina added, and is no trouble at all.

I finally put my two cents in saying, "He always dreamed of seeing a school, playing with

kids and just feeding his curiosity...is that so bad?"

Dad spoke first, asking, "What about his family?" "They must be worried about him."

Mike stood up and said, "Oh, I didn't think." "My Mom and Dad will be scared for me!"

We can go with him and take him back and make friends," spouted from my mouth.

"Let's see," Mom said. "No one besides us has ever met a Sasquatch and you wish to just wander up to his family and say 'HI', Hmmm?"

"Does sound pretty lame now that put it that way," Gina said.

Mike stood up and put his hands on our shoulders. A look came over his face...one of understanding. "I will take my new family to meet my old family." "If it is o.k with you."

Mom and Dad were stunned but we were excited. Dad asked, "Won't they be afraid on us?"

Mike slowly shook his head from side to side saying, "You are friends and I will show them so."

I asked, "When?"

"Now is good for all?" Mike asked.

We all stood up and walked out into the backyard where Mike asked us to wait near the tree's edge till he came back out.

We all walked to the start of the great woods and sat on the outcropping of boulders as Mike went into the trees till we could see him no more.

Over an hour passed and nothing. Dad figured it would be pretty hard to convince his parents who even he was now, all changed and everything. Talking them into revealing themselves to us would be totally another thing altogether.

Then...We could see Mike, slowly coming into view.

"What's he doing," Gina asked.

"I believe he's waving us to come to him," Isla said. So up we got and slowly went into the shadowed woods.

There stood Mike, all smiles as he swept his arm from his right side to behind him. We could see nothing. Then, as if a veil was taken away, there stood Mike's Mom, Dad and two sisters.

Not looking anything like we'd been led to believe by all the newspapers and nutso Sasquatch trackers.

Well yeah, his dad was about six foot seven and Mom over six feet. Not nearly as hairy as movies portray. His Mom had long flowing black hair that was as beautiful as an Indian princess. Dad did have some arm and leg hair, but his facial hair was as if my Dad let his grow.

The sisters, as Mom, had no facial hair and just a slight pelt on their arms and legs. The girls were about our age but a bit...well a foot taller.

"Do you understand me?", Dad Asked.

He shook his head "Yes" and held out his hand to Dad. He looked for a moment and took it with both of his. This made Mike's Dad smile.

"My son loves you, as he pointed to all of us slowly, as family too." he said to our great surprise. I almost wanted to scream with happiness but figured it would freak out both families so I kept it inside pretty well with just a small squeal escaping.

"Maybe you can all come to our house some day." "It's quiet and no one will see." I asked

Mikes dad tilted his head and squinted one eye just like dad. Guess it's a Dad thing and said, "Now is good." Shocked bed ready and happy, Dad and Mom cleared the way, making sure no one was visiting or driving by. Even though we

lived a fair piece away from a neighbor..."It's always better to be safe than sorry", as Mom always says.

Dusk had turned into evening and the moon was only a sliver in the sky so as to give little light.

We spread out to take up points of sight allowing no one to see our new family come to our home.

In past the pool, which caught their eyes and into the house.

Mom sat us all in the dining room, with Mike's family taking very well to being in a home for the first time.

Mike signed food to them and I served them up some of Mom's wondrous apple pie.

He showed how to use a fork but found a spoon to be more familiar, and most of all, to eat slowly and enjoy as no creatures will take it from them.

Well, the pie went over so well, we had to pull out a cake Mom had in the pantry to follow. Smiles all around were had and his Dad said, "My name is Arn and this is my mate May."

Mike jumped in saying, "These are my sisters, Kay and Ana," as they both smiled nodding their heads happily.

Arn seemed to think deeply before his next speaking. You are not first people we see. First we trust." "You have good" ...and he clutched his closed fist to his heart. Mom cried and Arn seemed shocked till he looked to May and she had tears too.

"Dad, I wish to be, for awhile, here with Amy and family...o.k?

"O.K?" "dad asked. "Oh yes, "O.K." he smiled. "You be safe and do what you are told," Arn said.

I looked at Mom and she said "See...It's not just 'Us' who say that." and both pairs of parents smiled.

I said to Mike's parents, "Maybe 'You' may, someday, like to do as Mike and see our world?"

"May...be...but not now." He said with a laugh.

We finished off the cake and walked them back to the edge of the woods. Mike hugged his family goodbye for awhile and they walked into the woods and vanished almost the moment they passed the first tree.

"Amazing," Mom said. "Very," Mike answered.

Now, Mom and Dad fixed the extra bedroom, instead of the tree house...annnd, we showed Mike the finer points of the bathroom. Some parts in there really impressed him while other things made him scratch his head.

Dad gave him his electric razor saying, "You keep this one, I'll get another."

We went through Dad's extra clothes and Mom cut them to fit. Same height, thinner waist, " Mom said with a laugh that didn't make Dad giggle at all.

After settling down, we all had some warm cocoa and several or in Mike's case, six, of Mom's Tollhouse cookies before bed, which was a bit...well, pretty darn far from usual for Mike.

"Nice...soft, smells wonderful. Mike said as Mom tucked him into bed.

I wrote in my diary

Odd, though it seemed. They were as amazed with us and our ways as we with theirs,

but both families were just alike in caring and values. We love each other as do they...and their parents teach them what is needed to exist well in the world they live in just like Mom and Dad do for us.

Before I lay down I must write...

"Such a day I may never have again."

Such wonders I have seen...

But who's to say, what tomorrow brings.

Goodnight... to my new Family

Till we awaken for another day...

Amy

I do believe, this is the wish of all kids, including myself.... To find new and interesting friends, help & discover new people and things.

Sasquatch Junior High by Mike Romano (page 58)

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Have book questions/suggestions? Contact Mike at: mromano5150@gmail.com

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So....keep your eyes, and especially
your mind "Open" to what is about
and you shall find so much
wonder.

Thanks & See ya soon
Amy & Mike