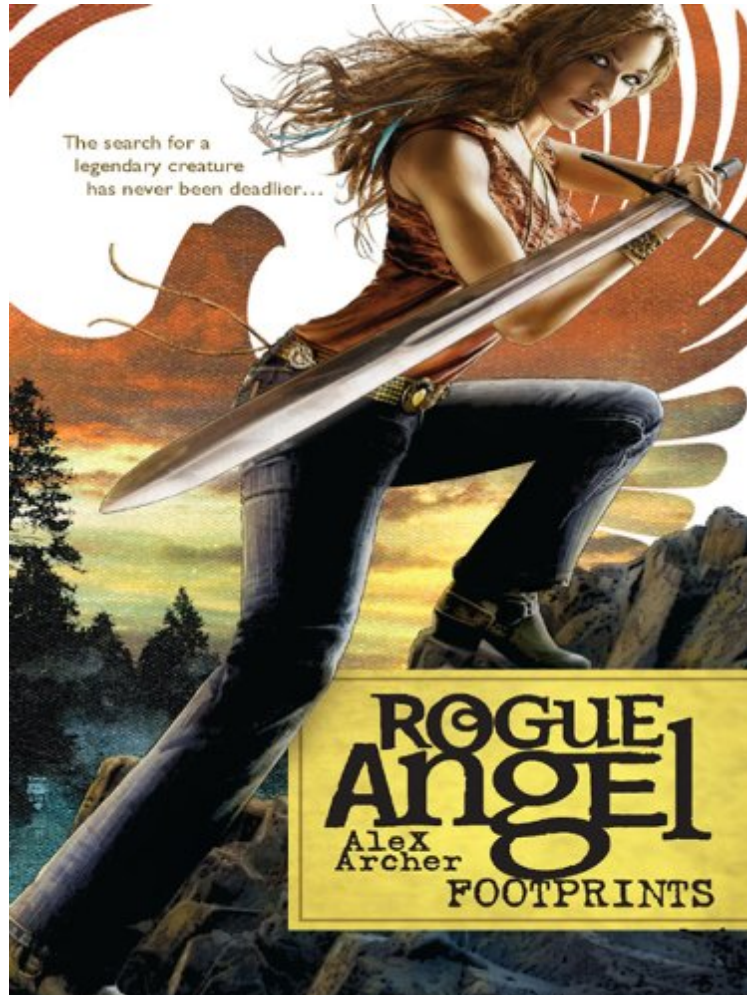


(Download ebook) Footprints

Footprints

Von Alex Archer

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Von Alex Archer : Footprints before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Footprints:

KundenrezensionenHilfreichste Kundenrezensionen0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. EmpfehlenswertVon AninaEs war mein erstes Buch dieser Serie, aber ich werde sicher auch einige der anderen lesen.Der Plot war abwechslungsreich und teilweise berraschend.Vier Punkte gab es deshalb nur, weil ich den Schreibstil nicht ganz berzeugend fand.Als Vielleserin sage ich aber, es lohnt sich.

KurzbeschreibungWhen her longtime friend claims to have evidence of Big Foot's existence, archaeologist Annja

Creed can't resist checking it out for herself she's been debating the subject for years. Annja's curiosity leads her deep into the woods of the Pacific Northwest, to meet Jenny where the supposed trail has been left by the one and only Sasquatch. But when Annja arrives at the destination, a group of armed thugs warn her to leave the area, and her friend is nowhere to be found. Now the search for Sasquatch turns into a rescue mission, and Annja has only her instincts to guide her in a forest full of predators, scavengers and spirits. And someone, or something, does not want her there.

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Leseprobe. Abdruck erfolgt mit freundlicher Genehmigung der Rechteinhaber. Alle Rechte vorbehalten. Annja Creed ducked around another thick pine tree and paused. A cool breeze blew through her hair, which she'd recently had cut, thinking she should take a chance and go for a new look. After her stylist had taken a good six inches off, she realized she'd made a mistake. "You're always on the go," Rachel said, looking almost guilty. "It's so much easier to take care of it like this, and besides, a lot of guys like short hair." "Yeah, but I'm not sure I do," Annja said. Rachel smiled at her and shrugged. "You can always grow it back." Two days after the haircut, Annja hid out in her Brooklyn loft, desperately wondering how long she could get away with her self-imposed hibernation. She didn't have any urgent commitments and she wasn't due to film another segment of her popular cable television series, *Chasing History's Monsters*, for a few weeks. She realized that having a lot of downtime made her restless and led to rash decisions like ill-advised makeovers. Then the e-mail had arrived that changed her plans and suddenly she was flying out to the Pacific Northwest. Now she stood in the forest on a trail that the guy who ran the combined gas station and grocery store had assured her would lead all the way to a small encampment hidden deep in the woods. "Stay on the trail," he'd said sternly. "Don't get off it whatever happens." "What is that supposed to mean?" Annja asked. He'd smiled at her. "That forest is like a maze of pine trees and vines that'll trip you up and suck you under where no one can find you. You stay on the path, you'll be all right. Venture off, and you'll be lucky to be found by next spring." She could see what he meant. Since parking her rented Jeep at the entrance to the trailhead, she'd had a hard enough time just trying to find the trail itself. It was incredibly overgrown, almost as if the woods themselves were desperate to reclaim it from civilization. The crack of a branch somewhere behind her caused her to freeze. Was someone coming up the trail behind her? Annja hadn't gotten the impression that this was a busy recreational hiking area. And the appearance of the trail itself didn't exactly make a convincing argument about its popularity. So who else might be wandering in the woods? The e-mail Annja had received was from an old friend named Jenny Chu. She and Jenny had taken many undergraduate courses together and their friendship had blossomed over in-depth discussions about American folklore and legends. Jenny's passion was for things like the Lake Champlain monster and the legends of the Sasquatch. The Sasquatch legend was why Annja was traipsing through the Oregon woods. Jenny's e-mail suggested that she'd found new evidence of the creature's existence. It was evidence she wanted Annja to see, as well, in case she wanted to do a segment about it on *Chasing History's Monsters*. Annja didn't believe for a second there would be any proof of a giant hairy creature roaming the woods, but her producer, Doug Morrell, was a sucker for those types of stories. Besides, Annja figured, I can buy some time before anyone I know sees my hair. Annja smirked, thinking about the last time she'd seen Jenny, and their debate. Jenny had gone on and on about how it was anthropologically possible for a giant ape-man to exist in the farthest reaches of the forest of the North American continent. Annja hadn't been swayed. "You're talking about a missing link, here, Jen. And it's just not possible. Not with the technology we have nowadays. You'd think we could float a satellite over certain areas and just get readings if there was anything there." Jenny, her hair in two braids with her glasses slung low on her nose, had fired back. "You trust technology way too much. It's not the magic bullet you think it is." "I don't think it's a magic bullet, per se," Annja said. "Just that we have to acknowledge it could solve mysteries that we've created for ourselves." "I'll prove you wrong, Annja. One day. You'll see." Was this the day Jenny had forecast? Annja smiled and started walking again. She'd have to wait and see. Jenny's campsite was supposed to be set up about two miles farther down the trail. Annja took another five steps and paused again. She didn't hear anything but something didn't feel right. She turned and looked back the way she'd come. How many times, she wondered, had she suspected that someone had followed her? The feeling was so ingrained that it had become the norm. Still, she couldn't discount it. Her safety might well be in jeopardy. It often was these days. And that meant she'd have to take precautions. The words of the gnarled shopkeeper rang in her ears. "Stick to the trail." Annja frowned. If she stuck to the trail, there was a good chance that whoever or whatever was following her would overtake her. Whatever? She caught the mental slip and frowned. Was she already supposing that some giant creature might be tailing her? She chuckled. It couldn't be helped. Despite the sunny start to the day, bloated clouds had moved in, threatening to drench the forest below. The forest itself had gone quiet, almost as if the animals and insects knew what was coming. Or did they? One thing was certain if Annja didn't make some progress and reach the campsite, she was going to get soaked to the bone and face the threat of hypothermia. Even though the day was relatively warm, it was

still early spring and she knew that temperatures could fluctuate rapidly. In the space of a few hours, alone, wet and cold, Annja could easily become disoriented and disappear. Unfortunately, she knew such things happened all the time. Not the best way to start off the trip, she decided. Ahead of her, she spotted what looked like a redwood tree, its massive trunk almost too large to even attempt to hug. It's been here for hundreds upon hundreds of years, Annja thought. Too bad Jenny can't ask the tree what lives here. I'll bet it could clear up the whole big-foot mystery right quick. She walked around the tree, marveling at the sheer size of it, its branches reaching toward the heavens. Fantastic, she thought. This alone was worth the trip. She heard the noise as a twig snapped again, about thirty yards back. Annja whirled. I need cover, she thought. Another twig cracked. She spotted a clump of bushes and ducked toward it, squeezing her tall frame under the overhang until she could just about peer out from under the foliage. She sensed movement farther back on the path. Was it the creature Jenny had been hunting for? Or something else entirely? She spotted a set of boots and relaxed somewhat. The last she'd heard, the Sasquatch didn't wear trendy hiking boots. The feet were moving along at a casual pace. There wasn't any sense of menace. Annja poked her head out from under the bush and heard a shout of surprise. The hiking boots belonged to a boy of about fourteen. His jet-black hair spiked out of his head at odd angles and he toppled back, landing on his butt as he reacted with shock to seeing Annja's head emerge from the bush. "Who are you?" he asked. Annja climbed to her feet. "Sorry about that. I thought someone might be following me." The boy frowned. "You always go around hiding in blueberry bushes?" Annja shrugged. "I've been known to hide in Dumpsters, too. Trees, sand dunes, snow caves. You name it, I've done it." She helped him to his feet. "Who are you?" "Joey," he said easily. Annja smiled. "Nice to meet you." He frowned. "That's some haircut you got there. You pay someone to do that or did you hack it off yourself?" Annja frowned. "She took too much off. I wanted a...