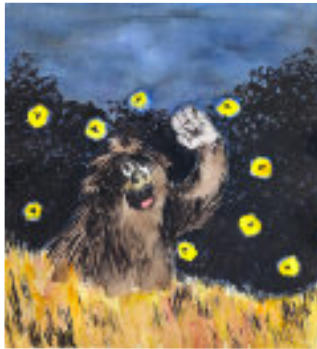


Laker's World

A Bigfoot Story

T.B. Hickson



Illustrated by Bryan Skinnell

A Dancing Frog Book

Three Ridges Press
Lynchburg, Virginia

Text copyright © 2022 by TB Hickson
Illustrations copyright © 2022 by Bryan Skinnell

All rights reserved, including the right of reproduction in whole or in part in any form without written permission from the publisher.

This book is a work of fiction. Human-Bigfoot interactions, however, were inspired by reports posted on BFRO.org.

Illustrations were rendered in pen and ink on paper.

Publisher's Cataloging-in-Publication Data

Names: Hickson, T.B., author. | Skinnell, Bryan, illustrator.

Title: Laker's world : a Bigfoot story / T.B. Hickson ; illustrated by Bryan Skinnell.

Description: First edition. | Lynchburg, Virginia : Three Ridges Press, 2022. | "A Dancing Frog Book." | Audience: Appeals to grades K-4. | Audience: Reading level grades 3-4. | Summary: Laker, a young Bigfoot, loves to play. But who can he play with? He explores the sights, sounds, smells, tastes, and touches in his forest world as he searches for and finds friends. He is surprised when the answer to a mystery gives him one more friend.

Identifiers: LCCN 2022942836 | ISBN 9781958913017 (pbk.) | ISBN 9781958913048 (hc) | ISBN 9781958913024 (ebook) | ISBN 9781958913031 (audio)

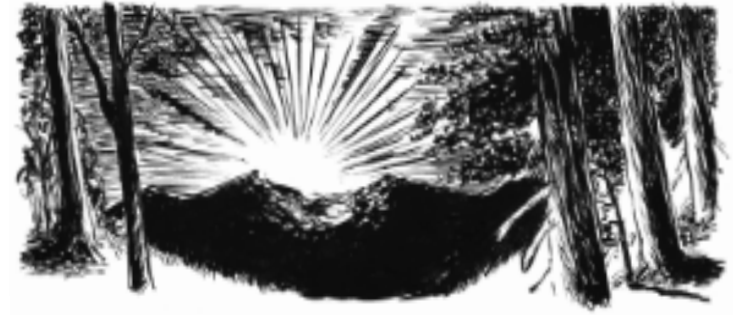
Subjects: LCSH: Sasquatch—Juvenile fiction. | Senses and sensation—Juvenile fiction. | Nature stories. | Animals—Juvenile fiction.

Classification: DDC—[Fic]—dc23

A Dancing Frog Book
from
Three Ridges Press
Lynchburg, Virginia
www.ThreeRidgesPress.com

Contents

Chapter One: <i>Mystery Creatures</i>	1
Chapter Two: <i>Night Lights</i>	11
Chapter Three: <i>A Little Noise</i>	25
Chapter Four: <i>Follow the Smell</i>	41
Chapter Five: <i>A Berry Good Day</i>	53
Chapter Six: <i>Hard Rocks and a Soft Head</i>	67
Chapter Seven: <i>A Little Boy</i>	81
About Laker's (and Your) World	95
<i>Laker's Super Power</i>	95
<i>Laker Does Science</i>	97
<i>No Moon at Night?</i>	98
<i>Day Animal or Night Animal</i>	99
<i>What's for Dinner?</i>	101



Chapter One

Mystery Creatures

Laker twisted his head to one side and listened.

What was that?

Sounds came from the path that led into the meadow. He couldn't see them, but he could hear creatures walking uphill.

Further up the meadow, Mama and Papa dug the tangy, crisp roots that dotted the clearing. They had all been eating the prized roots since long before dawn. Now the sun peeked over the trees. Already it warmed the ground around him.

Most days they would be asleep by now. They slept while the sun burned away the morning mists. They slept while it heated the mountain rocks. Only when the sun slipped behind the mountains to its bed did they get out of theirs.

But not today. They kept digging



as the sun flew higher. It took a lot of the tasty roots to fill their hunger.

More noises, new noises, echoed up the path. What sounds were these?

Just then, three animals walked into view—on two legs!

What? Only birds—and forest people like his family—walked on two legs. These creatures looked like very small forest people. But they weren't.

No warm hair covered them! Something *else* did.

And they were getting closer!

If Laker stood up and ran, they would see him. If he did nothing, they



would walk right into him! What should he do? What could he do? A slight breeze touched his cheek and brought their smell to his nose.

He sat frozen.

Then Papa crossed the path in

front of the little people. He had come so quietly, he startled Laker. He startled the little people even more. They stopped, their mouths and eyes wide open.

While they watched Papa, Mama came and took Laker by the hand. She led him into the thick woods. He couldn't see the little people any more. But he could hear them yelling as they ran and slid down the mountain. Even after they were gone, their scent drifted in the air.

Later, as he tried to sleep in his soft pine straw bed, Laker wondered



about the little people-not-of-the-woods. Lots of questions tumbled around in his brain. How could such creatures exist? What were they? Who were they? Where did they live? What

were they doing in his woods?

Laker didn't sleep well that day.

After that he paid close attention to everything around him. If creatures like the little people lived in the woods, what else did he not know about? He used all of his senses to



learn the answers. In doing so, he discovered many new things.

Everything about the little people, however, remained a mystery.



Chapter Two

Night Lights

Laker and his family woke up early.
Today was simply too hot to sleep.

Most nights after they woke up,
they swam for a while in the lake.
Laker liked swimming more than
about anything. That's why his parents
called him Laker. Because of the heat,



this day they slid into the water even before the sun slipped out of sight to its sleep.

For a while, the little Bigfoot splashed and swam in the icy water. So cold! So welcome! But soon he looked around for something else to do.

He climbed back onto the sandy shore. His papa had walked here. His footprints formed a line in the sand.

Laker pretended to be his father and stepped into one of his papa's prints. Both of his feet fit inside with loads of room to spare. Then he looked for the next one. Could he reach it? He hopped on both legs. He landed nowhere near his papa's next step.

He tried again, this time jumping with one foot at a time. He still landed short. Next he stretched one foot out as far as he could. Oops! He fell over,



his papa's print still out of reach. His papa had very long legs and very big feet.

Laker wished he had someone to play a game with. He was tired of

playing by himself.

Besides, all the trying had made him hot again.

He frowned at the sun just beginning to hide behind tall trees. A few small clouds gathered near it. Still, the sun's big eye peered too hard and made him too hot. Why hadn't the clouds come earlier and played with the sun so it wouldn't have been so angry?

At least the sun often had friends to play with. Laker very much wanted a friend. Not the sun, though. He wished it would just...go...to...bed!

Laker dove back into the water
and came up near Mama. Papa was

diving for fish on the other side of the
lake. Between them a round moon



floated on the water. Another moon flew just above the trees in the sky far away from the sun.

Laker liked the moons better than the sun. The eye of the sky moon looked friendly and its light didn't make his hair hot. Would a moon play with him and be a friend?

Laker swam toward the moon on the lake, but it moved. He swam toward it again. The moon moved again. Now it floated near Papa.

Was it playing a game with him? He hoped so. Laker was very good with games in the water. He dove

deep and swam to the spot where the moon floated. Then he put his feet on the bottom and pushed himself up hard. He broke out of the water right under the moon. Except... no moon! Where did it go?

Where was it? He saw only one moon now, the one that still flew low over the trees. Had the lake moon hidden in the trees? Laker climbed onto the shore near Papa.

By now the sun had slipped out of sight. Darkness would soon push out its last light.

Laker could see well in the dark.

He surely would find the moon. Could he follow its smell? He stood still, closed his eyes, and sniffed. What did the moon smell like? He didn't know, but he didn't think he smelled it.

He would have to find it with his eyes. He looked into the woods. No light from a moon there.

Then he saw a light in the grass.



It was too small to be the moon. It turned off. Another light turned on. A star? It had to be. Then it turned off too.

Another tiny light turned on and off.
Laker watched. More and more stars
came on and turned off in the grass.
Had they followed the lake moon from
the sky?

Now that the sun had left, stars
flew with the sky moon. Then a star lit
up near him. He grabbed at it with his
hand.

He trapped it! He held his hand
close and peered inside. A little beetle
rested on his finger. He had caught a
star! What fun!

He opened his hand. The star
beetle lit up again, then flew off. Laker

ran through the grass with the star
beetles. He caught more stars and
studied them as they walked on his
hand, their tiny feet tickling his skin
before they flew away.

For many weeks Laker played
with the star beetles by the lake. Then
they stopped coming. Star beetles still
lit the sky.

Laker wanted them to come
down and play with him again. He
picked up a little stone and threw it up
as high as he could. The star beetles
didn't drop from the sky, but his stone
did.

Ouch! He wouldn't try to play with them again. He would find someone else to play with.



Chapter Three

A Little Noise

Laker's eyes sprang open.

What was that?

Noises surrounded him on every side. Birds called. Flies buzzed. And a soft wind made leaves whisper. But they were not the noise that woke him.