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This all started several weeks ago. It was a Tuesday. Wait, maybe it was a Wednesday, well it doesn't matter. Anyway, one of my friends asked me about why I do a web-comic even though my readership is five people, it takes so long to do it, and I offend roughly 87% of my new readers. I sat there and thought about it for a while, and came to a realization: I must do research about Sasquatch in the Boise area! What does my comic have to do with Sasquatches? Well, if you were a regular reader of my comic, you'd understand.

Anyway, I really got to thinking about this subject. Is there really Sasquatch in Boise? Could they be right under our noses and we don't know it? I had to find out, but it was really late, and I was really tired. The Sasquatch in Boise could rest easy for a while, because I had forgotten about the whole idea due to a short memory and some very insane nightmares. Luckily, I stumbled upon this idea after trying to think of a research topic for this class. Finally, I could bring my idea to life, and get some credit out of it as well.

The biggest problem with this paper was where to start. While I had no prior experience hunting Sasquatches, I did have experience hunting other things of a supernatural nature. So, I decided that the best place to start looking was the place where I thought that I had encountered Sasquatch for the first time. This took place my first

year of college, way back in the 2000-2001 fall semester. I had been walking through the park around dusk, when coming up from the river, I saw Sasquatch! Or, at least that's what I thought. After it walked into the remaining light in the late fall day, I discovered that it was not actually a Sasquatch, but a really hairy homeless guy. He later confirmed my suspicions of being a homeless guy, when he asked for some spare change. I gave him a quarter.

Luckily, I knew a fellow paranormalist who specializes in chupacabras but has had some experience with Sasquatches in the past. This man is called David Schmidt. I was able to get an interview with him and ask him about some of the Sasquatch stories he has collected, so that I may have some idea where they could lurk in Boise. He recalled to me a story about his Uncle having a run-in with a Bigfoot. His uncle was an avid hunter, and during one of his trips, he and his compatriot had brought along a pack mule and two horses. "He had gone down to the river to let the animals get a drink. Suddenly, the animals sensed something and stopped drinking. Then they heard an odd sound. The animals became frightened, so frightened in fact that they took off running, like there was a predator of some kind. They finally managed to get the horses to stop by running them into the side of a tree (don't worry, they were all fine). They went back to the stream on foot, and at the other side was a giant footprint, roughly 16 inches in length, 8 inches wide, and about three inches deep in the loose sand." (Schmidt, 2002) There are pictures of this footprint, but I was unable to get them at this time. After this remarkable story, he told me a couple more, but this paper isn't big enough for all of them.

I also took the time to talk with him about some of my own Sasquatch theories. While we did agree on the best way to initially take down a Sasquatch, there was a debate on whether a Double Axe-handle swing was really necessary. I also took the time to ask him about his thoughts about the diet of Sasquatch. Here is what he has to say: “I think that aside from small children, it probably eats berries and small woodland creatures, although I have nothing to back that up, that’s what I picture them eating... twigs, and bark! Yeah, Tree Bark! Those too!” (Schmidt, 2002)

It was at this point that I began to question the validity of David as a resource, but he did assure me that the story that his uncle told him was true. He then started talking about his theories of Chupacabras in Canyon County. I decided that it was time for him to leave my home, and I clearly let this be known by swinging a nearby broom at him and yelling, “Get on outta here!”

As I continued my research, I discovered that there have been a few Sasquatch sightings in Idaho, sprinkled about the whole state. One of the sites that I visited for some hunting ideas, had record of some sixteen different Sasquatch incidents, ranging from footprints to odd sounds to seeing a dark and tall creature in their paths. There have been no Sasquatch reports in the Ada county area, which means only one thing: They have somehow integrated themselves into the Boise city and Ada county culture!

You might be thinking “Sasquatches living among us? Is this guy insane?” Maybe I am, maybe I am, but who among us is fit to judge? My theory is that, in order to avoid

the avid hunters round' these parts, Sasquatches had to adapt. The smartest ones among them began to learn our language, and went to the Illuminati for help. They soon were able to collect benefits off of our government, and some got jobs as Janitors or other blue-collar work. I call this theory the Sasquatch Integration Theory, or S.I.T.

I also discovered that there is a professor at Idaho State University by the name of Dr. Jeff Meldrum, who is currently researching Sasquatch. Professionally, I might add. Here is some of what he had to say after the discovery in the Gifford Pinchot National Park:

“The imprint of what appears to be a large animal's left forearm, hip, thigh, and heel was discovered Sept. 22 in a muddy wallow near Mt. Adams in southern Washington State by a Bigfoot Field Researchers Organization expedition. Trace evidence attributed to Sasquatch is usually a footprint, but impressions of other body parts, including hands, knuckles, and buttocks, have occasionally been found. This unique instance of a partial body impression provides further insights about this elusive ape species' anatomy. Preliminary measurements indicate its body dimensions are 40 to 50 percent greater than those of a six-foot tall human.” (3)

I found this particularly interesting, not just because there's some possible wacko who is teaching this at ISU, but they found what appeared to be a sunbathing Sasquatch imprint or something. Just what was it doing? I guess we will never know.

After doing some of the work required for this essay, I realized searching the whole Boise area was going to be one daunting task. So, remembering that Sasquatch is paranormal, I called in what remained of my old paranormal research group. Only two of them remained in the Boise area, the rest of them had moved on to bigger things or, to my surprise, had died. We all congregated in my apartment for the initial briefing. The two who remained were Jordan, my long time friend and paranormal researcher, and Phil, the other remaining member. But to my disappointment, he couldn't make it. So we decided to get a replacement. We decided that my apartment mascot, Duck the rubber ducky, would fit the bill nicely. We figured that he would fit in well with our group, but to our dismay, he wouldn't.

Now that our entourage had come together, it was time to begin our search. First, I divided the Boise area into regions, which I call "sectors", each designated by their directional relevance to the capitol. Then I divided the "sectors" between Jordan and myself. Duck was to stay at base camp (My apartment) and monitor both teams, just incase a run-in with a Sasquatch turned foul.

Before going out into the city, I instructed the others on my ideas on how to subdue a Sasquatch. I theorized that one solid kick to the groin of a Sasquatch should be sufficient to stun him long enough to tie it up or something, but you might want to follow it up with a Double-handed Axe swing for good measure. I also theorized that you would probably only get one chance, so you better make it count.

Unfortunately, halfway through the research, Jordan and Duck had a kind of disagreement, which caused Jordan to leave the team. It seemed that due to the mess strewn about the base camp, Jordan was unable to discern Duck from all the other litter, and tripped over him. Jordan, in all his fury, kicked Duck, sending him against the wall. Duck, being made of rubber, bounced off a wall, and hit Jordan in the head. That was the end of that. What research he did get done, I will put into this essay. Here is what he had to say:

“While not actually researched during the previous weeks, I do remember one of my teachers from High school being Sasquatch-like. He was a very hairy individual, and it goes well with what you have to say about the S.I.T. It’s interesting, because when I confronted him about being a Sasquatch, he ran away. That’s not normal behavior for a human, although, it might be for a teacher.

In my research, I came across many hairy people who seemed like they could be Sasquatch, but when asked, they seemed upset, or even angered. They especially seemed to congregate at the Boise river area, and areas with a water source. I assume it’s because they need nutrient filled river water, as opposed to our filtered tap water. I say that they also live in the canal areas, not only because of the canal water, but also because of the seemingly increased waste along that area, especially in current years. I also think that they farm wild Yams. I say this because I have observed wild patches of yams growing in that area, and I’m pretty sure that no human would eat yams growing on the canal roads, that’s just sick.” (*Atwell, 2002*)

I thought was interesting that he brought up the topic of food, so I decided to ask him what he thought a Sasquatch's diet might consist of. His reply was this:

“Well, I think that they try to retain their natural diet in this urban area, so I would assume that they would feast on things like neighborhood pets, and Yams, seeing as how they must farm them. Also probably feed on squirrel road kill. I mean, how else is it that it gets removed so fast? I don't think that many crows live in Boise, especially in winter. I also think that they have a taste for Wendy's garbage. I've gone out and put garbage in the dumpster and come back, and some of the garbage is missing! Not to mention the knocking over of trash cans. They're out of range of cats and stuff. Only a Sasquatch could reach those cans. Well, maybe a Bum could too, but why would he knock over the cans, Chris? Why would he knock over the cans?” *(Atwell, 2002)*

All the research that my team has done so far seem to point to two conclusions:

1. Sasquatches are really adept and have somehow integrated themselves into our society, and currently live among us.
2. Sasquatches don't live in Boise.

Well, so far the most likely (and feasible) conclusion is that there is actually no Sasquatch in Boise, only a lot of really hairy people. Although, according to the S.I.T, those really hairy people might be Sasquatches in disguise! And if you're out there reading this Sasquatch, I want you to know that we will find you, someday!

## Works Cited

1. Schmidt, David *Personal Interview*. September 22, 2002.
2. Atwell, Jordan *Personal Interview*. September 21, 2002.
3. "Idaho State University Researcher Coordinates Analysis of Body Imprint That May Belong to a Sasquatch." Bigfoot Field Researchers Organization October 23, 2000.  
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