

Marty Jones and the raiders of the lost shoe.

Marty scuffed his bare feet along the surface of the sand. The interestingly shaped stones and shells he'd picked up rattled in the pocket of his shorts. He surveyed the horizon. Sunlight peeked through gaps in the clouds. He had the beach to himself; it wasn't quite the weather for family outings.

He stooped to scoop up a blueish pebble, but deciding it was too similar to one he already had he cast it aside. Spying a peculiar object just ahead. He rushed to it, but it was just a lady's shoe.

'Must've washed up,' he said to himself, looking out to sea. He picked up the shoe; it looked too new to have come in on the tide. Without another thought he dropped it and continued his foraging. Before he'd taken ten steps he noticed the shoe's twin.

He looked around. The beach was definitely deserted. Nobody was in the sea. How strange for someone to leave without their footwear. Then he noticed human footprints among the many twig-like seagull prints. Maybe the owner of the shoes was still about somewhere. He picked up the nearest shoe, moving back to retrieve the first and followed the footprints, feeling very much like a native American Indian or some kind of scout; an expert in tracking anyway.

The footprints began to change. Where before they were the whole foot, they had changed to just the toes and ball of the foot and were more widely spaced. His quarry was running.

He knelt and put his ear to the ground like he'd read that Indians did. He could only hear waves. Perhaps it only worked to detect approaching trains. Rising to a crouch he spied a second set of footprints which gradually converged with the runner's.

Marty rose and was back in pursuit. The second set of footprints looked larger; definitely a man's. Or perhaps... a sasquatch. The prints were very big. Then he heard what was unmistakably a woman's cry. It came from directly ahead- where the footprints lead; towards the sand dunes.

Marty launched into a run. He glanced about for a piece of driftwood or something he could use as a weapon; nothing. He'd have to make do with the heeled shoes. He dashed up the first dune, the sand giving way under his feet conspired to slow him. The cry came again; she sounded in pain. She was being attacked!

'Don't worry, miss!' Marty shouted, 'I'll save you!'

He topped the sand dune, finding both the woman and sasquatch together. Marty caught a glimpse of a scene of horror.

The only hairy part on the sasquatch was his backside, which bobbed up and down furiously atop the woman. She shrieked and grabbed the nearest discarded garment and held it to her chest. She pointed accusingly at Marty with a look of utter horror.

'A boy's watching us!' she squealed.

The sasquatch turned, glaring.

'Fuck off, you little perv,' he growled.