

Untitled Bigfoot Project

Products of
The Hillside Commons

Novelwriter

Untitled Bigfoot Project

The Fall of the Seven Earths

Flowers

Under the Hood

The Imprisonment of Jonathan Knox

Over the River

The Emancipation of Jonathan Knox

The Here and Now

The Monksville Chronicles

Untitled Bigfoot Project

Hunter A. Wallace

This is a work of fiction. All the characters, locations, organizations, and events portrayed in this tome are either products of the bookmaker's imagination or are used fictitiously. Or both.

Any and all resemblance to Reality is purely coincidental.

• • •

In other words, it's just words. It's not real. Get a grip.

Untitled Bigfoot Project

| Spiral: Novelwriter | Arc: I |

| Series: W-428 | Entry: 1 |

| Revision Date: February 23, 2022 |

A product of The Hillside Commons



Copyright © 2022 by Hunter A. Wallace

All rights reserved.

THCBN: 420-1-234-56789-10

| www.thehillsidecommons.com |

*to the Wordslinger Stephen King
and his numerous works of fiction,
most of all the Dark Tower series.
Thank you for bettering my life.
Long days and pleasant nights
...
to the place where the meaningless
can mean anything*

Contents

<i>Sidney's Journal (Part One)</i>	0
Sunday: First Night	2
<i>Sidney's Journal (Part Two)</i>	44
Monday: Noises	102
<i>Sidney's Journal (Part Three)</i>	176
Wednesday: Research	196
<i>Sidney's Journal (Part Four)</i>	254
Saturday: An Encounter	265
<i>Sidney's Journal (Part Five)</i>	303
Thursday: Findings	339
<i>Sidney's Journal (Part Six)</i>	391
Tuesday: Conclusion	419
<i>Sidney's Journal (Part Seven)</i>	458
Friday: Last Night	479
LogPond Gazette Cover Story (11/19)	514

Aug the Second

"Friction leads to a spark. A spark leads to flames. Flames lead to smoke, and smoke? Smoke always blows away. Then there's only ashes, and they blow away too."

I only have one question about that little pseudo-stanza I just scrawled up there: why the fuck couldn't I think of anything that good when I was in school? I have an answer to the question as well, of course - I'm journaling, why would I ask a question that would never be answered? What, am I asking **god**? Christ, imagine that! The Mad Poet finally losing the final frayed shreds of his forgotten sanity and speaking directly to that divine grandpa in the sky who isn't really there. Christ, indeed.

And a bippity-boppity-boo, too. Just for good measure.

...

...

...

Y'know, I haven't done this in a while. Just open up my journal and start riffing. I used to do this a lot before college. I don't really know why I stopped. Stopped journaling, that is; everybody knows why I stopped doing college. Well, everybody here, at least. That's me and you, Journal. Just you and I, sitting in the dimness working through my anxiety together. While we can't do it hand-in-hand, I'm securely sat here pen in hand, and I do believe that is enough for the both of us, wouldn't you agree?

I think you would, if you were capable. I think you and I would be great friends, Journal. I really do. You know me better than anybody else could ever dream of knowing me, you alone hold all my deepest and darkest secrets - well, not you specifically, you're just the latest incarnation of a long line of Journals I've kept over the years - and not only that, but you accept me for them. Never once have I tried to open you up to air out the dirty skeletons in my laundry basket only to have you slam yourself shut. I've told you about everything, Journal. I'm actually getting a little emotional thinking about it. I'm literally tearing up, this is so strange... it's a joyous teariness though, the product of a happy kind of sadness. A resignation to forces much

more powerful than I, a physical manifestation of my getting out of my own way and simply allowing myself to go with the flow of reality. And you know what? My eyes may be leaking, but this queer melancholia is better than tonight's anxiety. Much, much better.

What am I so anxious over, you ask? Well... to be honest, I almost don't even want to write it. Matt'a'fact, I really don't want to write it. That'll just make it real, y'know? It'll force me to face it before I actually have to face it, and that would only make the anxiety worse.

Ah Christ, I'm sitting here in the dark writing in a notebook as if I was having a conversation with it. What the fuck is even happening? I mean, I know what's happening, I uh...

Fuck it. This chapter of my life has to start somehow, right? This is probably the shiniest of my selection of veritable turds, and besides, the longer I wait the more I can smell the other choices. I'll fill you in on what's going down later, after it's gone down. Or probably tomorrow. It's pretty late, I doubt I'll be out of the woods before midnight.

...

...

...

First night back. Here we go.

Thanks Journal. I appreciate you. Peace~