



Chapter 1

Legends

Tim considered himself an intrepid forest explorer, often venturing off the beaten path in pursuit of adventure. This outing would be no different; he planned to stroll around the small lake deep in the park, keenly searching for wildlife tracks in hopes of capturing the perfect photograph. As an action photographer, he took pride in discovering elusive shots that others might overlook. Tim was confident that today would be one of those special occasions.

The wind rustled through the trees, causing them to creak and snap together like drumsticks in a rhythmic dance. He moved as quietly as possible, careful not to disturb the local wildlife. After all, he needed them to be in their natural habitat to create the stunning images he envisioned. With each step around the lake, he paused to take photos, eagerly anticipating the moment he would find that elusive perfect moment in time, where he could create that perfect image that would make him famous.

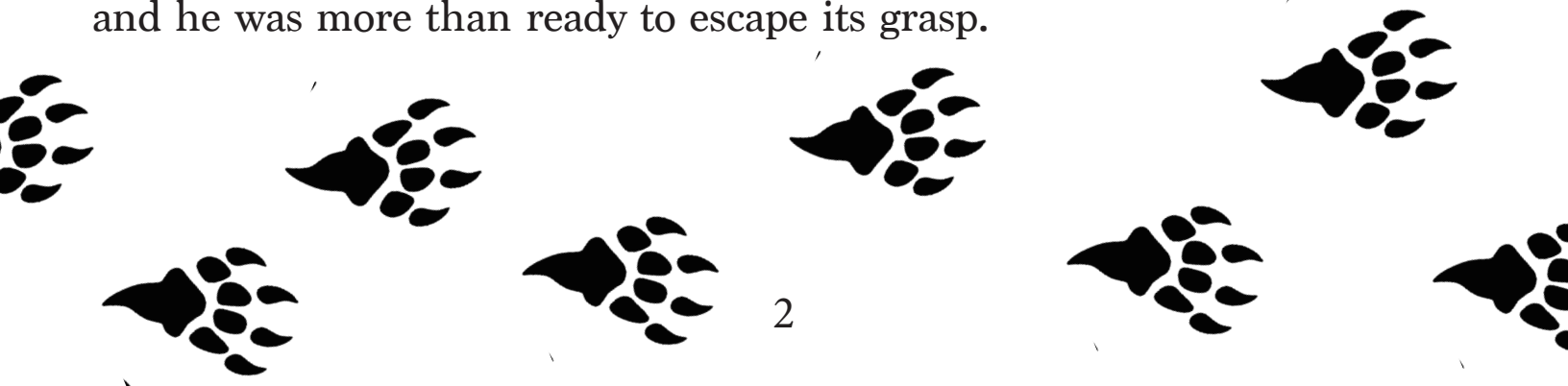
Tim was about halfway around Chambers Lake when he spotted a small green frog perched on a stick jutting out of the dark blue water, close to the shore. He thought to himself, "If only this wind would die down, I could capture the perfect shot." Just then, the frog turned its head, seemingly looking right at him. Tim slowly raised his SLR camera, focusing intently on the curious little creature. Miraculously, the wind

ceased and the surface of the lake transformed into a smooth, glassy expanse. “This is perfect,” Tim smiled, inching closer for the shot. The only sound breaking the serene silence of the forest was the soft click of his camera shutter. After capturing the image, Tim stood up, beaming with satisfaction. “Perfect shot. Thanks buddy!” he said, giving the frog a thumbs up.

Just then a terrifying crash echoed through the forest from behind him about 200 meters deeper in the woods. To Tim, it sounded like a massive creature had just toppled a tree. Moments later, a second crash followed, and whatever it was began moving from Tim’s left to right at a steady pace of about 5 kilometers an hour. Seconds later, more crashes erupted, and the creature seemed to grow in size and speed. It was hunting! And it had just found its prey! The sounds grew louder, the beast accelerating with each passing moment ripping and tearing through the forest. Then, in an instant, the forest fell eerily silent.

A low growl reverberated through the air, a sound that felt like the breath of something enormous. Realizing the danger, Tim retraced his steps, carefully following the path he had taken. While remaining alert, straining to hear any sign of the creature behind him. Once back on the main trail, he quickened his pace, desperate to put as much distance as possible between himself and whatever lurked in the shadows of the forest.

At the same time, he typed furiously on his phone, sharing his thrilling experience with his followers and the chilling possibility of a creature in the woods. Whatever was out there, Tim wanted no part of it, and he was more than ready to escape its grasp.



It was a stunning spring day in Fundy National Park. The sun was shining brightly, a gentle breeze rustled the leaves, and the temperature hovered around a pleasant 15 degrees Celsius—what my grandfather would fondly refer to as “centigrade.” It was the ideal day for tracking the elusive Green Man creature in the Park.

John glanced over at Kaleb, who was animatedly speaking into his phone. “Can you please stop recording? There’s no such thing as the Green Man, Bush Man, or Hollow Man—or any other mythical creature for that matter. You’re being so dramatic!”

Kaleb smiled and said, “Well, we’re here looking for just that. There have been numerous reported sightings in the park over the last few years, so there’s definitely something out there; we just need to uncover what it is.” John shook his head and mumbled, “You’re going to be in for a surprise when you come face to face with the large Black Bear everyone has been talking about,” chuckling to himself.

Kaleb was accustomed to John’s constant ribbing, but he remained confident that the sightings were accurate, and had been documented by credible witnesses. Kaleb was also confident he would find the Fundy Green Man, and finally meet the legend. But for now he had to convince John to help him in this quest.

Kaleb looked around the parking lot of the Information Center at the eastern edge of the park by the coastal town of Alma. The Information Center was smaller than he first expected; it was a quaint little building with a small but quite attractive gift shop. But more importantly, it was the start of their quest to track and find the allusive Green Man.

Kaleb had prepared for this quest for several months now; interviewing eye witnesses and reading historical manuscripts document-

ing the Green Man's elusive history across the world. He considered this lore to be quite important even if it was dodgy at best. You see, the Green Man had been seen as far back as the Roman Empire. It can be found in Gothic architecture around the 13th to the 15th centuries in France, but goes back as far as the 4th century. You will find the Green Man carved into the stone carvings in Ottawa on the Canadian Parliament buildings. On the island of Cyprus, you will find one carved in the St Nicholas Church. All of this said, the Green Man is a sign of spring, a sign of a new beginning, and the sign of growth that should be celebrated.

Rumors have emerged suggesting that this entity may not be a typical Green Man creature, but rather a Hollow Man intent on crafting a desolate world to inhabit. This being is so shrouded in darkness that it is said to absorb light rather than reflect it, its lost features creating an unsettling void. One might describe it as a walking black hole, or a dark force that consumes the living. Wherever it roams, death trails closely behind, marking it as the harbinger of darkness and demise. Kaleb considered all of this and looked at John with a grin, "You ready for this John...things are going to get interesting!"

John looked at Kaleb and mumbled. "Fantastic! Captain Adventure is ready to go....wait what does that make me...a sidekick?...No, no,no sidekick always get killed or worse, humiliated!"

Kaleb pointed to his 10 year old rusted white Silverado truck, smiled and said, "Quick my trusted sidekick, mount up so we can start our quest for the Green Man!"

With that, they jumped into the truck with John mumbling something about not being a sidekick while pulling out the park map Kaleb had marked with all the sightings of the so called Green Man, or forest creature.

Once out of the parking lot, it was just a quick drive down Herring Cove Road along the southern section of the park to Point Wolfe , named after General James Wolfe, a very prominent person in Canadian history.

Kaleb smiled and spoke in a deep, commanding voice, “From Point Wolfe campground, we will venture north into the dense, shadowy jungles of the park.” John turned to Kaleb, a bemused expression on his face. “Really? What’s with the voice?” He chuckled. “You’re having way too much fun with this!” Kaleb quickly responded “Come on John, get in the spirit of this grand adventure. We are going deep into the Acadian Forest looking for signs of a creature that has been hiding for a millennium. Now, you can’t tell me you’re not going to have a little fun!” John cracked a smile “Okay, it’s going to be a little fun, at least until we run into that monstrous claw slashing Black Bear that has everyone on edge.”

As they made their way along Herring Cove Road, Kaleb pointed out every form of wildlife they encountered along the way. There were White-tailed deer down by the golf course, grazing on the tall fringe grass. There were numerous species of birds; from Great Blue Herons flying overhead heading to the beach for their morning meal, to Bald Eagles hunting for their next meal. They perceived one of the Park’s plump pesky porcupine pondering crossing the road just before the covered bridge. (Try saying that 10 times); Kaleb was in awe of the biodiversity that existed in this jewel of a park, and was looking forward to spending the next few days experiencing every inch of it.

As they crossed the Wolfe Point Covered Bridge, the campground awaited just a short ascent through a picturesque tunnel formed by towering coniferous trees flanking the road on either side. Kaleb, his voice taking on the enthusiastic tone of a television show host, pointed out the front window of the truck. “Look at this, John! It’s an incredible sight—a true tapestry of nature!”

John, attempting to inject some humor into the moment, replied, “Okay, I’ll admit it’s pretty cool, but could you drop the narrator voice? It feels like we have a commentary track riding along with us.”

Kaleb, gradually raising his voice, retorted, “That takes the fun out of it, John! You’re so anhedonic! Live a little! Enjoy the small things in life; they make the big issues feel less overwhelming!”

John shot him a puzzled look. “What the hell is an anhedonic? Did you just insult me? Great, now I have to look that up... Where’s my phone?” He began rummaging through his jacket in search of his device. Kaleb flashed a playful smirk and remarked, “It means you have a hard time experiencing joy or pleasure—in your case, fun.” He gestured toward a nearby side road. “That’s our home for the next few days. We’re in site O12, a TENTik. It’s going to be fantastic—comfortable accommodations and campfires every night.”

John met Kaleb’s gaze directly. “Do they have Internet? You know I can’t survive without my Wi-Fi. I need to stay connected to my people! Plus, I’m going to need Google.”

Kaleb raised an eyebrow, looking puzzled. “Why do you need Google?”

John chuckled, “Because it’s the only way I can understand half of what you’re saying!”

Kaleb mumbled, “I’m not that hard to understand.”

The two intrepid explorers arrived at the campground gate, ready to complete their registration. Luckily, Kaleb had reserved their TENTik three months in advance, anticipating that this time of year would see

an influx of visitors from around the globe. After a swift check-in, they made their way to the campsite.

The TENTiK itself was an impressive structure, featuring a sturdy wooden frame covered by a durable gray canvas. Inside, there was ample space, complete with a cozy gas fireplace, plenty of sleeping mattresses, and a solid table surrounded by four chairs, making it the perfect base for their outdoor adventure.

Inside the TENTik, the back wall was lined with a series of bunk beds. Kaleb set his bags down on the bed on the right side, while John climbed up to the top bunk on the left. He relished the sensation of sleeping elevated, a comfort rooted in his childhood spent in a large family where he always claimed the top bunk as his own. It had become his safe haven, a place where he felt secure and at ease.

As soon as John settled into a chair at the table, his cell phone erupted with a series of urgent beeps: “Green Man Alert... Green Man Alert... Green Man Alert.” Kaleb jumped in surprise. “What was that?”

With a playful smirk, John replied, “I programmed an algorithm to scour the Internet for sightings and send me alerts whenever there’s a report of unusual activity in the park. This one just came in from a... Tim Parker a so called action photographer north of us, near Chambers Lake. Apparently, he heard something large and strange moving through the forest on the northern side of the lake about four hours ago. It seems it was heading northeast... And wait for it—he thinks it was a moose... Or something!” John started laughing “ Okay it still needs to be debugged.. All in all it still has some good information...You never know, this could provide our next big lead in the investigation..It’s worth a try. You never know!

Kaleb settled into the chair opposite John at the table. He pulled

out his notebook and opened it to reveal a meticulously crafted map highlighting all the locations where strange sightings had been reported over the past year. He pointed at the map and with his normal voice stated, “We are here. Chambers Lake is here..It looks like about a day to get there and back. We can hit the trail first thing in the morning well rested and fresh.” John smiled “Then Chambers Lake it is...Our first stop in this grand adventure!”

John and Kaleb huddled over their map late into the night, meticulously analyzing the intelligence they had gathered over the past few months. They worked diligently to differentiate between credible information and dubious claims of witchcraft and such. After several hours of intense discussion, they reached a consensus: they would categorize all the intelligence into three distinct groups.

The first group contained credible intelligence, the second included plausible possibilities, and the third encompassed ideas that were so far-fetched they seemed to belong to another realm entirely. For instance, one particularly outlandish claim suggested the existence of little green men with glowing fingertips capable of shooting lasers that made plants grow. Now that was truly out there!

All that said, the plan was set in jello, because it could change at a moment’s notice. They both understood flexibility was the name of the game until they had good solid leads to follow.

Just before lights out Kaleb said while chuckling, “John, make sure you have your camera charged up and you know how to use it. “We don’t want any fuzzy photos”. With that they both broke out laughing.

Suddenly, a distant sound echoed through the air, resembling the thunderous crash of a tree splintering under immense pressure.

Chambers Lake

