

# Chapter 3

## Lost or Not to be Lost

That is the question!

To locate Trail Number 26, which leads to Chambers Lake, all they needed to do was walk to the end of the campground, turn right, and head north along the well-maintained trail. After all, they certainly weren't the first to traverse this path. However, when Kaleb reached the junction, he decided to take a shortcut marked on a map his sister had used during her last visit to the park. This shortcut required a sharp right followed by a quick left as they exited the campground. Unfortunately, this detour would lead them across the Shiphaven footpath and downhill toward Point Wolfe Beach.

As they began their descent down the gentle slope, John posed a crucial question. "Kaleb, do you know where we're headed? It seems like we're going downhill when we should be climbing. I've also noticed that the sun is positioned oddly—it's slightly in front of us and to the right, which suggests we're heading southeast instead of northwest as we intended. Additionally, I can see water through the trees on our left, which looks like Fundy Bay. If I'm not mistaken, we're on a path toward the Point Wolfe



Beach area. Don't get me wrong; if the tide is out, it's a beautiful spot to explore, however, it might be a good idea to check your GPS smartwatch. Just a suggestion, but it could help us get back on track."

Kaleb examined his map, an older edition than the one currently issued by the park. The paper was slightly tattered and worn, adorned with a multitude of pen annotations from his sister's previous hiking adventures. He glanced at his watch, shaking his wrist as if trying to coax it into action. After a moment, he refocused on the map. "Alright, I believe we're nearly at Point Wolfe Beach; it's just around that bend," he announced with confidence, a subtle grin spreading across his face as if this discovery had been part of his plan all along.

John shook his head in disbelief. "I thought we were supposed to head to Chambers Lake first."

The two of them continued along the path for several minutes, when Kaleb suddenly stopped and exclaimed as he looked at his map again, "I think this is actually the perfect spot to begin our search. We can quickly scan the shoreline for any unusual signs and with the tide out, this is the

perfect opportunity to check out the beach. It should only take us about an hour or so." John, however, knew that it would take longer than just an hour; the beach was quite expansive, stretching approximately 2 kilometers. Still, he understood the logic behind starting there—it made perfect sense. The beach area was breathtaking, especially now that the tide was out. If you've never been, it's truly a must-see part of the park. The shoreline features a stunning blend of sand and maritime





rock, nestled within a gentle gorge, with a freshwater river meandering through the center. Dense forests flank three sides of the beach, creating a spectacular backdrop.

As they approached the Point Wolfe Beach area, they turned left and started walking along the treeline, staying to the left of Hueston Brook, which meandered through the now-exposed tidal beach. In approximately three hours, this area would once again be submerged, concealing the vibrant life that thrived beneath the surface.

The intrepid team journeyed all the way to the headwaters of the creek, reaching the point where the tide no longer influenced its flow. At that moment, Kaleb turned around and, with a commanding tone, declared, “From here, we will make our way back down Point Wolfe Beach until we reach the Bay of Fundy. We should examine the treeline for any signs of the creature.” John interjected, “Wait a minute, why are we only focusing on the left side? What’s wrong with the right?”

Kaleb adopted his finest Sherlock Holmes persona and declared, “Elementary, my dear John. The creature we are tracking has only been sighted or heard on the north side of Point Wolfe Beach. This strongly indicates that any evidence of the creature, our elusive Green Man, is most likely to be found in that area. Exploring the opposite side is not required. What do you think, my good man?”

John snorted, “No, no! I’m not your sidekick; I’m your partner, we are a team!”

Kaleb chuckled, “I was just joking, John. We’re definitely a team.” He extended his fist toward John in a gesture of friendship.

“Alright, just remember that,” John replied, returning the fist bump with a grin. “Now, let me do my thing. If that so-called Green Man is anywhere

near Point Wolfe Beach, I'll find him or her!" John declared confidently as he turned to walk along the beach where the treeline meets rock and sand, pausing occasionally to inspect the ground and the surrounding forest.

Kaleb observed John's peculiar methods: he would lie flat on his stomach, gazing up into the forest canopy as if searching for hidden secrets. He would also take the time to smell the leaves on the bushes and trees, but only those located between one and two meters above the forest floor. It was an unusual approach, but Kaleb couldn't help admire John's dedication to the task at hand.

The process was anticipated to last around two hours—an hour longer than Kaleb had originally expected. His strategy was simple yet effective: eliminate all possibilities. If they neglected to search the beach area, he would forever be haunted by the question, "Had the Green Man been there on the beach?" Leaning against a massive rock formation at the mouth of Fundy Bay, he observed the tide gradually making its way back to the shore. Lost in his thoughts about their next steps, he noticed John standing a short distance away, his gaze fixed intently on the forest about thirty meters ahead.

Kaleb chuckled softly to himself, wondering, "What's he up to now? Smelling the air? Listening to the whispers of the wind?" He turned his attention back to the map, carefully plotting their next steps. After about five minutes, he looked up to check on John, only to find him still standing motionless. John was fixed in place, his gaze locked on the forest, as if he was locked in time.

Intrigued, Kaleb ventured along the rugged shoreline, his curiosity guiding his steps. Suddenly, the ground beneath him shifted unexpectedly, causing him to lose his balance. He stumbled over a large, slick stone and fell face-first into a small patch of sand. As he pushed himself up onto his

knees, he shook off the grains, feeling a flush of embarrassment. Thankfully, John was oblivious to his mishap, his attention captivated by the enchanting forest nearby. Regaining his composure, Kaleb stood up and brushed the sand from his knees, only to notice a massive imprint in the sand about a meter ahead of him, piquing his interest even further.

His heart raced as he turned to look at John again, and this time, he noticed what appeared to be huge footprints leading from the beach into the woods, right in the direction of John's unwavering gaze.

Once Kaleb had removed all the sand from his clothing, he made his way over to John. As soon as he was standing beside him, he focused on the forest to see if he could see what John was looking at. Nothing. He saw nothing. "John, what are you looking at?" He asked in an inquisitive voice as he turned to face John.

"Is there something I am missing here?" he added, now staring directly at him with a hint of concern.

John raised a hand, signaling Kaleb to wait just a moment. He seemed focused, as if he were on the verge of uncovering something significant. Whatever it was, Kaleb felt a growing sense of anticipation flush across his body.

Five minutes later, John excitedly pointed toward the trees ahead. "Look at that! It's incredible, and it doesn't make any sense at all," he exclaimed, his voice tinged with confusion. He gestured toward the broken twigs scattered close to the ground and higher up, about five meters into the forest. With a burst of energy, he dashed up the incline leading into the woods, pointing right, then left, and up and down, like a giddy schoolboy who had just stepped into his first candy shop. Now, standing at the edge of the forest, he was about eight meters above the beach, captivated by the lush green forest that stood in front of him.

Kaleb now stood beside John, gazing into the depths of the dark, lush forest. The dense foliage obscured any clear view, leaving him with an unsettled feeling. He turned to John with curiosity in his voice, “What are you trying to tell me?”

John smiled knowingly. “Something massive moved through here in the last 24 hours—something truly enormous. I’d estimate it was about 5 meters tall and just as wide. It had to weigh at least 1200 kg or more but the grass is already recovering from being crushed under its weight.”

Kaleb glanced back at the forest, processing John’s words, but then his attention shifted. He turned completely around to look back at the beach and froze, his eyes widening as he looked at the beach.

Kaleb hit John in the arm and said, “John turn around!” John ignored him as he was still going on about the forest. Kaleb hit him again this time harder. “John! TURN AROUND!”

John, turned around looking back down the slope to the beach that was laid out in front of them. “What the...Are those foot prints?”



Directly in front of them lay a series of distinct impressions in the sand, suggesting the presence of a creature that had traversed the beach’s shoreline before veering into the forest where they stood. These marks were not typical footprints; rather, they appeared to belong to something entirely non-human. The stride between each impression measured approximately four meters, hinting at a creature of considerable size and unusual gait. John pulled out his phone and began taking overall photos of the imprints

and their patterns. He then made his way back down the hill to the beach, where he took photos of each print from various angles to ensure he captured every detail.

Kaleb, still standing near the treeline, called out to John, “I can’t help but wonder why no one else has noticed or reported this before.” John glanced at the approaching tide, then turned back to Kaleb. “It’s quite simple, my dear Kaleb” using his somewhat questionable impression of Sherlock Holmes. “The tide likely washes away any evidence every six hours. Besides, you wouldn’t recognize these as prints unless you were standing exactly where you are now.”



Kaleb turned to face the forest, shouting over his shoulder, “Where do you think these prints lead?” John climbed back up the small hill to stand beside Kaleb. “Do you still have that map of yours?”

“Yes!” Kaleb replied, eagerly pulling it from his pocket and unfolding it for both of them to see. John pointed to their current location on the map. “We’re here, and the path made by the creature appears to be heading northwest, leading toward Chambers Lake. That’s where the amateur photographer reported hearing strange noises in the forest the other day.”

Just then, a crow perched on a large maple tree branch directly in front of them caught their attention. Startled, they both looked up at the imposing bird, which was now staring intently at them. Kaleb leaned closer, whispering as if to avoid disturbing the crow. “John, is that crow looking at us? And does it have jewelry around its neck?”

John squinted. “I think so... It looks like it has some bling around its neck. Silver, by the looks of it.”



With a loud “Caw,” the crow suddenly took flight, flapping its massive wings and dive-bombed toward them. Both John and Kaleb instinctively ducked, narrowly avoiding a brush with the crow’s wing as it soared across the open beach area. Kaleb look at John and said, “Well. That just happened” John responded, “What was that all about?”

Kaleb studied his map while John gazed at the crow soaring off into the distance. “John, I think we should head up to Chambers Lake and check out that area,” Kaleb suggested. John nodded in agreement. “Absolutely, that sounds like a good plan.” He pointed in the direction the crow had flown away. “Did you see that? That bird was wearing jewelry—that’s wild!”

Kaleb cut in, “We need to keep moving. The day is getting shorter, and we have to check out Chambers Lake and make it back to the camp before it gets dark. Let’s hit the road!”

The intrepid team took several last minute photos and started back along the beach and onto the trail leading past their camp and onto Chambers Lake. The trip should only take about 4 hours, leaving them lots of time to investigate around the lake and make their way back to Point Wolfe Campground and the safety of the oTENTik for the night.

