

Renegade Files®

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This summer Renegade Files is bringing you a new series of 25 minute episodes called “Short Drives”. These episodes will premier every Friday in June, July, and August (in addition to our longer, biweekly, main episodes). This series of 13 episodes will look into fascinating paranormal or strange stories that are presented in a punchy, concise format with minimalist production, quick intros, and brief signoffs.

The Renegade Files Short Drives do not and will not replace the normal shows.

Think of these Renegade Files Short Drives as presents to you for being a fan of the show. These are extra content. Be sure to check back every Friday for the whole summer, to catch all the Renegade Files Short Drives. If you like them, share them with your crazy friends, and thank you for being a part of the Renegade Files Crew.

Cheers!

Lex

This is the second episode in the Short Drives series. So come with me now as we get into Renegade Files, Short Drives #2 - Sheepsquatch.

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Episode Text

Hello and Welcome to Renegade Files Short Drives #2 - Sheepsquatch.

I’m your host, Lex Gordon, Broadcasting from the Jungle Villa Outpost, Deep in the Uncharted Tropics.

This summer Renegade Files is bringing you this new series of 25-minute long episodes called “Short Drives”. These episodes will come out every Friday in June, July, and August (in addition to our longer, main episodes twice a month).

This series of 13 episodes will look into fascinating paranormal or strange stories that are presented in a quick format with minimal production, quick intros, and brief signoffs.

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This is the second episode in the Short Drives series. You are now in the company of outcasts. Welcome and enjoy. Come with me now as we get into Renegade Files, Short Drives #2 - Sheepsquatch.

Cheers!
Lex

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The following is based on an actual event, but some names have been changed to protect the privacy of those involved.

The Appalachian mountains aren't as big and dramatic as the Rockies. They aren't as tall, aren't as rugged and rocky, and aren't as steep and sheer. There is a simple reason for this: They are far, far older.

As such, they have been weathered down over the millennia, so they are smoother, gentler, and more subtle. But these ancient mountains hold ancient mysteries, and from the times of the Native Americans and the settlers, the Appalachian mountains have been a place of mystery.

Old tales of curses, haunted forests, and mysterious creatures fill the area folklore. And sometimes, these tales cross over into our modern day experiences.

In Breckenridge county, on the northwestern edge of KY, the country folk tell stories of a bizzare, giant beast, part sheep and part man, with white wooly fur, curved horns, large fangs, and a growling, disagreeable disposition.

This is interesting, because if you listened to Renegade Files Episode 80, Sasquatch and Bigfoot: East Coast / West Coast Beef, then you may recall that there have been numerous reports over the years of sasquatch-type creatures being seen with white fur along the east coast and in Appalachia.

Maybe some of those sightings were actually the sheepsquatch.

Dean Hayden and Tanner Cole, two young men in their early 20s, have grown up as best friends hunting and fishing in the area. In July of 2004, the two men geared up to go deer hunting in a remote section of the forest on an excursion that would last the weekend.

They would drive to a woodland cabin belonging to Dean Hayden's grandparents, that was located at the base of a 100 acre section of high timber, flowing streams, and rugged mountain trails.

Summer had come early, and the wild berries and fresh growth had thrived with periodic rains and long sunny days. Others who had hunted early were reporting healthy deer populations and large bucks in the Virginia mountains. Tanner and Dean had made one scouting trip a few weeks earlier, and they found that the rains had the creeks flowing strong. They reasoned that the good supply of fresh water had allowed wildlife to remain in the forests, rather than migrate to the smaller streams in the valleys as they might have done in a drier summer.

The deer would be bigger, but likely more spread out. For this reason they took extra fuel for their ATVs, and were prepared to hunt in the deeper woods.

The cabin would serve as their base camp, and they would spend the first night there. The next morning they would venture deep into the forest, and camp overnight in a pop up camper that the Hayden family used as a hunting outpost. From there the two would deer hunt in the mornings for a few days before returning home.

They took two four-wheel ATVs, camping and cooking gear, their hunting rifles, knives, and tools, Tanner's hunting dog, and a good supply of coffee... something both men were quite fond of.

But as they sipped their morning coffee at basecamp on that first day, they realized that the dog was lying in a shallow swale at the edge of the property, and it was not moving.

When they ran to check on the dog, they found his neck had been fully broken, as if something large and strong had twisted its head completely around and killed it.

So that day the boys set out on their 4-wheelers and patrolled the surrounding woods and trails, searching for anything that could have killed the dog in such a strange way. They looked for tracks and clues, and they surveyed some of the dense forests and creek sides in the area. They also searched up a ridge to a hilltop, but found nothing out of the ordinary.

They returned to base camp, assembled their gear, and on the 4-wheelers made their way up the trails and hunting roads to a hunting camper positioned on the

property deep in the woods. That would be their home for the next few days, and they planned to deer hunt the next morning.

As they made their way up an incline they came to a place where a flat wooden bridge spanned a creek that crossed the road. Dean's grandfather had built the bridge with timber he had cut from the woods there, and it still stood in sound form.

Just beyond the bridge a small sapling rested in the road. They stopped there to stretch their legs and Dean went to move the branch from the road. He noticed it had been broken at the base, and the torn wood looked fresh.

"What the hell could've done that?" he asked as he showed the base of the sapling to Tanner.

"Nothing good," Tanner said and he added, "Maybe whatever killed my damn dog."

Dean tossed the limb aside and walked the edge of the trail to see if he could find the small stump. He soon came across it and the young tree's roots were partially lifted from the damp ground near the creek edge. It seemed like something had twisted and lifted the small tree and broke it off at the base.

From where he stood he noticed a path running along the creek bank, following it from the road off into the woods. The boys followed the trail and they could see the new ferns smashed down in places as if something large was traveling the path recently.

"Not a deer," Tanner noted and his friend added, "Maybe a bear."

They had walked about 20 yards from the road when Dean said, "Stop!"

He held his arm out to catch Tanner from passing and together they looked down at a massive footprint in the damp creek shore at the edge of the forest path. They saw other tracks, all enormous. Nearly 20 inches long in the shape of an enormous man's but with what looked like large clawed toes.

They returned to their ATVs and drove the last mile to the camper. They set up their camp and started a fire in the rock fire pit. They sat on stump seats and talked about what they had seen in the days before. They still planned to hunt in the morning, so soon they turned in.

From a dead sleep in the wee hours of the morning, as the last embers of the campfire smoked outside, both were awakened by the sounds of footsteps.

"You hear that?" whispered one of them."

“Yeah,” replied the other and they both slowly began to move... to grab their loaded rifles.

As they did they felt the pop-up camper trailer shift. They heard a deep guttural growl, and the camper aluminum creaked as something lifted one side of it off the ground. The boys stumbled as their gear shifted and fell from arrangement in a clamor.

Instantly the camper was released and it fell with a great commotion. The interior and the boy's composure, disheveled.

All was still. They heard only another single growl some distance away, and they quickly put on their coats and boots to go investigate. They found muddy prints smeared on the camper walls outside, huge footprints of an estimated 17-inches long that seemed to match the ones they had seen on the Creekside path. A deep stench hung in the air.

They jumped on their 4-wheelers and headed in the direction down the trail where the footprints led. The sun was rising and they tracked the beast for about a mile until they arrived at an old confederate cemetery at the edge of the large woodland.

They dismounted and continued on foot. The cemetery was at the base of a hill and a small stream ran between them. The hill to the north provided cover from north winds and the stream, fresh water. They could tell that the main pathway through the center of the graveyard was well worn, even though no one ever came out this far.

As they moved between the mossy headstones they saw a motion in the trees beyond and at the edge of the woods surrounding the stones it appeared. The 7 foot sheepsquatch of local legend. The creature was covered in dirty white wool, his face more like a dog than a sheep, but with curled horns around it's head like the devil himself.

His barred teeth yellow in his black mouth. Long arms, wide shoulders. And a 4-foot hairless tail that swung behind it like that of a monstrous rodent. Tanner Cole described the creature as, quote, “Massive.” The sheepsquatch growled and began to lumber toward them.

Dean raised his rifle and shot, and the boys were shocked to see the beast move in an impossibly fast manner, dodging the shot to one side as if with supernatural ability. The beast again lunged in their direction and Tanner raised his rifle and shot as Dean cycled his weapon to chamber a second round.

Again the creature dodged the shot then turned and in one step was at the creek

edge some twelve feet away. Another stride and it had crossed the 10 foot stream in one bound and they both shot again but the sheepsquatch had vanished into the heavy timber up the hillside.

“We’re not chasing that thing up that hill on foot,” Dean said.

“Or any other way,” agreed Tanner. Let’s get the hell outta here.

The two ran back to their ATVs and headed back to basecamp at the cabin. That day they gathered their gear and headed home, their deer hunt having turned them from the hunters, to the hunted.

As they parted ways that afternoon, they vowed to one day find the sheepsquatch again, and this time, not as the hunted. This time, they would be ready.

In the coming weeks they described their encounter to others. Their stories were always the same, and they remained consistent. Their friends they knew from school, or locals who were their same age, all said that the guys were crazy.

Maybe they had drank too much whiskey that night in the camper, or maybe they ate a few of the mushrooms from the cow pasture at the bottom of the field.

But not everyone dismissed their story as a tall tale. Mostly the old timers. The old hunters and mountain men. The tall, lean, dusty cowboys who drank coffee all day at the counter in the diner. Local men who knew the outdoors heard the boys’s story of the sheepsquatch, and nodded. Some of them warned the boys to not go looking for it.

In time the boys stopped talking much about the sheepsquatch they had seen. By then everyone in the small town knew anyway. Tanner and Dean were known as the sheepsquatch hunters.

One cool morning in early spring, as the ground thawed and the woods grew green again, Tanner and Dean sat at the diner counter, wearing camouflage, drinking coffee, and finishing their breakfast before heading out to base camp once again, to do what they had vowed to do.

Outside their truck was loaded with gear. Food for the weekend. Guns and ammo. The 4-wheelers on the trailer filled with gas and fresh oil. Tanner scrolled through some Reddit posts on his phone, showing Dean a story about someone who had seen the sheepsquatch that winter... a county just south of theirs.

An old man sat next to them in a black jacket of a kind not seen on a store hanger for 30 years. His straw cowboy hat bent and shaped from being worn

every day since before the boys were born. Between sips of coffee, he spoke without looking their way.

“Not ever’ answer is in your internet phone, and on the TV news. They don’t know and understand all particular about these woods. There’s things out there, best left alone. You’d do well to do just that.”

The boys looked over at the old man, but neither of them spoke. The man continued.

“But you won’t listen. I’s just like you when I was a kid. Hard-headed and bullet proof. So, go hunt your damn monster. The man put money on the counter and stood to leave. “Watch your back-track,” he said.

“Yessir,” said Dean and the old cowboy walked out the door.

To this day the two young men hunt the sheepsquatch, vowing to never rest until they drag one from the woods... to prove to the world, once and for all, that they’re not crazy.

Xxxxxxxxxxxxx ending sign off

Thank you sincerely for listening to Renegade Files, Short Drives #2 – The Sheepsquatch.

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free for a week to get bonus episodes and more, and help me keep making these shows for you. I'm so happy to have **you** in the Renegade Files Crew.

I'm your host Lex Gordon...
Stay Wild, cowboy Child!