

LAKE FOSSIL

Written by Nickolaus A. Pacione

There was always something strange about Illinois that had its history; but one thing that told of this was an account that I would share here. The thoughts of this would be something that could not be believed. I am getting a little ahead of myself here but I will start from the beginning, and this started back in 1989. My name is Richard Borland, the journal that I have kept about the events that I wrote of happened back in that time frame, and during the time when I wrote of this would be in 1994 about the time when I was going to graduate from Glenbard North. Though the question baffled me for a while, of there being a prehistoric creature living in the river within the city of Chicago. Baffled me since my trip to Scotland back in 1993; if there being a creature such as the Loch Ness monster (or a related creature) living in Illinois.

The time frame for this when it first came to mind was when I was living in Scotland with the sister who was going to college, after the first time living there. The older sister made her home there after studying folklore. She never seen the monster herself but the boat she was on was bumped by something huge. No one was knocked overboard but she suffered a bump to the head, one that left her confined to bed for a few days. That was when I arrived to Scotland to help her out while she recovered. It took her a few years to recover from the injury that she suffered from the boating accident but they said it was the monster that lived in Loch Ness. They had no real proof it was the creature that lived in the waters but they saw the boat she was in had a huge dent in it. The reason she was drawn to Scotland was the Loch Ness story.

She moved there after the events of our father dying in

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a tragic accident, and being that she was sixteen and had a few friends that offered to let her live there while she continued her studies. Though I moved to Illinois within the mid 1980s, lived in Roselle, but moved to Carol Stream in 1987. I went to Stratford Middle School, though when I moved here I always had this curiosity that lived in the mind of something like the Loch Ness monster living in the new world. The kind of thing that plays in my imagination about these things are what write themselves into a science fiction novel or a short story within the science fiction genre. Though the kind of thing that would write itself into a page from *Jurassic Park*. Of all those years that I was told I spent too much time reading Asimov or Crichton.

Now here I am within class and they find the journal, I wrote of this during a creative writing class and they thought it was a work of fiction. Though what I tell and what I saw within the Chicago River was the God given truth, as bizarre as it was. Though my narrative was one that took place in mid October while visiting a friend of mine in the city, they knew nothing about what I am about to tell here. The thing that they don't even know about was the creature that was sleeping below, that it had a prehistoric origin. Something that really captured the teacher's interest, a high school junior with an obsession of a creature that they say doesn't even exist. That how I started writing in the journal of the subject was when I saw that dent they were talking about when I visited Allena, I had some pictures that I took of the thing. There was a little bit of blood on the boat on the starboard side, if the animal actually injured itself trying to swim underneath it.

Though there were photographs I kept from the events and they were the thing that were pasted in the journal I kept. The teachers never believed me that something like that does exist and my report was about a creature that was similar living in the Chicago River. Something that prehistoric might

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of survived the extinction of the dinosaurs.

“Don’t you think you’ve been watching *Jurassic Park* a few too many times?” Mr. O’Barr suggested, “this kind of interest that you have in these kind of creatures are not healthy.” The teacher who suggested this was someone who graduated from Wheaton College and said that evolution was a lie, but the question of if something like that does live in Loch Ness, is it possible for something to live in the Great Lakes or in the Chicago River.

“This is real life, and not a Michael Crichton novel,” the teacher said to the rest of the class. The classmates all looked at me laughing, just laughing because the teacher took my journal and read the contents out loud to the class. They all were pointing and laughing as I was some sick joke. No one believes me, yet there was something there beneath the waters of the Chicago River. I have been to the River a few times within the fall months and saw that there was a shape in the water. Something huge, and a pair of eyes that looked back at me. Those eyes. They were belonging to a creature that was prehistoric in nature. All I got on film was those pair of eyes. Yet there wasn’t a soul in the world that believed me about this sort of thing. They all thought I was mad. Something of that nature was a discovery of science and I am surprised that no doctors in the marine biology were able to investigate this further. According to that I have written, there was something down there but no real way of telling that there was something prehistoric looking back at the people in the boats. Though there were no traces of injury to the creature itself but people who were on the boats had a few accounts of a broken arm or a bad bump to the head, much as my sister was confined to bed with. The cases of each was similar, a broken arm or a bump to the head sometimes a bleeding wound here and there but never sank the thing. The creature is harmless, just that its size causes minor boating accidents along the river.

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According to my observations of this creature, one is certain to tell that it was from another time and how it got into the river was something I cannot say for definite certain. That it might of lived within the Great Lakes and traveled the water locks. A matter of weeks as I stood there looking into the waters, and on the weekends off from school they stirred the senses; at the same time sparking my imagination of that lived down there. Though Mr. O'Barr didn't believe that some kind of creature that survived the Jurassic period would travel up and down the Great Lakes, because of something that was taught of the theological scale of evolution not existing. Though it would be from his Wheaton College education that would convince him that evolution was a lie but this was a living proof that a fossil amphibious reptile actually lives in the Great Lakes and Chicago River. Of this could become the biological survival of the fittest that was described in Biology class, though no one cannot begin to tell of its origins.

I could not tell what was going on but I knew I had to grab a camera and take a few photos. Though it would show to the teacher that an animal like this does live in the waters of the Great Lakes. I would have to write a few letters to others that have seen things like this before but on the other lakes, namely Huron. According to a pen pal that I was corresponding with they had seen something of like what happened. Much like the boats that had the dent and the blood stains to show for it. The incidents there reminded me much of what happened to my sister in Scotland.

How a creature of this species survived as long as it did is a baffling thing. I caught the glow of its eyes on film. It looked eerie when it is on a black and white film. The school news paper won't publish these because it was too bizarre, the kind of thing that Tabloid reporters would jump all over. Almost as much as the coverage that the batboy received. I am not about to turn the local newspaper into some tabloid circus.

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The pages of science fiction becoming in one form or another science fact, perhaps the urban myth that lived within the city a few years of a prehistoric lizard living in the waters of Lake Michigan and travels up the Chicago River. Though it wasn't seen or heard, one could see the things outline in the water. A long neck and a body that looked like a Spanish ship, breathing and moving faster than a shark. Harmless except for its size injuring passengers in various boats traveling up and down the Chicago River. The question of how it was able to learn, namely to travel within the water locks used to change between the Chicago River to the Lake itself.

"What is that kid doing," another would say looking on, "why do you have that camera?"

I know I was going to get some strange looks here and there with the camera, because I want to get a photo of the creature that looks like Nessie. The looks that I was already getting with Super VHS camcorder was one that would have some puzzled expression. That this creature became an obsession; the proof to disprove what Mr. O'Barr was saying about evolution being a lie. This was science fiction being reality. The plan was that I would allow the video tape to play overnight in the city while I stayed at a hotel near by. Lie about my age to get a room; being that I had borrowed the parents credit card and a fake ID. The place one needed to be 19 to own the room for a few days, and made sure it was on my parents credit card. It was funny how they trust me enough to use it, stayed at the Rodeway Inn in Greek Town. Gave me the perfect base camp for my project. I knew that this prehistoric creature was nocturnal but they ranged from animal to animal. They developed a personality that was all their own; as they would have the closest relative would be an aquatic sea turtle. There would be no record of this lake fossil until now, though I had to come up with something of an excuse to use the video equipment since I was with the radio and television production

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club at Glenbard North. I told the teacher who is involved with the club that I wanted to do a documentary about urban myths in Chicago, and this is the one that plays around with that idea. They think if I did get the photos published that I would turn the school paper into some kind of tabloid circus. Though on the way to the Chicago I made purchases of some tabloid rags. Namely the ones of the Loch Ness monster on the cover, apparently, my sister was featured in the story of how Nessie caused her to get a really bad bump on her head.

“Sis, you said you won’t tell the Tabloid journalists anything? Though you weren’t able to remember the thing, but the Scottish tabloids live off the Loch Ness story. They ran the thing, for a few years,” I spoke into a tape recorder, “Though I learned about there was something of a similar creature living in the Chicago River it would travel up and down stream then going back into the Great Lakes. I got a letter from another who saw something like this lake fossil living in Lake Huron. I borrowed mom and Jonathan’s credit card, they gave me permission to use it. I had a fake ID that a few friends made for me so I can have a hotel room.”

I turn off the tape player, then I look over the borrowed equipment. The super VHS camcorder, tripod, microphone, and the other treasures that I borrowed from the thing. Along with the cameras that I had from photography, I am going to video tape myself photographing the lake fossil. I have an entire weekend to do this taping and will see if I can get a copy of this to my sister; all this in the name of science. Mr. O’Barr gave me some ugly looks when he saw the thesis on this project, he gave me a D+, almost if he was saying that there was no such thing as the Loch Ness creature.

“Mr. Borland, why do you have an interest in such things?” Mr. O’Barr would ask as someone with a look like he wanted to preach.

“Just that there were reasons why I am interested. My

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sister had a nasty bump on her head from a booting accident, and a prehistoric creature bumped her boat. Same thing happened to our father but caused him to have a heart attack; he was on a smaller boat fishing in Loch Ness,” I responded, “hope that answers your question. Don’t tell me that evolution is a lie because I kept getting that from others who saw the tabloid newspapers in my possession. The questions they asked if living lake fossils existed still in the place. The kind of thing that intrigued Robert Ripley. The reason I grew up watching *Ripley’s Believe it Or Not*. Tell me something Mr. O’Barr, were you always a follower of the faith or did you have a curiosity for the unknown. This is something that intrigued me since I went to go visit my older sister in Scotland.”

“I don’t believe in Evolution, Mr. Borland,” Mr. O’Barr responded in rebuttal, “I know that your interest is in science but this tabloid pursuit will not give you a passing grade in my class.”

It was that kind of look of sternness that I expected from a kind of teacher he was, anything when connected to science was something of a taboo to him. The discussion of science with him seems to bring out the street preacher in him; leading him to go into a Sunday school discussion of how one should not put their faith in science. He managed to convince one of the science teachers to remove the evolutionary chain from the wall in the classroom. And a discussion of a living lake fossil, would become a stirring discussion for him and the temptation for him to go into a sermon in middle of class. I have seen him do this before. The kind of speech he would give on reading tabloid newspapers; how they are nothing but a bunch of fake journalism. Fake journalism, the words that he said of those kind of newspapers. The kind of writing that comes from the pages of those who wrote for the tabloids. Tabloids. They were something my mother always kept in the house even when she lived in Scotland; they always had

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something interesting to them. A detail that was a lot more complex than their American counterparts. But the topic of the Loch Ness had always played into the eyes of the reporters of newspapers or fake newspapers, example being the National Examiner or National Inquirer. Though the morbid curiosity of what was there in form of Bat Boy. About as strange as the stories they spoke about referring to the Fiji Mermaid. Apparently my mother gave me one of those tabloid newspapers to read while I am staying at the Rodeway Inn; she told me it was research.

My girlfriend believed in this sort of thing, she read those newspapers like some would read the Bible. Words cannot describe what kind of things she would do to get herself the tabloid fix. She reads those things almost if they were a designer drug. She had an interest in the Loch Ness monster and wondered if there was something like it in the new world, felt the thing that bumped the boat when she was on a cruise ship in Lake Huron. She rarely spoke of the details but she knew that her dealings with the lake fossil was one that left her with a broken arm. The scenario was similar to that of what happened Allena, something bumping into the boat then a shape of a prehistoric creature swimming back into the deep, bumped the boat when it was trying to get some air. In that act of the creature getting air, the boat rocked violently and fast enough to break an arm.

Esther had to go to the hospital for a few weeks after that. She needed a cast on her arm for three months because the way it broke was in three places. I went to go visit her when she was recovering, the mother vouched for me to take a United Airlines flight over there from O'Hare International Airport.

I saw the damage to the boat too, similar that happening of my older sister. It was that sort of thing I thought about and the curiosity was there about the creature of Loch Ness, and if

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any others lived in the waters in the new world. The kind of thing that really plays with the imagination, it was a surprise that the tabloids weren't chasing this story around. She wasn't exactly frightened; just didn't know what was going on. Since then she had been reading tabloid newspapers religiously to find out if there were other things that happened in the other Great Lakes. I guess her area was lucky so far when it came to the tabloids hunting around let alone not a single journalist of that kind according to her letters. She described a shape of an animal with a long neck and a narrow head, but she wasn't able to capture it on film. She did send me her journal to read and I kept it with me, especially when looking over my camera equipment. I was going to read parts of it where she explains how she broke her arm. I am surprised that Mr. O'Barr didn't confiscate this journal because I compared her notes to my own about this creature. Though the creature was a fish eater, the thing sometimes would bump a few boats every now and then. It didn't mean to but it would occasionally when they won't know what was up there; explaining the dents.

Those dents; the dents were a familiar sight because of the boat accident my sister was in. According to the girlfriend, a living fossil swam about in Lake Huron but felt it bumping the boat. It was harmless except for its size and curiosity. The curiosity she had became the thing that invoked her collection of tabloid newspapers and her room was wallpapered with it. One thing always got her interested about collecting them, that being the story about bat boy. How she was interested in a thing as a collection of fake journalism is a question going beyond me, but who am I to question because I have a curiosity for a creature that lives in the Great Lakes. A creature that lives out of the pages of a Michael Crichton novel and in various pages of a tabloid newspaper. From those pages she kept pictures of the Bat Boy and Loch Ness monster. She always wondered if there was a Loch Ness type lake fossil living in the

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waters of the Great Lakes. She sent the photos of her room to me via a letter, and answered her correspondence message a few years before I went to Scotland. According to her letter, she described the photos of the boat and shown the photos. The unbelievable becomes the believed, and one cannot begin to say of what was there in the mind, dwelling in the depths of the imagination. The experience made her study to become a journalist, at this time when she wrote the letter she was about fifteen years of age but already had a job working as a journalist. A tabloid newspaper no less, but I won't mention the name of it off hand.

It would come to mind when I studied my notes I took and on the journals I kept, I knew one thing. A lake fossil lived in the Chicago River and travels out to Lake Michigan. The observations of the lake were the thing that kept me sane, that fascination with the Chicago River was the thing that kept me going. I constantly studied the waters of the river because I knew it was down there. Looking over my camera equipment and the letters I've received from Esther about the studies she did about the possible Lake Fossil in Huron played a huge part in this. Of all the while I was looking at the articles my sister appears in on the Scottish tabloids. They had her photo with head bandaged and she relates the story in its detail. Then relates how our father died of a heart attack; and the details of the accident played into her mind of how it happened.

The lake fossil bumped the fishing boat he was on and then had a heart attack, the doctors could not revive him in time. It was from that conviction I had in his death that I wanted to follow if there was a creature that lived in each of the Great Lakes. In the eyes of the journalists looking on, some might be suggesting that I need to be committed because they never seen this thing.

I cannot describe what I had in my contents off hand, knowing I needed to get on a boat and in the river so I could

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get more footage. I waited until it was dark before I took a boat into the river, knew someone who worked the docks and had a descent sized boat they could loan me. A friend of my fathers ran a business that owned boats; he was an interesting figure. Somewhat resembled the fisherman from JAWS; didn't speak like him, a lot younger than the fishermen character in the film.

"I have seen this thing you are looking for, relatively harmless except for the bumping of boats in the water," Thomas Klein responded, "seen him while fishing in Lake Michigan. What's your name kid?"

"Rich Borland," I responded, "I am doing an assignment for a class."

"I remember you now, Greg Borland's son. You father and I used to go fishing in

Scotland before I moved to America. You were the one whose sister got the bump on her head because old Nessie bumped the boat," the fisherman responded, "we were never able to catch a thing because of Nessie. The things I have seen in these waters are the type of thing that urban myths are written from. You know, the kind of thing that folklorists hound to see some validity to the story. I have seen it; it looked like something from another time and period." I sat there, intrigued by the story as he was describing the sighting. I've let the camera roll because his account was one that I knew I could use for the project. I might of used about ten minutes of videotape with the footage of him relating the account of seeing the lake fossil swimming in the waters. More I spoke with the guy, the more I felt like I was being a journalist.

He looked into the camera with some animated emotions, when he mentioned his account describing how he saw some boats being bumped and a few broken limbs from the passengers because how violently it shook when the creature

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would curiously surface and investigate the surroundings around it. It wasn't its fault that people are injured, just didn't know better. It might be intelligent, though one might not know the kind of brain power it has. Its curiosity for humans is baffling. His account with the creature was the same as the one my sister had when she was living in Scotland. This was coming from a rational man, and the way he related the story was from a stable mind. This gave me more of a justification to do the project, despite what Mr. Edwin O'Barr had to say about the existence of a lake fossil. He didn't believe in an older earth as science proved.

"I have the exact kind of boat you are looking for to look for this creature, a boat with a window and a back light. I will take you out looking for it at no charge, being this is an assignment for your class," Klein responded, "my wife was interested in this sort of thing for quite some time. So we're going to bring her along too. She was a journalist when we lived in Scotland, wasn't the same journalist that covered the story that your sister was in but that happened long after we moved here. I know of this teacher you are talking about, he doesn't know anything about Science and fossils. This thing, the animal is an example of a living fossil. The question of how it survived extinction baffles me." He had a slight grin to his face and invited his wife over to look at the waters, trying to find the silhouette of the creature.

"I forgot to introduce you to my wife, Judith, " he smirked, "Judith, this is Greg Borland's son who moved to America after Greg's passing. His sister is the one that had the chance encounter with Nessie, and his girlfriend had an encounter with another of the Lake Fossils in Lake Huron. He is doing a project with one of his classes about the creature. He brought photos with him of the boats that it dented with its curiosity."

"Let me see some of those photos, Rich, perhaps there

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might be something there. We don't know for certain," Judith suggested with a puzzled look on her face, "I studied this thing since I was your age. I always knew that something similar to the Loch Ness creature lived in the Great Lakes just never said anything about it until the recent weeks when I saw people go in and out of hospitals for broken arms, legs, or bad bumps to their head. I have seen the dents at the bottom of the boat a few times and it was from the lake fossil. It means no harm, just very curious. That is why we always keep fish in the cooler; the lake fossil is a fish eating lizard the size of a medium sized lake cruiser. Sure I got a lot of the jokes, even when I was at Glenbard North. I too went to that school; Mr. Edwin O'Barr was a student there. He was always a religious fanatic, and his parents vouched to put him in Wheaton College. I was born in Scotland but came to the states for high school; then I moved back to Scotland after graduating. That is where I met your father as well as my husband. They were both fishermen. I saw the head out of the water, though all around me thought I was not sound of mind. The interest you have in this, reminds me greatly of my second cousin Esther."

Judith showed some great interest in the notebooks, almost if she was the older sister of my girlfriend, Esther. She turned out to be related to Esther; in fact, she was one of her older cousins. I've noticed one of the photos on the boat they had of Esther in one of the rooms.

"Esther is my girlfriend," I replied; "I met up with her after a year of correspondence."

"So the one she was talking to me about in our letters was you," Judith commented, "the one whose sister had the bad bump on her head from a lake fossil bumping the cruiser she was in. I learned about that when I was living in Scotland at the time. I moved back out here after knowing about the story. That was when my husband met your father. I think I know about that correspondence you spoke of since Esther was

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talking about it as well, she found it from a tabloid newspaper. I didn't know I would be ending up meeting that person she spoke of tonight. Sometimes everything falls together when it is not expected, when something is told or believed...or not believed. I remember the account that she came in contact with the lake fossil, she was out with a few friends on Lake Huron and felt a thud to the boat. Some of her friends fell over board but they got back into the boat. One was knocked unconscious nothing too severe. The one that was cold, did live but wasn't able to remember much of the events of the accident. The ones who were knocked in the water remember a silhouette the size of a medium size lake cruiser. The creature had a huge body and narrow neck, harmless creature and quite curious. The eyes resembled an old soul, almost if it lived for centuries in the lake."

I allowed the camera and audio to record as she told her account of the events my girlfriend related. I had the camera set up; and hit record the moment she started talking about the fossil in the Great Lakes. I felt it was there, but could not tell off hand or not. Even when I looked into the glass floor of the vessel. I wasn't able to tell in the darkness and the fog off surface of the river waters then leading into the lake of it was going to be there. No one knows the exact time when the animal will swim into the locks and then into the river, but some had said a little about sightings of one in Lake Michigan. Even if she described the silhouette, at the time we were on the water and seen absolutely nothing. In that nothingness, one felt the howl of the silhouette in the water the thumping of the creature against the starboard side. Then in that nothingness I saw its eyes looking up from the glass of the bottom of the boat. It's about as curious of us; as we are of it. Its eye was that of innocence and curiosity, feeling us out much like an exhibit of a petting zoo.

"If only Mr. O'Barr could get a look at this creature, it's

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brillant,” I said looking to Judith.

“I don’t think he would believe us even if he had the video footage to look at,” she said, smiling. She was as much curious about this project as her husband was.

“How a creature who survived the ice ages and the extinction of the dinosaurs lived in this lake all this time. It is the kind of thing only written in science fiction novels and movies, but we are sitting here now looking at a wonder in the world,” she commented.

“I don’t know if I have the words to say of what I seen today, this video camera will be those words,” I responded in astonishment.

That eye is one I will remember for many years to come, even as a seventeen year old. The stories that my sister and the girlfriend related to the tabloid were true of how they came to be, the possibility of a Loch Ness type creature living in the Great Lakes. This video will answer the doubting questions of a certain teacher who been giving me a dirty look here, and because of the journals I kept about the thing. Of what I wrote from the photos my sister took from her campus in Scotland were the reminders of the boating accident. The accident was from a dent made in the boat by the lake fossil living in the waters there. Though from the lake called Loch Ness, the truth was told of the creature but the question of them living in the Great Lakes played in the minds of many. The pictures and journals kept left Judith in a form of astonishment, being of in her mind about what her former classmate will say of the video footage of the lake fossil swimming beneath the boat I chartered. If only Mr. O’Barr was with us on this trip; perhaps he would learn to keep his preaching mouth shut of a young earth. It is always fun to prove a teacher like him wrong, according to Judith who used to be a classmate of his.

“Keep taping, the animal is looking up at the boat and it

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isn't bumping it either," Judith called over to me. She was looking with great interest, almost if she was watching a science fiction movie. She felt that she was living out a plot in a short story from Amazing Stories. She didn't even know what to make of the animal, the creature everyone calls the lake fossil.

I kept rolling the camera, with no questions asked. Knowing that something can be said with just the footage I captured with the thing alone. I am not sure if it was going to stay there long enough for me to continue filming but I knew I had to film. I made sure I had about four battery packs all charged up; being if I didn't film this no one would even begin to believe me. I felt the sweat dripping off my forehead when the animal got a closer look. I felt the bumping of the boat but it wasn't as rough as the time when a similar animal bumped the cruiser my sister was riding while in Scotland. I was doing a descent job of keeping the camera steady as the animal stared back at us from the bottom of the glass floor. I had my night cut out for me, wasn't expecting anything to appear and here it is starting back at me from the floor under the water.

"Klein, get down here. There is something that you might want to see," I called out to fisherman, "not even the history of science one could describe the astonishment seen here."

He couldn't say a word, the expression I caught on film was enough to describe what was there. He looks at the bottom of the boat and sees the lake fossil staring back at him; might of stood there for a good four hours before he took notice. If I wasn't mistaking, it was almost like he's seen this before in Scotland. The sketches in Allena's journal resembled the creature outside the watercraft. Words enough cannot begin to tell of what was out there, the wonder of something which lived centuries. This fish eater being one of those wonders if everyone told about, the journalists would hound over.

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"You taping this?" Klein asked, with a still puzzled look on his face. He could not begin to understand the magnitude of this taping, how a mere high school student and friends of the family went out on an expedition for something they were not able to find. Or not expecting to find something, but did. The animal was the size of their boat, and hovering underneath the vessel. Beneath the waters, one cannot begin to tell what lives there or what animals dwelled from another time. Prehistoric, as what described of the origins of this animal; this living thing, as alien it appears one can say it outlived the human race.

"Amazing creature, isn't it," Klein said studying the animal staring back at him.

"Mr. O'Barr won't believe it if he's seen it with his own two eyes," I replied back.

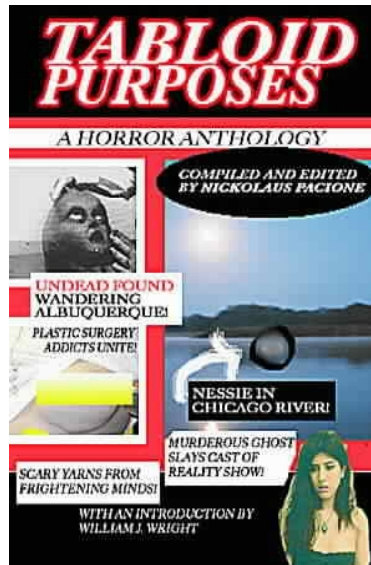
"A miracle of science and evolution, how a creature survived the age of dinosaurs," Judith added to the comment, "perhaps a bit of creation in there. It really proves how long this world existed for."

I just stood there stupefied, taping with a look of bewilderment to my face. I am not sure what kind of grade I will get with a project as this. Though it is one that I knew that I needed to do to ease my mind. Even if it wasn't a school project I might of done it anyway; all because my girlfriend and her cousin are tabloid collectors. I never thought it was a family affair with them; until I met her cousin, Judith Klein. As for Mr. Edwin O'Barr, the footage here would leave him with a stupid-eyed look on his face. The look when Science had proven religion wrong, the things of superstition came to the written word. Though from the astonishing thing is the written word, as descriptions of this creature though what I captured on film was something words cannot even capture. Even in the eyes of a rational man, the things explained on this tape wouldn't seem rational. Even when at times, nothing

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added up; or to the sound mind they wouldn't be so sound. The testimony of astonishment when one sees a wonder as the lake fossil staring at them with a human-like curiosity.

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A Message from the editor: This story is one of many short stories you'll find in the first ever anthology I edited called TABLOID PURPOSES. It was first published in September 2004, and the story here is the spearhead for my publishing company, LAKE FOSSIL PRESS. First written in the spring of 2004, it became my first science fiction story after a number of years writing horror. I needed a new challenge and this was the challenge right here. The second sequel is published on the online PDF downloadable website for a small fee along with Library Of Bones being the free read on



there. The site is <http://www.horormasters.com> and my very own magazine's [second issue](#) of The Ethereal Gazette. This anthology and its younger siblings are both greeted with a lot of controversy. The second one is now available too, and you can get [Lake Fossil III](#) here on lulu.com either being part of a collection or by itself.