

Chapter Three

Makeover

The next morning Logan raced up to the treehouse with Otis under one arm.

“Eva, Eva,” he said as he snuck in through the door. “Where is that thing we found last night?”

“Shhh, he is asleep on the sofa,” she whispered. “And he is not a thing. I’m sure of it now – this is Bigfoot. Or at least a Bigfoot. Who knows how many of them there are? He must have come down into town from the woods.”

Logan noticed movement outside the window.

“Take a look at this!” he hissed. “There are very strange people out by your bins. They look like something from a sci-fi film.”

Men dressed in black suits and ties were looking in and around Eva’s bins.

It was a grey day but they were still wearing sunglasses. It all looked rather odd.

Eva stood back from the window. “Oh no, they must be after him.”

Logan looked over at the sofa.

The Bigfoot was a snoring mass of hair with two large pink feet sticking out of the end. He smelled like something at the bottom of a dirty laundry basket.

