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Bigfoot howard stern vermont

Page TransparencyFacebook now information that guides you to page you can. See the authority to do so that manages and publishes content on the side of the activity page. Show all (Mark Bigfoot Shaw holding court on his throne.) HOWARD STERN'S BIGFOOT CATASTROPHE (Written for non-Stern listeners and fans.) Age at the time: 32 * Warning before reading: This is aimed at all armchair critics who have never stood in a miniature bathroom with a giant naked man named Bigfoot as he smokes one joint after another and tells him he's covered in dwarves and scabies and is likely to repeatedly himself. I don't care if you find this mindless real experience entertaining or not, I'm just saying that ex-Howard Stern news editor Steve Langford can prove every wild detail of this crazy adventure. And for those who think I'm trying to become famous by doing this, I really wasn't, I just had to push my shit-covered Bigfoot car into the passenger seat and drive him back to my home in New Jersey and some kind of sick version of fame was mine, but I didn't want to be a part of it. To this day, I care about Mark Shaw (Bigfoot) and think about him often. I spent a month of my life wrapped up in his madness. I could have bypassed the graphic details of the story and shortened it. But I wrote this to me so I'd never forget what I was going through. I never made this story public when I wrote it nine years ago. Every now and then, someone comes across it and pushes it back to the fore. Nine years ago, I, too, was a human fiasco who thrived on the most insensate things. But one thing's for sure, I gave Bigfoot everything I had for a month. If you're a lazy reader who just wants a slogan, get out right now. But if you want every detail of the inadsleid into a truly incredible story, I urge you to read something I'll

never be proud of, but I'll never forget. If the cameras had followed Bigfoot and me this month, there would have been no reason to document it with a written word. This is a 100% true story, as long as it's true, and as crazy as it is incomprehensible. I was just a terrified passenger on a Bigfoot train through hell. Beginning: A few years ago, Howard Stern, an outspoken shock jock and widely proclaimed king of all media who now broadcasts outer space, was the race itself. There was only one rule and only one rule in the competition: to find America's most losing, outrageous and disgusting person and to crown that person with that very title: King of all the losing people. Then give that person a few thousand dollars for doing nothing but act. Retarded. The winner of this once-in-a-lifetime competition was more than who. I'll never forget the first time I heard him on the radio because I almost choked on my tongue, laughed so hard. This guy who came over the airwaves spoke like a mentally disabled version of Barry White. And because he had a tick in mind, he ended every sentence he spoke with the words: It is. For example: I just my pants, go buy me new underwear, it's. Or: I have candles and scabies crawling around me, it's! Spin the joint before I die, it is! (Actual dialogue between Isojala and I.) When Howard Stern introduced himself in a radio studio that sounded like a band of chimpanzees fighting for a crack pipe, Howard Stern and his staff finally declared Mark Bigfoot Show's cash prize winner and proud newest member of the Wack Pack, which is only Top Gun for idiots. Poor Bigfoot didn't know what winning this race would do to his life. It was making his life worse if it had been possible. Mark Shaw came to New York that day from a small town near the Canadian border in Vermont. His friend literally threw him in a truck one night, drove nine hours to NYC, pushed him into a chair in front of Howard Stern, and boom, within minutes a legend emerged. Imagine how Charles Manson comes across a truckload of human growth hormone. He's a huge man with a huge head and mane, and a size 15 triple E shoes to boot, hence the name. To me, he was nothing but radio gold. It's been years since Bigfoot's wild debut on The Howard Stern Show. Unfortunately, his success on the show has only been met with the daily pain of his existence. By the end of February 2008, Howard Stern's newscasts bigfoot was almost nearing the end, homeless, evaded by an entire community and just finishing it all off. I didn't do anything, and I had a pretty good time with it. I'd been busy sitting in front of my computer during the day and writing nonsense streaming Howard Stern with a constant loop. Every day at the same time, at 10:00 a.m., news reporter Steve Langford came into the studio and appealed to the radio world: Can anyone help with Bigfoam? Is anyone listening to us? Is there anything anyone can do to save this man? News reported that Bigfoot was in northern Vermont sleeping in the cold, unable to take care of himself and so depressed that he tried to kill himself weekly and never succeeded. Every morning, Steve Langford's news got worse and worse. Then one day, when I was sitting. Just at the usual time, it suddenly hit me: why couldn't I be the one helping Bigfoot? I was hanging out with the freaks. If you show me someone who smells like urine and looks like hell, I'll show you my new friend. So I made my decision to do something about Bigfoot. Now that I've got the idea that I should help save her, there was no turning back. Like many, I have pure obsessive thinking about making bad decisions. The worse the idea, the more likely I am to do it. A few mornings later, without even listening to the radio, I decided to call. I called Howard Stern's news department and prepared to leave a message. I said, Hi, my name is Patrick McFadden, and I'd like to help Bigfo named Bigfo. I've spoken to my wife, and she's agreed that I can drive to Vermont from New Jersey, pick up Bigfoot and then give her a place to sleep at our house until she gets back on her feet. After that, I hung up. I didn't even realize what I had just said. My wife didn't know what I was doing. I just wanted to say something so appealing on their computer that they had to call me back. And that's exactly how it went. After that, I walked across the living room of my house for half an hour before I could no longer stand racing thoughts in my head. I walked out the door and straight to the bar on the street and started drinking like it was the end of time. I was drunk real fast. The bartender who was my friend thought I hit marijuana a little too hard that morning instead of how I walked in and started rambolling about Bigfoot and Howard Stern, and how they could both come to me. About an hour passed and I'd done. I must have looked like an exhausted boxer after 15 long rounds. If the workers at this tavern weren't already my friends, I probably would have been told on the street. Then my cell phone rang. It was a code I didn't recognize. I stared at the number and let it go straight to voicemail. After the wolf, I looked at the number again for another drink. Normally, I would give about 35 messages to the mailbox before listening to one of them. My voicemail was full of 10 long minutes of people wondering if I was still alive, or if I would ever answer their call before suddenly I heard about the static at the other end. At first there was no sound, and then... Hey, Patrick, this is Steve Langford from The Howard Stern Show. I just got your message, and I'd like to talk to you as soon as possible about the offer you've handed bigfoot. Call me at the earliest. This sounds like a fantastic story! I put the phone down. The first thing the bartender asked was, Who died? because of the look on my face. I didn't know how I'd feel. I was just trying to contact a place where 99% of all people were turned away, and now they wanted to hear from me as soon as possible. I admired the bartender and said: It was the Howard Stern Show, they want me to call them right back. By the way, the muscles on my face twitched, my friend's bartender soon realized that I had told the truth all along. He hit the bar and excitedly urged me: Go call them, what are you waiting for? I looked at Chris, an avid bartender, and replied: Look at me... I'm so drunk, my breath is like a snap. Howard Stern's guy wants to know what's wrong with me. Chris turned calmly and reminded me: Pat, you're Irish, you've been lost every second I've known you, which makes this moment different? I don't know how you do it, but you're talking all right right now. He was right. I realized that if I was sober, this is exactly how I'd like to feel before making a phone call. I picked up my phone and jumped off a stool. This tavern I was in doubled as a restaurant, and right in the middle of lunch, I started stumbling upon their tables and calling Howard Stern. There was no answer, so I left another message explaining who I am. I breathed a sigh of relief, but within seconds my phone rang again. It was the same weird number. I held my breath, Hey, I answered. It sounded like whoever was at the other end was driving a convertible. Patrick, hey, this is Steve Langford back from The Howard Stern Show... Do you have time to talk? Of course, Steve, I answered. Great, matched by a pleasant voice. Do you mind if I roll the tape? I'll use this on our news break later. I'm going to show it to you as one of our top stories. I don't know what squeezed my ass cheek faster, the fact that I was now disposed of on the radio for the nation to hear, or over the fact that I'd only made one real phone call to these people and I was already a top story. I fired another shot and went with it. Definitely Steve, anything I can do to help. For the next 10 minutes, Steve Langford asked all sorts of questions I never thought I'd hear. And they all treated me to living, feeding, cleaning and basically changing the diapers of a man named Bigfoot, which I just learned for the first time, was a total schizophrenic. But what can I say? Of course I can do it all, Steve, I replied with joy. The sister used to work for a retarded child society, better known as ARC, I continued. He used to bring mentally ill people across our house for dinner all the time... We loved it. Unfortunately, I forgot to mention to Steve that I never stayed for these dinners. At the end of our conversation, Steve complimented me on my overwhelming generosity and told me that while he thought this story sounded too good to be true, he would lead it as leading news anyway as soon as we hung up. After that, he said he'd call me the next day. I didn't even know what to say. And that's where our real story begins. It was March 1, 2008. Almost two weeks after that, Steve and I talked every day. As soon as I spoke to him, I went straight to the radio and listened to myself about the most ridiculous and ridiculous things about a man who won a competition to be the craziest person in the country and who I'd never even met. I wasn't the only one listening to Howard Stern's news breaks. Friends, family, acquaintances, whatever, they all came out of the wood work calling me randomly during the day and night to ask, number one: Did I just hear you on the radio? And to: What the hell is wrong with you? Do you remember my wife? He was worried, too. He came home from work every day for two weeks and asked me. Pat, now I hear from some of my employees that you're going to drive to Vermont to pick up this guy, Bigfoot, and then bring him back to our house to live with us? I know it's fun to be on the radio and all... But what exactly are you telling these people, and why is it getting worse every day? My wife knew who Bigfoot was. He was in the car with me several times when Bigfoot was on the radio, upsetting the world with madness. But in the long run, he listened to the radio so rarely, which meant I could keep him a secret. And during the twists and turns of this fragile story, he didn't have to know. However, this does not mean that he has not panicked. People we knew from all walks of life would keep telling me exactly what I said on the radio, word for word. And after every news break, after yelling at me and threatening me, I replied: Everyone you've spoken to is all wrong... they have everything wrong... None of what they say is true. I didn't say anything like that. Every day 1.3.-11.3. According to me, I wasn't just going to pick up the house and then feed Bigfoot, but I was going to throw him a huge weekend festival now, calling it: Welcome home Bigfoot And luau, it's a party. It's clearly a Bigfoot trademark clause with which he signed every sentence. I was also going to take Bigfoot looking for a job, even though I didn't even have one. For the fall of it all, when he moved in with my wife and I had settled in, we were going to go tour the countryside while showing Bigfoot all the beauty and glory of the United States. piled up so high, I needed wings to stay above it. March 12th. It was the early evening, and I was at my parents' house listening to them babbling about god knows where. When I was in the middle of it, my phone rang. I looked at my parents and declared, It's the Howard Stern Show! I picked up the phone, and it was Steve Langford, news editor of the Howard 100. He only had one question for me: Patrick, it's almost two weeks, are you ready to do this? Are you ready to pick up Bigfo and bring him home? I looked at my parents, both of whom looked at me. They knew as much about this as my wife did. All they knew was that I had been mischievous for most of my life and in the last two weeks I decided to kick it a little bit. I answered Steve. Steve, I'll do it... I should be on the road by tomorrow morning. Tell Bigfoot to hold on, tell him help's on the way. Steve replied: Tell him yourself, I'll give you his phone number right now, he wants to talk to you. I shook my parents out of their stupor and asked them to take a pen so I could take up the Bigfoot number; They both did. I gave him the number, I told Steve I'd call him and tell him I was leaving and hung up. I turned to my parents and informed them: Bigfoot wants to talk to me... I have to go outside. My parents had no problem with me going out, but they just wanted to know who the was Bigfoot? Sometimes it was exhausting to be me, and this was one of those days. I walked into my parents' garage and read myself to play. As always, I started stepping when I called. I was preparing for the idea that I was now inviting the craziest person Howard Stern has ever met, which really said something. The phone started ringing. What grabbed the other end even confused a man like me. It was a combination of subdued shades attached to a sanarykel that would have left all cryptologists baffled. Bigfoot replied and it went something like this: Bigfoot house pancakes and Subway sandwiches, it's, this is Mark talking, it's how I can help you... Who the is this, it's ?!!! From that moment on, I realized I had to bring my A-game if I was going to go straight together. An award-winning maniac. Even though I was trying to offer you a mea d'amnest, I never even got a chance. Bigfoot was already hooting me with some low guttural horror movie voice, irritable that I hadn't even introduced myself yet, even though I'd been trying it all along. I don't care who you are, it is, you have to go to Vermont right now and get me out of here, that's it! They do all sorts of crazy tests on me, it's... I'm going to need some help! You have to come in here and come help me right now, it is! Everybody's after me! The doctors are trying to steal my Cadillac. And it's too hot in here! Mark! I be asked him to. I'm coming to help you, you don't have to yell at me like this! I almost surprised myself by saying, It's. I'm leaving New Jersey first thing in the morning to pick you up. Then I heard screaming through the receiver and someone talking about the speaker in the background. It was clear that Bigfoot was on the ward at some kind of hospital. He was talking to me and three or four of the other at the same time and yelling at all of us. When I said I'd call him the next morning when I got in the way, he hung up on me. I was confused and numb as I stood there staring at my phone, wondering what the I've done? I put everything high after that. I flew out of my parents' house and drove home to prepare what was coming. In retrospect, I would have needed 80 lifetimes to prepare for what I was prepared for. During that afternoon, I was lying around trying to figure out what to do. I didn't know what to tell my wife. My car had a bad inspection sticker and I certainly didn't want to take that vehicle on an endless trip to pick up someone who had just been released from a straight jacket. My cash flow was also unfortunate at best. Besides all that, I had no idea where I was going. All I knew was that Bigfoot was somewhere in the north, far north, somewhere near Canada. I started putting my necessary ducks in line. I called my mother. Mom, I said. This is the chance of a lifetime. I promise I'll take good care of it, but can I borrow your car tonight, my plans have been accelerated. I promise this time we won't run out of gas. He already knew I was going to call and ask him to borrow his car, he even said it. All I knew was you'd call and ask me for a van. Where are you going? I grabbed the phone tight as I held my breath and closed my eyes. I said, Vermont. I heard a sigh on the other end. Vermont is a big state, what part of Vermont? Was I going to say I had no idea? I did what I did. Best, I twisted the truth. I'm going across the state line from Massachusetts. I turn inside and swing out. I'm literally only in Vermont for an hour. I was so confused about how anyone could believe a word I've said. All right, he bent. I'll leave the keys on the table. Come get them when you're ready. This was huge. I would now travel in an unobtrusive family car and drive low under the radar. A major obstacle had been avoided. My mother only had one question for me. Why are you going to Vermont again? What's so important? I have to go, Mom, I replied. I felt like Indiana Jones when he shot a sword fighter instead of fighting him. I'll call you when I get there. I've got a lot of work to do right now, thank you so much. Next on the list was my wife. He was working until 8:00 that night, which meant that if everything went according to plan, I'd have another six hours to sneak around to get things done. I also planned to stop at his place of work to tell him the big news about my upcoming trip instead of dropping it on him over the phone. He appreciated it a lot more when I lied to him personally. It was around noon when I arrived at the biggest decision of the day, which was my estimated departure time. All the signals indicated that I was going to get in the way and leave right now. I knew I had to hit the road before my wife came home and started grilling me. Another key variable was that I could still, literally, at any time, talk myself out of it. I started putting my things together. I ran upstairs and jumped on a computer and a map of the wanted Hackettstown, New Jersey to Newport, Vermont – the hometown of Bigfoot. I quickly looked at the instructions and it said, I-80 I-95- I-91 and then bam, I was there. I looked at the mileage and it was just like I thought: it was a million miles away. There was only one thing left, and that was for my financial situation. There's no reason to trace the beginning of this story to realize that I've never been much of an employee. Cash was a problem for me once, and to be honest, I've never needed so much money. But this wasn't one of those days. What happened was that in the top drawer of my dresser, I had money set aside against a pot. I was really down with a precious magazine and had planned to go very soon to get more. I ran upstairs to count how much money I had, and I only had about \$100. I stood there with the money in my hand trying to imagine all my needs along the way: gas, food, maybe a rope. I wanted to hang myself. In the end, I only grabbed \$60. I still can't believe my faulty judgment. Where the did I think I was going for \$60? But I didn't think about it at the time, and I stuffed the money in my pocket thinking I could stretch it and make it last. With a small pot, three \$20 bills and hours behind the wheel, I ran across town, took my mother's van and went on the road to tell my wife big and great news, which was of course a little distorted. My wife worked 20 minutes from our house, but luckily it was on her way to Vermont. I drove there to prepare a big speech in my head. It went like this: Hey, baby, I have my mom's van tonight and I might go out tonight. I might go to Vermont or play poker at Bob's. It looks more like a poker night, but you never know. I knew he'd never believe my story, but I also knew he'd be surrounded by all his employees and couldn't yell at me and do anything about it. Sometimes the pure timing of a lie is the best way to make it work. My plan couldn't have worked better. As I walked into his store, a pack of his employees were confronted, shouting. We heard you were with Howard Stern, oh my God, how's Bigfoot? I wanted my wife to see all the attention I got before I filled her with one lie after another. He said, You're not playing poker at all tonight, you're going to Vermont, aren't you? No, never, why on earth would I drive to Vermont at night, it's crazy. The game was over. Yes, you are, he replied. Then why the do you have your mother's van? It didn't matter anymore because there had been a wave of customers coming into his store and he had to go. I wish I could say I got away with it, but just as I was walking out the door, he shot me. Next time I see you, you're dead. Anyone smart would have thanked their lucky stars for not being knocked out, dragging a fight with his wife and getting on the road right after; But I'm not that smart. What I did when I visited with my wife was drive down the street from my wife's shop to the restaurant where I worked, and from there with friends and former colleagues sitting around me, I continued to destroy to the point where I could barely walk. I think Bill Murray said it best: Hey tots, keep the drinks coming, I've got a long drive ahead of me. I'm so intoxicated. From 4:30pm I ate a cup of soup and drank a bowl of gin. I told everyone what I was going to do when everyone at the bar bought me drinks and toasted the idea. I deliberately slipped out of my life. It wasn't until several people at the bar suggested that I might want to start driving to Vermont sometime this century that I even considered wrapping up a martini party. When I finally got into the van after all the drinks, I thought I was putting a quarter in the ignition instead of the key because the whole windshield in front of me looked like one big video game; I was drunk. And just then, I thought now would be a good time to smoke pot and send my brain into orbit. After poking holes in the aluminum stick and smoking, I was off duty, turned up like a demolished race car and ready to drive into oblivion. Having previously lived in Vermont, I had made the drive from New Jersey many times before, but in this case my destination was clear on the other side of the state, a place I had never even heard of. But that doesn't worry me at the moment because just as I was about to enter the entrance ramp on Highway 80 and start the long journey north, I glanced at the gas meter and almost poured a dump in my pants. The meter fell just under half the end of the tank and emptied less than a quarter of the tank less than 9 miles away. I had completely forgotten that there was only one fault with my mother's van: whenever a gas needle fell less than a quarter of the tank, it just fell off the table. So I stopped at the nearest gas station. When the tank filled up, I decided to call Bigfoot and tell him I was coming. Answering the phone, Bigfoot answered me: Who the are you, it is? I don't know anybody in New Jersey, it is! It wasn't until I explained to him again that it was me, Pat, the one who was coming to save him that he couldn't remember anything from the last 24 hours. He had news for me. I'm in a Newport City motel now, it's... I'm in room 28, it's... Hurry up and come here because I have things crawling over me and I'm not going to sleep until there's someone here guarding the door, it's. I was the kind of guy who focused on such small details, like: how did Bigfoot have his own cell phone if he was homeless and poor? Who paid him to stay at the hotel? But now that he said things were crawling on him and he was tickling and scratching and needed someone to guard his door, I knew I was stumbling deeper and deeper into the deep. But once again, Bigfoot hung up on me before I could even talk. I put the phone in my pocket and paid for the gas. It was \$37. Oh, shit! I thought. I looked down at the \$23 I'd left in my hand, and I thought how I hadn't even left New Jersey yet and my money had already run out. It should have been my cue, but I didn't. Plus That I was screwed, I was happy to make bad decisions. I got back in the car and drove away. My next heartbreaking surprise was when I ran into Interstate 95 and remembered that the George Washington Bridge was right in front of me and had a \$13 fee. I felt like I gave up part of my left hand when she reached out and took her taxes from me. I had \$10 in my pocket and 800 miles to drive. Driving that Frigid March night seemed to go on forever as I drove through the darkness and away from the city lights. I'm happy to hear Bigfoot call me every hour to tell me to hurry and that his motel room was too hot and that I had to go there and turn the thermostat for him, and that invisible bugs were still crawling on him. Every phone call got weirder and scared me a lot more. And I repeat, none of them made any sense. Then around 1:00 a.m.m bigfoot calls stopped. The night was Arctic and quiet when I arrived at the Vermont border and realized I was the only one on the road. I congratulated myself on getting this far, and I convinced myself that I didn't have much left until I could get out of the car and shake my first full schizophrenic. The gas meter needle, which had been holding steady throughout, began heading south around 3 a.m. I grabbed a shredded map with me and turned on the inside light while driving. I was trying to get my eyes where I was. I saw where I was. Then I saw where I was supposed to go. And because of the love of mental illness, I still had two hours of driving left! Before Newport, there was at least 120 miles left. I didn't even realize newport, Vermont was on the canadian border, not just near it. So I got bored and drove. It was .m when I saw my first signs in Newport. It just said, Newport, the last exit before the border. When I turned off the exit, I was steaming physically, mentally and carily. I stopped at the only gas station in town. I was sitting there staring at my gas meter and the \$4 I had left in my hand because I'd spent \$6 on food. What would I have done? Take Bigfoot for a ride around the block a few times before the gas ran out? I walked into the gas station and asked the woman behind the counter where the Newport City Motel was. According to him and the dog surrounding all the hot dogs and Slurpee machines, it was just down the street. I walked back out and got in the car. I was driving down a snowy street, not even 100 yards from a gas station with a big green sign: the Newport City Motel. When I came in, everything was quiet. I saw the room where Bigfoot apparently stayed and it was also dark and quiet. With the van left. I was sitting there with my thoughts when it started snowing. I was exhausted, broke, nervous and, above all, cold every time I turned off the engine. I was forced to leave the van running as the needle fell further and further below E. But still, I had no choice, I had to leave the van running. According to the thermostat on the bank sign, it was well below zero and I was frozen. I tried to sleep, but it didn't do any good. I planned to wait until at least .m before I started pounding Bigfoot and adding him to my growing list of problems. What would I have done in the meantime? I've been thinking about it. \$4 couldn't get me back to New Jersey, but it could get me another hour or two of heat. I left the motel parking lot again and drove back to the gas station. I emptied my pockets and my mother's ash container, which was always full of money until I got my hands on everything and counted. I now had \$5 and 23 cents. I put the gas pump in and pulled the handle. Just under two gallons of gas were sprayed on the gas jacket itself. Just then, the reality that I'm an idiot hit me. I went inside, paid for the gas and drove back to the motel. This time I crawled into the back seat of the van and closed my eyes. I couldn't have slept that night if I was chloroform. The panicked thoughts that ran through my head trying to sleep were useless. And then I had an idea. I have a photographic memory. Why don't I go back to the gas station and upset my wife's credit card number? It was valid, and she was my wife, and her last name was McFadden. It might work, I thought. I knew behind the expiration date and the three-digit code. So I went for it. For the third time in an hour, I drove back to the gas station. I parked the van and thought about what I was going to say. I had to sound accurate and urgent. This woman in the store had seen my face twice in the last 45 minutes. He knew I was out. Last time I saw him, I paid two gallons of gas for a handful of pennies. I knew this was going to be an interesting scenario, to say the least. I took off my hat, fixed my hair and walked in. I went straight to the counter. She told me right away that I was coming to talk to her, not buy anything. Hello again, I salute him. You probably think I'm going in circles or something, but I've got a big problem and I was wondering if you could help. His gaze showed that he hated people with major problems. I knew this was supposed to be some special performance from me, so I let myself roll around with it; I'd be lying when I needed to. A parade with the truth like I'm hooked on a lie detector. Miss, I said, (because all women over 40-40-00 are called misses.) Miss, I just realized I lost my wallet somewhere between this one and Albany. You may have realized something was wrong when I came here and paid for my gas for pennies before... He got some I was counting. Yes, he answered. It is strange that the owner of a nice mini-car pays for his gas in a change. The store was empty and I got him to go. I looked at his name tag. Yes it is, Joan... I smiled broadly at him. Look, Joan, I'm from New Jersey, and to get back there, I don't need food or drinks, but I need gas. The fact that I lost my wallet isn't bad enough, but that van is burning gas like there's a hole in the tank. Joan began to realize that the general topic was about gas, but she had no idea what I was willing to ask her. I kept going. My wife is sleeping in New Jersey right now and I don't want to wake her up in a panic, so I thought... I read myself. I know my credit card number in my head, Joan... expiration date, three-digit code at the back, full nine yards. Joan looked impressed. This is it, Joan, would it be cool if I gave you my credit card number and you could hit it on that plane so I could refund my tank and get home? I was a bartender and I did it to people all the time when their cards weren't swiping, it's absolutely fine. I admit it, Joan was thrown away. I don't know, he answered with hesitation. I don't think I should do that. My manager will be here in five minutes, maybe you should ask him? I was brand-new. I moped his shop after that. I hadn't even met Bigfoot yet, and this whole thing had already blown up in my face. Then the manager came in. He was like some overachiever high school student who desperately needs Proactive. I walked to the counter when I saw him, and Joan and I started explaining my situation to him together. He said, too, I don't think I can do it. Now I'm serious. Justin, I can show you my driver's license; it's the only thing I didn't lose. I'll give you everything I know. I'll get you a van license plate number, everything... I knocked it up and the boy began to believe my heartbreaking grief story. I apologized again for starting his morning with a bang. But he had a question for me: What are you doing like this? I looked around and laughed embarrassingly. You know that bigfoot who lives in this town? I asked him. According to their reactions, I. They knew who King Kong was. Of course it is, they both answered. Then Joan asked, Why? I felt like we had finally come to an understanding, as if something had actually been achieved. All right, I replied. I'm a guy from the Howard Stern Show who's here to pick up Bigfosh and take him back to New Jersey to live with me... I'm trying to help him. I was funny because these people didn't know I could barely take care of myself, but I wasn't fully aware that I was already a little celebrity to Joan and her teenage boss. They knew exactly who I was, and they both became ecstasy when they realized who they were talking to. It's you! the boy asked incredulously. The whole town has been praying for you to come here for the last two weeks and take Bigfoot off. I couldn't believe the tide was turning. That's when I started doing it. That's right, I told them both. Everything went according to plan and was on schedule until I lost my wallet. I should call the Howard Stern Show in a few minutes to let them know what I'm making, but I don't even know what to say to them now. My problems were over. A teenage supervisor gave me a piece of paper and a pen and told me to write down my credit card number. He also told me to pick up food and drinks from the store if I wanted to too. Joan told me that Newport had been trying to get rid of Bigfoot for years. He's#1 the only piece of in the city's underwear. And now that he had become famous, everything had gotten out of hand. Turns out the whole of Newport had been waiting for me. I was their knight in shining armor. It was unfortunate that I came into town with a lame horse and one, but according to these two local gas station employees I just had to say a word all over town and anyone would be happy to help me get Bigfoot out of town. I thanked Justin and Joan for their support. I filled the tank with \$50 from my wife's credit card, grabbed my hand full of cupcakes and Mountain Dew and drove back to the motel. The snow had stopped and the sun had begun to rise. I pulled into the same parking lot, which I already pulled three times, and once again with a calming feeling of a full tank under me, I tried to rest. But once again, it was pointless. It was the .m I booked to call bigfoot and wake up. I couldn't make that call yet. I wasted more time and waited another hour. The clock was .m and the sun came up and I was surrounded by action. But I still am. no life signs in room 28 (Bigfoot Room) but I was waiting. I unlocked my cell phone and called. The phone rang a few times, and then he answered. I thought I woke up in the Kraken. Nol, he greeted me. Who the is that? I took over right away, Mark, that pat, I said. Are you ready to go soon? Ready to go soon, it is! he was screaming. Ready to leave soon... I have about 800 things I have to do before I go anywhere, it is! You have to take me to get new clothes, it's... I have to go to the post office, it's, bank... I have to go to the pharmacy and get some medicine for my scabies and bedbugs. We've got a lot of places to go before I'm ready to go with you. Where are you, man? Why aren't you here yet? I was still lost in the idea of inviting someone with dwarves and scabies to my mother's van, which she used specifically for real estate. I'm in the parking lot, I answered. I thought I'd let you sleep a little. Apparently, Bigfoot hated polite people. Come here, it's! She was screaming. You should have knocked on my door as soon as you got into town, it is! What the hell is wrong with you? I had a schizophrenic who asked me what was wrong with me. I think then and there I knew I had to be just as crazy. I got out of the car and walked across the parking lot #28. This is it. I'd seen Bigfoot on TV a few times and online, but live and personal. I knew it would be a whole different story. I walked to the motel door and knocked. It took me a while or two to hear the commotion, then a bang, then the door flew wide and baby God and Jesus, Moses and Kareem Abdul Jabbar, it was amazing! The rise before me, partly due to the raised front door of the room, was one of the seven wonders of the natural world, standing in all its glory and tight white underwear. Her hair was the style of a prehistoric African lion, George Clooney, which means her hair was salt and pepper to almost perfect proportions. I must have stood there a long time because he went a long way. What the are you doing, it's... Are you coming in or not? I'm standing here naked... Can't you see it? If I'd seen an elephant man dressed as a woman and running around on fire, it wouldn't have been nearly as bad as I watched. But I held my breath and stepped inside anyway. I would have come too far. It was a motel room like any other you've seen a thousand times, but one key and vital element was missing here: health board. On the left was the 2-liter Mount Everest. piped halfway to the ceiling and almost all the bottles were empty. On the floor next to it were rotten cardboard boxes filled with inappropriate shoes, hospital papers, raw bacon, you name it; Raw Oscar Meyer bacon was mixed with Isakkala shoes. Bigfoot was also a gallon of warm milk sitting next to the motel heater, some started coagulation, and he even served one of them before saying two words to me. In the candy department, it looked like Bigfoot had taken Hershey, M∓M; and Reese to eat him once a week. There was so much candy and candy wrappers piled over the TV and on the floor it would have made Willy Wonka sick. But nothing, nothing, could take my attention away from the fact that Bigfoot was almost completely naked and back lying in bed without blankets and furiously rubbing his legs together as if he were trying to start a fire on his skin. He told me to sit down when we started talking. I asked Bigfoot if he had a family, and he explained to me in his native language that he was the eldest of three sons and that no one cares about him anymore, not even his mother. And that everyone in his family had given him up, even his dog. I tried to turn the conversation into a brighter topic and asked Bigfoot about the Howard Stern Show. It too depressed him when he told me that apart from the money he'd won for his acting and the good times he had on the show, it's only brought him bad luck in his hometown of Newport. Then I got a common note with him when I asked him if he smoked pot. I asked him if he smoked for selfish reasons, not because I tried to talk, of course, but because my pot stash was almost dry and I started freaking out a little bit. Bigfoot didn't answer me at first, which I thought was a bad sign, but that's only because he was too busy reaching under the bed. Bigfoot was equipped with all kinds of drugs. From under the bed, Bigfoot spun around and pulled out two items: The first was a Ziploc freezer bag filled with so many multicolored pills that it looked almost like Valentine's Day candy. The other thing he was holding was a joint the size of my head. Didn't everyone say I needed drugs? he asked. I didn't know who everyone was, but I wasn't worried about it because Bigfoot was handing me a seat and telling me to light it. Before I put the joint in my mouth, I told Bigfoot I admired his terrible joint rolling abilities. Thank you, Mark, this is really good smoke you're wrapping up here. I didn't spin it, it is, Mark blud. My fingers are too fat to rotate the joints, it's... Look at my fingers, they look like, it's. The fact that: It was big and it was in my mouth, I didn't care where it came from or who rolled it. Then I realized that Mark was a motel guest who he said had been with the law at least once a week. I reconsidered where we should smoke this piece of pot. Hey, Mark, maybe we should smoke this in the bathroom or something, I suggested. If the wrong person walks through your door and smells this, we could be in a lot of trouble. Okay, it is, replied Markus as he got out of bed. And that's where the chaos started to pick up. In her tight white underwear and scratching her skin constantly, Bigfoot and I went to bathrooms the size of a phone booth and lit a rack. From her underwear up, Bigfoot was completely naked and my nose was literally on her bare armpit when we started to bypass the joint when I started talking straight under her arm. While smoking a joint and listening to his mourning stories, Mark talked about what life was like for him in recent weeks. I'm so sick and tired, it's... mental health ward here just gives me circumcises, it's... What do they expect me to do? If I want to kill myself, I have a right. It's written in the Declaration of Independence. Don't you think? I was going to answer on behalf of the mental health department, but Mark continued. Mental health put me in a motel last week, it is, and bed bugs ate me alive there, it's... They were everywhere! Look, you can see all the bites behind my legs, it is, and in my arms... This red thing here is scabies and bed bugs mixed together, it is. Try not to touch me. I smoked the eden so fast it looked like I was eating it, but Mark wanted me to know that his struggles were endless. We were in the bathroom for 10 minutes when I unknowingly started scratching itching in my hand while Mark and I looked at each other. Hey, I think you've got candles and scabies now, too? He said. You better watch out, it's. You don't want bed bugs, they're much worse than scabies, it's. I fled the bathroom like someone threw a bomb in there and sat back in the chair when Mark got back to bed and started rubbing his feet together. He lay in front of me, again without lids, scratching every part of his body while watching TV and rubbing a size 15 of his three E-legs together so ferociously that I was looking for smoke. It was really disgusting. When Mark had enough time to scratch his whole body with Bigfoot nails, I finally asked him: Mark, are you ready to get this show's soon waste? I have to go back to New Jersey today. My wife is waiting for us. Mark didn't like being busy, when it came to putting clothes back, which were already full of bedbugs and scabies. I started to say he was sitting in my mother's car. It was the only part of the story I couldn't wait to tell my mom about. That the people he would show off the houses with would bring bed bugs and scabies to their new homes. It's like trying to put teeth with your bare hands, Mark finally, and with endless moaning, put on his pants and shirt and walked to the door and finally out with me. It was time to see Bigfoot mingle with the townspeeds who hated him so much. We both got in my mother's car with my phone ringing. He was an old friend. I answered when I turned the ignition, hey, I said. This friend of mine, who was also quite a free spirit, shouted: Pat, where are you? Are you really Bigfoot? They've talked about it on the radio during every news break. You're not really in Vermont, are you... This isn't really happening, it is! I loved my friend Colin, but I didn't have time for this. I just said, You don't think I'm Bigfoot and I gave the phone to Bigfoot. As he pulled out of the motel parking lot, Bigfoot left no doubt to my friend that I left New Jersey the night before and crossed the big one behind it. When Bigfoot had only screamed at my friend and proved his insanity, he handed me the phone back to me when I got up and said, Did you get it? Should I send you a picture of the mushroom cloud? I have to go, I figured. The first place Bigfoot wanted to take me was to see his mythical and fabled car - his Cadillac. His car, like him, was a legend in Newport and the Stern Show. It was an old white Cadillac so close to his heart that he left it sitting in a pile of snow so high you couldn't even see the car, not even the antenna. According to bigfoot's mechanical mind and the mechanical mind of the garage owner, where the car was encased, bigfoot cadillac needed a new transmission. It's actually one of the few things I got pictures of throughout this ordeal: a huge pile of snow with supposedly a car inside. He didn't even know if he was pointing at a real pile of snow. From there, we travelled to pick up Bigfoot for his parasitic rings for new clothes in a shop called Pick ∓ Shovel. When he mentioned the name of the store, I imagined Bigfoot walking out of the place looking like a six-footer, a mentally ill coal miner, full of a drug problem. But those thoughts quickly subsided when I realized that we had already arrived at Pick ∓ Shovel. Pick ∓ Shovel was located in newport city centre, and when we got out of the car, I immediately realized that I was going to do my first appearance bigfoot. My stomach was knotted. Walking into the shop behind Bigfoot only confirmed that I was in the presence of demented greatness that day. People peeked around the corners and down the stairs trying to catch a glimpse of the freight train, where profanity rushed through the shop. Bigfoot said the word more than it is in his trademark phrase. When I heard his voice was louder than the interphone, I had to yell at him for the first time. Mark, I screamed as I walked behind him. Would you stop swearing, there's kids everywhere, and everybody's looking at us! I'll tell him something else. And the other thing, Mark, doesn't have to be mean to everyone you see all the time... You're yelling at other customers here, not even the employees. And not every customer knows where the lingerie department is! Mark was going to the giant of all his friends in the store and asking where the lingerie department was. I felt another wave of authority rushing my friend as I took control of the situation. By asking someone who actually worked at Pick ∓ Shovel, I got a promising answer about where to find underwear. We went up the stairs. Upstairs, the scene got even worse and more absurd, and we still couldn't find any underwear. At first we looked at the fish and then the children's clothes and then the real picks and shovels until I asked for help again. Finally, when we were herded into the men's underwear ward, we stood before the decision of your life. What size underwear was Bigfoot wearing? I asked Mark if he liked boxes. I asked Mark if he didn't mind wearing colored underwear and he said he only had whites. Then I asked him if he's a big, very big, double X, and finally I stopped and alerted him: Mark, this is three times the extra, it's not going to be bigger than this, what's going to be here? Mark wanted to know what I was thinking. I told him that the bigger the better, and that he might as well give his genitals room to breathe, especially if they were covered in scabies. Who could have known that this error of judgement in the lingerie scale would haunt both of us? From there, Bigfoot went to Pick ∓ Sholio's only dressing room. If you can imagine returning to first grade as an adult and sitting on your old desk, this is what Bigfoot looked like when Bigfoot entered pick ∓ shovel's changing booth. The locker room door barely covered his middle body with Bigfoot undressed. He stood there and took clothes from the air that I threw at him from the others in the store. People walking by stopped to see what the ruckus was all about. When each of them saw the half-out Sasquatch In T-shirts and underwear, they rushed straight toward the stairs and were away, out of there. The fact that Bigfoot literally rushed out of the dressing room may also have added to everyone's panic and flight. But when it comes to Bigfoot and kids, forget it. When a parent or someone with a small child saw Bigfoot get in their way, it was like seeing someone's own personal apocalypse. If the child's parent didn't have an escape, they'd just kneel down and protect their child as if they were protecting a young person from a bombing. Luckily, Pick ∓ Shovel had escape routes everywhere. Mark ended up choosing one pair of pants and two shirts he wore at the checkout. I told him to leave the rags in the dressing room because they were probably alive and could crawl after him. He agreed with me that this was probably a good idea. I didn't even bother thinking about the lucky employee who cleaned up the clothes, the poor soul. What a find it must have been. I should have left a sign on the clothes that said, Burn immediately, don't touch. Some may have wondered how a schizophrenic and a cashless man would pay for these clothes. The answer was that Bigfoot got money... Sometimes. It just happened to be one of those times. Mark got some kind of check so often, I'm not sure if it was government-funded, medically related or both. But he told me that he always spent all the money as soon as he got it, and then it was usually it; Then he was financially screwed for the next few weeks. Mark wasn't homeless because of a lack of money either. He was homeless because he ruined so many relationships in Newport, VT, that he ran out of people to connect with. Every apartment he had lived in turned upside down for him and his neighbors, and since the same guy owned almost every apartment building in town, he was blackballed from every place with a roof within the city limits. Mark owed \$50 and paid for the clothes. After he finished the embarrassing, abusive and completely mystical cashier with his English led, we were out the door and back in the van. Mark was hungry. I'm hungry, it's... I want Subway. Was I going to say no to this? It would have been like sitting in a car next to a starving gorilla. We went to Subway. Mark immediately rushed through subway's front doors and began to raise hell for all the terrified workers. Luckily, there was no one there but the workers, because Mark was on fire. According to Mark, on another subway, in another city, he was mistreated and the result. That his sandwich was made wrong. And now he returned for revenge and revenge on a group of terrified children who had nothing to do with it. For the crew of Subway employees, Mark was the undisputed bane of their existence, someone they saw every

time he was hungry and close. He sat there reproaching some poor girl whose job was simply to work the lunch meat around, and he gave her a piece of her disturbed mind as soon as she stepped on the counter. The store manager eventually had to step in, make Mark's sandwich exactly as he wanted, which basically triples all the meat and then gives him everything for free so he just shut the. I sat there imagining Bigfoot walking around my kitchen having coffee with my wife and I after we finally got home. I still hadn't hit that this man was going to live in my house. Eating Mark's sandwich was like watching a hyena tear a gazelle apart, an animal that usually only has minutes to eat before something else steals its food. I told him that I thought he needed feces butts because he took giant food bites that would strangle the dog, and that he barely chewed food before swallowing. He quickly finished the foxy submarine before I even enjoyed the booth, and once again we were back in the van and driving around town. From Subway we traveled to the post office and then to the bank, both of which I expected in the van. I didn't want to see banking with Bigfoot down. It didn't matter, because when he came out of the bank, it turned out he was broke again. I listened to Mark babble about things that the retards would think were nonsense, and this went all the way to the motel. He never stopped talking. When we finally got into the room, he asked if I would help him call the bank and see what the hell happened to his bank account. I told you, I can't wait for the call. At the motel, we smoked more pot when Bigfoot told me to find the bank's phone number, call it, and then hand over the phone. That's what I did. The first words from Mark's mouth to his bank were: yes, how much money is in my account, is it? Mark didn't even bother to identify himself, give them an account number, or even say please. All he wanted was for the woman at the other end to recite her entire banking history from memory, immediately, without knowing anything about her information. Turns out that because the town of Newport was so small, the woman on the other line knew exactly who she was talking to. And after a few more awkward seconds of listening, when Mark was talking crazy chats, I heard him say, So I've got 27 cents in my account? I'll come get it. It's, it's. That afternoon began to pass when I became edgier and more jumpy about Mark's apathy to get to the freeway and go back to New Jersey. When he finally asked if I wanted to go and see the indoor pool of the motel and maybe go swimming, I snapped: Mark, we have to go, man... I have to go home. I came here to pick you up... No, I'm not. I told you I'd already lost my wallet (Lie worked so well before I just thought I'd keep doing it.) I'm not staying in Vermont without money. Mark had very different plans, and he told me about them directly. Mental health cost me another night at this motel, it's... In a way, I like it here, we should stay another night, it is, and hang out and then we leave tomorrow morning, it is. The idea of staying in the motel room all night with Bigfoot was chilling, to say the least. The fact that I saw him drinking united milk and scratching himself foolishly as I danced in the corner of the room and prayed for sunrise was the last thing I imagined I would do. The whole experience sounded traumatic. I made up another lie. Mark, I can't stay here, I said. But I have an idea. My wife will meet me in Massachusetts and bring me money. After that, I'll come back here, hang out for the night and hit the road tomorrow morning. How does that sound? That's why Mark was, but he had one problem. I want to change rooms, it's. I don't like this motel room anymore, he said. You can go to Massachusetts after you help me move my stuff out of here, it's. This room is too dirty for me now, it's. The lie I gave Mark about the giant going to Massachusetts didn't make any sense. My wife wouldn't have driven five feet to help me if the problem was with Bigfoot. But Mark somehow believed everything in my. My real plan was to go back to New Jersey and regroup. I was going to use this trip as a preparation and go back to my house so I could bigfoot everything in the house before a real shitstorm rolled in when I came to pick him up. Before I returned to the road in New Jersey that afternoon, I called Steve Langford (Howard Stern's news reporter) and found out about the horrific situation I was in. I told Steve about Pick & Sholio's great experiences and what it was like to watch Bigfoot Wolf on a Subway sandwich. Steve confirmed to me that this little story of mine was really fascinating and that he would be running clips of our conversation that day during the next Howard-100 news. The fact that I carried out the lie that I had to go back to Massachusetts to see my wife and get more. Only added to the overall drama of this perfect facon. Although I was busy promising Bigfoot that I would return to him as soon as possible, he warned me that he was not working well when he was left too long on his equipment, and now that I technically looked after him, I should be very quick on my return. Right after that, I got in my mother's car and left Newport like the city exploded. The first few hours of my ride back to New Jersey were just a decompress. I don't even think I looked at the lines of the road when I imagined another motel room desecrating Bigfoot while dancing around drinking converging milk and scratching his skin off. Then the day turned into the night and the sky opened as the rain fell. By calculating the odometer with a click, I calculated that from my house in New Jersey to Newport, VT, it was about 750 miles. Did it feel like a terrible mile that I was only driving one gas cantanker? That night, that night passed and the gas needle did what it did best, it collapsed. When I was in downtown Connecticut, I was now hovering just over a quarter in a tank, and now luckily I was stuck in the last rush hour traffic. South Connecticut came and the needle dropped faster. Then, while stuck in even more traffic in Bridgeport, CT, which isn't too far from New York City, I decided to take a detour. It was the worst decision I've ever made in 2008. Instead of getting through NYC, the George Washington Bridge, and then western New Jersey, I toured the city and fell into the suburbs and got more lost than Flight 19 over the Bermuda Triangle. After the needle settled above nothing, I drove through Nyack in New York and around in bumper-to-bumper traffic as if I had just opened my own taxi service. My questions to random strangers became tense and troubling every time I stopped a van. My questions went: Can you tell me how to get to Route 80 from here, always... Do you know where New Jersey is? Finally, some middle-aged Italian guy I saw was also exhausted by the frustration of life, telling me: Hey, Palisades Parkway is on this road here, you can't help but notice it. I think that's how you get to Route 80. Years ago, I met a man who lived next to the Grand Canyon but had never seen it. I once met a 97-year-old cowboy in Montana who had never left montana state. This was kind of my relationship with Palisades Parkway in New Jersey. I knew Palisades Parkway was somewhere in my own backyard, I just never wanted to know where it went or whether it was free or not. But luckily I found it, and like a lot of things in my life, I found it purely still in New York State, outside Nyack, on a road that was completely alien to me, the gas light came on again. Palisades Parkway is a pretty poorly lit road at night and given the idea that it borders the Hudson River next to New York, it was quite rustic, but what the did I care? Every exit sign I saw had a strange city name on it, and it made less and less sense to me as I watched my chances of returning safely with the gas meter. Then I saw my miracle, the 80 sign on the road, the most recognizable road in America. I almost started crying, I was so happy. Route 80 did one thing, the last gas needle. I'm only saying it because it was buried now and had nowhere else to go. It was buried so far under E and sweat on my forehead started burning my eyes. When I passed the home of Paterson, New Jersey, Bob Dylan's famous subject Ruben Hurricane Carter, I knew I was screwed. Paterson was at least 40 miles from my house in Hackettstown, and that gas needle was dug so deep into the meter that I never even saw it again. I stopped in the right lane of the freeway and closed my eyes. I peeped at the steering wheel with sweaty palms as I pulled with me, waiting for the engine to shut down. For an hour, I drove like this. When I got back from hackettstown, I waited for the car to stop, but it didn't stop. I got within a mile of my house. I tried to reverse the ignition one more time, but it was over, dead. So far, it was raining harder than it's all night. I don't mind, because I just traveled 105 kilometres without gas and now I was just a stone's throw from my house. Hanging out with Bigfoot in his creepy hotel room seemed like a distant memory. When I finally came home that Friday night, after walking through the rain and driving for almost 24 hours straight, I was shot. My wife was sitting on the couch in her favorite seat when I was staggering through the door. He knew, according to my face, that he wasn't asking any questions. I said hello, I walked upstairs and went to bed until the next afternoon. When I woke up the next day, my world was finished. I don't know how many times Bigfoot called me in my sleep, but it could have been 1,200. Steve Langford of the Howard Stern Show also called to remind me several times that millions of people were waiting to find out what my next move was going to be and, most importantly, when. If I remember correctly, I crawled back to bed and went back to sleep. During the early afternoon of Saturday, 15 March 2009, the 15th of July 2011 Before, I expected pure hatred for him, and that's exactly what I got. I made a call around 1:00 p.m., at the same time as the motel's expanded checkout, when I remembered him telling me. After I left Vermont and returned to New Jersey, Bigfoot had nowhere to go. I called the motel and they put me right in his room. He answered. Hey, it's, he said. From those three words, I was able to tell you that I was part of it. You said you'd be back in four hours, that's it! Where the are you? I don't have any money now because of you... the motel is trying to kick me out on the street, it's... Mental health doesn't cost another night here at the motel, it's... Everyone told me not to trust you, it is! I tried to think about who everyone was, who Bigfoot was referring to, and then I remembered talking to a schizophrenic. I tried to calm him down. Mark, listen to me... When I said I'd come and get you, I meant it. I can't help all these problems I've had when I got back. In reality, I had no idea what problems I was even referring to; I hadn't even come up with any problems yet. Nothing's going to happen to you, Mark, I'll make sure of it. I assured him I'd think of something. Bigfoot had heard enough of my lines, and he insisted on action. They're going to throw me out on the street in five minutes, and then what do I do? I told Mark not to move, and I'll call him in two minutes. I ran into the shed in my backyard so my wife couldn't hear what I was going to say and I was getting ready. I unlocked my phone and called. She said, Newport City Motel, this is Vanessa, what can I do for you? I emptied my throat and talked. Hi Vanessa, my name is Patrick McFadden, I said. I don't know if you've heard, but I should help Mark Shaw... The man who lives in room 34, Bigfoot? I had forgotten that no one in Newport and probably all of Vermont needed a reminder of who Bigfoot was. Yes, hello, Mr. McFadden, Vanessa replied. Did you come for him now, he continued. Our check-out time is over, and I don't want to call the authorities about Mark. I was getting ready to knock it down. Vanessa, I'm in New Jersey with my own problems, and I can't get back there tonight. Bigfoot's afraid I'm going to abandon him, but I want to pay for another night at the motel. I held my breath and prayed that he hadn't already blown up his reception there. Would it be What if I did? There was a brief moment of hesitation. And then he came back. I guess that would be good. How do you pay for it? If I was an honest man, I would have just told him, Yes, that's my wife's credit card number, which I meered. But I just said, according to Visa. That's where I scared the credit card number. As Vanessa entered the numbers, I asked if anyone had seen Bigfoot on the premises since I left the day before. According to everyone in the motel office, he hadn't left his room once. I asked for a transfer for him as soon as Vanessa told me that the credit card was accepted into a \$42 transaction. Mark's line is ringing. Bigfoot answered. I just told him with these words. Mark, I just took care of your room there for another night. Everything's fine, so you don't have to go anywhere or worry about anything. I told you I'd come and get you, but you're going to have to be here a little longer. Can you do that? Mark appreciated me and picked up the motel room. He even told me that. Thank you so much! and hung up. That was Saturday. When I woke up on Sunday, I thought I had a noose around my neck and I was already swinging from the gallows, choking on reality for every second. I was so hungover to drink away my problems the day before that I forgot to hang up my phone and the world with it. When I turned my phone back on that morning after finally stumbling to get it, I think that's exactly what had called me, the whole world. It was as if every person I had met in my entire life had left me a message wanting to know when Bigfoot would be in my home, and if so, he could come see him as soon as we arrived. On top of that, Steve Langford (from the Stern show) also made a handful of phone calls trying to figure out what a mindless twist this time I would come up with. And, of course, who could forget to count Bigfoot's 6,000 messages themselves? Bigfoot messages sounded like he was turning into a Neanderthal, he conveyed occasional words followed by screams and growls and sometimes shouting. There were a couple of sentences where he couldn't even remember who he was talking to. In his last and final messengers, he sounded exhausted. I was thinking about the chain of events I set in motion on Sunday morning when I went there and realized I wasn't driving near Vermont today. Bigfoot had to wait another day. I called the motel office and asked for a place in room 34. The woman on the other line laughed before putting me through. Inches Right away, Mark answered. There were no limits to his rage. You better be on your way back here, it's! She was screaming. I'm not sitting in this room waiting for your stupid ass anymore, it's where the are you?! He demanded to know where I was. Was I going to lie to him? Of course I was. Mark, I can't make it today, I told him. I immediately heard his displeases as I continued. My wife throws me out of the house and I'm sick as a dog... I'm definitely not driving 24 hours right now. The line about my wife threatening to throw me out was just a line, but it was close to reality. What the am I supposed to do now? Mark screamed, and rightly so. It was like Groundhog Day for Mark. Mark, I said. I'll pay for another night at the motel. It's a safe place to stay, can't find anything better, so you can either take it or leave it. For a moment, he yelled at me. Great, it's just great, it is, and what the should I eat, is it? I've been eating candy bars and drinking soda and milk since you left here, it's... Do you know how bad sugar is to my body? Mark's body was a dump with leas. Mark yelled at me before I broke down and shouted back: If I bring you something to eat, besides paying for your room, will it silence you? What do you want to eat, Mark? Does any of the places around Newport deliver? I can get something sent to your door, is that enough? Mark had some bad news. No one in Newport delivers food, it is! I suddenly remembered there was a Chinese restaurant next to the motel. The restaurant was literally 20 feet away. Do you like Chinese food? I asked him. No, he answered. Well, what happens if that's your only option... Then do you eat Chinese food? I asked him. I guess it is, he replied. Then he roared back: But I don't want to have to open the door or sign anything, it is! Tell them to leave the food by the door and walk away, it is! This was one of those times when I took the phone out of my ear and stared at it. Bigfoot insisted that I had to make a place that doesn't deliver food and deliver food. I also had to ask them to wait for the signature and knock on the door and run away and also urge them to wait for a response at the door. I guessed pretty hard that I had to speak broken English really well to get all this done. I did. For the first time in our relationship, I hung up on Mark and. Motel office back to pick up the number of the Chinese restaurant next door. I got the number and called. As the phone ed, I tried to figure out what I should order for a man whose digestive waste doubled into a garbage disposal. The woman at the other end noticed, and my worst fears came true, she spoke English like me in Arabic, she didn't speak it at all. He said hello to me. Oh, My God, I was thinking. Here we go. I thought everyone liked soup, so that's what I went with first. Hey, hey, I said. Can I have two big wonton soups? I heard him screaming in his native language that I was a friend of the soup. Okay, what did erse, he asked. Remembering that Bigfoot emmed milk and basically ate anything put in front of him, I ordered him enough food hopefully to feed him until I got back there. I've been thinking about it. Give me two big wonton soups, three orders for the biggest beef lo mien and two orders for General Tso's chicken, and that's it. Okay, he said, preparing to repeat everything to me, I answered, believing what I was going to do and how much it would probably cost. All right, 15 minutes, he answered ready to hang up. Wait, please, I paused, preparing to speak very slowly in small words. Listen, if I tip you, will you bring food next door to the motel... room 34... I'll pay you \$10 extra if you can do it. Sorry, no introduction, he said in a stock vote he probably used for every caller looking for delivery. I begged him: Please, I have no way to pick food up... I'm calling you from New Jersey and the person I ordered is next door to the motel. He really needs food. He's what you might call incapacitated. I heard looting on the other line as he shouted something at his coworkers. He stuttered again before answering. You rant in New Jersey; We're not going to New Jersey. He heard my frustration and handed the phone to another woman, a woman with a much better understanding of the English language. I explained to this new woman one more time what I needed. He replied, How many is this food for? It's a strange question, but I answered him. One, I said. I heard yawning, then a call to his friends. He was back on the phone choking on his words and trying to talk to me. One person! Who eats all this? Not all this food for one person, okay? I assured him that I was serious when I told him that his food was the most delicious Chinese food I have ever eaten, even though I had never eaten there. I also told him that the man who stayed in room 34 of the Newport Intsmelli loved him too. However, these gentlemen were only very old and did not get off so well. As soon as he heard about some of the old man, he immediately said, Okay, we'll deliver. I thought I was homeless now because she even said it wouldn't be a problem to rattle an old credit card number and pay for it on the phone. Until he asked me, But who's going to sign the check and the truck tip? I humbly asked the woman if she could sign the slip for me. He was shocked by this. I'm not signing it, it's not royalty. Yes, I know, but I can't physically sign it, I said. I also calmly told him that the man in room 34 also could not read or write, and that he would greatly appreciate it if all the food was just quietly dropped by the door after knocking. The Chinese woman was a little more than that. Who's the uncoastic man? he asked. Since the credit card transaction went through and everything was already settled, I asked the woman if she liked scary movies. He said no. Then I told him that if he didn't want nightmares until the next month, knock on room 34 and walk away quickly. Then a woman at the restaurant told me that this was the only time she would ever do me this favour, and after this we had run out. You don't call back like this, this time it's the only time we've taken food to you., he said before hanging up the phone call. I thanked him for an unforgettable conversation and called Mark with some good news. Now that a pile of Chinese food was on its way to his room, I said goodbye for another day. That Sunday rolled into Monday and when I woke up on Monday morning, I found myself in hell in a quick lift – everything had started to unravel. For the motel fees I spent on my wife's credit card and unbeknownst to her, I had a lot of other problems. On my way back, I couldn't borrow my mother's van anymore. Steve Langford of the Howard Stern Show begged me to call him so he could tell the world about my extreme lack of progress. Then there was Bigfoot, who left me messages that would have scared the serial killer. He screamed at the top of his lungs and asked me how long I was going to keep him locked in a dirty motel room with old Chinese food and dwarves crawling over him. He also warned me that he was not afraid to go ahead and try to kill himself one more time because that is what he did when he was frustrated. This was all piled up on my plate before I even rolled out of bed that morning. I wandered around all day calling steve langford back and telling him I was going to vermont again soon. I don't know who believed me. I was going to say less, him or me. Later that day, when I did what I knew best, I was drunk. In Monday afternoon's drinking match, I made my decision to push all my chips in and go bankrupt. I'd leave at midnight that night for another journey of madness to the Canadian border. At 2:30, ..m woke up with a brutal hangover. My body felt like saltwater fudge during the mixing process as I snuck past my wife's sleeping head and started sneaking around the house in the dark as I prepared to leave. Once again, he had no idea what was going on. Everything was ready now, or so I thought. This time I would drive my own car with a poor inspection sticker and travel for \$170 (I sold some of my wife's clothes when she wasn't looking.) When I left that night, I don't think I've ever felt worse. It was a combination of nerves, guilt and about a gallon of Red Bull and vodka the day before. I started vomiting every twenty minutes like clockwork, whether it was on the side of the road or at a standstill; I even threw up in my car on the dashboard. Soon, before I knew it, I threw up, and stopped for 5 to 10 minutes every time I stopped a car. It was an endless cycle. Around dawn, as I was driving, I got a call from Steve Langford wanting to know if I really kept my drunken intoxicated word and was on my way back to Vermont to save Bigfoot. I told Steve I was coming and that I had such a hangover that it could take two days to get there. He heard in my voice how taxing this ordeal had become to me and informed me that he would refer to me from now on as St. Patrick's because it was March and because many well-known historians thought Saint Patrick was mad. At about 8am my stomach started settling down a little bit and I started to feel a little better. But like all soothing and relaxing moments in life, it didn't last. No, my own personal shitstorm started getting out of control again when I got the first text messages from my wife telling me to keep driving and I'm never coming home. His message was followed shortly afterwards by an unexpected phone call from a Newport City motel who wanted to know where I was and whether I was soon there to claim my prize (Bigfoot). The woman at the motel told me to hurry because they didn't want to call the authorities on Bigfoot. They also told me: By the way, no one has seen Bigfoot for days and people were getting very worried. The knot in my stomach was tighter now than ever. At 11:30, ..m and I'd been driving for nine hours straight. Mark Bigfoot Shaw was awake and called me every 10 minutes with the motel office wondering when I'd be here. I told Mark and the woman at the motel to calm down and hold on. I'll tell them both it'll be at least another 15 minutes before I get to Newport. It was exactly 15 minutes. The following pages aren't just the end of this story, but possibly the end of my writing career because I'm going to tell you. You've been following me all the way, for which I thank you, but now it's time to take the crash position. It was bright and sunny when I stopped in the parking lot of the Newport City Motel at 11:45 ..m. They started construction outside the motel the last time I was there four days earlier and now the whole parking lot was covered with scaffolding and work trucks. I got out of the car and started walking across the parking lot. I looked to the right and saw a group of motel employees in the front window of the office staring and pointing at me. I waved at them and unfortunately only one waved back. Then I walked between the scaffolding ladder and all the painters standing above me; I walked straight to room 34. This is it. However, I didn't hear a noise when I lifted my ears to the door before knocking. I knocked once, but I didn't answer. I knocked again, and I still don't have anything. I started to wonder if this was a fatality. Then a man my age leaned off a ladder and whispered to me: Hey man, he hit his head out the door like ten minutes ago; he's there... He looks terrible, and I smelled him from here. I hope you know what you're doing. Thank you, I answered as I prepared to knock again. I knocked. I heard a noise. Then the voice finally answered. yes, who the it is, it's!, she cried. I strengthened myself and shifted gears. Mark, it's me! I screamed through the door. It's Pat, open the door! Then all of a sudden the door flew wide! It flew open and hit the wall with such force that it got me. But there was no one at the door. The doorway was empty. I stuck my head in and out and looked everywhere, even behind me, where I saw a guy on the ladder still looking on an amazement. I was so nervous. My voice was waving when I called mark. Mark, I cried hesitantly. Are you in there? I breathed one more time and prepared to speak again as the air from inside the room swayed and I saw that Bigfoot had remained the walls. Bigfoot still hadn't shown his face, but he didn't have to because I could have smelled him from outer space. I was just about to fall on the knee from the smell when he suddenly showed up. Or should I say it showed up? A sudden outburst of rage from some dark corner of the room, Mark jumped out and. In the doorway, if the UFO landed in the motel parking lot at that moment and the aliens got out, I wouldn't even have noticed because I was already looking at the most shocking sight of my life. Standing in the doorway, seen and smelled by the whole world, was a man who appeared to have spent four days swimming in a cesspool or bathing in raw sewage, both of them. The man who painted behind me almost fell off his ladder when he saw Bigfoot standing in the doorway. Again, Bigfoot was only dressed in his triple XL underwear, but this time a few changes were made to it. Mark had adorned himself from head to head, neck to face and elbow to elbow as fresh but dried, damp but hardened, war painty faces. She was covered in her hair, which looked like she was a punk rocker sniping her hair with, into the rest of her body that looked like someone was pouring shit-smelling engine oil on her. Every white skin that made him caucasian was gone, buried under. But the map filler, the popping of the eyes, grandpa of everything was underwear that we had both bought together just a few days earlier. When I said that underwear of the wrong size would haunt both of us, I meant it. I thought because Mark's nickname was Bigfoot, he probably needed and could wear the biggest underwear anyone could find. The fact was that these underwear I persuaded him to buy could have been used as a parachute – I had no idea how big they really were. But the problem at the moment wasn't that the underwear was too big for him. The problem was that Bigfoot had repeatedly taken several into underwear and never took them off – leaving the hardening and drying and eventually froze, acting as a kind of mortar used to lay bricks, and these bricks were now stuck on Bigfoot's ass and cemented. Bigfoot's smell was medieval. It was so horrible and barbaric that the man painting behind me left to run his life for life as he emerged from the ladder. I looked around the parking lot and was able to tell you about people's faces that the whole parking lot smelled like a Bigfoot room. But I was just about to find out that renovating bigfoot's motel room wasn't a real problem. The real problem was that Mark was as far away from his bits as a schizophrenic can go. It was clear he had a nuclear melt between his ears. What, you don't want to come into my room, it's! he yelled at me as he stood there with bright daylight illuminating on his face. In the sunlight, there seemed to be glitter in his. Get the out of here, it's! He was barking at me. This isn't my barn, it's me! No, I was thinking. The barn doesn't smell this bad. This was more of a slaughterhouse and an outdoor room wrapped together. And then I walked in. Then he closed the door behind me. I breathed once, and I almost collapsed. I looked around slowly. What Bigfoot had done to this motel room in three days, 100 monkeys with methamphetamine couldn't have done that for a year. To my right, what Bigfoot had done on his bedside table was a pure masterpiece. Somehow, and for some inexplicable reason, he took thousands of pills that he collected over time and built a true model of the Pyramids of Giza. This pile of pills and his medication must have been three feet high if it was an inch high. On the other hand, in the night sky, many may consider something much worse than human excrement outdoors. Do you remember the milk bigfoot funneled down? Now the milk had accumulated as solids. It was like yellow and green and moved every time Bigfoot walked near it, like a lava lamp. What was next to it also didn't take much of a disgusting silver medal. It was Chinese food that my wife unknowingly bought him. My precious Chinese food, which I used so much time and effort to get bigfoot, was not eaten, it was used in other ways. We all know bigfoot is a raw eater. He cooks what bombs do to cars. In two giant dishes with wonton soup that I got him, Bigfoot decided to throw all his other food and candy with it. Now it looked like a milkshake from General Tso, Beef Lo Mein, Skittles and Snickers. If the Chinese who prepared this food saw what Bigfoot had done with their food, they would have closed the restaurant immediately and moved back to China. I don't want to run into a restorer, but what makes up most rooms, walls, right? Bigfoot must have been possessed by Linda Blair because her wall was covered with, which is a graphite. His plans were quite strange and almost put together in some kind of random pattern. In some places it looked like he was just running into the wall over and over again, underwear first. By soaking up this whole vision, I quickly realized that I could no longer stay in the room without vomiting and giving the maid one more reason to commit suicide. I fell silent. I got nine and I got nine and I let Bigfoot know in a bad play that I couldn't last much longer there. Bigfoot was out of it. I don't know much about schizophrenics. Now I know, but then I had no idea that when the roe does not flow into the brain, the brain itself begins in the deconsced process at the core, Chernobyl-style. Mark stood in front of me covered in and rolled in circles screaming at himself and. You yelled at me. He then shouted at himself for shouting and repeated the process again. Then he stopped shuddering and looked at me. He said, I told you to leave me here alone, it's... I'm not going anywhere near the bathroom unless there's anyone there to guard the door. I need someone on watch when I go to the bathroom. Look at me, look at me! I have to take a shower, it's before you take me to New Jersey, it's! I took a moment and thought of this creature sitting in my passenger seat on the way to visit my family and friends in New Jersey. Then I thought he'd live in my house with me and my wife. I started panicking and ran out. When I finally got out and hit the fresh air, I almost fell to my knees. The door closed behind me and I ran across the parking lot. I ran straight to the motel office. I almost fell on the counter, I was so out of breath. Two women came from behind and saw my alert. Can I help you, asked the person who asked apathetically. I started reminding them who I was, but everyone already knew. I got right to the point. I have a little situation here, I said. Looks like our friend in room 34 needs a little extra time... He's in bad shape. The older of these two women was business. Either you pay for another night, or I have to call the police. I'll give you another 20 minutes, he explained. Even though I've been giving you almost two hours. I saw this woman playing hardball, and to be honest, I was good and ready to step up to the plate. Look, I said. I have no responsibilities whatsoever here. If I can't get Bigfoot out of the room in the next twenty minutes, then the am I leaving here... I'm leaving now. I'm trying to help this guy as much as I can, but remember, I have no responsibility in this. I'm sure you have a responsibility here, he declared. You've put him here for the last three nights, you're in. I'm not a lawyer, but I know a little bit about the law. I raised my eyes and said, Mom, I don't want to serve you cold food here, but like I said, I have no responsibility. I have no connection to this man. Then I walked out the door. In the parking lot, I started stepping. And then I realized I was going to call Steve Langford from the Stern Show and ask him what to do. Steve answered the phone. Patrick, what's going on? he asked. I broke it for him. Steve, I don't know how to say this, but Bigfoot is covered in... Stools... Diarrhea... It's like getting up against each other covered in your own poop. And Crazy right now than he's probably ever been in his life. Oh, Steve replied. What are you going to do about it? I reluctantly tipped Steve off about vulnerability and indecision. What am I supposed to do, Steve? I asked him. Steve explained to me very precisely where exactly he came along. Patrick, I'm a news reporter, not a producer, I can't direct you where to do it, because that would mean I'm affecting the news. It was hard to swallow these moments, but he was right. I dug this grave and now it was time for me to lie down and be buried. I said I'd call him back soon. I went back across the parking lot towards room 34. I didn't see all my eyes, but I felt them. I went to the door, knocked for some reason, and went in. This time Mark was coming out of the bathroom and unfortunately not after using the shower. Once again, he mailed me. Where the have you been? I thought you left me again. Are you going to do something for me to get us out of here? The cops will come if I don't get out of here. They're coming right now, it's! The woman at the table just called here! If I pushed garlic up my nose and put noXtazema on my tongue, I still couldn't neutralize the stench in the room. I inhaled rotten air and tried to talk. Mark, what do you want me to do? The only thing you have to do here is get in that shower. This was like throwing lemon juice at a lion covered in paper cuts – Mark lost it. He walked up to the table and picked up a piece of paper. In! She was screaming. This is my order of scabies and bed bugs for the drug, it is! You have to go and get this order fulfilled for me right now, it's... And come right back because they're throwing me out of here, it's! And I have nowhere to go! I looked down at what Mark gave me. It was a recipe covered in. I got the end of the paper. I looked at him and said, Mark, you have to take a shower while I'm gone, we never have time for all this. We have to get out of here. It was like I was trying to teach him fractions, he just didn't understand me. How many times do I have to tell you, it is, he said. I'm not going anywhere near that shower unless there's anyone here guarding the door for me, it's... There are crazy people out there, it is! At that moment, I couldn't believe I didn't have a camera. When I returned to my car, I couldn't help but stare at the shit-covered recipe he gave me and which I immediately threw on the floor. After further reflecting, I lifted it back with a napkin. I got it right in my trunk and then I got back in the car and thought more. What the was I going to do? I started the car and pulled out of the motel parking lot. The women in the office flocked to the window and within seconds I got a call. Where are you going, Mr. McFadden? Is your guest ready to go? I already had enough of these people, I'm going to get Mr. Shaw's scabies and bedbug medicine, I told him. And I don't pay for another night, so don't even think about loading the card. When I get back there, I can see if Bigfoot is ready to go and if he's not... Remember, we're dealing with a crazy individual, and I'm only here for some stupid radio show, I have no responsibilities here. I said goodbye and hung up. I drove through town, arrived at the pharmacy and sat there. Then I got out of the car and called Steve Langford again. I said to him, Steve, I don't know if I can do this... Driving a big-legged man to New Jersey would be like putting a wolverine passenger in my seat and praying it wasn't on me. You should see him now, he's totally organized. Steve was disappointed, and to be honest, so was I, but he told me that he understood what had to be done and that I should call him when I make the final decision. I felt like I was getting close to one. For some reason, I opened my trunk, grabbed a recipe covered in and walked with a pharmacy. I don't know why I did it because I had already made up my mind to shut down the whole operation. But in retrospect, I think I just wanted to give someone else a recipe covered in feces and see their faces. The woman behind the counter, who grabbed the paper from me, put her hand on the shittiest part of the blue, faded pill order. I saw that she was a power-using drug who was far too busy giving others orders to even notice her thumbs stained with. When I walked out of the pharmacy, I felt free. In my mind, it was over, and I planned for the motel to know exactly how I felt. I called them back. I'm leaving, I said. I'm done here. You can do what needs to be done, but I know my rights, and one of them is that I don't have to watch a giant with schizophrenia. No, I'll see you later. A motel employee heard me and explained that Bigfoot had called and that he was standing in the motel lobby waiting for me. I told him to call. The bigfoot employee was a cunning guy, and rightly so. He'd been dealing with Bigfoot for so long that the fact that Bigfoot had disgraced him until the motel room verdict didn't even phase him out. I'll tell him. I knew right away that he thought I was a lowly guy, but after describing everything I'd done for Mark over the last four days, he thought I was crazier than Mark. After I talked to the employee on the case, he put the motel manager back. He informed me that I had to go and at least tell Bigfoot that I had finished with him and then I could leave without him taking the authorities with me. I told him, all right. I ran back to the motel and ran to room 34, which would be the last time. I knocked on the door and walked in. If it could have gotten worse, it could have gotten worse. What was left of Bigfoot was falling apart at the seams. He asked me where his medications were, and I told him it was still in the pharmacy. He couldn't understand that the pharmacy wasn't like fast food, you didn't get your order right away. Instead of making a crazy maniac crazier and saying goodbye to him and being ready, I just said, Mark, I have to go make another call. Within 10 minutes, I was out and back on the freeway doing 250 miles an hour and heading to New Jersey, free as a bird. I was just waiting for my phone to blow up from Mark to see what happened to me, but there was no sound in my car but silence. About half an hour into my panicked flight, a Vermont phone number came into my phone that I didn't recognize. I called my voicemail and listened to the message. It was the Newport City police! I immediately stopped at the nearest rest stop and called the police back. A young male officer responded. I recognized myself, hey, sir, I said. This is Patrick McFadden, you just left a message on my computer about Mark Shaw, I just wanted to call and sort out any questions you could ask. The officer was grateful, but stern. He was just talking when I heard the unthinkable over the phone. It was Bigfoot who went completely out of his mind with the police! It was like watching reality television over the phone. Bigfoot freaked out 110%. I forgot what the cops said to Mark on the other end of the phone, but it was like, Big Guy, we're not here to corner you, we're taking yourself to the bathroom and waiting for our instructions. For a moment, it felt like Bambi had lost her mother. I felt like I left Mark there to be surrounded, netted and killed. And that because of me, Bigfoot lost his mind and played like it was play dough for four days straight was my fault. But I freaked out and prepared to talk to the officer. Sir, I said. Since you're a cop, I'm going to tell you an unabridged version of the whole story so there's no misunderstanding here. All right, he said. I did. I stood under clear blue skies next to a scenic and empty highway and told the constable about the first call I've ever made to the Howard Stern Show, and how this whole ball of multi-sect madness made itself spin. I told him about my wife's credit card and how she secretly paid for a stay at the Bigfoot Motel and that I had driven twice from New Jersey in less than a week and ran out of gas once on the way home. Every now and then, the officer interrupted me, usually when I demoted myself, and he simply asked, You did what? I stood for 20 minutes lighting up the officer with scabies and candles and for you because of underwear that was too big. Every now and then, our conversation was interrupted because Bigfoot screamed and screamed in the background. According to the noises, the door to room 34 was now open and everyone in the earbud came to see a naked man covered in. The officer couldn't stop laughing at certain points in my story and like clockwork he asked me to hold on when he told his colleagues what their next move should be towards Bigfoot. Fortunately, the officer finally came to the conclusion that I could only have made one move, and that was to get out of there. When I went to say goodbye to the officer and hung up, I heard Bigfoot sounding like his death blows, being ordered to shower at gunpoint or at a stun point that no longer even came out of his mouth, it was just deafening cries. The officer informed me that he had to set up to control the worsening situation, and that's where we hung up. And as for the legendary Bigfoot, Mark Shaw, my time with him was officially over. I got back in my car and drove out for the night that came. When I got home it was after midnight and surprisingly my wife was happy to see me. One of my employees heard on the radio that it was over... Is it over? he asked. For me, it is, I said. The next morning my wife got wild hair out of her ass and decided to call the bank because everything I told her just wasn't about eating together. Within 15 minutes, two slaps to the face, and endless screaming and continuing, he was out the door and over his friend's home threatening divorce, burglary charges and murder in my sleep, followed by castration. And don't you know that because the strangeness of this life can't be accomplished, the subject of my marriage became front-page news to Howard Stern's world. The subject shifted so smoothly from how I would save Bigfoot, and now more importantly, how I would save myself and my marriage. Relatives and friends from years ago who didn't even know I was. I now found my phone number and called me to see if it was true and that I was really getting divorced because of Bigfoot. My drinking got worse than ever. I took me such a good week for my wife to get over it all and tell me that almost everything had been forgiven. It turned out that small things shocked him more than money and the possibility that schizophrenic Bigfoot would come to live with us. He really despised my sneaking around, especially when I got out of bed a second time and snouted past his head and drove back to Vermont. But a violation that really took the cake. The one that really hit off once and for all was that when I was finally so tired of Bigfoot still calling my phone and bothering me, I just went ahead and gave her my wife's phone number and told her to bother him from now on. I don't know why I did it, but Bigfoot called my wife 30 times the first day. His messages to my wife didn't make as much sense as the one he left me. Let's just say he was furious. Like everything, my run at the top of Howard Stern's headlines finally exploded and ended. Steve and I talked less and less when March turned into April and now and now every now and then we might exchange email just to share news about Bigfoot. When my wife officially returned home and we agreed, we made a trip to Hawaii. Guess who called every other day as we lay on the beach to tell us about life in Vermont and what the thermodonat said in his hospital room. Bigfoot would always ask if I could lower his temperature. For Mark, thermostats are like the Internet. Despite all this, Bigfoot was still quite angry with me for two reasons: The first reason he was angry was obvious because I left him high and dry covered in surrounded by cops, and a ton of people were watching. The second reason, and the more relevant of the two, was about my quick panicked flight from Vermont on that fateful day, and my inability to check my pockets before I left. When I handed over the prescription to the pharmacist, I'd forgotten that Bigfoot also gave me his Medicaid card. It didn't matter that the torn Medicaid card expired in 1988 and was worthless, useless and one paper fold away from turning to dust. All he wanted was a pharmacist. But I didn't do it, I forgot. It's been 11 years since Bigfoot went wild. I still think about her a lot. A few years after the incident, a friend called me one morning and told me that Bigfoot was on the air and that I should call, which I did. Bigfoot and I found out when Howard Stern was the mediator/referee. Bigfoot kept screaming that I left. And that he didn't do anything wrong. Because I'd object to him being covered in walking atomic bomb, and I wasn't going to blow up my wife life to a schizophrenic who refused to take his medication. But over the years, I've noticed I miss him. Bigfoot and I had good times the day I spent in his motel room, shopping for clothes with him and watching him chew and yell at Subway employees. Underneath it all, Mark's a good guy. Maybe I'll tell him the next time he calls my wife's phone. I'm sure it won't take long. ——— -In fact, ideas, thoughts or comments about the Bigfoot disaster are always greatly appreciated. Thanks for reading, Patrick McFadden Jr. Facebook: Patrick McFadden Jr. / Hackettstown, NJ NJ

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