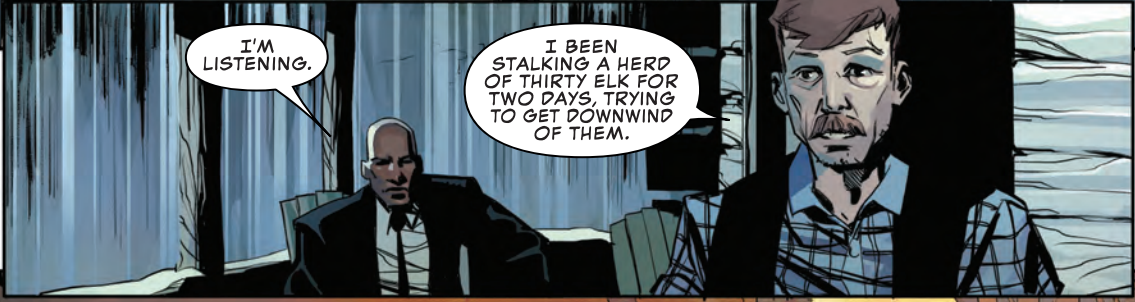




I KNOW HOW IT SOUNDS, AGENT MARSHALL, AND IT SOUNDS LIKE I WAS ON THE SAUCE, BUT I SWEAR IT'S TRUE.

I'D SWEAR IT ON THE GOOD BOOK.



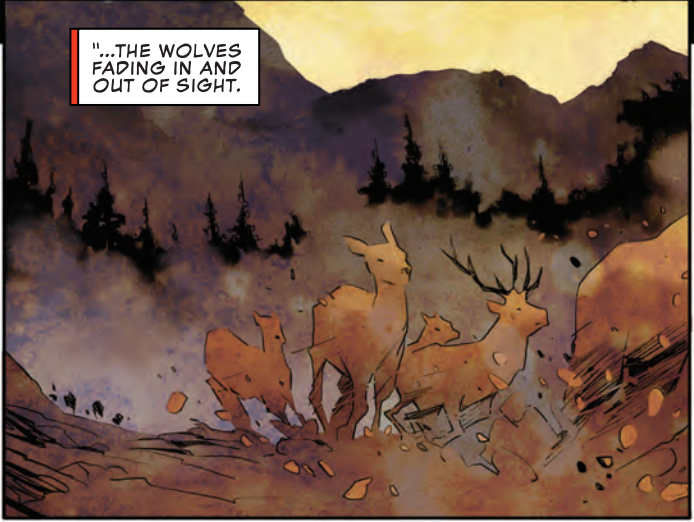
I'M LISTENING.

I BEEN STALKING A HERD OF THIRTY ELK FOR TWO DAYS, TRYING TO GET DOWNWIND OF THEM.



I WAS STATIONED ON A RIDGE, GLASSING THE MEADOW BELOW, WHEN I SEEN THE ELK STARTLE.

THIS WAS DAWN. THE FOG HADN'T BURNED OFF, SO EVERYTHING LOOKED LIKE A DREAM...



"...THE WOLVES FADING IN AND OUT OF SIGHT.



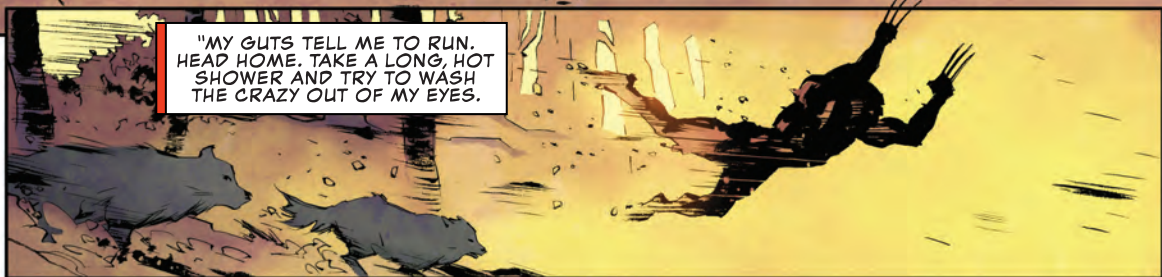
"AND THAT WAS WHEN I SAW HIM.

"I DON'T TRUST WHAT I'M SEEING. SAME WAY YOU DON'T TRUST WHAT I'M TELLING YOU NOW.

"IT'S LIKE SOMETHING OUT OF A MYTH OR FAIRY TALE.



"MY GUTS TELL ME TO RUN. HEAD HOME. TAKE A LONG, HOT SHOWER AND TRY TO WASH THE CRAZY OUT OF MY EYES.



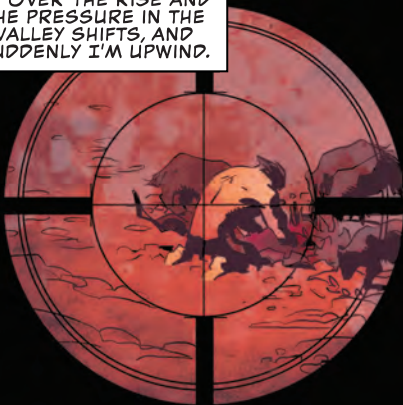
"BUT I CAN'T HELP MYSELF.



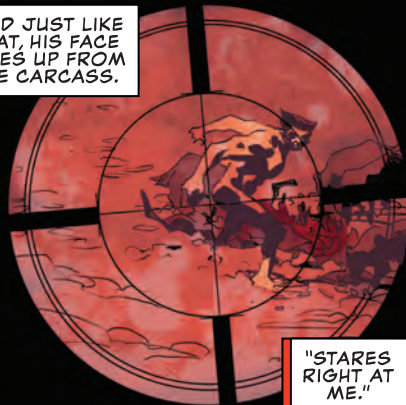
"I DRAW A BEAD ON HIM, ADJUST THE FOCUS, NOT TO KILL. JUST TO WATCH.



"THEN THE SUN COMES UP OVER THE RISE AND THE PRESSURE IN THE VALLEY SHIFTS, AND SUDDENLY I'M UPWIND.



"AND JUST LIKE THAT, HIS FACE RISES UP FROM THE CARCASS.



"STARES RIGHT AT ME."



I GOT THE HELL OUT OF THERE. RAN SO FAST I THOUGHT MY HEART WOULD BUST.

CAN YOU SHOW ME WHERE THIS HAPPENED?

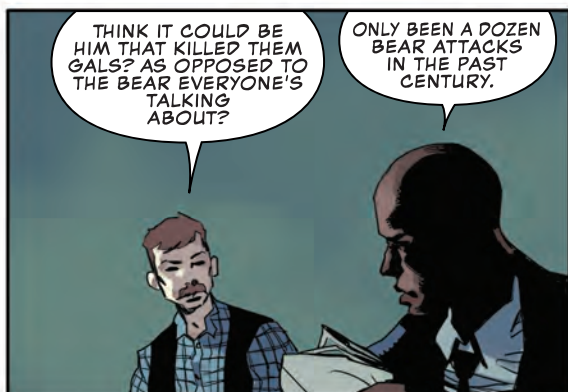


RIGHT THERE.

ABOUT FIVE MILES FROM HIS CABIN.

WHO IS THIS GUY?

A DANGEROUS MAN. HIS NAME IS LOGAN.



THINK IT COULD BE HIM THAT KILLED THEM GALS? AS OPPOSED TO THE BEAR EVERYONE'S TALKING ABOUT?

ONLY BEEN A DOZEN BEAR ATTACKS IN THE PAST CENTURY.



THAT'S A BUNCH OF BULL. I COULD LIST A DOZEN IN THE LAST FEW YEARS. DON'T BELIEVE EVERYTHING YOU FIND ONLINE.

BUT--



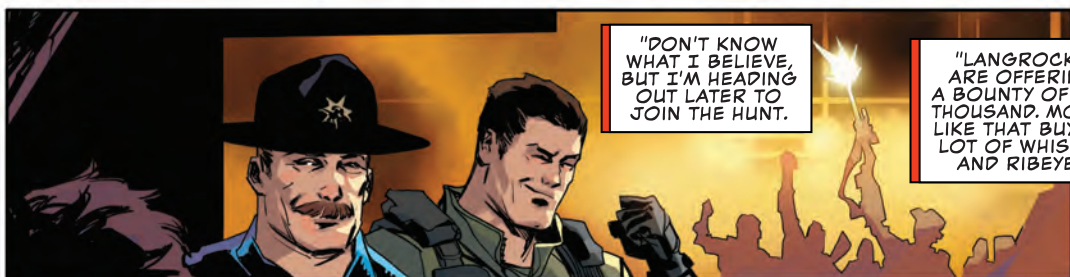
"NO BUTS ABOUT IT. YOU CAN'T TRUST A SINGLE STATISTIC COMING OUT OF ALASKA BECAUSE NOBODY REPORTS NOTHING."

"WE'RE ON OUR OWN HERE."

"SO YOU DO THINK IT'S A BEAR?"



"HEARD STORIES ABOUT A GRIZZ NEAR SPLITROCK CANYON BIGGER THAN A TRAIN CAR."



"DON'T KNOW WHAT I BELIEVE, BUT I'M HEADING OUT LATER TO JOIN THE HUNT."

"LANGROCKS ARE OFFERING A BOUNTY OF TEN THOUSAND. MONEY LIKE THAT BUYS A LOT OF WHISKEY AND RIBEYE."



"ANYONE ELSE MENTION SEEING ANYTHING-- OR ANYONE--IN THE WOODS THAT STRUCK THEM AS STRANGE?"

"YOU MIGHT TALK TO THE NATIVES DOWN THE ROAD AT EKWOK VILLAGE. OR YOU MIGHT TALK TO BRENT."



"BRENT?"

"BRENT LANGROCK. SON OF JOSEPH LANGROCK."

"HE'S IN THE WOODS MORE THAN A TREE. HUNTING AND TRAPPING--IT'S LIKE A RELIGION TO HIM."



"BIG GUY. FULL OF HIMSELF, LIKE HIS OLD MAN."

"HMM. SOUNDS LIKE I'M OVERDUE FOR A DATE WITH THE LANGROCKS."



SO... MALLORY... I HEAR LOGAN WAS A REGULAR HERE.

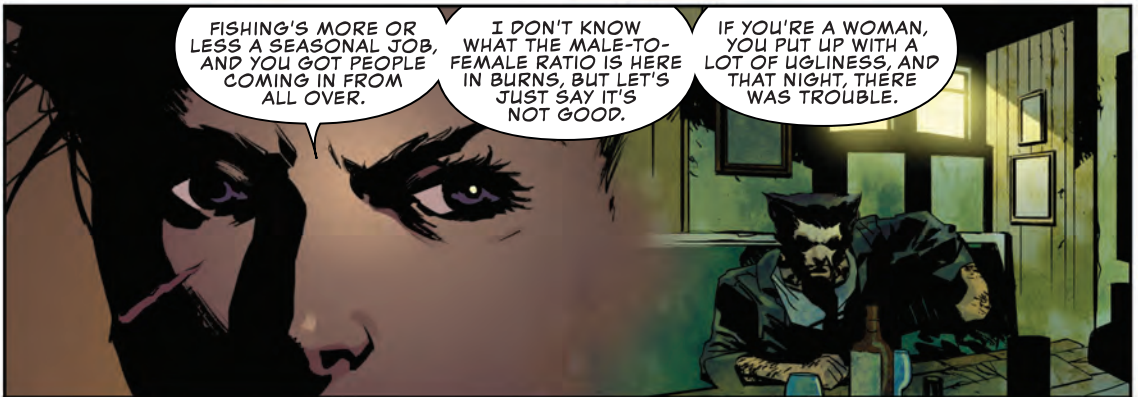
HE'D COME IN.

I ALSO HEARD THERE WAS A FIGHT?



THERE'S A LOT OF FIGHTS HERE, AGENT PIERCE.

PRETTY SURE YOU'D REMEMBER THIS ONE, SINCE IT SOUNDS LIKE IT INVOLVED YOU.



FISHING'S MORE OR LESS A SEASONAL JOB, AND YOU GOT PEOPLE COMING IN FROM ALL OVER.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE MALE-TO-FEMALE RATIO IS HERE IN BURNS, BUT LET'S JUST SAY IT'S NOT GOOD.

IF YOU'RE A WOMAN, YOU PUT UP WITH A LOT OF UGLINESS, AND THAT NIGHT, THERE WAS TROUBLE.



"A CREW HAD WORKED A FOURTEEN-HOUR DAY IN CRAP WEATHER, AND THEY WERE LOOKING TO GET THEIR DRUNK ON.



"BUT EVEN THOUGH THEY WERE MESSING WITH ME...



"...LOGAN WAS THE ONE THEY WERE ACTUALLY INTERESTED IN.