

## Fierce stink and footfalls while turkey scouting

### Sighting Details:

**Date:** 11/2009

**Time of Day:** around dusk

**Season:** Fall

**State:** Florida

**County:** Lake

**Nearest town:** Webster

**Nearest road/Highway:** Hwy 471

**Weather Conditions:** Clear

**Terrain of location:** Golf Course with woods around the area.

**Anything else odd:** Smell of rotting eggs around home

**Other Witnesses:** No, just my son saw it running through the woods.

**Local Stories:** None

**Submitted by witness on:** 03/02/2018

### Original report:

I was scouting for turkeys in the Fall on the Richloam WMA, a part of the Withlcoochee State Forest. I'd taken a seat on a big blown over pine tree, by the upturned root base. The ball of dirt and roots was probably eight to twelve feet in diameter and I leaned against it on my right side, sitting and listening for turkeys to fly up to roost in a nearby strand of cypress. The wind was also coming from my right, out of the SE and I began catching a whiff of a pretty fierce stink. It kept getting stronger over a few minutes. At first, I thought it was methane from rotting debris in the swamp, but quickly ruled that out as the wet, swampy area was to my front and crosswind to me. I considered a skunk, but in reality, it wasn't skunk-like at all. The stronger it got, the more it smelled like a mixture of rotten cabbage and really bad B.O.! I could hear the steps, light steps, with very little rustling of the leaves as it grew near and the palmetto fronds swept its legs. At that point I was convinced that it was a bear coming my way and I was mildly alarmed as I didn't have a gun, only a Bowie style knife I carry in the woods when hog hunting. I remained frozen in place hoping the bear would go on past and not realize I was there. But soon the noises of its approach stopped, and I knew it had to be ten or twelve yards on the opposite side of the root ball of that pine. I figured the bear must have caught some of my scent where I'd walked into the spot an hour earlier. As it was growing dark quickly, I could hear turkeys flying up in the cypress strand and the scent began to fade. At its worst, it was about to gag me, but in only another minute, it was gone altogether, though it seemed to kind of linger for a bit in my nostrils. After a time, when I expected the turkeys to have their heads under their wings and sleeping, I switched on my flashlight, the moon wasn't up and the woods were really dark, I headed back to the truck on the same trail I'd come in on and when I reached the truck there were HUGE tracks crossing the sandy trail in front of where I'd parked. The sand was really loose so there was no definition, but the tracks were about five feet between them and a good inch or two longer than my size thirteen boot. That's when I knew what I'd been smelling out there on the edge of that swamp. Turns out all the stories I'd heard my whole life from some of the old timers were true. I can attest, that Skunk-Ape is real.

### Other notes:

I think you should talk to Mister Allen Vann, of Vann Paint & Body in Lake Panasofkee. I know he has had two first hand encounters with a skunk Ape that he doesn't often speak of due to folks ridiculing him, BUT I've heard his stories and have known the man for thirty years and I can promise you, he is NOT a liar!

Contact:

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