

I KILLED BIGFOOT



In an incredible life and death battle on the snow-blanketed slopes of Mt. Everest, Sherpa guide Torban Lodang fought and killed one of the legendary man-ape monsters of the wilds — a Himalayan Bigfoot!

Armed only with his courage, wits and a determination to survive, the 27-year-old Tibetan Sherpa spent three desperate hours trying to escape the crazed beast that was tracking him like an animal. Finally, he had to stand and fight.

"I had kept moving up the mountain," Lodang told The NEWS. "When I got to about the 9,000-foot level, my way was blocked by a slope of solid ice. I could not go forward and I couldn't go back.

"I knew that before long yeti (the Tibetan name for Bigfoot) would catch up with me. I decided to wait — to save my strength for the terrible fight I knew I had to win if I was to live."

Lodang's nightmarish ordeal began after he had set out to recover the body of a climber that had been spotted three weeks earlier by a Japanese expedition.

"I was at the 9,000-foot level and working along the face of the mountain," Lodang said. "Suddenly I came upon some footprints in the fresh snow. They were huge and had been made by bare feet. I knew at once that it was the track of the yeti.

"I had heard many tales of

the creature, but I had never seen one. I decided to follow and perhaps catch sight of the beast. But I was troubled about one other thing I could see — there were fresh blood stains on the footprints."

Lodang said he followed the tracks for about two hours before he realized that the trail had made a large circle.

"Suddenly I realized that now yeti was behind me. I was no longer tracking the beast — the beast was tracking me.

"At first, panic overwhelmed me. But I calmed myself

'The creature screamed and charged . . . I had to fight'

and realized I had to escape. My best chance was to reach a base camp at the 10,000-foot level. I began to climb."

But Lodang's escape route was cut off by the icy slope only 1,000 feet from the base camp where he knew he could find an ice axe to use as a weapon.

"Now there was nothing I

could do but wait for yeti to find me. I didn't have long to wait. Suddenly it was there — looming up only yards away like some fantastic monster.

"It was at least 8 feet tall and covered from head to foot by long, shaggy hair that was splattered with its own blood. I could see its fangs, as long as a leopard's, and its terrible eyes that glowed like red-hot coals.

"As soon as it saw me, it raised its massive arms above its head, gave a horrible scream and charged me. I was watching death come down on me like an avalanche.

"But at the last minute, I leaped aside and tumbled in the snow. The beast stumbled a bit and then turned, screamed out its rage and charged again. I realized that the creature was

weak from loss of blood. It was a glimmer of hope.

"As the monster charged me, I hurled my body at its knees, hoping it would fall in the snow and give me time to flee. But the result was more than I could have imagined.

"The beast stumbled over my body and landed on the icy slope. Its massive body plummeted down the ice and hurtled over the edge. The drop-off there is at least 3,000 feet. I knew the yeti must be dead."

The following morning, Lodang returned to his village of Tungpu to tell his incredible story. He now believes that the yeti had been shot at and wounded by the Japanese climbers and had gone mad with pain.

— JERRY CLARKE