

WALK SLOWLY WITH PURPOSE

HAPPY HALLOWEEN THE STORY OF SLOOTHFOOT..

By Dominic Fortuna

The misty dawn crept over the frozen landscape of Northern Michigan, casting an eerie gloom over the dense forests and icy lakes. In a remote clearing, a lone figure emerged from the shadows, its eyes glowing with an unnatural light. Sloothfoot, the legendary zombie deer, stretched its decaying limbs, its twisted antlers reaching towards the sky like skeletal fingers.

For decades, Sloothfoot had roamed these woods, a creature of darkness and terror, striking fear into the hearts of deer hunters and campers alike. Its undead body was a patchwork of rotting flesh, held together by some malevolent force, its hooves clicking against the frozen earth like bones rattling in a grave.

As Sloothfoot moved through the forest, the trees seemed to lean in, their branches grasping for it like skeletal hands. The air grew colder, the mist swirling into ghostly apparitions that danced around the zombie deer. These were the spirits of the animals Sloothfoot had slaughtered, their ethereal eyes accusing, their whispers echoing through the trees.

Sloothfoot's army of ghouls and ghosts trailed behind it, a procession of twisted creatures born from the darkest corners of the forest. There was Fangtooth, the snarling raccoon with eyes that glowed like embers, and Whisper, the ghostly owl that rode the wind on silent wings, its feathers rustling with an otherworldly whisper.

The deer hunters who ventured into these woods told stories of Sloothfoot's brutal attacks, of camps ravaged, of friends dragged screaming into the darkness. Some said the zombie deer's eyes

glowed with an unholy light, that its very presence made the trees creak with malevolent glee.

One crisp autumn evening, a group of hunters stumbled upon Sloothfoot's lair, a cavernous hollow deep in the heart of the forest. The air was heavy with the stench of rot and decay, the walls slick with a malevolent ichor. The hunters fled in terror, but Sloothfoot was relentless, its undead heart pounding with a hunger for living flesh.

The seasons passed, and Sloothfoot's legend grew, spreading fear throughout the Upper Peninsula. Hunters whispered of encountering the zombie deer on moonless nights, of hearing its unearthly bellow echoing through the trees. Some claimed to have seen Sloothfoot's ghostly entourage, a spectral procession of animals it had slaughtered, their ethereal eyes glowing like lanterns in the darkness.

As winter's grip tightened, Sloothfoot's power grew, its undead body strengthened by the malevolent forces that animated it. The forest itself seemed to writhe in agony, the trees twisting into grotesque parodies of life, their branches grasping for the living like skeletal hands.

And Sloothfoot moved through the forest, a creature of unspeakable horror, its eyes blazing with an otherworldly light, its hooves pounding out a rhythm of death and destruction. The wind howled, the trees creaked, and the ghostly apparitions whispered warnings to those who dared to enter the woods.

For in Northern Michigan, where the forests stretched like an emerald sea, Sloothfoot, the zombie deer, ruled as king, a creature of darkness,

a harbinger of death, and a legend that would haunt the dreams of hunters and campers for generations to come.

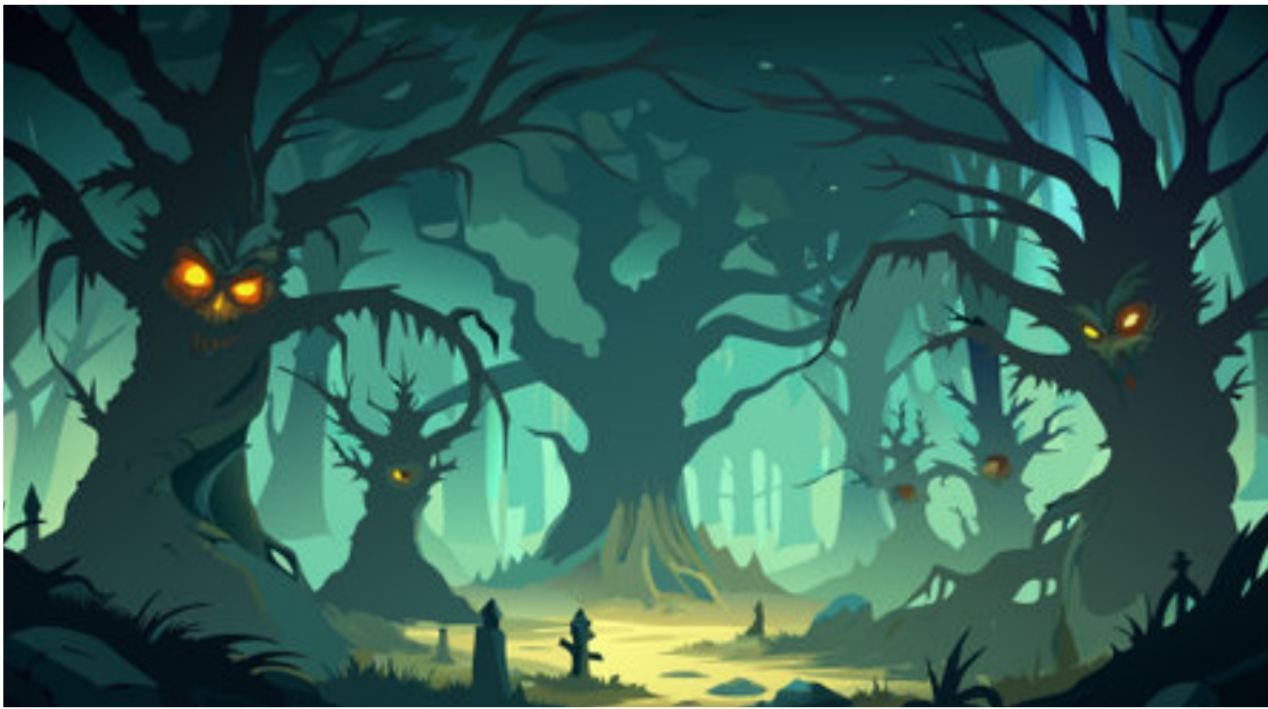
The darkness closed in, the mist swirling into a vortex of ghostly faces, their eyes glowing with an otherworldly light. Sloothfoot's bellow echoed through the forest, a sound that froze the blood, a call to its army of ghouls and ghosts, a summons to unleash terror upon the living.

And in the heart of the forest, where the trees twisted into grotesque parodies of life, Sloothfoot waited, its undead heart pounding with a hunger that would never be sated, its eyes glowing like lanterns in the darkness, a creature of unspeakable horror, a legend that would haunt the dreams of Northern Michigan forevermore.

The moon dipped below the horizon, casting the forest in an inky blackness, and Sloothfoot moved through the shadows, a creature of the night, a harbinger of death, its undead body a patchwork of rotting flesh, its hooves clicking against the frozen earth like bones rattling in a grave.

And in the darkness, Sloothfoot's ghostly entourage whispered warnings, their ethereal voices echoing through the trees, a chilling reminder that in Northern Michigan, the zombie deer ruled as king, a creature of darkness, a legend that would haunt the dreams of hunters and campers for generations to come.

HUNTERS BEWARE!



*Now Available from Amazon on Kindle
and in Paperback*

Dominic Fortuna’s book,
“Walk Slowly With Purpose”

Be immersed in a magical journey from tragedy to triumph. Wise and fun characters jump off the page and keep you reading. A great and inspiring read you won’t be able to put down. Let your mind take a journey along with Gary and all of his new friends to a better life with understanding, kindness, and a grateful heart. www.amazon.com/Walk-Slowly-Purpose-journey-inside/dp/1796373141

