

The Screams
by
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Let me tell you about a time that stands loud and quite clear in my mind. Long ago, in my teen years, on an overnight horseback ride, I heard mountain lions, a sound I will never forget.

After setting up camp, the sun was going down. We had been riding all day and I was tired. We had stopped at a place that I had gone swimming before. Soon, I got an uneasy feeling as the sky grew dark and I was unable to see much past the light of our campfire. Sounds of nature filled the air. Frogs and crickets—I could hear off in the distance barking dogs from farm houses we had passed that day. Next, very loud and clear, too close for comfort, I heard screaming—a sound mountain lions made that night.

I got so freaked out and had the living shit scared out of me by the blood curdling sounds from very big cats that night. It was like a movie soundtrack to produce fear. Chilling screams—almost sounding like a female person was raped, yelling out and screaming in painful fear. I kept hearing them and did not understand what was going on with them. And that made me even more afraid of them.

I packed up my horse and started riding away from what I could hear. They soon stopped but I could not feel safe knowing that they were out there . . . somewhere out there in the dark. I stayed quiet and looked up into trees as our horses slowly walked up the trail in the night.

My mind was racing with fear because I could only think that one might pounce down out of a tree and eat me. It was so dark and hard to see what might be out there. When the sun started to shine, up over the hills, it was the best sunrise, for sure. Sunlight made me feel safe. After all, I had been informed mountain lions do their killing at night time.

If you have ever heard wild cats, you know just why I felt so afraid. Never will I forget that dark night. Screaming mountain lions made the most unforgettable sounds, even in my whole life.

Nice kitty. Wow.