

## TALES FROM THE SECRET SIDEWALK

Where We find our teenage heroes confronting the white witch, the troll, the chainsaw man, various ghosts, surveillance teams, cops, the KKK, UFOs, a guy in a Ford Bronco, and the evil ones in cloaks.

It was cold and it was a half moon. My friends were smokin' a blunt. I myself walked towards a tree and I mean it was fucken dark. I could swear I heard a fucken voice. A whisper. I told my friends about it and they came with me to where the sound was coming from. They heard it as well. And we all got freaked out. We decided to drive off because it was like two in the morning. I still go to the canyon and I talk to the bum that lives there and he has told me and my friends a bunch of stories that happened there, but I'm not even going to tell you now. I like to get high.

I know it sounds stupid, but when I'm driving by myself at night on dark old roads I get creeped out! I have to say there's one spot in the canyon where the hair on the back of my neck stands on end. Everyone thinks I'm a freak, but whatever. It's always that stretch of road where if you're heading to town there are some tall trees on your right side and a fence with a ranch sign... 'JP' or something? On the left is a hill, and I think way up there is a train track or something. If that's the secret sidewalk I'll wet my pants because that will just freak me out.

The secret sidewalk in the canyon is concrete, about four feet wide, and is hollow with rebar running through it. It has a galvanized pipe inside to carry water. The sidewalk is owned by the Water Department. Once on top, it hugs the mountainside. You will walk for over a mile on top of it. Supposedly it was used by local film companies back in the old days as a camera track. It is

very dangerous. Eventually the sidewalk curves to the left and reaches a cattle gate. You have to hold on to the gate and swing your body to the other side. Then as the sidewalk reaches a hill, it abruptly ends. There is a large meadow there, and I have attended more than one kegger party out there as a teen. The real mystery is how they manage to get a keg out there. If you jump off the sidewalk at the end and walk to the other side of the hill, it starts again, and winds through the canyon. However the brush is so thick it's very dangerous from that point on. The area is also known for having pot fields, so caution is needed lest a grower think you are out there to rip them off. I have been out there too and felt an uncomfortable feeling of someone, or something, watching me. It is pitch black at night. The only light at all comes from an old abandoned brick factory that's about a half mile away. You have to climb up a hill and past some railroad tracks to get to it. Many kids are known to hang out there. There is a lot of tagging (graffiti) along the sidewalk. when you get so far there is a point where the sidewalk is crushed to pieces. Many bums live out there in homes made of blue tarp and items they find. I once talked to a lady that lived there and she said it is very scary at night time and I believe that. The most familiar story about the canyon is about a woman who was murdered there (which is how most of the canyon stories begin), and now walks the side of the road trying to hitch a ride with men driving alone. This is the story of the white witch. I believe there have been a few accidents involving men claiming to have picked her up, or to have just seen her on the road. I was in sixth grade the first time that I heard the story of the white witch, and it has given me a permanent fear of seeing a woman in a long white formal dress with a very pale, white face and dark circles around her eyes. My mom told me that she saw the white witch but the thing

is, she saw her in black with no feet.

Then there is the story of the infamous California bandito, Joaquin Murrieta using the canyon as his hiding place after escaping capture in the late 1800's. The account of Joaquin's capture and assassination at the hands of Captain Harry Love at Cantua Creek is questioned by some historians, despite the public display of Joaquin's head and the hand of his accomplice, Three-Fingered Jack. In the alternate story, Murrieta escaped Captain Harry Love and died shortly after arriving at the canyon to meet his wife. His remains were supposedly buried out there under an old adobe house that was excavated in the 1980's but they didn't find anything. The old adobe house was very close to the secret sidewalk.

Me and some of my friends went looking for the secret sidewalk. When we got out of the car to start walking up the hill, we saw a black figure in a cape. We were so scared we turned and ran as fast as we could. Then we drove down the road away, got out and went down to the creek. We heard the weirdest noise "bluuiiww". We had no idea what made the sound. We thought it might be the goatman but we don't know the legend behind it. One time I went up there at night with a few friends and we had someone watching us the whole time. It was odd that we all heard the train coming (so we stopped to watch it go by) but the train never appeared. it's also odd to find out at the end of the sidewalk that the dang thing is hollow. Kind of makes you wonder what was under you the whole time you were walking. It's mostly just locals who know about it. It is so magical, and the one thing about it that always sticks out in my mind is that at night, it is the darkest place on earth.

Going up the canyon doesn't bother me, just that one place going down. Near where the old bar was. Somewhere along the sidewalk there lives a troll who

will come out if you trespass into his territory and kill you. And while driving, there is a certain stretch of the canyon that makes your head hurt, makes you feel like your blood pressure is on the rise, like maybe something bad has happened there. It doesn't last long, but I sure don't like driving that part. I was celebrating with my friends because it was our friend Bianca's B-day and she died on the canyon road. Me and my friends were driving down that road and we planned to stop somewhere, so we pulled over, and went into this tunnel where we saw our friends' ghost. My friends ran away and I just stood there crying because I really missed her and I couldn't believe her ghost was right in front of my own eyes. As we stood there looking at each other I started to back away a little because I was getting scared, and my friends were about to leave me. I turned around slowly to walk away, and when I looked back she wasn't there. I ran and my friends were asking me, "WHAT HAPPENED, WHAT HAPPENED??" They walked as far as they could. One of the guys in the group had brought along a knife (just in case). When they'd gotten to the end of the sidewalk he had the knife out, ready to take on the troll. The guy stumbled and dropped the knife. It fell into a portion of the sidewalk which had crumbled away, revealing that the sidewalk was actually an old aqueduct. Everyone watched as the knife disappeared into the darkness. They waited. Suddenly a hand appeared up out of the darkness – holding the knife! Following the hand came a decrepit troll. "Kids shouldn't play with knives!", hissed the ominous figure. A few of the girls screamed and scrambled away. The guys, full of machismo a few moments earlier were slowly but definitely starting to back away. "Raaarrrr!" it screamed, and lunged toward the group. All the kids screamed and started frantically running in the direction from where they came. At this, the figure doubled over and laughed

uncontrollably. As the truth of their situation dawned on the kids, they stopped, turned around and got a better look at the previously-menacing character. He was just a little old homeless man who looked like he was about to laugh himself to pieces. Once everyone regained their composure they got to talking with the old man and shared some of the booze they'd brought with them and they all had a fun night.

Yes'm. Yes'm indeed. I done seen that cracker ass ghost sittin on da side uf da sidewalk. She sat there wavin' that finger at me like she was offerin a blowjob. Well I done picked up dat cracker ass bitch hopin' to get my balls licked and she done disappeared on me after about 13 minutes. I nearly shit ma black ass. Well, after I soiled my pants I decided I needed a joint. So I climbed my black ass up da side of dat hill and tried to find dis secret'mn sidewalk dat I done heard 'bout. Anyways. I got up there, and I dropped my lighter. I tried to pick it up but all of a sudden this fat cracker ass troll jumped up outta nowhere and stole my joint. Man I was pissed. I busted out my nine and capped dat cracker ass nigga in da head. But he jus dun laughed at me and walked off smokin my joint. Dat was the craziest acid trip I ever done had. I aint never doin no shit like dat again.

One night it was close to 4am and a lot of the people had gone home, but there were still about a dozen people scattered up and down this stretch of the sidewalk where we would all hang out. My step-cousin was off fooling around with some guy and I was ready to go home. They were getting it on pretty loud over by the train tracks. So finally, I called her name and followed the sound of her voice to a tree nearby the sidewalk. We were so drunk and silly, just laughing and talking pretty loud and all the sudden we heard a woman's voice singing in an opera type voice, you know like a scary opera kinda tune. That's when I lost my cool buzz.

Automatically I thought of no other than the white witch! My two friends were all “who is that?”, (with no response). They kept on yelling “Shut up bitch!”, and she just kept on with that same tune. Eventually my friends were thinking they were a couple of billy bad asses, and started to go look for her. I admit I do not fuck around with shit like that, I was begging them to just go back with me to our car, because I would never walk them tracks alone. But they were drunk, and drunk people don’t listen. As they approached, she was all tore back looking with big teeth that went into sharp points and wearing the white dress with blood and dirt stains. Bruce says they were so afraid that one of his buddies had pissed his pants as they passed by! He says they didn’t stop, or even dare glance back once!

I have seen the white witch down by the railroad tunnel. I was fooling around with my boyfriend from high school and we saw her just standing there watching us but then everybody ran so I ran with them.

So one night a group of us were looking for a pretty secure place to stay the night when down the stream a little ways we saw a camp fire. Slowly, we crept up and saw a guy just chillin’ next to the fire smoking a cigarette. He seemed harmless and we had a fairly large group, so we walked up to him. He was pretty friendly. We talked all night and he told us some strange happenings that go on in the canyon. Of course he told us the white witch story. He also told us there is a small graveyard somewhere in town occupied by the ghost of a little girl that died during one of Charlie Chaplin’s films. And there’s always a teddy bear sitting on her grave-stone. Also back in the 80’s a small plane crashed killing everyone on board. That part of the canyon is by the first narrow bridge. Part of the engine is still in about five feet of water. As he was telling this story, two of the homeless guys’ friends came up and sat next to us. Both of

them were also friendly. They went on about the white witch and the plane crash. Once in awhile you can hear the props of a plane flying through the canyon – then just stop. They also said that the people who died in the crash still walk around the road to get help. There are also some other stories about the canyon that are pretty weird. There are these weird satellite dish things in the canyon that are painted beige. There are stories about UFOs that will follow you through the canyon at night. They all said you got to worry more about the homeless people that live down there than the ghosts. So we all fell asleep. The next morning my friend wakes me up, totally freaking out. The 3 homeless guys were gone and there was no traces of the fire. There were no ashes or anything. That was weird. But the whole time you're down there you feel as if someone is watching you. Another time I was coming back from the city. My friend had a Grand Am at the time. If you try and open the doors from the outside and they're locked the dome light comes on then the locks make a clicking sound. Well, it did that three times back to back. My friend heard someone sneeze in the back seat on a different night.

My friends and I are wiccan and the white witch has blessed my friends. I have not been blessed as of yet. They are tearing down the old brick factory which I believe they shouldn't, for its a historical place to be, and one kick ass place to meditate and hang out. But you always get the feeling that you are being watched there, be it a real human or not. It's eerie but it's addictive.

We were at the secret sidewalk one night when all of a sudden a dude down at the train tracks fires up his chainsaw. He was screaming "come here I won't hurt you!". Then the guy starts running at them – swinging the damn chainsaw around. My friend's natural reaction was to laugh, hoping this guy was just playing some kind

of sick joke. They quickly realized the man was not kidding and he was mentally ill. My buddies were able to outrun him easily and no one was hurt. Two weeks later the same man had chased his wife down to Big Daddy's burger joint at the entrance of the canyon. He was swinging his chainsaw at her screaming "I won't hurt you!". Shortly after that, the man was shot and killed by local authorities.

When I first heard about the canyon I didn't believe the stories my friends told me. But I was convinced as soon as I went. Of course the first story I heard was about the white witch. My friend told me a story of a girl who was killed in the canyon on her prom night. She was wearing a white dress (hence the name 'The white witch'). She was waiting for her date to pick her up when she disappeared. Now her ghost haunts the roads hitch-hiking. When my friends decided to go there, they saw her. She appeared in their car. She told them she needed a ride to the city. They took her as far as the bridge and she disappeared. First, I didn't believe it. But then I also heard some stories about a satanic cult that lives out in the canyon. My friend told me about a time he went out there, and the road was blocked by a row of guys wearing black hooded capes. He stopped his truck and asked them to move and they just stood there. He described the guy in the middle as a 7 foot tall stocky dude. I guess he's the leader. My friend rolled his window up and decided to just plow through them. He told me they floated across and opened up like a gate. I didn't believe him until I went out there. I just went to walk the sidewalk. I was just there with some friends to explore, see what's up with the place, but then this tall guy came out from the trees. He looked like how my friend described him. He was wearing a black hooded cape and just stood there growling at us, he was hella tall. We couldn't go by him because the sidewalk isn't

that wide, so we just stared at him for a second. We didn't move and he just went back into the trees. I thought it was just some homeless guy out there. It didn't scare me so much, but it was weird. I haven't seen him since then, and I still go as much as I can, late at night. Not to party or anything but just to see if I can find him or see the white witch for myself.

I ran into lots of scooter tramps there, but in the year of 1984 or so I ran into White Pride groups. Now some may think this is all bull, But I'm here to tell you that the KLAN is alive and well. In the year of 2002 was the last 'rally' I made there. But I'm still in contact with those Good Old Boys and I hope to make it back for the next one.

While up on the water tower by the brick factory the other night I saw two men on ATVs decked out in all black. Both were carrying some sort of rifle and appeared to be wearing nightvision goggles because they didn't have the lights on on their ATVs. This is very strange.

I heard all sorts of strange and spooky stories about the place, and reading this text has awoken some dormant (repressed) memories about that place. Stories about kids being sacrificed there, satanic cults, the KKK, etc. Of course, I just figured it was a rite of passage type-of-thing or an urban legend. When we went there it was a dare type-of-thing. I remember after coming back from there, I was freaked out for a few days. Never did tell anyone about it, other than the friends who were there with me. I had almost convinced myself that the place didn't exist, even though I had been there. Then BANG, I see pictures and it sort of all comes back to me. Seeing those pictures really made my skin crawl a bit. I can't explain it. I don't really remember what happened there, if anything, when we visited the place. Like I said, I tried real hard to forget about it. It really had a

profound effect on me back then, and it still gives me goose bumps to think about it. What I do know is that I want to go back, and put some closure on the whole thing. I'm older now, and I have never met anyone else who has been there or even knows about the place other than the few friends who made the journey with me some 20+ years ago.... And who I haven't seen in as many years.

We decided to take a walk down the secret sidewalk to beat the boredom. When we got to the beginning we saw a man with an axe or a hatchet which kinda scared us, but not too much because my friend had brought a baseball bat. We had heard of the dangers there. Well, while we were walking and smoking a joint, some of us felt like someone was watching us and we became paranoid and started looking around. We didn't see anything but we saw these bushes moving and we got scared. It turned out to be a couple who was screwing on the train tracks below. We got quiet and watched them. The girl had light blonde hair and she was skinny and had small tits and a round ass. The guy was naked from the waist down, he was wearing a gray T-shirt and he had long dark hair and a beard. We watched the guy tie a bandana over her eyes. He was fucking her from behind, her body pressed into the gravel along the tracks. Then the guy tied her up with some yellow rope for a while and was sticking his cock into her mouth. She was squirming around as he sat on top of her, slapping her with his bare hands. He stopped and gave her some wine from a big wine jug since she was still tied up. She was begging him to fuck her. Her mouth was a rosy pink mess of cum and red wine. Then he took off his dirty T-shirt and was choking her with it while he was fucking her. He was swearing really loud so we took off. We kept walking and when the brick factory came into view we could see a guy in a Bronco but we didn't know what he was doing

there. So we just kept on walking. We walked to what I think was the end of the path, past the bums, and dropped down onto the train tracks. As we peered into the dark tunnel, we saw little green light shapes circling far, far away in the tunnel. I kid you not. Scared the crap out of us. When we were walking back, we saw that the guy in the Bronco was telling the couple they couldn't be there, so they started to walk back towards the old canyon road. We waited a while and then we decided to go in because we didn't see the guy in the Bronco anymore. When we got to the brick factory we decided it would be fun to make out our names with the bricks that were laying there, so we started to do that. Except for one of my friends who decided to walk over to where the two graves are. the next thing we saw was the guy in the Bronco up by the water tower pop a u-turn and come down the hill to where we where. We all decided to scam and run across the bridge where the train passes by, but the guy caught up and he pulled out a gun and said we were all going to die. But then we started to talk to him. He said it was his property and we all had to leave. When we were leaving there was a man by the gate to go into the creek trail in his backyard trying to take pictures of us and he told us he was going to give them to the police.

I was up there a while back, and me and two of my friends went into the sidewalk. Yes, that's right. Into the sidewalk. But first a brief history lesson. Its not a sidewalk or camera road or anything like that. It's an over 100 year old water system to transport people's water. Well, we went up there and if you go past the bridge over the 75 foot drop and follow for about another mile you will find the part that has been destroyed. But if you keep going there is a huge iron gate. But if you climb up that hill it keeps going. There is a huge field where people grow pot and party. But before the side walk is

destroyed about a half a mile back, there is a hole in the sidewalk where you can get in it. If you follow it north you just get to the broken part which is nothing. But if you follow it south it goes around the hillside then through the hill to eventually end up at a wooden barrier that has been made recently. Well me and my two friends sat down to smoke a bowl after writing a message on the wood. After that we were smoking American Spirits and we turned off our flashlights and I saw light coming from the other side of the wood. So we looked and we got out our knives (I'm telling you, don't go there without protection just to scare people away) and made some holes in the wood. We could see a chamber on the other side all lit up with piles of debris on the floor. But if you looked up you could see sky. So we crawled back out of the tunnel, and walked back down the sidewalk to our car. But right near our car was an old drainage ditch with a path along side with water district signs. So we were walking up it after hopping a fence and a lady in a nearby house stopped us. we told her what we were doing and she gave us a lot of info. You see, at the top of the canyon is the water temple, where the tunnel starts. The water temple is decorated with all sorts of mystical symbols. Then the tunnel follows down through the hills and splits to a water tower and down more through the canyon to what is called secret sidewalk. And where we saw sky was another water tower about a half mile up the path we were on. But don't go exploring just yet. There are a few dangers. First off, the first water tower and the main entrance to the sidewalk are owned by some people who have enrolled national security forces to patrol their grounds as well as a helicopter and cameras that are constantly watching, so you might not want to go up there unless you want to bunk up with Tiny down at the county jail. The other dangers were on that path we were about to go on. There is a

family of mountain lions living right at the base of that hill. Also, about a mile up that path is a guys' property, and he likes to ride around on his ATV drinking and carrying a shotgun sometimes. So please just be careful.

For the past 45 minutes many memories have returned. Detailed descriptions of particular events that haunted me for years I had laid to rest. While myth at times can be exaggerated to an extent, you must look past it and find truth. In this text, the area that stretches from that hamburger joint all the way through the canyon and those hills to that very tombstone with a particular teddy bear was fully decrypted. I have been to all points of this area. Something terrible occurred when they passed the tall trees and the gate that says 'JP Ranch'. If you follow the hillside to that ranch you would then find the secret to the black hooded robes! Is it coincidental that you felt this, and yet another voice indicated that along the sidewalk several robed in black were seen? The homeless that reside there: ask them of this and then look into their eyes... and see the horror of what they have chosen to forget. Many of them disappear, but remains of them exist throughout the area. What I am describing is what many have come across in this text but barely understand. Many of these stories cross by way of urban legend mainstream and druid ceremonial activities. When you hear about teenagers whom have been 'blessed' by the witch they are not speaking of a hitchhiker that disappears. Or when they hear opera music. I know this because I was once witness and this is my testimony to the core of what they consider sacred. If you were ever a regular at the secret sidewalk, you may notice that the roaming cattle disappear from time to time. Suddenly they return. But the cattle are new, for the previous ones were used in ceremony. This is reality. Terrible things have occurred in this very old canyon. And come winter I would advise

walking on eggshells when you explore this. They live by the inverted pentagram.

Well aint dat some shit! Anutha nig tryin to get his piece swallowed, and that fine piece of white bread left him high and dry! But yee, anyway, I was bummin off the bums fo some weed... and they said naw, so I was like fuck yall niggaz. So I dun walked my ass halfway back down, and this purty piece of albino padoosy opens her purty lil mouth flashin that purty lil tongue. So I lied down and flopped mah sheeit out and slapped her in the face, knockin one of her teef out. Well I guess she dun got angry at that, cuz she slapped my ball sack purty hard, and vanished into tin air. Them was some crazy shitters, I never poked another homeless woman again! So to all you youngins, stay away frum dat place. It jes aint right. They is somethin goin on up they!

The first time I was hiking up there, I didn't know anything about a white witch or nothing. I came up to this railroad tunnel and there was this old man who came out of this tent by these bushes and he had a little dog with only three legs. It kinda freaked me out but we started talking and he was telling me about the secret sidewalk and the white witch and stuff. He was like an old hippie from Vietnam or something. Then he told me to wait a minute and he went back into his tent and came out with a little bag that had some crystals in it. He put some on his tongue and told me they were like pop rocks so I took a handful of them and ate them. We were talking some more and then some lady came out of his tent with no shirt on and she looked nasty and was yelling at the old man and the little dog started getting excited and started biting at my shoestrings. It was getting really weird and I decided to keep hiking. I remember walking down some railroad tracks and there was these big tall brick towers and then something really scared the shit out of me – there was something

glowing yellow in this dumpster and I went to go see what it was. I was sick to my stomach and seeing shit in the bushes. I had to hop this fence and when I looked inside there was this bucket of piss that was reflecting when the sun shined on it. GROSS! I thought I was going crazy and then I heard some rustling in the bushes behind me and somebody grabbed my ankle and then I must have blacked out cause I woke up and it was like 3pm and somebody stole my backpack and there was these fuckin' scratches on my legs. But then I was in a different place somewhere by this creek and there was this family of Mexicans and like 8 kids with blowup rafts. I was lost so I asked them how to get back to the road and they pointed and gave me some kick ass BBQ. I was really freaking out and pissed off too, but it was getting dark so I tried to get back to my car. I saw something moving ahead of me in the shadows, and when a car would drive by with it's lights on I could tell it was some people. Then after a few minutes I couldn't see them anymore but I knew I was getting close to where I saw them walking. I heard someone mumbling something and said HELLO but then it got quiet and this really tall dude came out from the trees and he had a brown robe on. He told me that I shouldn't be out this late. When I told him what happened and that somebody stole my backpack, he said he would take care of them and took out this sword and showed me. He said not to say nothing about what they were doing and I looked in the trees and they had a bonfire and some kind of animals and this dude that had deer horns on his head. This dude said that I was psychic and that's why I could see them but I know that I'm not psychic.

Another time, I was walking on the secret sidewalk with some of my buddies that I haven't seen in years. We went up there to drink some 40's and smoke some bud. I like to get high. While walking, in the distance we saw

something strange. It looked like some people wrestling with each other. We got closer, it was crazy, I was getting freaked out. My boys decided to cut and I decided to keep going. after about 20 minutes of walking I heard some groaning and moaning. I looked down and there was the white witch giving the troll a hummer. I just stood there and watched for ten minutes at least. I was getting turned on. I started to stroke it. As I was about to bust a nut, this dude in an ATV creeps up on me and catches me. It's a trip because he was wearing nothing but cowboy boots and a little league baseball cap. He asked me if I wanted a ride but I said fuck no. He said it was his property. I fuckin' bounced, dude. I Aint down with that shit. I took off and went to Big Daddy's for a shake and some greasy ass fries.

There are many different versions of the white witch.... There is also a 'black witch' version. The difference is that the white witch will only ask for a ride, then disappear in the car. The Black Witch will supposedly jump out in front of your car and make you crash your car in the deeper part of the canyon. But when you actually go up there, there is not much to look at. You see a brick factory and you see a sidewalk that you are walking on covered in graffiti. You see some fucking fag up there that's like as short as a fucking troll and he looks like one too! You see a guy everyday up there that is a fucking nigger homo that drives around in his fucking faggetty ass Bronco and chases people like me! I got chased out of the fucking brick factory because that fag said he was the owner and he wanted me and my friends to leave. We weren't doing anything but looking around and making shit out of bricks and throwing bricks at shit. I forgot until later that we came across a pic of a devil (or was it Satan?) graffiti on the sidewalk. People were trippin' out when we saw it. It looked like it was painted with blood or something. Nearby, there was a

little area not far off from the sidewalk that someone had cleared out and it smelled weird over there. We found some more symbols drawn on the trees and rocks with black spray paint. Then we found a hole about 2 × 2 feet in the ground. We smelled the burning smell of wood and saw some smoke emitted from the hole. When walking by, you can feel the heat from the hole. Maybe it is the troll inside? Lately, I hear the troll is getting meaner. He used to never really bother you, but now he charges either a 40 oz. or \$20 for 'admission' onto the Sidewalk!! How outrageous is that? And that guy in the Bronco is an a-hole! This sucks man.

One night after dropping off my girlfriend in town, I had to drive through the canyon late at night. I was listening to the radio, and it was fading in and out. That's when I saw this hippy chick walking along the side of the road. She was wearing a brown robe and carrying some orange flowers. It was late at night and she flagged me down. I pulled over and she ran up to my window. She told me she needed a ride to the city, that her friends had ditched her out there. I told her I was going that way anyways, so get in. So she gets in and we keep driving through the canyon. She asks me if I smoke grass and I say sure. So she pulls this little deer antler pipe from a bag in her cloak and packs a bowl for us. That's when I saw that she wasn't wearing anything under her robe. She had a tight little body. She had dark olive skin and green eyes, dark brown hair. Her small nipples were brown and pointy like little candies. She was real casual about me seeing her body, so I decided that I would be casual about it too. She suggested that we pull off by the side of the road to smoke and I was cool with it. The next thing I know, we are driving up this side road by the bridge and we pull over and turned off the lights. She sparked a bowl, leaned over me and blew the hit into my mouth. Her cloak was fully open at

the front now, as she had taken off the cord that held it together, dropping it to the floor. My cock was getting hard although I had just fucked my girlfriend in my parent's bathroom earlier that night. But I couldn't help my excitement with this hot girl pushing her mouth and bare chest onto me. Her warm breath tasted like flowers, wine and weed. We smoked some more weed, me in the driver's seat, her sitting on her knees in the passenger seat facing me. she let the cloak fall off of her, and she started to rub her pussy with the pipe and put it in my mouth. With her other hand she rubbed my cock through my jeans. I didn't know what to do and then she said, "will you play with yourself for me? I'd really like to see your dick." I felt weird but she helped me unzip my jeans and she held my hard cock for a minute before she said, "Okay, jack off for me now." So I started to stroke it for this hot stranger in my car. She hovered over my cock as I stroked it, teasing the head of my dick with her tongue and lips. I reached out to touch her but she pushed my hand away. I wondered if she could smell my girlfriend on me. Then she grabbed the cord for her robe off the floor and wrapped it around my balls and cock. I was a little freaked out but she told me to keep stroking it. She started licking my balls and I moaned. She said in a firm but sweet voice, "don't cum yet", and pushed my hand off of my cock. "No Hands", she said, and with one hand on the cord, she climbed on top of me facing away, and slid my cock into her pussy. I held my arms at my side because she kept pushing them away. With one hand on the cord, she tugged my balls and cock while we fucked. I stared up at the ceiling of my car as she started to rub her pussy and my cock and the cord and everything all together. She was really wet and she started singing this weird chant-like song when I felt a sharp pain in my asshole. I screamed and then she opened the door of the car and threw the flowers across

the dashboard as she jumped out, grabbing her robe and yelling something. I still had my pants down and a cord around my dick and there was blood and I was freaked out so I didn't chase after her. I found her deer antler pipe on the floor of my car the next day but I don't intend to find her and give it back.

I grew up near the canyon and have been up to the secret sidewalk numerous times as a teenager. I painted that giant shroom smoking a joint. I have never seen the white witch or trolls. Everyone used to go up there and get high, take LSD that kind of thing. But then a good friend of mine died at the sidewalk. He was having a lot of personal problems at the time. He and three other people went up there to drink. On the way up they ran into these hooded individuals doing what seemed like a ritual. My friend Rick talked some shit to them so they packed up their belongings, laughing at him as they left. My friends went up to the part of the secret sidewalk with the gate. After a couple beers Rick got up and ran out on the part with the 75-foot drop on both sides. Another guy got up and went out and asked what he was doing when Rick ran out of the darkness... right into the other guy. This other guy said Rick looked right in his eyes and he had a chance to reach out, but didn't. He fell off the edge of the sidewalk to the rocks below. His heart burst when he hit the ground. Me and my friends still miss Rick to this day. He was a really good person. I have been through numerous UFO/alien experiences and the bulk of them started up there. I have been told that it is a government base, owned by TRW corporation. I have researched TRW and found they are linked to many stories of UFO technology development as well as established defense contracts. But by far, the most interesting connections to TRW are those that involve them with mind control technologies. I do have a friend that grew up near the canyon that knows the individual

who owns the land. He said a group of men leases it from him. They started this in the 70's. When he asked what for, they said "don't ask", and paid him a lot of money. These people did build an underground installation. I do have UFO video footage from up there. I believe that it is a docking station. I knocked on the gate and an old Chinese lady came out. Government installation? TRW? I know what I think. I think you should go up there yourself and decide. It's a great place to get high and make out. Just make sure you bring some protection. I obviously made it through the night and willingly went back to the next kegger the following weekend.