

another pSecret pSociety pshort pstory



Strange Lady of the Woods by Mike Bozart (Agent 33) | JUNE 2016

The first time that I ever saw the strange lady in the woods was when I was seventeen. It was back in late March or early April of 1974, when I was still living with my parents in Idlewild Farms, a newer subdivision in outer east Charlotte, off Albemarle Road.

After entering the woods on foot at the northern end of Pepperhill Road (now Summit Ridge Apartments), I began walking up a lightly worn fox path. Once I was 60 feet into the dense patch of mostly deciduous forest, I stopped to fire up a pre-rolled joint (Marijuana cigarette). I wasn't a major weedhead per se, but I liked to puff the green once in a while when out in nature.

I started walking again while smoking the cannabis. Life was good. *What a splendid spring day in North America. Where did I hear that before?*

I hadn't gone but another 60 or 70 feet when I came upon her – the strange lady of the woods – a Native American woman of about 35 to 40 years with long black hair, crouched down beside a very small pond. A silver amulet dangled from her neck.

I then discreetly put the joint out and placed it in my right-front jeans pocket.

I should tell you that this pond was actually more like a 15-foot-diameter crater pool. Perhaps it was the root area where a giant oak tree had toppled.

The water was dark and still. A few brown leaves floated languidly on the surface. I wasn't sure how deep it was, as I

couldn't see the bottom or anything below the oil-like surface.

Well, there she was, just looking down at the water, intently studying something. *A fish? The sky?*

I saw her dark eyes in the surface reflection, and I think she saw my brown-haired mug. I now felt compelled to speak. "Hello. I'm just passing by. Sorry to disturb you."

"Oh, you're fine," she said as she rose and zipped up her bluish gray jacket. "I'm Amadahy. I'm a Cherokee. My name means forest water. I'm collecting memories." *Collecting memories? Maybe she's coo-coo. [crazy]*

"Oh, I see. Well, I'll let you be." *He's afraid of me. Why? Silly Caucasian boy.*

"Where are you in such a rush to go, young man? And, what's your name?"

"I'm Adam. I'm just going for a walk in the woods."

"What are you hoping to find on your walk in the woods, Adam?" *What a question!*

"Well, I certainly was surprised to find you here."

"Really? Why?" *Is this his family's property now? Am I trespassing as American law calls it?*

"Well, I've never seen you here before. I've been walking around in these woods for over a decade now, ever since I was a kid."

"I've seen you before, Adam." *She has? How? When? And where?*

"Ok. Well, nice meeting you. Maybe I'll see you out here again. Take care." *Let's get out of here. She's weird as hell. / He sure seems odd.*

She didn't say goodbye, or anything. She just tilted her head down and stared at the water again. *She's really strange. I wonder if she has some kind of mental illness. Does her family know that she's out here? Does she have a family?*

Anyway, I continued on my little walk in the woods that spring day, and got quite stoned in the process. I then sat down on the lip of a recessed clearing (which some of my neighborhood friends called 'the dome' for some reason; it was more of a large, gullied, red-clay bowl) and imagined that she was some kind of real witch, and that she might cast a spell on me. In fact, I got so paranoid that I returned to my home on Red Carriage Lane via Idlebrook Drive, some 1,000 feet to the east of the tiny pond.

Fast forward a year and a half. It's now the fall of 1975. It's one of those crisp, dry, cool, windy autumn days, right after a cold front punches through. It's was just before Halloween, I believe. Yeah, that sounds about right. I recall that the leaves had just started to change colors. (Fall foliage colors don't peak in Charlotte until mid-November.)

I once again entered the woods via Pepperhill as dusk neared. And, to my astonishment, she – the strange lady of the woods – was right where she was the last time I saw her,

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