

**another pSecret pSociety pshort pstory**



**WATERFALL HORROR** by Mike Bozart (Agent 33) | JUNE 2016

We were heading north on Main Street through the village of Blowing Rock (USA), when I turned our gray Kia Rio hatchback left onto Laurel Lane. Monique, my Filipina wife, said nothing. We then crossed a heavily shaded Wallingford Road. And less than 200 feet later, I turned left into the small Annie Cannon Gardens parking lot, which appeared completely full on this cooler-than-normal Saturday, mid-June morning. However, we managed to find a spot beside a split-rail fence. It was a tight fit, but we were licitly ensconced.

“Well, we’re in safely, Monique,” I said as I sighed with relief, glad to be done with driving for a while. “Today’s mission will link Charlotte with Blowing Rock.” *What in the world!*

“Why, did you tie a 100-mile-long string to our mailbox before we left Charlotte, Agent 33? [my no.] That spool must be mighty hot.” *I just know that he is already in record mode. / I’m glad that she said ‘Agent 33’. Yes, it’s time to turn the audio recorder on. Hikers can say the damndest things.*

“Actually that piece of virtual thread is 101 miles long, Agent 32.” [Monique’s no.]

“Did you measure, Parkaar? [my ailing alias] That’s ok; don’t answer.”

We disembarked from our car and began walking down a gravel road that paralleled a small stream. We soon came upon a wooden sign: Glen Burney Trail ⇒

The trail looked more like a steeply descending goat path, replete with exposed roots. I could tell that Monique wasn't too keen on going down it.

"Do we have to go down that, 33?"

"No, the directions on the internet said that we could just stay on the gravel road. That trail loops back."

"Yey! It looks snaky down there by that rivulet."

"That rivulet is New Years Creek, 32." *What?*

"Did it just form on January 1<sup>st</sup> of this year?" Monique asked and then started laughing.

"It stated on a New Year's Day many centuries ago." *Yeah, right.*

"I'm calling B.S. [bullshit] on that, Parkaar."

We both had a chortle as we continued walking down the gravel road. Soon we were passing a metal-signed lift station.

"What does this station lift, 33?"

"Sewage, 32"

"Holy crappers!" Monique exclaimed and laughed.

We tip-toed across the shallow brook. We were now on a dirt trail. Not too much farther, we had a wooden privacy wall on our left, right next to the four-foot-wide footpath.

Monique stopped to peer through the gaps in the vertical slats. “Wow! What a huge house!”

“Yeah, somebody scored bigtime. No financial crisis there.”

We continued on the still fairly level hiking trail for a hundred more feet. Then it began to descend. Soon we had to step over and through a notch that was cut into a giant oak tree that had fallen across the now-eroded path.

“Look, Monique, you can see where they started to cut this big tree in half. See this diagonal line here?”

“Why did they stop, 33?”

“Maybe their chainsaw’s bar wasn’t long enough. The diameter of this trunk must be over two feet.”

“The Six Pence’s [an English pub in Blowing Rock] bar was long enough.” *She’s speaking for the future write-up.*

Not much further down the trail, we came to a footbridge over a now-wider New Years Creek.

“The French would call this a passerelle, 32.”

“But, we’re not French, 33. Let’s just call it a chain-link-fence-sided, wooden, pedestrian overpass.”

And with that we were across the little bridge, continuing our descent into the ravine of rhododendron.

In a few minutes we had arrived at another wooden sign: Cascades.

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