

Excerpts from personal journal for GWC Investigators @HDTs2013

10/13/13- later at night, maybe 10:30

As we passed the final road and closed in on Google's red dot, I thought I saw something in the road. A white thing, I then thought my eyes were playing tricks, finally realizing there was a figure in the road, off to the side. I was scared shitless. We then saw two figures, dressed in full camo, rifle, rifles that looked like assault weapons slung over their shoulders. I got a chill, we identified them as hunters, but it didn't make me feel any better, I was scared, more of gun wielding rednecks at this point than anything unusual. We saw more camps to the right and assumed it was hunters. I was worried we would be hit by a stray bullet or harassed for being weirdoes, or killed. We got closer to the red dot.

+We passed the red dot, and tried to turn around, we had a cliff off to the right and a ditch off to the left while facing forward. I got out to direct Daniel, the headlights mixed with the red light from the car cast an eerie glow. It made the leaves and rocks and dirt look odd. Once turned around we identified a line of sight with the red dot, the sight. The place we had come to identify and investigate, where a man had been abducted.

+ There was another cliff or steep hill between us and the dot, no way to get the car through, nowhere to leave the car on the side of the road over night. We began back up the hill, making a few twists and turns before ascending back up the steep curved hill. We spotted a campsite to the right and decided to stay there, because it could be easily accessed.

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+Everyone, Sean and Daniel, seem very out of it, like it is hard to pay close attention to details, or remember exactly what we were supposed to be doing.

+We had for the bar- head out of town, as we pass the bar I point it out to Daniel. +I order a Coors Light from the bar tender. She looks like an old, well into her 60's blond woman, Daniel and Sean get PBRs. There are signs everywhere telling patrons to watch their step. They have 1 or 2 pool tables I can't remember and three dart boards at one end. The bar has the real roadhouse layout. It's a long room, with the bar at one end-running parallel to the building at one end and the dart boards at the other, running perpendicular to the bar. The place looks like a dump. At first there are only 2 older men drinking inside.

+ I come back and Daniel and Sean tell me that the woman has been making fun of me for ordering a Coors Light, it costs more than PBR and you get less beer. She asks us what brings us to town; we give her the practiced GWC spiel. She starts to tell us that she is super interested in ghosts, has all the equipment, more equipment than we have as it turns out. Her name is Dianna Carney; she keeps mentioning that we could be her sons. She wants to take us to an Indian ruin where a little girl was found, it's haunted. I keep trying to ask her about UFOs about TW, but she doesn't bite, where you living here when it happened? No bite. Do you think it still affects the town? No bite. She keeps talking about ghosts, she is also a rock hunter, talks some about rocks, and filling up our beers. She is pushing beer; I think I drink 4-5 in the hour and a half we are there. I don't remember being real thirsty, desperate for

beer, she just keeps asking if I am “Okay on that, you gotta catch up with your buddies”.

+There is a wasted kid at the bar; he looks like 23 or so. At first I thought he was wearing an Arizona State shirt, then I thought it said Absurd State, then I realized it said Absurd Skate. He get one beer, doesn't seem to have enough for another and the jukebox, he puts dub step on the jukebox, maybe its Skrillex. While I'm outside he's arguing with Dianna about something, while she is smoking and hanging Halloween decorations. Dianna's other friend is leaving, apparently to the courthouse for a wedding, Dianna hollers “I hope she calls it off” her friend is another older woman, 60's, didn't age well.

+As we are leaving we get Dianna's number; she really wants to show us the ruin. The 23 year old keeps drunkenly staring at us. He then asks if we know about Indian pottery and tells us about some kind, with writing on the inside of it, that you cant pick up, “It s very bad luck”.

+We drive back to camp. The sun will go down soon.