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Witch Hecita legend trip from my perspective

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Title: Witch Hecita, Stan’s (myself) version
Genre: Legends

Informant: I am a sophomore at Utah State that is studying for a marketing major. I live in West Jordan Utah, when I’m not up at school, and have my whole life. My dad owns a grocery store in Kearns Utah called “Stan’s Market” that a marketing degree I hope will help me run later in life. I went to Bingham High School and graduated in 2017.

Context:
I had heard of summoning Witch Hecita from my folklore class and ever since then I had wanted to go legend tripping to see if it would work. I’ve also never been legend tripping at all so that was even more motivation for me to go, because I’ve always wanted to legend trip. I thought that since Halloween is the spookiest night of the year that would be the best time to go. I begged my girlfriend Abby to go with me and she said she would, she then invited her friend Madisyn who invited some more people and we all headed up the canyon in two cars to see if we could lure the witch out into the open. I myself believe that Witch Hecita could be real and would really like to go back up the canyon and try it more times to see if she would come out.

Text:
I was so excited to go summon the witch, I had been waiting almost a whole month to do it and it was finally Halloween night. We hopped in the car and headed up about 25 minutes up the canyon to Temple Fork in Logan Canyon, just how I had read online. We didn’t go up very far when I pulled off to a little lot that seemed like as good as any place to summon a witch. There were four people in the car with me and five in the other car that came up with us and they pulled up next to us and got out of the car when we were getting out of ours. It was snowing and dark and there was as mixed of excitement with nervousness and of underwhelming. I told everyone to turn off the light of their car and put their keys on top of the hood. I then told everyone to be quite then started calling out the witches name, which you are supposed to do it three times. So I chanted: “Witch Hecita, Witch Hecita, Witch Hecita”. Then all of a sudden I see a green light, I knew it was from a laser pointer though, because I had the same one. I just started to smile because I knew that I was going to freak some people out, and of course a handful of the girls started to scream and were scared, but then the kid who brought the laser pointer showed it to us and we all laughed. I wanted to go up the canyon a little further to see if we could maybe see her still. So the other car took off back home and we header deeper into the
darkness of the canyon. But before I could do that I went to go grab my keys and they were gone, and once again, people to freak out, but it turned out to just be my friend Mckay who had swiped the keys and put them in his pocket. We laughed again and headed up the canyon. We drove for about five minutes more and pulled over and did it all over again. I chanted her name three times and really was expecting to see something, but we didn’t. We started to head back down the canyon and slowly turned off my headlights and stepped on the brakes to freak everyone out, and just as I thought, they got freaked out and screamed. We again laughed and headed home without seeing any witches, disappointingly.

Texture:

If I were to retell this story I would focus on the prank that I and the other people pulled, not the failed legend trip part. It would be to get a laugh out of someone and not a scare. I would also share how disappointed I was to not see Hecita and that I would most definitely go back out there to try and find her. I would also think about not telling the story at all because I don't want to discredit Witch Hecita. I feel like if I told people this story, they would take it as just another failed attempt on a legend trip to her and would take it as a discrediting story more than anything. I would much rather be telling a story about how I saw Witch Hecita out there or something scary happened to me. On the other hand I would like to tell this story because my girlfriend is the one who got the most scared and did the most screaming, and I will always jump on an opportunity to give her grief. I would tell the story to mostly people who know her and tell them just how scared she was so that we could all laugh about it together. Good thing she is a good sport.