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Donkey lady bridge pictures

About six hours later their vehicle returned to our road with only one passenger. Assuming he had taken the girls home and was about to party in San Antonio, we came out anxious to greet him. What we found in the car was something I'll never forget: the windshield was broken, the front dented, and there was what appeared to be blood all over the hood. We immediately ran to the driver's door to see if John (not his real name) was ok. He was just sitting there looking out the windshield with an empty expression on his face. After several minutes of consistent harassment, we finally got him to talk. He told us that he and his friends Lisa, Terry and Jill had reached the bridge. They started honking their horn and calling for the donkey lady (according to legend this is how she's supposed to get her attention). After about fifteen minutes of seeing nothing, they decided to go into the woods and look for her themselves. What happened next was really incredible, and if I didn't know John all my life and see the car I wouldn't believe it myself. While walking in the woods, John said he had a feeling they were being watched. He immediately stopped and told everyone to be quiet. Looking around and assessing the situation, he discovered in the background what appeared to be two eyes looking at them. These eyes seemed to be reflected by the moonlight and were of a color that he said was indescribable. The girls immediately panicked and started running back to the car. John was quick to follow, and shortly after he turned away there was a horrible scream from the direction of the eyes. He described it as almost a cry from a smart animal. Too scared to turn around, he picked up his pace as he ran to the car. When he got there the girls were already inside screaming at him to get in and out. As he tried to find his keys, he heard the sounds of what appeared to be a horse running in their direction. Starting the car, hit it at speed and put the trade on the floor. Suddenly, a figure appeared on the street in front of them. Too scared to stop, John collides with the shape. He hit the hood of the car and fell over the roof. Looking in his mirror, he said he thought the number stood up and continued to stalk them. After hearing this and seeing the condition of the car, my friend and I felt this deserved a second look. John told us he'd never come back to the bridge again, but if we wanted to risk our lives, move on. Grabbing two lenses and a pair of shotguns (which was the biggest gun Steve's father had), he jumped into my pickup and made way for the bridge. As well as We slowed down and turned on the many off-road lights my truck had. These lit up the road and the forest on our side as if it were day, giving us an excellent view of the bridge as we approached. We were getting closer. the first thing we noticed as the bridge approached was the large amount of blood on the road. However, that was the only lead we could find on the incident that John described. After our search for the forest on foot, we discovered what appeared to be many pieces of a small horse (unshod) leading to the road. After several hours of looking and finding nothing else, we returned home. By then John had already found his way home, and we lay in bed, too excited to sleep. To date, none of the people involved in this story have returned to the bridge. John saw and hit the Donkey Lady that night, or was it just a stray pony that was surprised by their presence? All I know is that something was there that night and scared our friends to death. -Airborne Attack on Lady Bridge Donkey I had an incident similar to this airborne submitted. One weekend in 1989 some friends and I were driving around 1973 Impala one of them belongs, as we usually did. We were showing the driver's younger cousins, Todd, around. thirteen that year and had been introduced. We decided to drive to donkey lady bridge, partly after we had never been there, partly to give them a good scare. Every child (especially the south/southeast ones) who have grown up in San Antonio knows about Lady Donkey. There was even a phone number you could call to hear it. So they laughed and agreed with the idea. We went to the bridge, turning off the headlights before we were really into it. It's very eerie out there at night. it was much more because of the almost full moon just lighting up the bridge. Todd began to slowly move across the bridge when a figure appeared seemingly out of nowhere in his middle. He stopped the car and whispered speculation as to who or what it was. We didn't expect to see anything, let alone this. Todd placed the car at speed again, and honking his horn, slowly inched his way into shape, which immediately disappeared. The car stopped again, and that made us shut up. Todd sat listening to our suggestions to support or gun the car on the other side when something landed on the bonnet of the car. Everyone was screaming, and Todd hit the car in reverse and threw it to the floor. The dark figure rolled out of the hood, and Todd didn't stop until we got to the main road and got to the Dennys in the New York Army near IH 10. Coming out, we were all looking at the hood, which was now wearing two very deep dents in it. No one had an explanation as to exactly where the number had fallen. to do these. We went inside for dinner, but decided to call it night. Todd took his car to a body shop the next day, and had to replace the hood set - the dents were too deep to pound out. By the way, I was 17 when this happened, and I'm 30 today and I've never been back out there. Out. Strange Texas An idea of what donkeys might look like. Anyone growing up near San Antonio probably heard a story about The Donkey Lady. There are many different variations, and since I've been looking into it, I'll try to post what I find here. Possible legends on the south side of San Antonio are a bridge known to be the home of the lady donkey. Some say he's a ghost, while others say he's a living creature, half donkey and half human. The Donkey Lady Bridge is at the end of Jett Rd. before it runs into Applewhite Rd. It's said to live in these woods around the bridge and jump into your car destroying it with its hooves if you park here too long. There are many stories on the internet about this San Antonio myth. Whether it's a ghost or a creature, the donkey lady's story is terrifying and well known in many parts of Texas. Several stories detail how the donkey lady came to be and how she became part donkey, part human. Some stories say she lost her children in a fire her husband set. She was terribly deformed in the fire, merging her fingers and toes together creating hoof-like hands and feet. Her head burned so badly in the fire that it healed in such a warped, elongated way that it resembled that of a donkey. She wanders the area around the bridge in southern San Antonio every night, crying for her children. She'll usually go after anyone who's bothering her with honking. Honking a car horn is supposedly the best way to get the attention of this brutal donkey lady. Another story about how the donkey lady came to surround the same bridge area of southern San Antonio. In the mid-1950s, a woman walked her donkey along the road to the fields near her house to let the donkey graze. One boy claimed the woman's donkey had been bitten so the boy's father and several of his friends conspired to grab the donkey as he walked by the woman in the fields. They waited in the woods and then jumped out when she walked by and tried to grab the rope from the woman who was driving her donkey. As they fought for the rope, the donkey accidentally fell into the stream and drowned. The men were leaving when the woman started throwing rocks at them. A rock knocked one of the men knocking him unconscious. The other men grabbed the woman and threw her into the water where she drowned. The spirit of the woman and her beloved donkey was combined into one and she now wanders with rage in the area around the bridge. The ghostly donkey lady is said to have the immense power, the terrifying eyes, the screams, and the rage that haunts anyone who annoys her or comes to her area. An account (Taken from an angelfire site.) Down in an area near San Antonio, there's the legend of lady donkeys. It's reportedly the spirit of a horribly mutant woman who appears to be half a woman, half a donkey. It reportedly haunts a bridge in the woods south of the city, and this location. Location. become a hotspot for local thrill lovers for both young and old. This story isn't directly related to me, but it happened to some of my friends. I've known them all my life, and I have no reason not to believe them. One night in late 1987, while at my best friend's house, four comrades showed up. Bored and looking for something to do, we proposed to visit the Donkey Lady Bridge. This location was only a short drive from home, (five or six miles), and was a local favorite among late-night stories. They agreed, and soon they were leading out of sight. About six hours later, their vehicle returned to our road with only one passenger. Assuming he had taken the girls home, and that he was about to party in S.A., we went out, eager to greet him. What we found in the car is something I'll never forget. The windshield was broken, the front dented, and there was what appeared to be blood all over the hood. We immediately ran to the driver's door to see if John was okay. However, John was sitting there looking out the window, with an empty expression on his face. After several minutes of consistent harassment, we finally got him to talk. He, Lisa, Terry and Jill got to the bridge. They started honking their horns, trying to call the legendary Lady of donkeys. After about 15 minutes of seeing nothing, they decided to go into the woods and look for themselves. What happened next was really incredible, and if I hadn't met John all my life, and seen the car, I wouldn't have believed him. While walking in the woods, John said he had a feeling they were being watched. He immediately stopped and told everyone to be quiet. Looking around and assessing the situation, he discovered what appeared to be two eyes looking at them away in the background. These eyes seemed to reflect the moon light, and it was of a color that he said was indescribable. The girls panicked and started running back to the car. John was quick to follow, and shortly after he turned away there was a horrible scream from the direction of the eyes. He described it as almost a cry from a smart animal. Too scared to turn around, he picked up the pace as he ran into the car. When she got there, the girls were already in the car, screaming to get in and out. As he tried to find his keys, he heard what appeared to be the sounds of a horse running in their direction. Starting the car, he hit it at speed and put it on the floor. Suddenly, a figure appeared on the street in front of them. Too scared to stop, John collides with the shape. He hit the hood of the car and. above the roof. Looking in his mirror, he said he thought the number stood up and continued to stalk them. After hearing this and seeing the condition of the car, Steve and I immediately felt it deserved a second look. John told us he'd never come back. Never. bridge again, but if we wanted to risk our lives to move on. Grabbing two lenses, and a pair of shotguns (these were the biggest weapons Steve's father had) we jumped into my pickup and made way for the bridge. As we got closer, we slowed down and turned on the many off-road lights my truck had. These lit up the road, and the forest on our side as if it were day, giving us an excellent view of the bridge as we approached. The first thing we noticed as the bridge approached was the numerous amounts of blood on the road. However, these were the only signs of the evidence we were able to find. After researching the forest on foot, (and shotguns) we discovered what appeared to be many pieces of a small clueless horse leading to the road. After several hours of looking and finding nothing else, we returned home. By then John had already found his way home, and we lay in bed, too excited to sleep. To date, none of the four people involved in this story have returned to the bridge. John saw and hit the Donkey Lady that night, or was it just a stray pony that was surprised by their presence? All I know is that something was there that night, and it scared our friends to death. Death.

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