

Prologue

Entering her bedroom was a teenage girl who was just released from the hospital after getting multiple stitches. Her skin was completely pale with her dark makeup around her eyes were running a bit as her Raven black hair with dark blue highlights covered her face till she sways it causing her ear rings to chime a bit. She sat at her seat looking at her laptop as she turned it on, and entered the Legendary Truth website. Seeing the message to record, and tell your paranormal experience she was beginning to be hesitant about telling her story that her hands began to tremble while sweating a bit that she closed her dark eyes, and took a deep breath with her heart beating fast till it beat normally as she look at the photo of both her & Nancy, and she turn on the webcam, and began to speak.

“Hello Legendary Truth. My name is Evangeline Aiello, and what I’m about to tell you that no one would believe me is an incident that happened on the night of September 9, 2019 at the Ascension Parish Cemetery, and the deaths of my best friend Nancy Sauls, and her boyfriend Sid Braswell that nearly ended my life. Before I could tell you about that night I should tell you about myself. Like I said my name is Evangeline Aiello I was named after Evangeline Albright aka the Glowing Mother. My mother Marybeth was 9 months pregnant with me when she was visiting the cemetery, and accidentally defiled one of the graves when she was in labor struggling to move till she reached one of the mausoleums. The Glowing Mother would have killed her for defiling that one grave, but instead she spared her, and helped her deliver me which is how I got my name. I became known as the graveyard baby because I was born in a cemetery. My mom passed away when I was only 7 years old, and she was buried in the Ascension Parish Cemetery, and I’ve been living with my aunt and uncle. By the fifth grade I met Nancy then later her boyfriend Sid and I ended up being like them well by physical appearance, but not by personality.”

It all began on the ninth of September during lunch time at Carey High. Nancy was walking up to the table as she sat while I ate my ravioli with Parmesan cheese.

“Yo Evie.” Nancy said that I looked at her with a mouthful of ravioli that I quickly swallowed before I spoke to her.

“What do you want, Nancy?”

“Sid & I are going to the cemetery tonight, and do some “creativity” wanna come with?” At first I was confused about what she said creativity till I realized that they planned to deface, and defile the whole cemetery with graffiti via spray paint.

“You’re kidding right?”

“Nope. We’re going to enjoy plastering graffiti on the graves.”

“But everyone knows the legend of what happens if their graves are defiled.”

“Legends? What a joke. It’s just a mere superstition just to frighten us. So are you coming or are you a big sissy?”

I should have declined that invitation, but I was too obviously not to decline even after Nancy called me a sissy.

“Sure. I’m up for it.”

“Great, meet us at the cemetery gate at 10 o’clock tonight.”

“Okay.” And with those words I have regretted my choice, and what I’m going through would scar me for life.