HAUNTS
Teaser: The Awakening
HAIR

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ST. SIMONS DAILY

THE LOWCOUNTRY'S FAVORITE NEWSPAPER - Since 1817

vol.203.078

What happened to Geraldine Meyer?

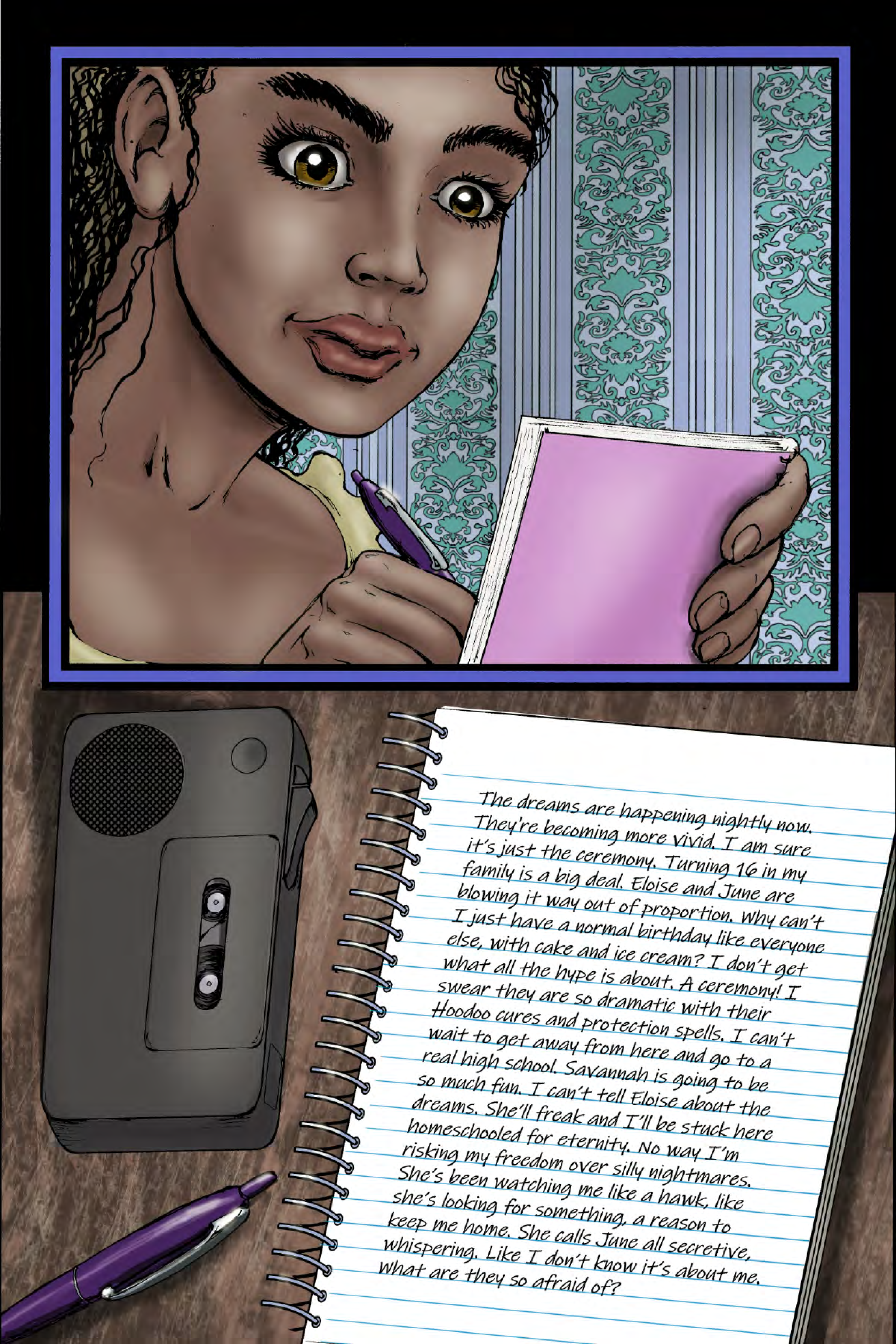
Remains of the local Sapelo shop owner have been found. The discovery has sent a shock wave through the close-knit community on Sapelo Island. Her body was found on a marsh bank near the victim's house.

Geraldine Meyer's flesh appears to have been meticulously peeled from her body as if by a surgeon's hand. No arrests have been made and authorities have refused to comment on the horrific incident.

A Community Mourns The Loss Of One Of Their Own

A midnight vigil will be held tonight for Geraldine Meyer, loving mother of two, at the North Cove Marsh. Ferry service will be made available throughout the evening for visitors wishing to pay their respects.

Judge dismisses case against



The dreams are happening nightly now. They're becoming more vivid. I am sure it's just the ceremony. Turning 16 in my family is a big deal. Eloise and June are blowing it way out of proportion. Why can't I just have a normal birthday like everyone else, with cake and ice cream? I don't get what all the hype is about. A ceremony! I swear they are so dramatic with their Hoodoo cures and protection spells. I can't wait to get away from here and go to a real high school. Savannah is going to be so much fun. I can't tell Eloise about the dreams. She'll freak and I'll be stuck here homeschooled for eternity. No way I'm risking my freedom over silly nightmares. She's been watching me like a hawk, like she's looking for something, a reason to keep me home. She calls June all secretive, whispering. Like I don't know it's about me. What are they so afraid of?

ROOTS. A POWERFUL, STIRRING WORD
Roots.
A mythical, meaningful link to the past.

LOCAL

Over A Decade Old Cold Case Re-Opened

Authorities may have a lead on a local woman who went missing fifteen years ago. Idaline Adams left for work and never returned home, leaving her three month old daughter, Ruby Adams, behind.

A full investigation is underway after a letter was discovered in a medical record at Mt. Sinai Hospital in New York City. This letter traveled a long way to get back home. What triggered the finding is not clear.

Ora,
Keep our baby girl safe. Hope you've forgiven me for Maggie. We didn't have a choice. Once da hag took control. All those days in her body. There was nothin' we could do. Thought it might end with her. She was the wrong one. No one can know Idaline's alive. She died in that fire. They'll figure it out sooner or later and know what she means - what she is. They can't never find out there's another way.

I'm tryin' ta help you, Ora. This hag knows a thing or two. This one's dead set on stay'n. I found its tomb. It ain't who we thought. This one's old. Real old. Roots I ain't never seen all smeared on your likeness. Hang on, Ora. Don't loose your mind on me. You're all Idaline has. Countin' on you ta make her a new life there. One where she never looks back. She can't never come back.

Promise me you're gonna burn da spells, da books, all of it. Don't leave nuthin' she can find. You don't need none of that ta keep a piece'a who you are. She can't never find those things. Never. Can't have nuthin' like that laying 'round for her ta stumble on. We ain't nuthin' but a distant memory here. I'll visit when I can. Cursed to watch her from afar. Cursed ta carry my love for her ta da grave.

And her mama - she can't think badly on her mama or that night. You know da story ta tell. Every day you tell th story til it sticks. Til that's her memory.

Sacrificed myself and you too that night. Small price for that precious angel. Keep her safe and hold on ta your wits. I ain't got no heart no more. It's there with you. Me and June are fine. We got things sorted here and as it needs to be. We got peace. Empty peace. But peace.

Eloise

JULY
LOCAL
ST. SIMONS DAILY
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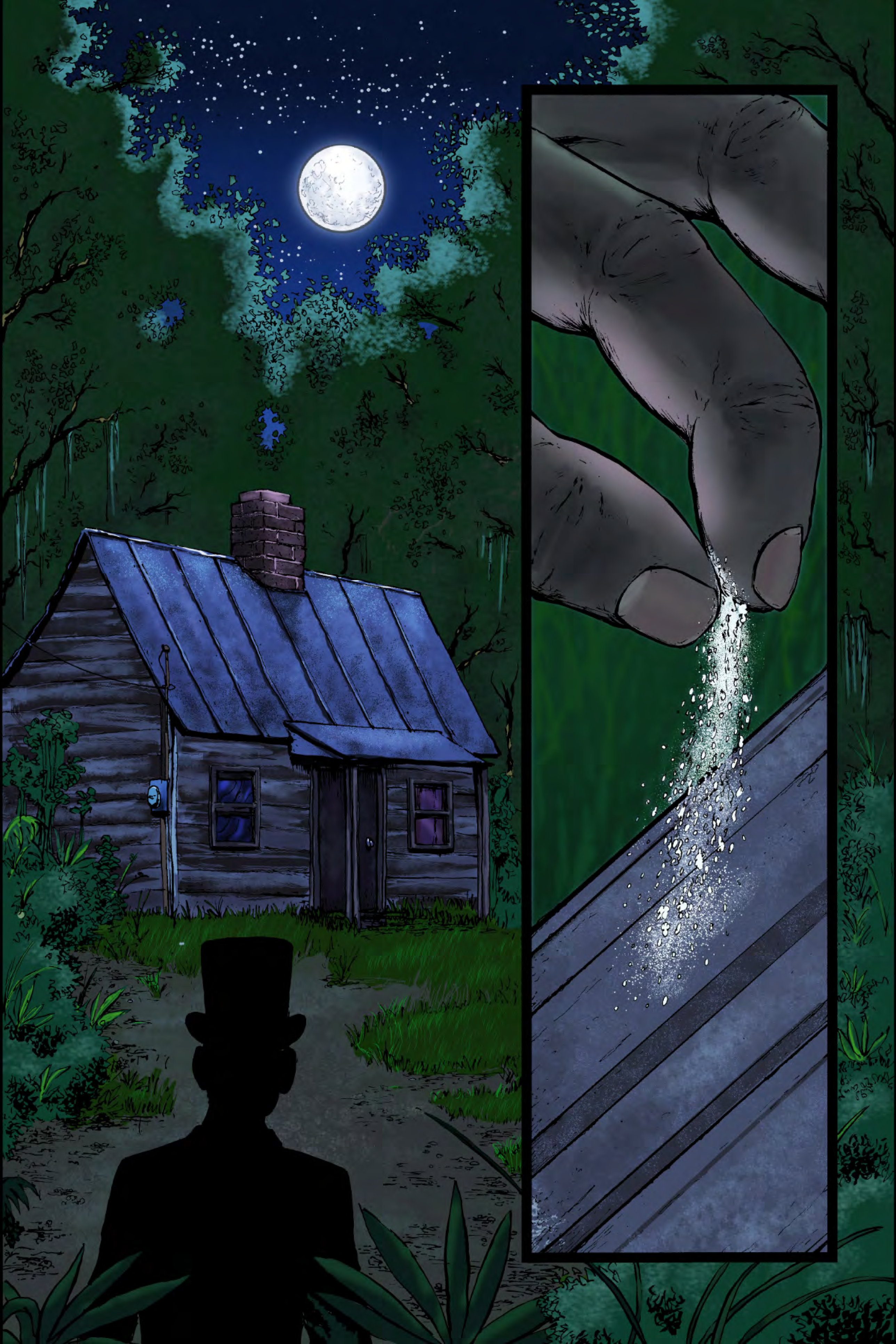
DELLA? THEY FOUND GERALDINE.
AND THEY'RE OPENING IDA'S CASE
IT'S HAPPENING. DESPITE EVERYTHING, IT'S HAPPENING.

WE MUST PERFORM THE CEREMONY EARLY.
I AM WORRIED FOR OUR RUBY.



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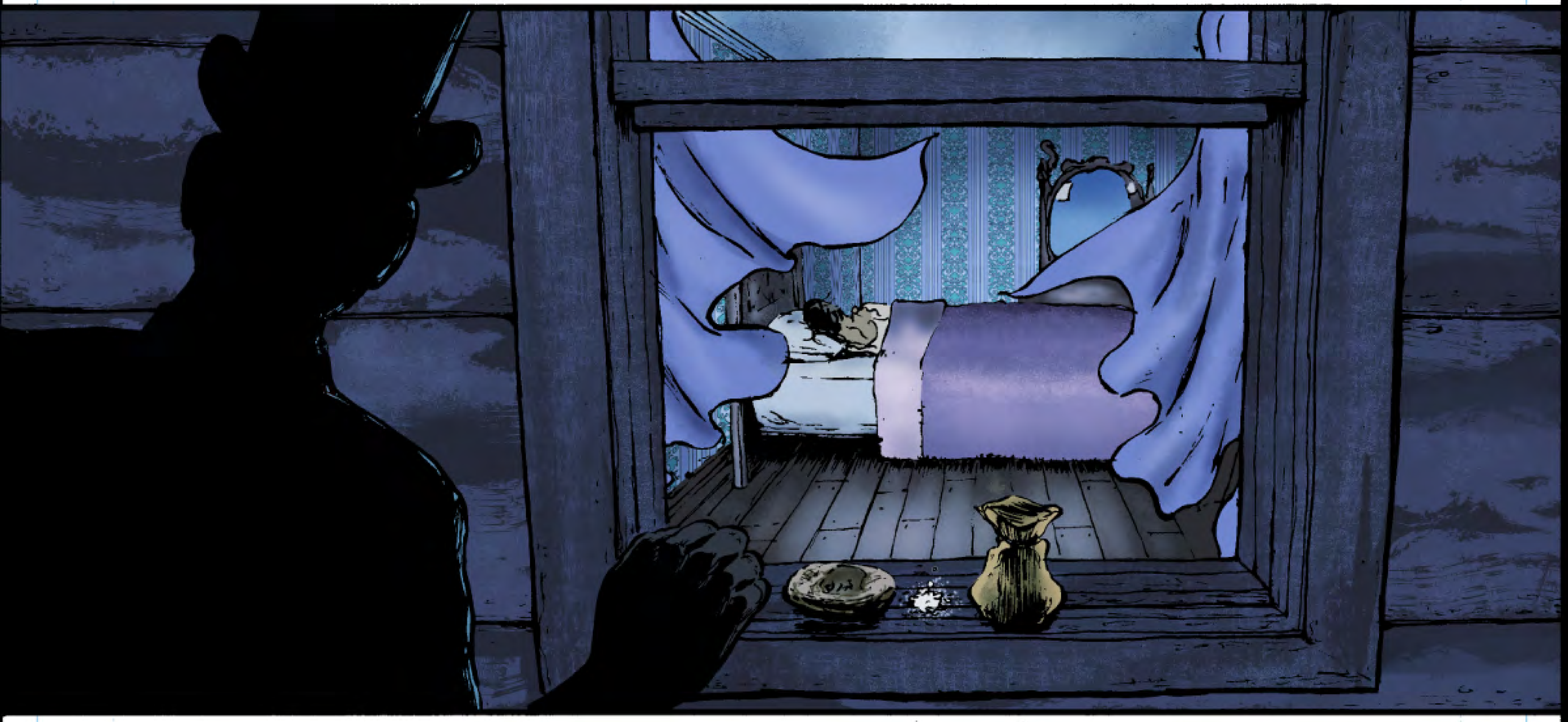

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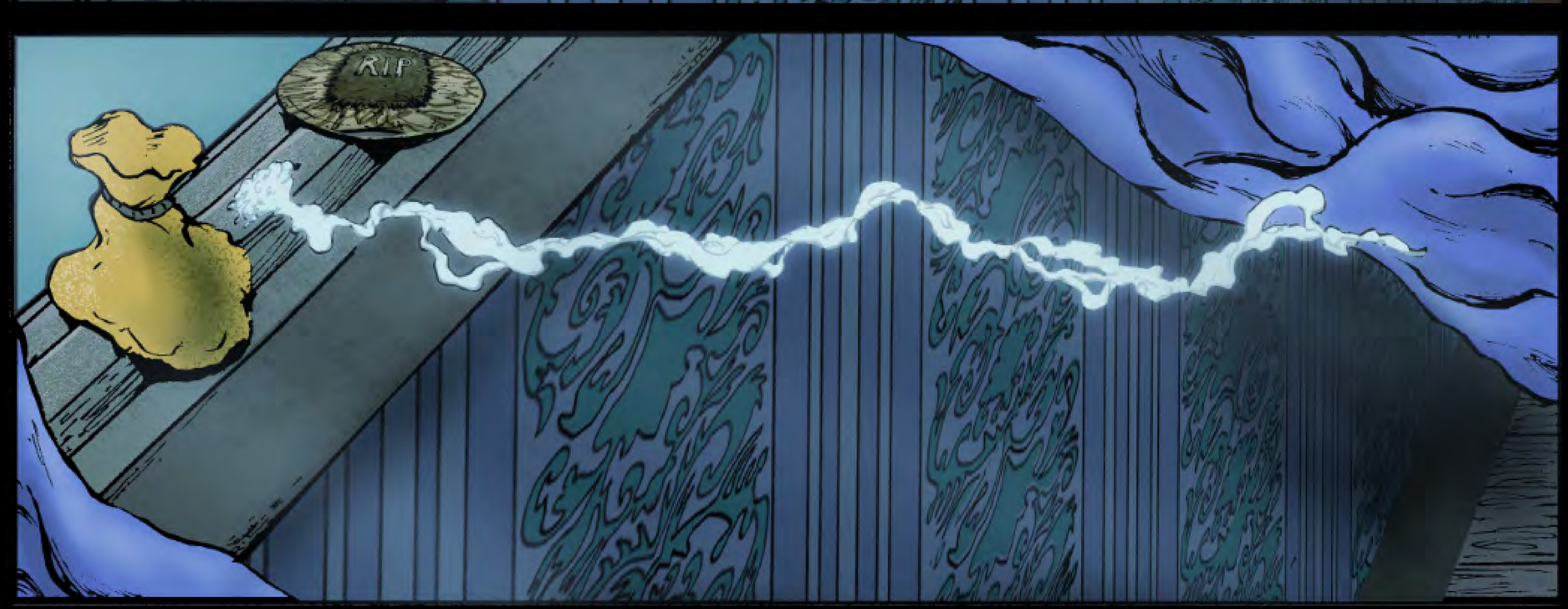
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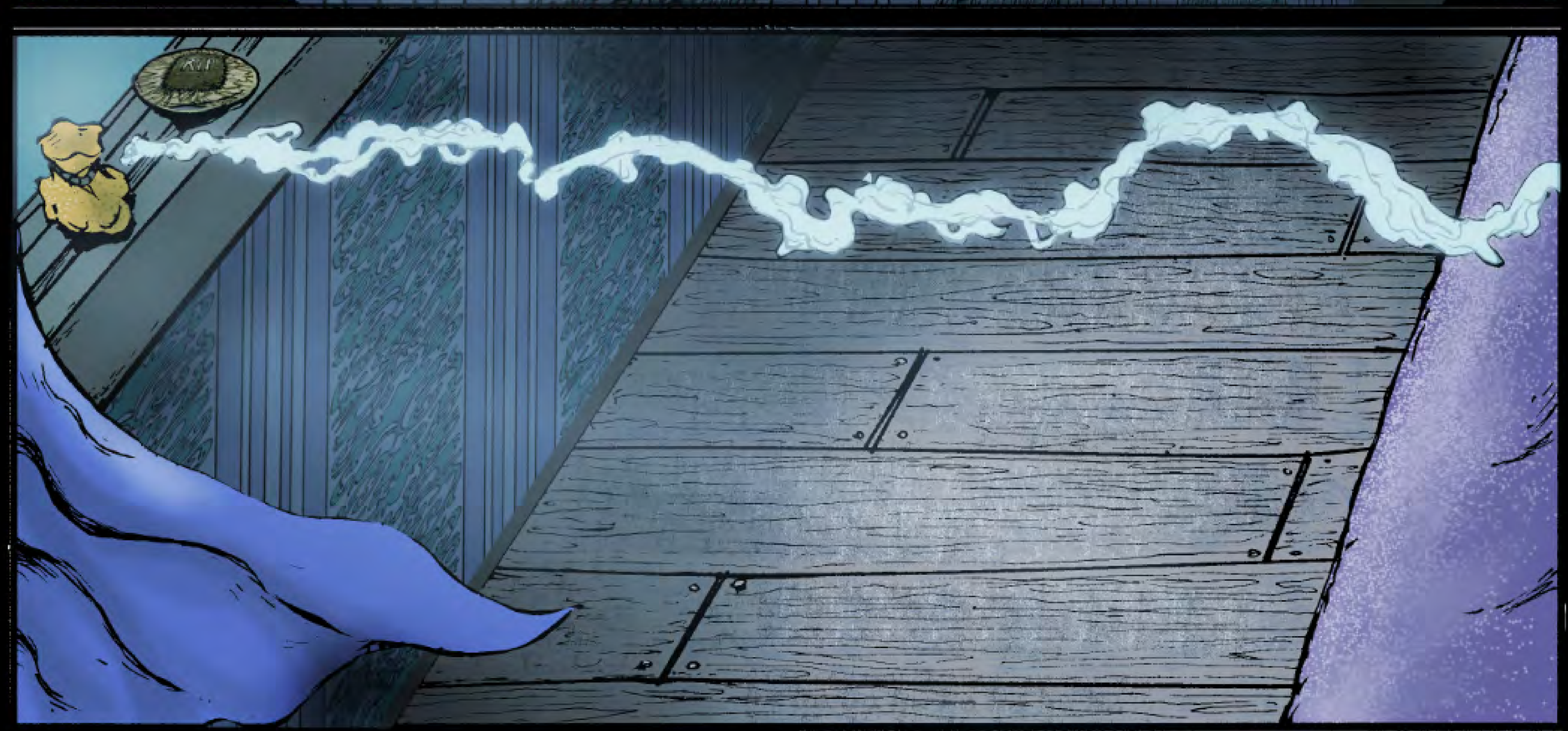
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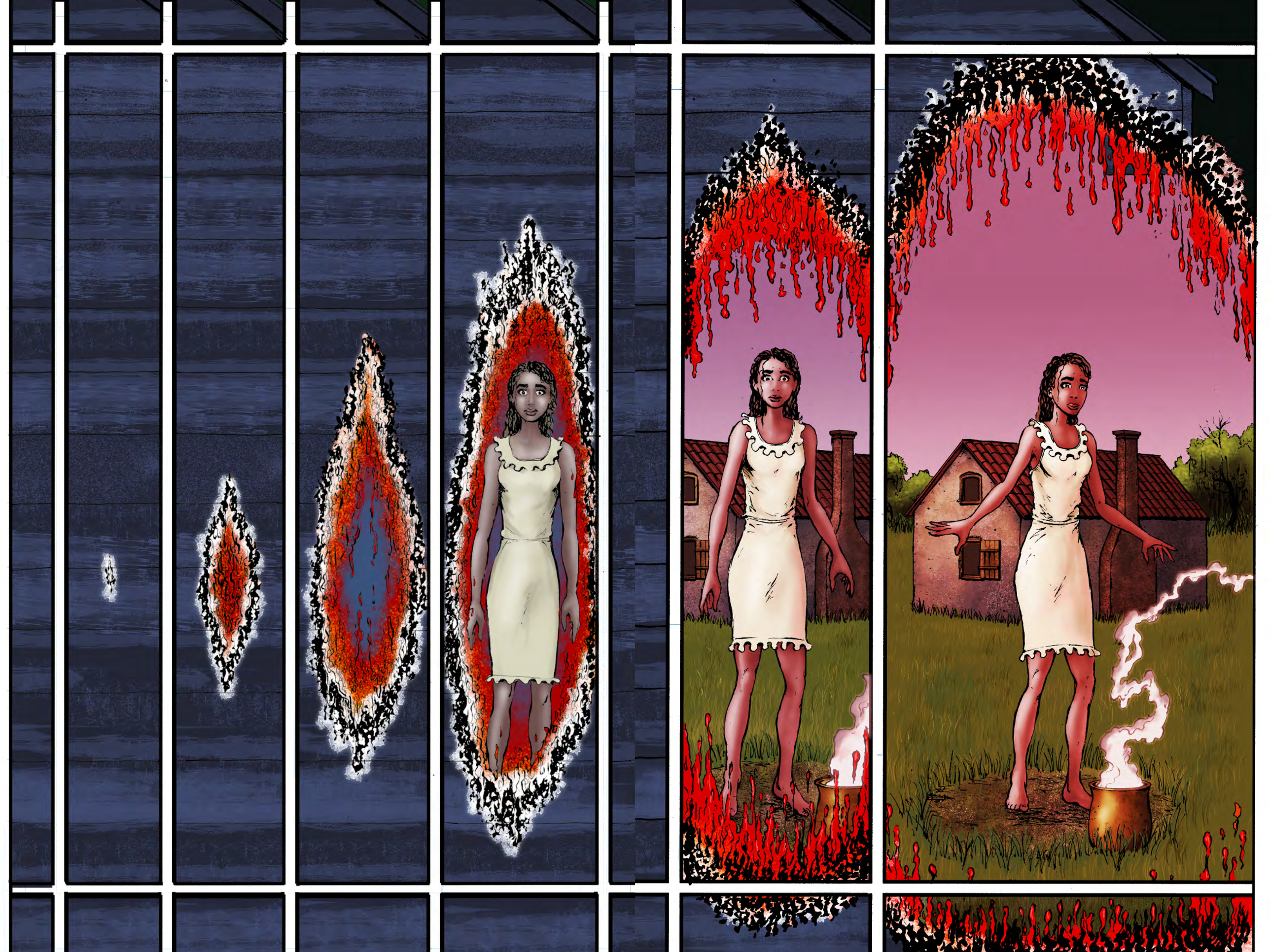

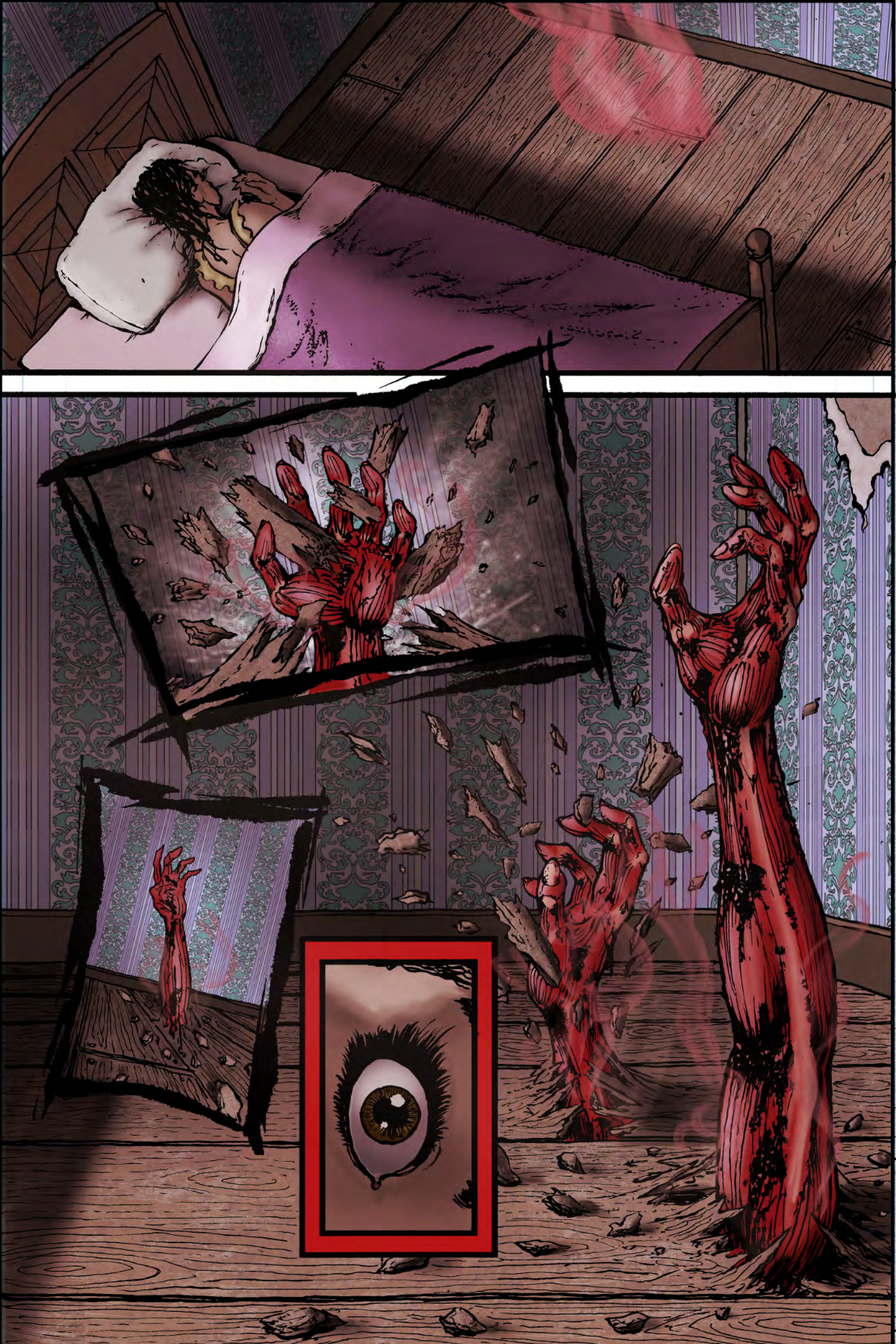

AHH
OH NO! THEY'RE GETTING WORSE

IN DEPTH
The Mischievous Haint of the Lowcountry
THE BOO HAG

RUBY, RUBY ARE YOU AWAKE?
RUBY LEE, ARE YOU ALRIGHT?
I'M FINE. JUST SLEEPING.
YOU SURE?
YES, GOODNIGHT.

GOODNIGHT, THEN.

PLEASE PROTECT THIS CHILD.

The Mischievous Haint of the Lowcountry

THE BOO HAG

A malevolent spirit of Lowcountry lore intent on hanging around in the real world by inhabiting its victim's skin and sucking the life force out of everyone around - while they sleep. The problem with Boo Hags is they have a way of tricking everyone around you into believing you ARE you, only a better version!

The coastal regions of Georgia and South Carolina are rife with black magic and Hoodoo originating from West Africa. Bedtime stories are told to keep children in check and root medicine is practiced to keep them safe. It's no wonder the Lowcountry is among the Nations' most haunted destinations.

So, what exactly is a Boo Hag?

We've all heard stories of Bloody Mary or the Woman in White, but unless you're from the root- conjuring South, you've probably never been fearful of a bedtime story villain steals your breath at night, or worse, your skin.

Imagine a vampire, mixed with a witch or a hag, except this haint doesn't suck blood. It sucks the breath of its victim while riding them at night. It doesn't bite or need an invitation to come inside. It merely slips through a crack, crevice, or keyhole, that is, unless you paint your porch ceiling Haint-blue. So, as long as you're sporting that blue porch, you should be safe from a hag riding you in your sleep and stealing your soul.

A Boo Hag is something akin to a body snatcher or maybe even a zombie. They are undead, skinless beings who steal skin in order to walk amongst the living. It seems they are even a bit like Loki, given their inclination to trick everyone around them. They leave you believing they are the person whose skin suit they're wearing; a brother, a child, a mother, a lover — until the flesh begins to wear out.

These trickster haints shed their skin at night to hunt for sustenance and search for a victim to ride, rendering them helpless. The worst part is they keep them alive and come back night after night, leaving them with no memory of the attack. So, if you wake feeling restless and tired it is possible a Boo Hag rode you while you slept.

The only way to rid yourself of this mischievous, deadly haint is to prevent the Boo Hag from returning to its discarded skin after its nightly hunt. Close your windows, block the keys holes, and keep those porches painted Haint-blue. Of course, you could always keep an old broomstick by the door or toss some salt as a safety measure. You see, Boo Hags can't fight the urge to stop and count every grain or strand of hay. This trick will at least buy you some time to run like the hounds of hell are nipping at your heels!

TALES FROM THE LOWCOUNTRY

Have you ever visited the Lowcountry?

By Ruby Adams

Roots. A powerful, stirring word. A mythical, meaningful link to the past. We all have them - whether we think on them or not is another matter. And they run deep, leading us back through time, through generations.

Imagine a child growing up in the root-conjuring culture of the coastal South. A child whose bedtime stories were dark and twisted. A child who believed in the power of intention and thought. A tiny soul who believed that the haints and spooks of her bedtime stories were real.

Stories of Boo Hags, Plat-eyes, Floating Heads, and the like are bedtime stories told in the Lowcountry to keep children in line. Lore, such as these, embodies worlds where witches slip in through crevices and cracks so they can ride you in your sleep and drain your breath. They steal your energy and life force, leaving you empty, or worse. Floating heads encountered at night devour the flesh of bad children. And Plat-eyes are shapeshifters who often fail and end up creeping around in sagging skin with one grotesque eye, searching for their next victim.

These were the stories of my childhood. They shaped my imagination and cultivated my desire to write about the culture that molded my inclination toward the macabre.

My roots run deep in the Lowcountry, and our stories have been passed down from generation to generation.

My name is Ruby, and I hope you follow my column on the Tales from the Lowcountry. I'll share not only the stories that have made my birthplace famous and unknown true accounts guaranteed to haunt your heart, but tales past on through my family from generation to generation.