

By: C. Noz., L. King

My name is Carl Nov, a humble reporter for "The Morning Star", Perdition Georgia's leading newspaper. Yesterday, a confidential source at Perdition Police Department provided me with the photos seen in this article. It is believed to be handwritten confessions from Mr. Rodney Walden, who police suspect are on the run for the murder of his sixteen year old daughter and the desecration of his wife's gravesite. Below is a transcript of the letter seen in the photos. WARNING! Vulgar and offensive language was used.

To Whomever Gets This,

My name is Rodney Walden. I write this letter with very shaky hands, but if you knew what I've been through then your hands would shake as well. I don't have much time, so forgive me if my words seem "erratic", but I have to confess to the horrible things I have done.

You see, three years ago, my wife Rose died in a car accident. I wasn't there, but I got a call from the police department and was instructed to meet them at the hospital. Apparently, they found some of my identifying information in Rose's car and wanted to notify me of the incident. By the time I got there, my Rose gone. I wasn't able to see her. The doctors told me that her injuries were severe and that they feared for my mental and emotional state if I was to view her. I still can't believe it. Just that morning, we had a fight. I truly forget what started the stupid argument, but I remember the last thing I said to her before she slammed the door on her way to work.



"Fuck you, you useless bitch!" That's what I said to my wife and the mother of my daughter Sabrina.

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If I had only known that she would drive the way she did to work, letting her emotions cloud her judgment regarding her safety; I wouldn't have said anything like that! Oh GOD, forgive me! I feel then like I do now, I am responsible for her death.

The funeral was a week later. Closed casket. Things were tough for me and 'Brina. Not only did I have to pay for the funeral expenses, but at the time, I just received word that the driver of the other vehicle; whom survived the wreck, intended to take me to court. Looking back at it, none of that mattered much to me. I just wanted my Rose back. I would give anything to give Sabrina one last moment with her mother. I can't do that now, what a fool I have been.

I considered myself to be a religious man. Of course, I didn't attend church every Sunday but I made sure that Rose, Sabrina and I made it to church more often than not. We prayed for not only ourselves, but of the safety and well-being of others too. Rose typically kept a bible on the nightstand by the bed as well as one in her car in the glove compartment. I have that bible now. After the wreck, an officer turned over her personal effects on me. He said that when the police and fire department got her out of the car, she was she was clutching it. I don't know if she was looking through it while driving, or just got it out of the glove compartment

moments before the crash but as I have said before I have it now, and I need it more than ever.

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The following months after Rose left were brutal. 'Brina began acting out in school and I was never focused at work. The months turned into a year and on the anniversary of her passing, I was a mess. I was emotionally exhausted. I grew tired of people looking at me with pity. I got tired of 'Brina's increased attitude and defiance. I grew tired of life in general. I prayed day in and day out for guidance. I wanted GOD to tell me why he took Rose away, but I got no answer. I looked for council with my pastor, but he gave me the same bullshit any other person would give a grieving spouse.

"She's in a better place."

"She's not in pain anymore."

"She's been enlisted in

GOD's holy army to stop the enemy, Satan."

The pastor would give me some bible verses to read and show



me the door. I haven't been back to church since my last "session" with

the pastor a few weeks after the second anniversary of Rose's death. I began to drink...a lot. The taste of alcohol, no matter the type; seemed to melt my problems away. But each time I sobered up, the memories of her and the time we shared together would flood my mind. I spent the better part of my life praying, paying tides and doing the right thing by people and for what? A deceased wife? An unruly daughter? An empty home? A drinking problem? WHAT DID I DEDICATE MY LIFE TO CHRISTIANITY FOR? Since I could not get the answers I wanted from my faith, I turned elsewhere.

I knew that in order to get my life back on track, I needed Rose to be by my side. The internet was my best source for information. I checked out a lot of decent leads from articles about Haitian and Creole methods of raising the dead, but like most things online; I saw a lot of wannabe "experts" on resurrection, but none of them shown any actual proof that the techniques worked. While searching for info on a chat site, I got an instant message from a user named De@dfather_trip16. I wish now that I never opened that message, that I realized that what I wanted to do was stupid and ended it there. But at that time, I was desperate to kiss and hold Rose again and I needed to find a way to bring her home! He sent me a video clip of a young boy lying in an open field. The kid had to be no older than 10 years old or so. The cameraman, a chubby older looking male that I assumed to be De@dfather_trip16, picked up the camera and walked toward the boy. As he approached, I could tell that there was something wrong with the kid. His eyes were open, but they just stared into the sky. The cameraman adjusted the lens and zoomed in on the child's right temple and there I saw it...a hole.

It was not a large hole, but a hole big enough to stick an index finger into. A gunshot wound was my best guess. The blood was dried to the point that it looked black or dark brown. A black circle could be seen just around the hole. I guessed it was powder burns left by a gun, but none of my guesses were confirmed in the video. I could hear the cameraman crying throughout the vid. He said, "Jacob will be home soon." Then he positioned the camera so that the boy can still be in view, but enough space back so that the viewer could see what was going on. The man stepped out of view and came back later with a large bag. He dropped the bag and dug inside of it with both hands. He started spreading a white grainy substance around the area. Once he seemed satisfied

with his work, he walked off camera again, returning with five thick candles. He placed the candles in various areas

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then lit them one by one. Once he was finished, he picked up the boy and placed him in the design. The man approached the camera, picked it up and returned to the boy. I'll try to explain what I saw.

The white powder was spread in the shape of a pentagram. The candles were positioned at each point of the pentagram and were lit. The boy laid in the center of the symbol. The man spoke as he held the camera, "now the request." He placed the camera back to its previous position and returned to the boy. Reaching into his pocket, he pulled out a tiny silver cross and positioned it over the child upside down.

He shouted "LORDS OF THE DARK, OUTCASTS OF HEAVEN, I BESEECH YOU! GIVE ME JACOB, THE BEING THAT LIES BEFORE ME AND I WILL SURRENDER MY SOUL AS PAYMENT!"

He put the cross back into his pocket and pulled out something else. I couldn't tell what it was, but it glistened in the sunlight. He pressed the object against one of his fingers and cut himself! It wasn't a deep cut but deep enough to draw blood. He knelt down and wrote something with his finger on the boy's forehead. As he had done before, he picked up the camera and stood over the boy. At first, the blood on the child's head looked like a bunch of squiggly marks, but looking closer, it was obviously the man's signature. A blood contract was signed. The man spoke

once more at that moment I realized that he was trying to resurrect that child and provided me with a play-by-play of how to do it! I paid close attention.

"DO NOT CREMATE THE BODY! If it is buried you need to dig it up. Take the body to a secluded area, anywhere is fine, but you don't want people nearby to see you or stop your progress. Get salt, LOTS of salt. You need to make a pentagram. Salt works for grassy areas because it will burn into the earth, floors and carpet may be disturbed and you need the symbol intact. As you can see here, the pentagram is big enough for Jacob to lay in without touching the outer circle. Yours needs to be the same. Afterward, you need to get a cross, holding it upside down of the body. Say the words I said earlier EXACTLY as I have said it, interjecting the deceased's name in the place of my Jacob. Once you are done, cut yourself, if you are making the request, it has to be your blood. Sign your name. Your full name on any exposed skin. You can light the candles at any time during the ritual from what I've read, as long as they are positioned at the points of the star. If done correctly, your loved one should return at three A.M. Also known as the The Devil's Hour. I will document and post any results." The camera went black. Of course, I know that it sounds ridiculous and risky pledging your soul to hell and I thought the same thing, until the video came back on.

While I processed what I just saw, I didn't realize that the vid kept playing, I just assumed it ended. The next image was dark, I could hear a faint banging in the distance. With a faint "click" sound, the screen lit up! The man stood by the light switch in what I guessed to be his bedroom clad in boxers and an undershirt. He looked nervous as he snatched up the camera and focused on a small digital clock on the nightstand. The clock read 03:07 A.M. He spoke again.

"For the past few minutes, I wasn't sure what I heard was real! But Jacob always knocked on the door to the rhythm of two quick knocks then a single knock whenever he got locked outside. Like, knock-knock...knock. Knock-knock...knock. Listen!"

Just as he said, I heard it knock,-knock...knock, knock-knock...knock. He ran down the stairs and flung the front door open. I couldn't believe it! The same boy I saw in the field was standing at the front door. The bloody signature and bullet hole still on his head but other than that, the kid looked fine! The man was crying

like crazy, but the kid stood there and said just as plain as any other kid.

"I have a headache, dad, why are you crying?" The boy's voice was hoarse, but it sounded like any other 10 year old child.

The man put the camera down and it rested at a weird angle, but I could still tell he was hugging his son. He picked up the camera and looked directly into the lens. Eyes full of tears of joy, "it worked! It really worked! Jacob is home!" A few seconds later, he turned the camera off.

I couldn't describe exactly the kind of feeling that came over me but it was a mix of hope, happiness and a bit of fear. I watched the video over and over to the point where I could easily recite every word spoken verbatim. I made a list of everything I needed and began to work on a plan to get Rose from the cemetery. I needed to make this happen! Once I got my Rose back, my life would be back on track! I knew it would.

The last ground keeper at Shady Ridge Cemetery leaves at 10:30 P.M every night. Of course, I used that to my advantage. At around 11:45 or so, I drove a rented van to the cemetery and cut the lock. The drive in was relatively quiet but I suppose, that's expected at a cemetery. Even at night, I knew exactly where she was. I stood at her grave for what felt like eternity. I had to consider whether or not to do it,

to dig her up; but that video, that man's son coming home and talking like he had just been asleep for a while, not like he was a corpse just a few minutes earlier. That thought was all I needed to go through with my mission.

I picked her up by the waist. Bones popped and her once perfectly white gown had torn and flaked away with each movement. I hoisted her above me head. Dead skin dislodged teeth and strands of hair fell upon me as I did so. I picked up any remnants left in the coffin and threw them near her body. I climbed out of the grave site and began replacing the dirt. Till this moment I couldn't tell you why I filled the hole, but I did it. With that task out of the way, I loaded Rose into the van on a tarp, threw in my supplies and left.

A sick feeling sat in my chest as I drove. I knew what I was doing was wrong but for some reason I just kept driving. Each bump in the roadway sent Rose flying from one side of the van to the other causing me to slow down considerably. I didn't want to damage her body any further. At about 12:30 A.M. or so I arrived to the

location, an abandoned farm house a half hours drive west of the city limits they call it "Baker's Farm" in case the police get this letter. I think most of the shit I used is still there in the farmhouse. GOD please forgive me for



what I have done! Everything that happened was all my fault! I apologize if my words seem to ramble on...but as I've stated before, I don't have much time left to get this out.

Baker's Farm had been abandoned for years. Signs of vagrants were all over the place. Empty beer cans, holes knocked into the walls, used condoms on the floor etc. I removed much of the shit out of the main floor as I saw fit and began to draw the pentagram on the hardwood floors in the den area using chalk that I bought that morning. I brought a note with all the steps

necessary for the ritual so that I don't overlook any details.

Pentagram...check. I pulled the tarp with Rose's body out of the van and carried her into the house with as much care and ease as I would if I was holding a newborn. I laid her down on the pentagram.
Body...check.

As instructed, the pentagram was big enough for Rose to fit in without touching the outer circle. I took a small gold cross given to me by my mother last Christmas from my pocket. As I held the cross upside down, faint rays of moonlight struck the gold, giving off a "disco ball" illusion in the room. Cross...check. Another trip to the van and I got the candles, big GOD awful looking things that had enough weight to them that the only way they would fall is if someone deliberately knocked them over. A few strikes of a match later and the candles filled the room with light. Candles...check. Next, the request. Now, I am ashamed to say I did this; but this letter will serve as my full confession. I shouted those fucking words! LORDS OF THE DARK, OUTCASTS OF HEAVEN, I BESEECH YOU! GIVE ME ROSE, THE BODY THAT LIES BEFORE ME AND I WILL SURRENDER MY SOUL AS PAYMENT! My GOD.....please forgive me. Request...check. Finally, I cut myself with my pocket knife and wrote my name across her chest. Signature...check.

The whole event was over by 02:20. I didn't want to stay to see if it worked or not. I couldn't. Besides, I was exhausted. The drive home seemed endless and my eyes struggled to stay open through each mile. I must admit, as soon as I

signed the blood contract I felt "different", as if a piece of me was missing. I pulled up to my house and went inside, still feeling a little empty. I took a quick shower and fell asleep in my bed the moment my head hit the pillow.

I think I woke up at 08:10-08:15 A.M. I'm not quite sure. I didn't even think the events from early this morning were real until I got to my computer. The fucking thing didn't turn on and I figured it was just acting up as it did sometimes, so I checked my cell phone for text messages, missed calls, etc. I had the thing plugged in overnight but only had 15% of battery life left. I unlocked my cell and there they were...26 instant messages from De@dfather_triple6. I read the first message, sent at midnight, at that time, I was in route to the farmhouse with Rose. It read:

De@dfather_triple6: Don't make the request!
Cursed! 00:00AM

De@dfather_triple6: Body has no soul! They use the body as a vessel! 01:02AM

I scrolled down to the last few messages to see if he explained what was happening in more detail.

De@dfather_triple6: Sent A Video
03:37AM



The video file had a blurry thumbnail, but I opened it. I saw the same boy that was brought back, Jacob, hovering over a dirty fur coat on the kitchen floor of a house. Unusual noises, a grating sound, a mix between twigs snapping and bricks being rubbed together came from the boy as the cameraman approached him. Jacob heard his father approaching him and turned around. The kid's eyes were inhuman! Blood shot eyes with enlarged pupils looked into the camera without blinking. It was clear now, by the sight of him that the child was eating. Chunks of flesh hung from his bottom lip. Congealed

blood already formed dark crusts along the outer areas of his mouth and chin. I saw then that he was not hovering over a coat, it was a dog...that child was eating a DOG!

I didn't bother looking at the other messages. I had to undo what I've done. The video went black as the boy lunged at the cameraman. I got dressed immediately. I knew in my heart that what I was doing was wrong. My loneliness drove me insane! I wanted to get to the farmhouse and undo this shit before someone got hurt. I ran down the stairs, grabbed the car keys and headed out the front door but the front door sat wide open. There were footprints, muddy footprints coming from the

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outside. I called out for Sabrina, I just kept shouting 'Brina, 'Brina! But no answer though initially, I just chalked it up to this morning being a school day and that she was gone to class. So, there was only one other person to call, and I called her.

"Rose?"

A voice, so faint that I thought it was coming from outside responded.

"In the basement...sweetheart."

I can't tell you how cold the bead of sweat was that ran down my back at that moment. My heart froze in my chest. It was definitely my Rose's voice, but it was disturbed, garbled in a way. I followed the footprints from the front door, to the kitchen. I left the kitchen undisturbed for the police. It seemed like a struggle, no, a fight took place there. Dirt was everywhere, dishes were knocked over, blood smeared

over the cabinets, clumps of hair stuck to the broom and the mallet used to tenderize our food. I ran to the basement to see if Rose caused more damage to herself. I got to the top of the stairs leading to the basement. It was pitch black down there. I tried the light switch...nothing. I went back to the kitchen for my flashlight. I noticed the microwave clock was off, so was the clock on the stovetop. I flipped the kitchen light a few times, no power. It hit me then...the computer, my phone at 15%, the light switches, the microwave and the stove. My power was turned off. Still, at this moment, I don't know if my power was disconnected accidentally or on purpose, but my power is still off as I write this. My flashlight is dying. My time is short.

My mind is going in a thousand different places. But now, especially now, I have to stay focused. Anyway, with my flashlight gripped tight, I headed to the basement. Each step on those ole ass boards leading down let out the loudest creaks. I swear each step gave me a heart attack, but not as much as the sight within the basement.

Believe me, I flooded each corner of the basement with as much light as the flashlight would provide. I knew Rose was down there with me, so I called out for her again. As before, she answered.

"Hey love." The Rose whisper spoke to me. I wielded my flashlight like a gun, wildly pointing it to the sound of the voice and I saw Rose with her back to me. I recognized the remaining hair and the dress she was buried in. I never gripped me crucifix harder than I did at that time. I told her to face me, that I was glad that she was home safe, that I missed her. Still, she refused to face me. Shit! Almost out of time!

She told me not to come near her, that she wasn't "pretty." I told her that her looks did not matter to me and that I loved her, and I apologized for the horrible things I said to her before her death. She told me that she knew, and she understood. She told me that she was disappointed in Sabrina though. She told me that on her way home from the farmhouse, she saw Sabrina sneaking into our house through a side window. She caught 'Brina off guard and 'Brina began to scream. She tried to explain how she wanted her homecoming to be a "surprise" but 'Brina kept screaming. When she tried to touch our daughter, Sabrina backed away and managed to run around the house and into the front door as Rose pursued her. Sabrina couldn't get to the stairs to get me,

so she ran through the kitchen toward the basement. Somehow, Sabrina slipped in the kitchen and struck her head on the oven handle. Rose kept repeating over and over to me that Sabrina's actions made her feel "insecure" about her appearance so she thought of a way to make our daughter, look like her. I stood there, dumbfounded in the middle of my basement feeling helpless as my deceased wife told me that she bludgeoned our daughter to death with things in the kitchen. That's when she turned to face me.

Her face looked just like it did the day I performed the ritual, completely destroyed. Maggots

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spilled from the gashes in her skin, my name was still written across her chest and behind her, on the floor, was

my baby girl Sabrina! My precious little girl was there, her face was nearly unrecognizable! Deeply caved in areas of her face pooled with blood. I had to look away, my little girl didn't deserve that! Nobody should have to lose their child that way, and my actions caused it! I wish I could take it all back. Through Rose's talking I began to focus harder on her to avoid looking at Sabrina. I didn't stop to realize until that moment that although her mouth and the majority of her jaw was missing, she was still able to speak. I studied her face carefully until I saw it. Rose had cut out a portion of her neck so that she could use her vocal chords and emit sound. I don't know what I may have said or have done during my time with Rose but she

became upset. She accused me of acting like Sabrina and she was feeling "unattractive" again. She told me that she wanted to make me "like her". She ran at me and I retreated to a small office I had built in the basement for Rose. That's where I am now if anyone reads this. I'm terrified!

She's striking the office door with something, I can hear the wood turning into splinters on the other side. She keeps asking me to come to her, make love to her like we used to...but I just want her to LEAVE! Shit! My flashlight is dying now and my phone must have died while Rose spoke to me. GOD, I'm sorry I turned my back on you. Sabrina, I'm sorry I put you through this. Rose, I'll always love you and I'm soo sorry for what I have done to you.

Splinters of wood are coming into the office now. I can see through the cracks in the door. She's coming in! She's coming in! Sh-----

Police found the above letter at the scene of the incident. Police was able to recover the body of a 14 year old female from the basement of 1127 Axon St in Perdition, Georgia. Rodney Walden was not at the scene per police reports. Neighbors in the area believe that Rodney Walden took out years of grief over the passing of his wife, Rose Walden, on his daughter, then fled the scene after writing the letter claiming that his resurrected wife committed such heinous crime. Contact was made with a caretaker at Shady Ridge Cemetery who confirmed with our reporters that the grave or Rose Walden has been disturbed recently, strengthening the lead investigator's belief that Rodney Walden, determined to build the validity of his letter, may have desecrated his own wife's gravesite. An inside source says that investigators are baffled however at the sight of one set of muddy footprints leading into the home and basement. It has also been determined that one set of footprints, covered in what appears to be blood, leaving the home. We will provide updates on the case as it develops.

The words, views and beliefs of the author of the recovered letter does not reflect The Morning Star or its affiliates. If anyone has any information about this case please contact Carl Nov, reporter of The Morning Star at WWW.Welcome2Perdition@Gmail.com

