

Eesha Vadla, Age 13

La Llorona

“Mama,” my older brother Billy complained, “Summer’s on her phone again.”

I threw a book at him, he caught it midair. His baseball practices have really paid off.

“Instead of using this as ammunition, why don’t you read it?” He tossed it back onto my messy bed.

“Because,” I whined, “Booseh’s texting me about what happened in her science class and I really want to know.”

Billy just shook his head disapprovingly and left. I heard him say ‘mama’. I scoffed, such a momma’s boy, he just had to be on my case so he could run over to mama and act like I’ve done something wrong. My mom knocked on the wall.

“The second you’re coming home from that field trip, you’re cleaning this room.” she stared around the room then looked at me.

I sighed, “Yeah, ma, I will.”

My mom was divorced about a year ago, she’s a strong woman that can take on the role of a mom and a dad. She had emerald green eyes (which I inherited), jet black straight hair, and dark brown skin.

I’m mixed, I’m half Indian and half white. I have dark brown hair that’s the exact same color as my skin, and my mom’s green eyes. I don’t really have many features of my dad, I just have his nose.

My brother looks a lot like him though, black wavy hair and hazel eyes.

My parents got divorced when my mom got enough of his insults. Most of them were about her

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skin.

“What museum will you be going to again?” mama asked me.

“Some stupid museum full of legends, it sounds boring.” I picked up one of the shirts lying around and threw it into an open drawer. “What’s the point of goin’ there anyway, legends are just a bunch of random stories used to scare little kids.”

Mama clicked her tongue, “Legends are meaningful stories that tell you about the beauty of the past.”

“Sure, mama.” I said, “That’s what *you* think.”

“You’ll be thinking the same once you actually spend some time there.” Mama said.

I stopped, “I heard a kid died there. That’s why they haven’t opened it to the public for a long time.”

Mama bit her lip, “That was a long time ago, I’m sure that kid was just being reckless and had a stone sword fall on his head or something.”

“But I’ve heard something crazy happened to him,” I said, “I’ve heard that that museum is haunted and kills anyone that taunts the La Llorona statue.”

Mama snorted, “That’s the craziest thing I’ve ever heard.”

“You’re right,” I said, “That’s stupid, how could a museum hurt anyone?”

“Summer! The bus is here!” Billy shouted from the living room.

“I’m coming!”

“You sure you don’t want me to drive you to school in my car?” he shouted at me as I practically flew out the door with my backpack.

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“Nope,” I called back, “The inside of your car smells like burnt rubber.”

I nearly missed the bus, the driver nearly closed the doors when I bolted in. I sat down next to my best friend, Booseh. Booseh is a pretty girl with long curly brown hair and big brown eyes. She is naturally beautiful, she doesn't need makeup to look like a model. Half the guys in school like her.

“You scared me hon,” Booseh sighed in relief, “I thought you wouldn't be coming.”

“What made you think that?” I said, “I'm never absent.”

We got to school just a minute before school started, there was a little extra traffic that day. We had to go to one of our least favorite classes: history.

“You're late!” our teacher barked.

“Sorry ma'am.” I said. “What took you two so long?”

Booseh tried to explain.

“There was some traffic-

“Quiet!” Mrs. Skeeter shouted, “I don't need a whole alibi, sit your rears down.”

We sat down, smirking.

“Now kids,” Skeeter said, “I have some rules for the field trip.”

A kid fake-snored. Skeeter looked at him, her face turning red.

“IF YOU'RE GOING TO GIVE ME THIS ATTITUDE I CAN HAVE YOU ALL SIT HERE DOING CLASSWORK FOR THE REST OF THE DAY.”

The kid sank down in his seat.

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Mrs.Skeeter cleared her throat, "Right, the rules are: No touching anything, no laughing, no taking pictures, no taunting the statues, no loud noises, and you are absolutely NOT allowed to go into the forbidden rooms."

The smartest girl in my class, Alicia, raised her hand, "Why can't we go into the forbidden rooms?"

"Because it's forbidden, idiot girl." Skeeter said boredly. "Now get out of my classroom, all of you, the field trip starts in ten minutes!"

We all hurried out of the classroom.

"I hate that old cow," Booseh said coldly, "I'm surprised she's married."

"I doubt it," I said, "She's crazy, she probably married some imaginary guy or something."

Laughing, we loaded ourselves onto the bus. I like bus rides more than the actual destination, it feels so much more relaxing.

Booseh was bouncing in her seat, I'm not sure if it was from excitement or from the rocky road.

We drove to this cute little town, and in the middle of it, there was a big, dark looking museum with cut police tape on the sides of the door.

"Looks welcoming." I said sarcastically.

"Hello children." a smooth voice said, we jumped and turned around to see a tall skinny man with thin black hair and high cheekbones. His eyes were so hollow he looked dead inside.

"Welcome," he said, "As you know, It has been about fifty years since we've opened this museum to the public. It is as beautiful inside as it is on the outside and a joyous experience... only if you follow me."`

I heard Booseh gulp, "I'm not so excited for this anymore."

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“You’ll be fine.” I assured her. The creepy man let us inside after gazing around suspiciously. The doors make a creaking sound, dust fell from the gigantic keyhole.

The museum would’ve been beautiful if it wasn’t covered with an inch thick layer of dust on every surface. It was dimly lit and it smelled like death.

Booseh whimpered, a spider crawled over her sneaker. Booseh had a phobia of spiders, she couldn’t stand even being near one.

“Just embrace the opportunity,” I said, “and you won’t worry so much about the spiders.”

I was also scared of the spiders, but I didn’t want to show it. I wasn’t scared of much until after I came to the museum.

“Come along children,” the man said, practically gliding across the dusty floor. He gestured to a large stone boat with a man and hundreds of animals carved into it. “Noah’s ark is one of theThe smart girl, Alicia, screamed and ran behind Booseh.

“I-I stepped on something.” She stammered, “It was squishy and gross and I-

“Well that’s nothing to scream about little girl,” the man said, his soft voice echoing around the empty hall. He walked to the place Alicia screamed. I leaned in to see what she stepped on, it explained the smell, it was a half eaten raccoon. The man kept his blank expression and pushed the raccoon under the desk with his foot. Then he looked at Alicia and said, “We don’t scream about little things in this museum, the statues don’t like loud noises. You scream again and there will be awful consequences, you understand me sweetie?” Alicia chewed her thumbnail and nodded.

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"I'm sorry sir," Mrs. Skeeter said in a false sweet voice, "This one doesn't seem to listen." The man stared at her, "If another one of your students breaks a rule, you will have to deal with worse consequences than them."

He turned back around and continued explaining Noah's ark. Mrs. Skeeter looked shaken and pale.

"That guy's enough to scare the entrails outta Skeeter." I sniggered, Booseh stepped on my foot. "Shut up, he'll hurt us if we talk." she whispered.

We looked through a few more rooms and stopped at the forbidden room. It was the only one still covered in police tape.

"Nothing to see here." the man said, shoosing us away from the door.

"Ouch!" someone screamed, all of us screamed too, Booseh dug her long acrylic nails into my arm. one of the boys in my class tripped over and sprained his ankle.

"Stupid boy!" the man screamed, "I tell you to shut up for a short amount of time, and you're screaming for a stupid reason! The spirits are angry."

My bones felt chilled, a strong gust of wind made my long hair fly straight up in the air.

I looked around, none of the windows were open, they were rusted shut.

"This place really is haunted!" Booseh cried.

"We shouldn't have come here." Mrs. Skeeter whimpered, "Let's all leave now!"

Everyone hurried out of the museum. The tall man had disappeared. I wasn't scared, I wanted to see what was so forbidden about the forbidden room.

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I placed my hand on the cold, rusty door handle and pulled it open, it made a loud creaking noise. The police tape was so old it ripped instantly. I walked through the dark room. I skimmed the wall and bumped into something big. I fumbled for a light switch and turned it on. I was face to face with a werewolf statue. I screamed real loud, the scream echoed back at me.

“You ain’t scared of anything, Summer.” I kept telling myself as I looked around at all the legends in the room. These were the scariest legends all in one room. Chupacabra, werewolf, vampire, and La Llorona.

I knew about all the legends in the room, but I was drawn to La Llorona.

There was a plaque on the floor next to the words La Llorona on the floor, it read: *Warning: Don’t taunt this spirit, she will get you.*

I snorted.

“Yeah right,” I thought to myself.

Yellowing tapestry lined the wall, I started at the beginning of the tapestry. It was a picture of a beautiful woman standing next to a tall man, then the woman holding two babies in her arms, then her seeing her husband with another woman at the lake, then her throwing her children into the lake. It stopped there, there was another room, I went inside and turned on the light. It was a large marble statue of a woman sitting on a marble rock by a marble lake. She was beautifully carved, her face was detailed and lined.

“Huh,” I scoffed, “Is this the scary La Llorona I heard about? I shouldn’t believe these legends, this lady was probably some loco lady they wrote a story about.”

Chuckling, I turned around to leave. I felt a strong wind behind me, I turned around, and my heart almost stopped.

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La Llorona's beautiful face was ugly and twisted in fury.

I could hear a woman's voice echoing around the room, "Ay! Mis hijos! Ay! Mis hijos!"

I backed up, I felt a cold hand on my shoulder. I looked back and saw a skeleton with long silvery hair and white dress.

"The weeping woman," It said in a high, eerie voice, "Loves children."

She picked me up and threw me into the stone lake, the lake seemed to open up and...

.... And Summer wasn't seen by anyone ever again.

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