

On a cold, early January night in 1811, Masman Dominique, a  
Voodoo priestess and the rising queen of the Orleans territory,  
prepared her strongest spell apt. As the enslaved peoples from all  
over Louisiana and the surrounding area began preparations, the  
slavers on the German Coast laid in their mansions, blissfully  
unaware that the men, women, and children in their possession  
were to converge on Oak Alley Plantation. This was their  
window of opportunity because of the absence of its master and  
his family during their travels to France for the Winter  
Holidays. These newly escaped people would all call the new  
place, Kamba Dery, or "Hold Out". Masman Dominique smiled to  
herself at the brilliance of it all. She did not need an underground  
railroad to help these people escape, she could obscure the property  
entirely, making it seem as though nothing was there at all.  
Anyone coming near the property would have the inevitable,  
sudden urge to leave. No one would be the wiser. Her people could  
live in peace and prosperity, free to thrive. It was almost time.

Just a few more things were needed for everything to be perfect.  
What none of them knew was that the Army had gotten word of  
this exodus, and thinking it would be an uprising, they were  
dispatched to the property. As runaway slave families and  
friends met each other on the outer boundaries of the plantation  
grounds and traipsed through the tree-lined walkways, the army  
readied themselves for what they thought would be a war. It was  
then that Masman Dominique walked onto the wide, upper  
porch and started her prayers. The spirits heard her cries and began  
to help set the spell in motion. But they weren't the only ones to  
hear her. The nearby soldiers also heard the wailing. Not  
understanding what was happening, the frightened soldiers began  
shooting into the wooded areas, trying to drive the escaped slaves  
out into the open. At the height of the commotion, an errant  
bullet pierced Masman Dominique's leg. She crumpled to the  
floor, and continued trying to finish her spell. A man from the  
plantation came to her aid, and while he was trying to help her  
back into the house, another bullet ripped through them both. At  
this moment, the entire property went silent.

No earthly sound could be heard for several minutes, even after the  
gunfire stopped. The screams of the Masman Dominique had  
rattled the eare of the entire platoon, including the commander.  
When they regained their composure, the soldiers began searching  
the property, to try to find someone to hold accountable for these  
events, but all of the slaves had vanished. Masman Dominique  
was gone, too. The only humans remaining on the property were  
the soldiers, and that was scarier than before with all the  
screaming. Deafening silence.

Masman Dominique's spell had worked, but not in the way she  
had hoped. All of the escaped people had found themselves  
obscured, just not whilst remaining in the earthly realm. They  
were trapped between this world and the next, shadows of  
themselves. Forever.

Until today, when earthly visitors graced the grounds  
for the first time in over 200 years.