

Dear Diary.

A Horror Story

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Dear diary:

It's 4:30 am, this is the sixth time in the month that I have woken up at early hours of the day for no apparently reason. As in the previous times, there was no noise or cause which I could attribute the motive for the recurring misfortune; possibly it is just a warning from my body to tell me that I have finished sleeping. Anyway, I decided to get up and take the opportunity to urinate ...

When I finished my biological needs, I was predisposed to continue sleeping; I was just walking to my bed, when for some strange reason I caught a glimpse of my cat Salem. I see him very restless and attentive to the big window that is located behind my bed; and although it looked weird to me, I simply opted to close the curtain and take my furry friend to accompany me for the rest of the nap.

My bed was comfortable, my blanket was warm; all ready to continue sleeping. Even though I never had a struggle to fall asleep, this time it turned out to be a difficult mission. I was tossing and turning on my mattress, and it wasn't until after counting a hundred sheep that finally I fell asleep.

October 31, 2020

Dear diary:

I thought there were no more sleep problems, but today they came back and I am very nervous. I woke up again, at exactly 4:30 am! Unfortunately, this time everything was different...

There was a knock on my window and this caused me to wake up instantly. I was mystified, I'm usually a heavy sleeper but that sound managed to wake me up. I started to think that rather than sounding like something resulting from the movement of the wind or some branch of a tree, it sounded like someone was knocking on the window to annoy me.

At that moment I was overcome by uncertainty, and with courage, I decided to go out and investigate what had caused that noise. I grabbed my cell phone, put on my flip-flops and turned on my flashlight; but my face changed when I tried to turn the doorknob and I saw Salem.

Oh, I hardly recognized that old blackish cat... I had never seen my cat scared, daring to say that any other cat would look pathetic compared to how he looked that day. At that moment, I decided to trust my friend. With a speed I never thought I would have, I bolted the door; I didn't even know what to think at the time, so I just limited myself to hiding and staying to one side of my company. Time passed, and as if by magic, I fell asleep.

It was 7:00 am and my alarm clock rang. There I was, sitting on the floor with my friend Salem on my lap. It had just been a strange night for me, I don't know if it was for him too. I was ready to start my day when my mother yelled "Let's have breakfast!"; the smile quickly disappeared when I remembered, that I was a foreigner...