The Supernatural

A true story

by
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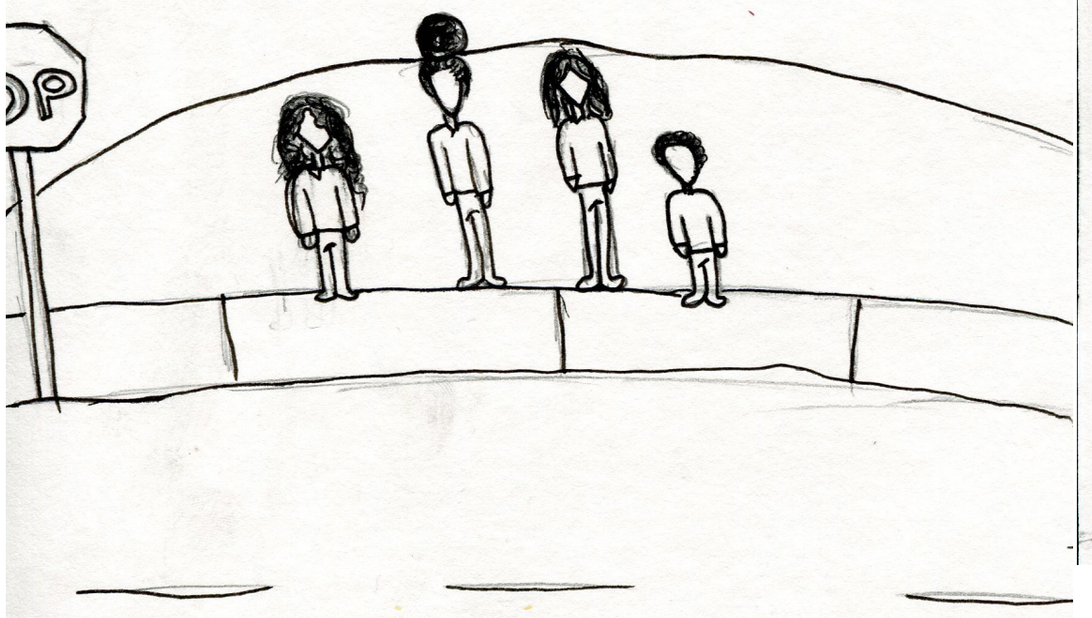
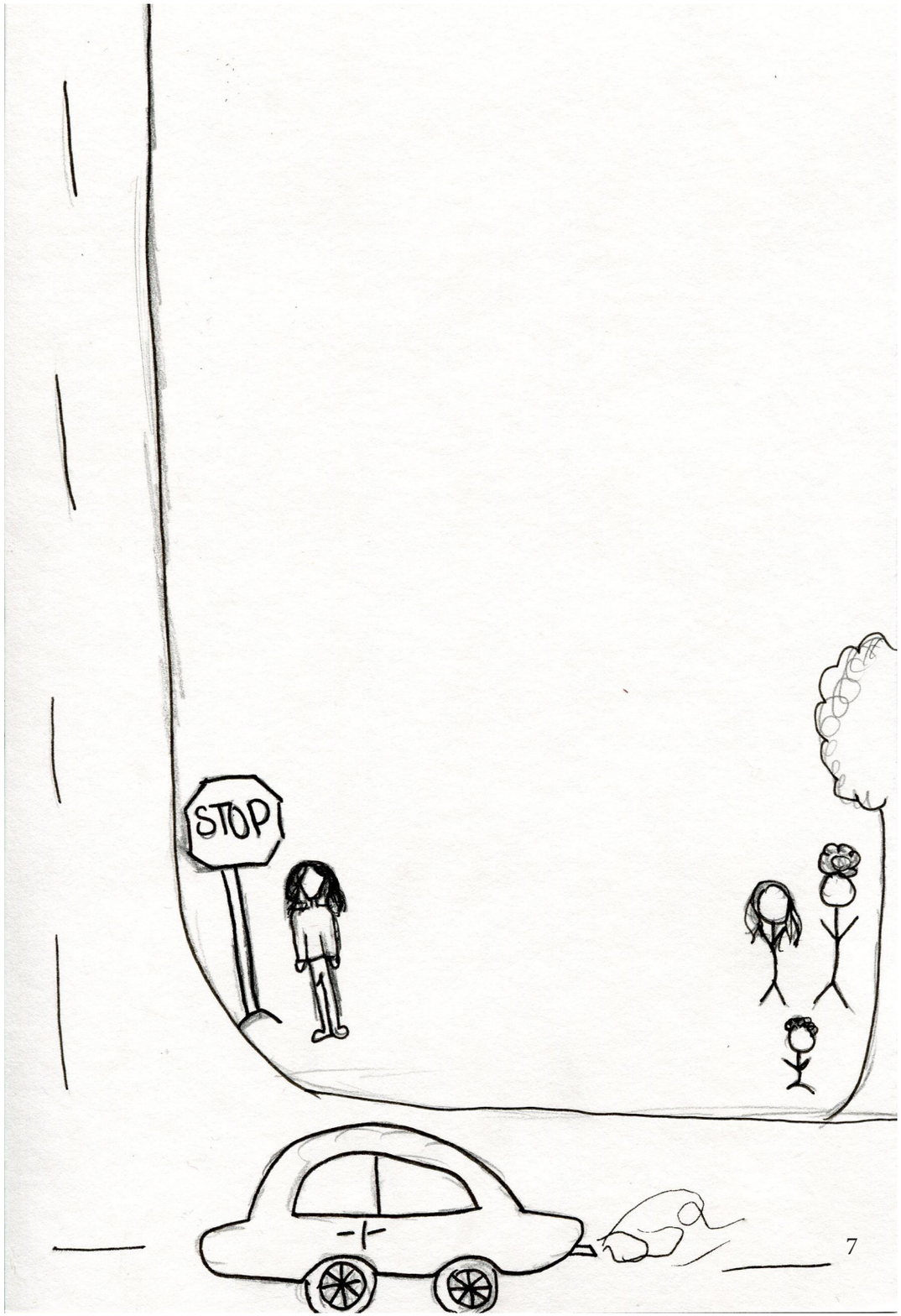
I was in the second grade when I saw a vampire.

I know it sounds crazy, but I'm sure my eyes did not deceive me.
Me and my siblings were waiting for the yellow bus at the bus stop like we did everyday.



My two older sisters and my little brother were standing next to the tree at our stop, and I was standing right at the curb of the sidewalk.

When suddenly a sage green car drives down the hill and slows down at the stop sign.

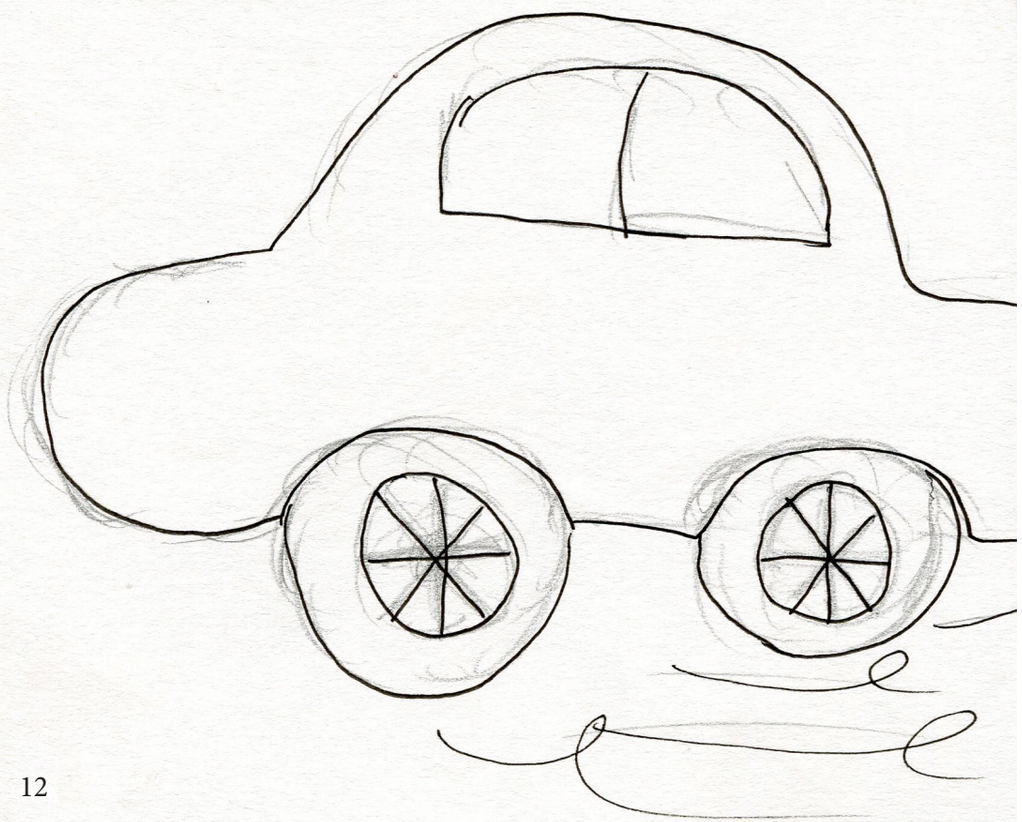


It rolls down it's window and I see a woman with messy curly hair.

The thing hisses at me and I see fangs.

At that moment my soul flew out of my body.

The vampire then just drives away, and right after the school bus arrives and we get on the bus.

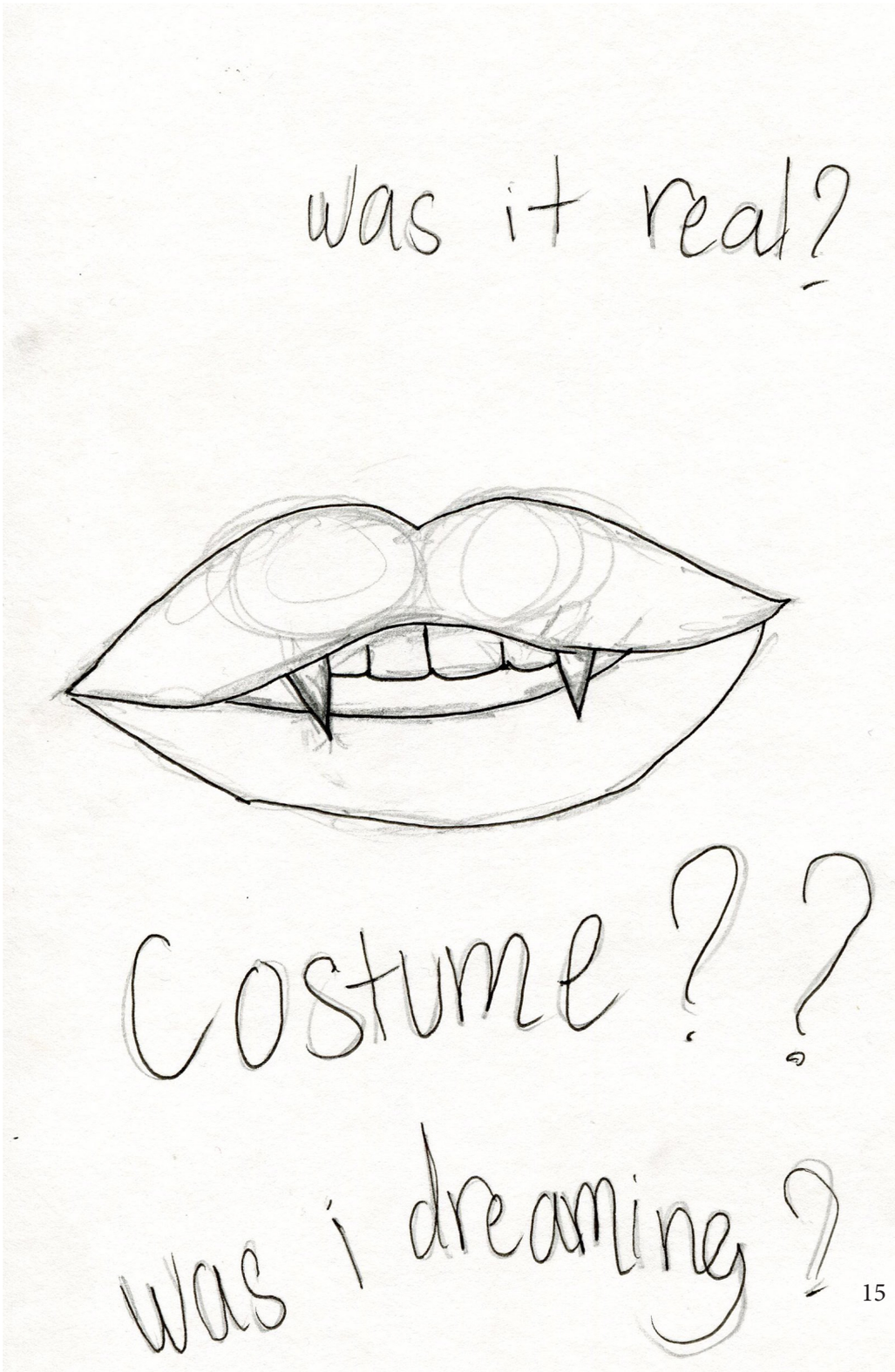


As soon as I got home I told my family the story and none of them believed me.

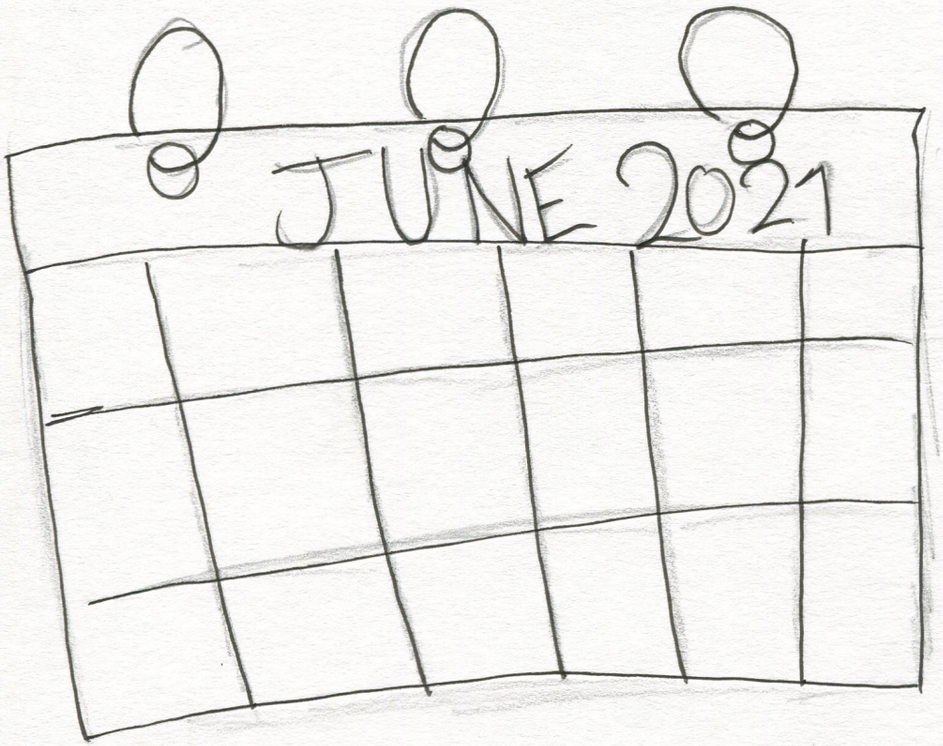
Till this day they tell me that either I was dreaming or the woman was just in a costume.

The costume idea could be true but I really want to believe that the supernatural are real.

Since then I've let it go and told myself maybe it was just a costume.



But the summer of 2020 changed that idea.

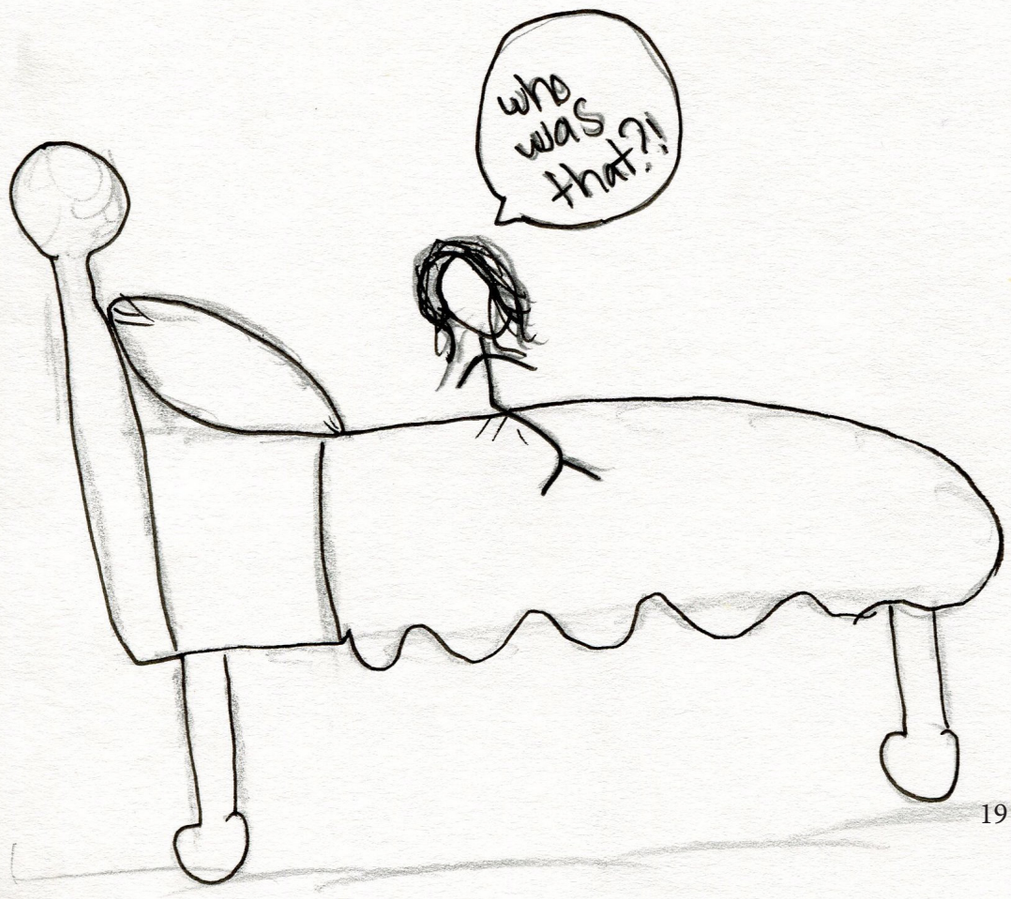


I woke one day to a strange voice whispering my name and tapping on my bed frame.

At first I just assumed it was one of my younger siblings.

But when I opened my eyes there was no one.

And I knew that if someone was there I would've seen them because the sun was out and my room was bright.



I assumed I was just hearing things so I closed my eyes and tried to go back to sleep.

But the voice and the tapping starts again.

I repeated what I did before, I looked around my room and still saw nothing.

So I decided to get out of bed and get ready for the day.

And again I tell my family and they tell me “Maybe it was just Hawa or Zahara” my younger sisters. However, I didn’t see anyone.

I just let it go.

But if someone were to tell me that the supernatural is real, I won’t even hesitate to believe them.