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STORY

A few years ago, I traveled to Guatemala, to a small town where my grandparents lived, but the town was very small and was surrounded by big trees, and at night it felt like it had a chilling vibe. I was 10 years old, and I liked spending time at my grandparents' house and also with my great-grandmother, who lived with more family members a few meters up the mountain. In the afternoons, I went to my great-grandmother's house, where she cooked delicious food while I played soccer in the yard.

When it was time to eat, the whole family gathered, and we had a great time. But the best part was when it got dark because in the yard they lit a bonfire, and we ate desserts while telling scary stories. With the light of the bonfire and the moon, I had fun but also felt very scared. Each person had their own story, and honestly, every story frightened me. It was very entertaining, but the problem was that I had to return to my grandmother's house afterward. After listening to scary stories, I had to walk back in the dark, and sometimes I had to go alone.

One night, as I was returning, I started to hear noises, the wind was blowing, and the moonlight was the only thing lighting my way. Suddenly, I felt something touch my leg, and I immediately ran as fast as I could. I almost fell, and in fact, I did, but I was so scared that I didn't feel any pain. I arrived at my grandmother's house, terrified, and went straight to bed. The next day, I felt pain in my leg and noticed it was bleeding because I really had hurt myself when I fell.

My grandmother took care of me and scolded me for listening to those stories. The lesson I learned that day was that I needed to learn to run better to avoid getting hurt and that having a family is wonderful.