

Allyshia Pagsinohin

3AL

31. October 2022

Writing Contest

RED

I don't believe in the paranormal, but one day a supernatural incident changed my mind. To begin with, I shouldn't believe in this kind of stuff in the first place, I'd be damned by both of my Christian grandmothers if I told them that I somewhat entertain myself with paranormal happenings. They always told me, believing in ghosts and such open the doors to demonic spirits and that I shouldn't give it a thought at all, it could harm my soul and I believe that of course. But how do I erase the memory of encountering a ghost like figure when I was just 5 years old?

A kid doesn't just forget what they saw, maybe some do, but I clearly didn't.

Maybe I was just hallucinating from watching TV and staying up too long, it was 2 am after all. I know a kid shouldn't be staying up after 9 pm, but I couldn't sleep. My mom went to work and dad was fast asleep already. My mom told me to just lay down outside in our living room and make myself tired by watching TV and so I did, by myself. Once she was out of the house, it was just my younger me and the television. All you could hear were the people talking in the squared device and my breathing. Laying there for more than one hour made my body feel uncomfortable so I sat up to stretch out my body, not knowing that in that moment I would come across the figure of a woman I've never seen before. When I sat up I saw her standing at the hallways, her black hair wet and covering most of her face, unable for me to see what she looks like. Her red sweater was dry, which didn't add up because of her hair, but her skin was pale - something like a pale green. She just stood there, we didn't interact. I quickly rubbed my eyes to check if I wasn't going crazy but when I did, she was gone.

When I told my mother about this the next day there was concern written over her face. Not sure if it's because she didn't expect to hear this from her little girl or if that lady had any significance to the family, but she told me shake it off, telling me : "It must be the lack of sleep."

She could be right...but even now as a 22 years old I can't help but stare at my hallway doors whenever I head to sleep, sensing something sinister staring at me.