

Hector Fernandez
October 11, 2018
Puente English Honors
Guardian Angel

It was a dark Sunday afternoon and the sun was starting to hide behind the wide open-horizon. I was beginning to start to weave a cloth napkin, the kind that people in my town would put in a basket specifically for tortillas. I walked towards my closet drawer—that me, my mom, and my siblings shared—and swung open the tall wooden closet doors and instantly spotted the thin, long needle, shining with the light from the single dangling light bulb in the middle of the ceiling. I cautiously picked up the needle and shut the doors with a creak, exposing my image on the front mirror. My short curly hair complimented my bangs in a good fashion. My lightweight makeup made my face look naturally beautiful; the light pink eyeshadow went well with my pink lipstick. I just gave myself a little smile and turned back.

I set up a wooden chair right in front of the main door, to take advantage of what was left of the daylight. I sat down, crossed my legs and began weaving together my napkin. If I did a good job weaving, I would sell the napkin with other people and earn a day's work. An hour passed, and so the sky got cloudy. I continued weaving and that's when I just looked through the long hallway in front of me, staring at the now dark clouds up in the sky. I felt a gush of wind take over my body, blowing my hair and so I took a deep breath. When I opened my eyes, I saw the tall mango tree standing tall in my backyard where every June, my cousin Ramon, who was thin and agile as a cat, would climb the towering branches, like Jack in the Beanstalk, and cut the mangos for us. I started spacing out; feeling nostalgic every time I look at something else. That was when a dark shadow dashed across the tall cobblestone wall, going over the cement covered floor of the backyard.

Seconds after, I saw a child, no younger than 4 or 5 years old, run across from the left side toward the right side of the backyard, disappearing around corner of the hallway. That's when I jumped out of my chair, startled by the child. No one had a child in the house and there was no possible way a kid could jump over the massive cobblestone wall, that was triple the size of any 5 year old, that protected the weed infested backyard. Then, the kid appeared out of the corner of the hallway again and ran across to the left. My eyes were wide open and I was just staring there trying to calculate how was this possible. That's when, a third time, the kid ran across but this time stopped in the middle and looked directly to me. He had short hair, wearing a white shirt with suspenders pulling up his brown shorts and had black shoes, almost transparent with the dark sky. I expected the kid to look playful and tired from all of that running but no. He had a serious face on and I could almost feel his piercing stare go right through my eyes. He turned to the right and disappeared, once again, around the corner. My heart raced as I have never seen a boy acting this weird and he was somehow in my backyard.

I got up and raced to my mother, who was weaving in the same room, and I told her, with great detail, what I saw. Even she was as surprised and frightened as I was. That's when the front door started unlocking and so I gyrated my head toward the now creaking, opening door, terrified, and fixed my eyes in fear as the door pushed open. A tall, dark figure began its descent into our home and I suddenly heard a familiar voice. Luckily, I saw that it was my tio Luis who had just come back from church and was stopping by just to visit. I gave myself a breath of relief and quickly realized that I was probably making a big *escandalo* over this. I felt embarrassed since I was 22 and should not be scared of anything. I told Luis the same thing and that's when we all walked over to the large backyard that we had. There were small flowers on the left side

that my abuelita took care of and a big lemon tree to the right where I sat under when it got too hot.

We took our time; thoroughly searching every possible inch of space where the little boy would go and hide. I thought that he was scared and didn't want to turn himself in or something like that. I looked into a hole in the great cobblestone wall, but shook my head in disbelief; the boy wouldn't possibly be able to jump over and land safely. I shuffled over the other way with my feet, trembling so much that at one point I managed to shake off one of my *chancla*. The searching concluded when it got too dark to look. The little boy never showed up and so my family thought I was just hallucinating. I tried to tell them that I really did see the boy, but that was the end of that.

I took one last look around, scared that I might have seen a ghost or something but again, nothing was there. I couldn't sleep that night. All I could think about was the way that boy stared at me. His face was so protective and assertive, like if he was my very own guardian angel, sent by god himself to watch over me. Even till this day, I still think back and wonder about this possible miracle. Was he actually real? Or was it just my brain playing tricks on me? I will always remember that day.