Diana Leon

Humanities-1/2

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**Knock Knock**

I’ve lived in an apartment my whole life.  I have to share a bedroom with my brother.  It’s not too small, it’s big enough for the both of us.  He has his drawers on one side of our room and mine are holding the t.v up.  I can’t really tape pictures up I draw because the walls are so bumpy on the ceiling, bathroom and kitchen walls and anywhere else in the house.  You walk to the door and can’t tell which house is which.  They all look the same.  Two steps, all smothered with dirt, sticky gum and other disgusting things you find under someone's shoe.

One night, while I was sleeping I heard a noise.  I don’t remember if it was a school day or not but it was late.  I heard knocking, as if someone was knocking on the door.  I first thought that it was my friend that lives right across my house. He always knocks on my window during the day to ask if my brother and I want to play with him.  But when I turned over just a bit I realized that it was too dark.  I didn’t need to adjust my eyes to realize that.  I mean, I was still half asleep.  So I just figured if I ignore him then he will go away.  But that wasn't it.

Once I got up to see what it really was, I saw a shadow.  So I knew it wasn’t my friend that lives across from me.  I didn’t know what to do.  All I knew was that I couldn’t make any noise. The person kept knocking on my window.  They were looking back and forth as if they were trying to see if anyone was looking at them.  I tried to wake up my brother.  But as always he wouldn’t get up.  I thought that if I got up he would see me, or hear my bed make noise.  Then all of a sudden the person ran to the apartment next door.  I still heard knocking.  They were knocking on the iron gate.  I knew that because it sounds different from a wooden door.  All I could do was listen and wait for what was going to happen next.  Then the person came back to my window.  “What the heck does this person was?’ I kept asking myself.  I’m not sure if I went to go tell my parents when they were knocking on the apartment next door or when they came back knocking on my window.

But I remember getting up and going to my parent’s room even more terrified because I am already scared of the dark.  So whenever I pass by my living room I feel like someone is going to pop up and catch me or someone’s looking at me.  Just standing there looking at me.  So I got to my parent’s room and say, “Ma….Pappy, Ma….Pappy.”  They wake up looking terrified.  I tell them that someone was knocking on my window.  My mom gets up and when I try to follow her my dad puts his arm right in front of me.

When my mom goes to the living room and looks out the shades, she said that she didn’t see anything.  They told me that it was okay.  I didn’t want to go back to sleep.  What if I heard the noise again?  What if it happened the next day?  What was funny was that my brother was still asleep.  I realized that I need to be prepared in situations like this.  I need to know what to do if I have a problem.  I also realized that I was even more afraid of the dark.  You never know what's out there.  And I thought I was afraid of the bathroom.