

Shapeshifter

This is a story, my grandmother recounts about growing up in the mountain land of Mexico. As a young child, my grandmother and her older sister would trek through a 5 km trail everyday just to get to school.

One day, they left for school early, so they decided to visit their aunt and uncle who lived nearby. They chatted for a bit, and as they were about to leave... their uncle warned them to be careful. A few days ago, at a nearby village, a little girl was walking home when she was suddenly stalked by a large dog. Luckily it was scared away before anything happened. The uncle was adamant that it was a Nahualo, a shapeshifter that abducts young children. They told him they would be careful and continued their trek to school. They left and the day continued as normal. Before they knew it, classes were over, and it was time to go home.

The air was cooler and felt refreshing. The forest had come alive, crickets chirping, frogs croaking, water flowing. It was peaceful, but suddenly they heard a twig crack from beyond the trees. There was a pair of big yellow eyes staring at them from the darkness.