

Fall 12-1-2017

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Recommended Citation

Santangelo, Ryan (2017) "Dripping With Blood," *The Prairie Light Review*: Vol. 40 : No. 1 , Article 55.
Available at: <http://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol40/iss1/55>

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Dripping with Blood

Ryan Santangelo

Once upon a time, there was a little old lady, sitting in a rocking chair in her living room, knitting a sweater on a calm, quiet, Sunday evening. All of a sudden, the phone next to her rings. She picks up the phone and hears, “I’m one block away dripping with blood.” The old lady confusingly says, “What did you say?” And then the caller hangs up. The old lady thought this was very strange, but she didn’t think much of it. She just ignored it, and continued to knit her sweater.

Unexpectedly, her phone rings again about a minute later. She picks up the phone, “Hello?” She hears the caller say, “I’m half a block away dripping with blood.” The old lady exclaims, “Who is this? Why are you calling me? What are you-” the caller hung up the phone before she could finish speaking. The old lady began to feel a little nervous, so she got up from her rocking chair to close the blinds on her window, and lock all the doors. She tried to calm herself down by taking a few deep breathes, sat back down, and continued to knit her sweater. She tried to not think about the strange phone calls that she’s been receiving.

About a minute later, the lady’s phone rang again. Slowly, the lady picked up her phone, and brought it to her ear. As she answered the phone, her hands were trembling, and her palms were sweaty, “Hello?” She said in fear. The caller said, “I’m right in front of your door, dripping with blood.” The lady dropped her phone, and ran into her basement as quickly as she could. She slammed the door shut, and locked it. She crouched behind a couch in her basement, trembling in fear. She prayed that the person calling her would leave her house, and leave her alone.

Suddenly, the lady feels her leg start to vibrate. Her cellphone was ringing. She took her phone out of her pocket, and looked at it. It was an unknown number. With butterflies in her stomach, and her hands shaking, she slowly answered her phone. “Hello?”, she said. The caller was breathing heavily into the phone for a few seconds, then finally says, “I’m right behind you, dripping with blood.”

Shaking in fear, the old lady drops her phone, slowly creeps up from behind the couch, and turns around. She sees... her grandson! Her 8-year-old grandson Johnny, who lives about a block away, had a cut on his finger, which was dripping with blood.

The grandma says, “Johnny you scared the daylights out of me! What did you do to your finger?” Johnny responded, “I was playing with my new arts and crafts kit, and then I cut my finger with my scissors trying to make a paper snowman. And then we didn’t have bandaids at my house! So mommy told me to come here.” The old lady said, “Oh my poor baby. But why were you talking in that creepy voice on the phone?” Johnny said, “I was pretending to be a ghost, Grandma! And my finger was dripping with blood!”

The grandma was so relieved to see that it was just her grandson. She gave Johnny a bandaid, and kissed his finger. Then she brought him into the kitchen so they could bake cookies together. They enjoyed some delicious, freshly baked chocolate chip cookies to end a very emotional night.