

Category: 1º-2º ESO
A Scary Halloween Night
Sofía Fernández García

It was October 31st. It was the famous Halloween Night. It was cold and windy. A lot of children were in the street, wearing scary costumes and saying “trick or treat”.

I was preparing dinner at home with my mum and my sister. We were cooking mummy’s fingers, monster’s eyes, a bloody drink, a barfing pumpkin, witches’ brooms... A lot of scary food. We were having a Halloween party with my family.

An hour later, my cousins arrived home. They were frightening because they had really scary costumes. They brought a cake with a terrible message: “ If you eat me, you’ll die”. The cake was a pumpkin head, and there was blood everywhere.

We sat around the table and we started dinner. It was fantastic. We ate lots of scary food and many sweets. At dessert time, my little cousin brought the cake. He was proud because he had made it himself.

He served a piece of cake to everyone. We ate all the cake because it was delicious. Incredibly, my cousin said he was full and he would eat his piece of cake later. I was very surprised because my cousin usually eats sweet desserts.

My mum took out “The Wolf” game and we started to play. Suddenly, we had all tummy ache, but Pablo didn’t. I was frightened because of the note in the cake and I thought we would die. My cousin laughed and laughed.

All of us had to run to the toilet, but Pablo didn’t. We were worried about the situation and my uncle got angry with Pablo. He asked my cousin about the cake and Pablo told us the truth. When he baked the cake, he added an extra ingredient: *Dulcolax*.

The party finished and everyone went home. We had a really scary night but we had a good time.

Category: 3º-4º ESO
Panic Room
Cristina Rosa López Torralba

So I'm in a hospital, I'm ill. The alarm starts to sound, and the flickering red lights make me crazy.

All the people are running along the corridor. Everybody is screaming. I don't understand what is happening.

I can't walk very well but no one helps me, I'm trying to walk to the end of the long corridor but it's hard because my leg hurts.

I don't know why the people are running. I'm very scared. I'm trying to open the doors but all are closed. I can't see well, the lights are making me blind and I'm very ill. I don't see many people in the corridor. Everybody is going to the same place.

I see people coming inside a room; looks like a panic room because they are fighting to see who enters and who does not, there isn't much space. Finally, I go into the room too, they let me enter because I'm hurt. Now I'm safe or that's what I think.

During all the travel I didn't see that I have something in my hands covered in blood. I open my hands... I have a flashback: Before I went to the corridor my doctor was on the floor. In one of my panic attacks, I killed my doctor. I am the monster that everybody is running away from.

Category: Bachillerato
Souls of an innocent child
Paula Ballesteros Castellano.

It was 11.50 pm. The street was empty and the lights of the lampposts were reflected in the dirty puddles of a rainy day. It was impossible to discern the moon between the dense clouds, even though cold wind was blowing intensely. After I had been walking along the street, I entered the hallway of my building. It was old, but charming. While I was going upstairs, I heard a strong noise that came from my door, besides the typical creak of the wooden steps. I was scared at first, but then I realized that all the situations I could imagine were only a product of my coward mind, so I followed my path to the second floor. When I arrived, I put my key in the lock of the door and I opened it slowly. The clock struck 12 am. At that moment, I noticed nightmares also come true.

I was 32 years old. I used to live in a small village near the countryside, far away from the monotonous and chaotic life of the city. It was there where I met the man of my life at the early age of 15. We got married in 1978 and we had our first and only child two years later. Due to this situation, we decided to move to a big city to give our son the best possibilities for his future.

Harry was being raised in a healthy atmosphere. At least, his bright eyes and sweet smile didn't say the opposite. He had been always interested in compiling information about paranormal phenomena, fact we had never understood at his early age, but we didn't pay much attention to it. We simply came up to the conclusion that he liked Halloween.

His last birthday was on October 21st. He had been playing all afternoon in the small park that could be seen from the window of my bedroom. He was very excited, running after his mates with that beautiful ghost costume that we had sewn together three days before. When he arrived home, he put the presents on his circular blanket, and we started to open them. The gift I like the most was an old box which had eight little drawers. Harry told me he had found it in his bag when the morning class finished. When he opened the box, he discovered a note which said:

“Dear Harry,
You may not know about my existence yet, but I have been observing you for several years. If I'm not wrong, you love scary things, so I have a challenge for you. I have hidden seven Halloween jewels here in the school and the last one in your own house. Each gem will provide you with the clues to know what will happen on the Last Day.
See you soon,
KH”

After I had heard the story, I imagined that Harry's teacher was organizing a funny event for Halloween, so I motivated my son to search for the jewels that "KH" had mentioned. Harry didn't seem very sure to do it, even though he loved that type of activity, but he finally trusted my words. In this way, we both fell into the trap. My child, for his innocence; me, for not taking the existence of Hell into consideration.

The scene was terrible. Harry was hanged in the crystal lamp of the dining room with seven of the eight gems stuck on his side. His blood quickly spread all over the different rooms, including the entrance of the house, where I was standing. I didn't have time to realize what was happening. In the last ten minutes of my life, I put my head out of the window, I saw the eighth jewel at the same time I heard a voice that said: "Harry had always known about these matters, and you were only turning your head, not to see the reality. It's the day for giving your punishment; it's your last day."