

Primer Lugar

Old Man Silky
He's The One!
First he's there,
And then he's gone!
Old Man Silky,
He can tell
When you obey
or misbehave!
That's Old Man Silky
He's mean as sin
and he can tell
What's deep within:
Take Joey Krump,
The poor ol' chump
All he did was eat
Oats and goats
And grits and wheat
He ate his mother!
- Outta her house!
He wouldn't share a meal
Not even with a mouse!
Well, Old Man Silky
Took care of that Krump
Fed him 'til he was good and plump
Then tied him to a rotten stump!
See, Old Man Silky
He's quite funny

So he slathered up Joey

In sweet, sweet honey.

It was winter, you see,

And a bear's got to eat,

And what was left of Joey

Was only his feet.

That's Old Man Silky

He's just swell!

There's many stories one could tell,

of all his tricks and escapades

That are told to make children afraid.

Shall I tell of Max,

Who played with tacks -

Then Ol' Silky went

And did him in with an axe?

Have you heard of Mel?

She shrieked like a bell!

So Old Man Silky

Threw her down the well.

There's still way more

Awful tales of yore,

About our pal Silky

That you would abhor

But remember this-

You sweet little kids:

Old Man Silky!

He's the one.

He knows everything

You've done

If you've been bad
or maybe good.
Old Silky's watching...
From the wood!

- Socorro Amaya

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The eternal Shining

In 2007, the lights of Arbide, a prosperous town where wealth flowed like water, shone brightly on the surface, but underneath, shadows stirred. One of those shadows took root in the heart of a boy named Mateo Arriaga. Born into one of the richest families in Arbide, Mateo had everything luxury, power, and endless opportunities. But inside, there was something broken, something festering. From a young age, Mateo exhibited tendencies that unnerved his family: cruelty toward animals, a cold detachment from human emotions, and an insatiable thirst for control.

His parents dismissed it as "eccentricity" and blamed their own success for his behavior. However, Mateo knew differently. There was a voice inside him, growing louder with every

passing year, whispering that he was special, that he was chosen for something far greater than the mortal world around him.

By the time he turned 15, the voice had consumed him. His dark impulses became impossible

to suppress. He grew bored of Arbide's opulence, and after an "incident" involving another student at his elite private school, his family quietly sent him away to a quieter, more isolated

place

El Molino was a world apart from the shining streets of Arbide. It was a small, decaying town

that held none of the prestige Mateo had known. It was a place where the rich never ventured,

and those who lived there had long abandoned hope of escaping their meager existence.

The

move was meant to be a fresh start, but to Mateo, it felt like being cast into the wild, a place where his darker side could grow unchecked.

In El Molino, Mateo made two close friends—Rodrigo and Andrés—both boys who were as

drawn to the forbidden as Mateo was. Unlike the wealthy, sheltered people in Arbide, Rodrigo and Andrés were rough around the edges. They lived for thrills, for danger. And with Mateo's arrival, the three became inseparable.

There was one place they always visited: an abandoned shopping plaza called "La Gran

Plaza." It had been shut down for years, long forgotten by the town and left to rot. Rumors swirled that the plaza was cursed, that terrible things had happened there in the past. To Mateo and his friends, it was a playground—a place where they could do whatever they wanted, free from the judgment of others.

By the time Mateo was 19, his fascination with the occult had grown into an obsession. He had spent years collecting books on dark magic, demonology, and ancient rituals. It wasn't just a hobby—it was a calling. He believed the voice in his head was leading him to something greater, and he would stop at nothing to discover the truth.

One night, in La Gran Plaza, Mateo proposed a game to his friends. It was more than just a thrill-seeking adventure; it was a ritual, one he'd discovered in an ancient tome. The ritual promised to summon two powerful demons: Belial, the demon of lies and trickery, and Shaitan, a shadow of chaos and evil. The game required blood, sacrifice, and the courage to face the unknown.

Rodrigo and Andrés, always hungry for danger, agreed. They believed it was just another game, something to scare themselves with and laugh about afterward.

But Mateo knew better.

The night of the ritual was cold and still. The air in La Gran Plaza felt heavy, suffocating, as

if the shadows themselves were watching. The three friends stood in a circle, with candles flickering around them, casting eerie shadows on the decaying walls of the plaza.

Mateo drew a symbol on the ground, his hands shaking with anticipation. He had memorized

the words, the ancient language that was said to open the gateway between worlds. As he spoke the incantation, the air grew colder. The ground beneath their feet trembled.

Rodrigo and Andrés felt a creeping dread. They could sense that something was wrong, that this was no ordinary game. But it was too late to stop.

The candles flickered out. The plaza was plunged into darkness, and the silence was broken by a low, rumbling growl that echoed through the abandoned halls.

Then they appeared.

Two figures, cloaked in shadow, materialized before them. Belial and Shaitan demons of the

old world, summoned by the blood sacrifice and the forbidden words Mateo had spoken.

The demons did not speak, but their presence was overwhelming. Rodrigo and Andrés froze

in terror, unable to move. But Mateo Mateo smiled. He had been waiting for this moment his

whole life.

The demons circled him, their shadows twisting and writhing like living things. Mateo felt their power surging through him, their darkness seeping into his soul. Belial whispered lies into his ear, promising him power beyond his wildest dreams. Shaitan offered him chaos, a world where he could shape reality to his will.

Mateo accepted. He allowed them in. At that moment, Mateo ceased to be the boy he once was. His mind shattered, consumed by the darkness. The demons had taken control, using his body as a vessel. Rodrigo and Andrés watched in horror as their friend transformed before

their eyes, his face twisting into something inhuman.

They tried to run, but it was futile. The demons had marked them, and their fates were

sealed.

The morning after the ritual, La Gran Plaza stood silent once more, as if nothing had happened. But something had changed. The town of El Molino began to experience strange events—animals found dead in unnatural ways, people disappearing without a trace, and whispers of strange figures seen in the night.

Rodrigo and Andrés were never the same. They had survived the ritual, but the demons had left their mark on them. They were haunted by nightmares, plagued by visions of darkness and despair. They no longer spoke to Mateo, who had vanished after that night, leaving only fear and chaos in his wake.

As for Mateo, he had become something else entirely. With Belial and Shaitan guiding him, he wandered the world, spreading chaos and destruction wherever he went. The voice inside him was no longer a whisper it was a roar, a force that controlled his every move. El Molino was only the beginning.

- **Thomas Shelby**

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Whispers in the Attic

Lily always heard whispers at night, faint voices that seemed to come from the attic. Her parents dismissed it as old-house noises, but she knew better. One stormy evening, curiosity overpowered fear. Clutching a flashlight, she crept up the narrow staircase leading to the attic door.

The air was thick with the smell of mildew, overwhelming. The door creaked open, revealing a space filled with forgotten boxes and dust-covered furniture. The whispers were louder now—soft, incoherent murmurs.

She shined her light around, heart racing. In the corner she spotted an old mirror, draped in a dirty cloth. Slowly, she pulled it off. The reflection was wrong.

In the mirror, the room was different. — clean, lively, and filled with children playing. They giggled, but their eyes were hollow, their faces pale. One of them, a girl, stared directly at Lily. She pressed her hand against the glass, lips moving.

“Come play with us,” the girl whispered, her voice chillingly clear.

Suddenly, cold fingers wrapped around Lily’s wrist. She gasped, dropping the flashlight. In the dim light, she saw her reflection — a pale, hollow-eyed version of herself, trapped on the other side of the glass.

The attic door slammed shut.

From downstairs, her mother called. “Lily, come down for dinner!” But Lily couldn’t respond. Her voice was lost. Just another whisper in the attic.

- The Last Shadow