

Royal Spider

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An ominous shadow crept up the damp stone steps of the tower. Its elongated legs were supposed to help it move with ease, however, the imbalance of some part of its anatomy caused it crawl with more difficulty than expected. The sinister impulse that kept it going up was its predatory instincts. Under a pitiless stimulus of special hunger, the beast could smell the characteristic scent of its preys as it felt the impure urge of a cold-blooded slaughter.

The tiny, yet deadly creature decided what its next move would be. As its long legs climbed the last step, it could feel the odor of terror coming from inside the chamber. The door was ajar, but as it suddenly perceived that a threat was extremely close, it camouflaged with the stones on the wall.

The hideous, eerie vermin checked eight times to make sure the corridor was deserted, while it patiently awaited for the moment to come, as an evil deed is all the more evil if it is the result of long contemplation. It slipped into the room, ready to pounce on its two cornered preys.

In spite of its innate brutality, the foul creature was no less clever, as it knew that no traces must be left on the preys' fragile bodies. They were both aware that there was no point in hiding from the bottled spider, as the attack was imminent.

The two preys, who were petrified, looked through the eyes of the familiar beast that was standing still in front of them imperturbably. Although he tried to protect the crime scene, and keep it unpolluted, the inner beast abruptly took control over his whole body and dark soul. He fiendishly leaped on the two children, smashing their heads against the floor and then, stabbing them until they lay in a crimson puddle.

The metallic smell of blood intoxicated him with power. Richard III descended the steps of the Tower of London, leaving the two little princes, also his two nephews, behind. Nobody would ever hear again from Edward V and his brother, Richard of Shrewsbury. Little did their uncle know that, although he succeeded in flaunting the crown, his fate in Bosworth was not as bright as the jewels that shone over his head.

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