

In Season

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The kingdoms had been at odds since ancient times, leaving their troubled territories tainted by greed and violence. In spite of the unbridgeable rivalry between them, they had managed to resist by sheer guile and treachery. Spring had arrived and with it came the ineluctable war.

The young ringleader approached circumspectly as he camouflaged into the grimness of the battlefield. His aristocratic and refined presence befitted a full-blooded despot. The enemy, equally intimidating, sat stock-still and unflappable, his eyes fixed on the imminent threat. His rotund deformed body disclosed an uncanny monstrosity.

The hot clammy air was filled with a smell of sulphur. Shrieks of anger reverberated through the combat zone, encouraging the initiation. Driven by bloodlust, the portly warrior pounced on his opponent and rakishly attacked him from the front. Their frantic yet imperceptible movements made it hard to glimpse a gainer, for they fiendishly swiped at each other to the death. The viciousness of the attack left them raddled and enfeebled on the ground, while their eyes were still transfixed with terror.

The prideful conquerors relished their mastery once again. Lying stolidly on the tin roof, the moggies revealed their cunning, undomesticated spirit until they bolted at the long-awaited dinner call.

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