

The Halloween mystery in Sant Roc

In Sant Roc, a little village among the mountains of Catalonia, autumn nights were cold and quiet. But one night was different: Halloween. Flickering pumpkins lit the cobbled streets, and children dressed as ghosts, witches and monsters to collect sweets from door to door.

Álex, Pau and Mar, three inseparable friends, looked forward to it every year. This time promised more mystery than ever. An old rumour was spreading: the Witch's Tower, abandoned outside the village, was cursed. People said a witch who had lived there centuries ago returned every Halloween to frighten anyone who came close.

"They're just stories to scare little children," Álex said, straightening his vampire cape. "Nobody has seen anything."

"But my grandma heard screams last year!" replied Pau, dressed as a zombie. "They say you hear strange noises whenever you go inside..."

"It sounds exciting!" cried Mar, wrapped in a white blanket as a ghost. "Shall we go after collecting sweets? Just to see what's there."

The others exchanged worried looks, but excitement won. After a long evening of costumes and sweets, when the church bells struck

midnight, they took the path to the tower. Dry leaves crunched beneath their feet, and the moon gave just enough light to see.

The old wooden door stood half open, creaking in the wind. Wanting to prove he was brave, Álex pushed it wide.

“See? There’s nothing scary here. Just an old tower and…”

A loud crash echoed inside, as if something had fallen.

“What was that?” Pau asked, as pale as his zombie costume.

Despite their nerves, they went in. Dust and cobwebs filled the tower. As they climbed the stairs, Álex felt a cold draught blowing from a corner.

“It must be the wind,” he whispered, although his heart was racing.

At the top was a large, dark room. Everything was quiet until a shadow darted across a corner.

“Is anyone there?” Mar called, her voice shaking.

A figure appeared in the moonlight: a tall woman in a black cloak and pointed hat, with bright eyes and a chilling laugh.

“So, you’ve come to meet the witch of the tower?” she said in a deep voice.

The friends froze. Then the figure took off her hat and cloak. It was Roser, Pau’s grandmother, who burst out laughing!

“Grandma! What are you doing here?” Pau asked in confusion.

“I wanted to give you a surprise!” she replied cheerfully. “People have told stories about this tower for years, and I thought it would be fun to keep the tradition going. Besides, I know you’re brave… and rather curious!”

The children stared in disbelief, then everyone began laughing.

“You really scared us!” Álex said, his heart still pounding.

“Halloween is meant to be a little spooky, isn’t it?” Roser answered with a mischievous smile. “But it’s for fun too. Shall we go back and finish the evening with hot chocolate?”

They returned to the village, laughing and talking about their adventure. It was their most exciting Halloween in Sant Roc: a carefully planned surprise had reminded them that the best adventures often come with a little humour.