Saurian Tales

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THE ISLAND AWAKENS

That coastal village was shrouded in fog on that Halloween night. Wooden houses were decorated with pumpkin lanterns, and costumed children ran along cobblestone streets, laughing to the chimes of the small church. But everyone avoided looking toward the horizon, where the dark silhouette of the Island of Shadows loomed.

"You're not going there tonight," warned the local guide, Mateo, tightening his coat. "On All Souls' Eve, the island awakens."

Archaeologist Clara Viana smiled with a hint of disdain as she checked her equipment.

"Stories to scare fishermen. We're not going to miss an opportunity like this over superstition."

The group accompanying her — three eager young researchers — carried backpacks, cameras, and flashlights. The small boat waited at the dock, rocking with the tide.

Mateo sighed but boarded. The others laughed, unaware that these would be the last innocent laughs of the night.

The crossing was short, but the silence of the icy sea unnerved everyone. As soon as they set foot on the dark sand, a stench of decay rose in the air. Dense vegetation covered

the island like a suffocating shroud, and strange birds screamed from the treetops.

Soon, they found deep footprints in the mud. Clara knelt, excited.

“Perfect! These could be millions of years old!”

Mateo stepped back.

“Or days.”

Night fell fast, as if someone had extinguished the sky. The flashlights revealed moss-covered stones arranged in circles — ancient ruins, erected by hands that did not seem human. Deformed carvings showed nightmare creatures: reptilian bodies, sharp claws, teeth in strange rows.

One of the boys, Daniel, laughed nervously.

“Looks like a child’s monster drawing.”

Mateo ran his hand over the inscriptions.

“Not monsters. Prisons.”

The silence broke with a snap of a branch. Something was moving in the foliage. The sound multiplied: light, quick steps coming from every direction.

“Stop fooling around!” Clara shouted.

But when yellow eyes glowed in the darkness, there was no doubt — Velociraptors.

They leapt from the shadows like arrows, claws slicing through the air. Daniel