

KID CYCLONE FIGHTS THE DEVIL AND OTHER STORIES

Xavier Garza



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 **TO MY FAMILY** 



THE MIRROR

“Cecilia, come look at this,” said Marina, calling for her friend to come see what she had just found tucked under the mattress of her late Aunt Cristina’s bed.

“What is it?”

Marina held up an oval-shaped mirror. Its gold trimming was decorated with the faces of laughing devils with elongated tongues.

“That is weird looking,” said Cecilia.

“It must have belonged to my Aunt Cristina,” said Marina. “She lived and died in this house. You and I are probably the first two people who have set foot in her room in years.”

“That would sure explain all the dust and cobwebs,” said Cecilia. “Why doesn’t anybody want this house? Sure, it looks bad now, but you can tell that it must have been a great house once. I’m surprised that nobody jumped at the chance to get it after your aunt died.”

“My parents say that my Aunt Cristina was a very wealthy, but very evil woman. My father has even gone as far as accusing her of being a witch. He said that she put a curse on my Uncle Esteban.”

“A curse, really?”

“My Aunt Cristina never liked my uncle’s wife because she was one of the few women that would actually stand up to her. It was shortly after an argument between the two that my uncle’s wife suddenly became very ill. Nobody knew what was wrong with her. Uncle Esteban, however, was convinced that Aunt Cristina was behind it. He confronted her and demanded that she remove whatever curse she had placed on his wife. Aunt Cristina just laughed at him. Uncle Esteban became so enraged that he attacked her and started choking her with his bare hands.”

“Did he kill her?”

“No, the neighbors managed to pull him off of her before he could finish the job. Cristina was livid and swore through gasping breaths that Uncle Esteban would come to regret ever having laid his hands on her. The next day, my Uncle Esteban’s hands began to hurt. The pain gradually increased with each day until it became unbearable. When he went to see the doctor, he was diagnosed with a severe case of rheumatoid arthritis. The doctor was baffled at how quickly the symptoms were progressing. Within a year, Uncle Esteban’s hands got so bad that he couldn’t even hold a spoon. Nobody ever came to visit Aunt Cristina after that. They were all convinced that she was responsible for Uncle Esteban’s sickness.”

“What happened to her?”

“She died a lonely old woman; she never married or had children.”

“That’s horrible!” said Cecilia.

“I know. People say that she went crazy before she died, yelling and screaming all the time. She would

accuse everybody, even total strangers, of stealing from her.”

“Hey, what’s that?” asked Cecilia.

“What?”

“It’s a photograph,” said Cecilia. She showed Marina a grayed photograph of a woman with a scowl on her face. It was affixed to the back of the mirror.

“You know what?” said Marina. “I think this is a photograph of my Aunt Cristina.”

“Girls, it’s time to go,” called out Marina’s father from the living room.

“Coming,” answered Marina. “You know what? This is a pretty unique mirror. I think I’m going to keep it.”

“Marina, I don’t know if you should,” warned Cecilia. “It gives me the creeps.”

After taking a shower and brushing her hair, Marina was ready to get some rest. Visiting the small town where her dad had grown up had been fun, but Marina was happy to be back in the big city. Her parents were out for the night, so she had some time to relax before going back to school on Monday. She reached over and looked at the souvenir she brought back with her. Cecilia was right: the mirror was creepy. She left it next to the bathroom sink and walked over to her bed. She turned off the lights and immediately fell asleep.

“Thief!”

The sudden voice startled Marina. She turned on the lights and ran into her closet. She grabbed a baseball bat and looked around the room, but saw nothing. She looked in the kitchen, the bathroom, everywhere.



“Was I dreaming?” she asked herself as she walked back into the bathroom and splashed cold water on her face. “It must have been a dream,” thought Marina. She made sure that all the windows in her bedroom were locked.

“Thief!” a voice called out again, louder this time.

Marina ran into the closet and used her cell phone to call 911. “There’s an intruder in my house!”

The police arrived and searched Marina’s house, but found no one. Marina felt silly now. Not only did she involve the police, but her worried parents had cancelled the rest of their evening and were on their way home.

“I’m so sorry,” she told the police officer, apologizing for having brought them out on what amounted to be nothing more than a false alarm. Marina got back into bed but was too startled to fall asleep. Eventually she was able to close her eyes and fall asleep.

“Thief!”

“There’s that voice again! Who are you?” asked Marina, who was no longer scared, only angry.

She jumped out of bed and grabbed a firm hold of the baseball bat that she had left resting next to her bed.

“You’ll be sorry,” she warned. “I have a bat!”

“Thief!”

“The bathroom,” Marina cried out. “The voice is coming from the bathroom!”

Marina slowly began to make her way toward the bathroom.

“Thief!” the voice called out again.

“The mirror,” said Marina. “The voice is coming from the mirror!”

The face of her dead aunt suddenly appeared in the oval-shaped mirror!

“Thief!” cried out her aunt. “Thief!”

“Tía, what are you doing in my mirror?”

“Your mirror? It’s not your mirror, it’s mine! You stole it! Thief, thief, thief!” Aunt Cristina screamed over and over, louder and louder.

“Do you want it?” questioned Marina. “You want your mirror? You can have it!” She angrily raised her baseball bat up into the air and swung it down—full force—on the mirror on top of the bathroom sink! Upon impact, the mirror shattered into a dozen pieces, but now every single piece of broken glass reflected her aunt’s face.

“Thief, thief, thief!” the faces continued to cry out even as Marina began to scream. She screamed louder and louder until her voice went hoarse. Marina suddenly began to laugh. Softly at first, but then her laughter grew louder and louder. Marina’s parents burst into the bathroom, having rushed from their evening out, and found Marina laughing to herself as she cowered in the corner surrounded by shards of glass.

“Marina, what’s wrong?” asked her mother as she knelt to check on her. Marina looked up and her parents saw her crazed look.

“Thief!” she screamed. “Thief, thief!”

Marina had gone insane.