

mi *Natura*



THE MAGAZINE OF THE BRIEF & FANTASTIC

XI CERTAMEN INTERNACIONAL DE MICROCUENTO FANTÁSTICO miNatura 2013

BASES DEL CERTAMEN

1. Podrán concursar todos los interesados sin límite de edad, posean o no libros publicados dentro del género.

2. Los trabajos deberán presentarse en castellano. El tema del microcuento deberá ser afín a la literatura fantástica, la ciencia ficción o el terror.

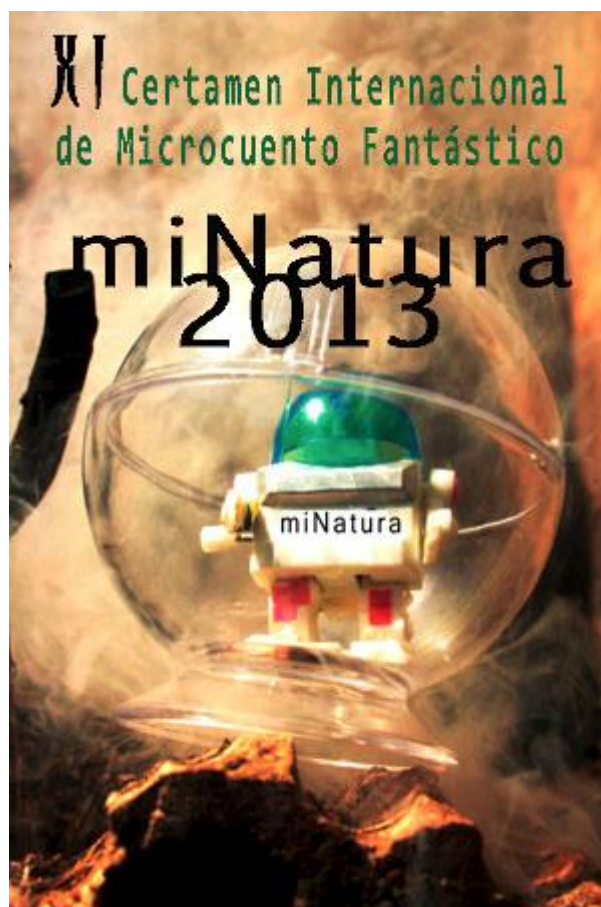
3. Los originales tienen que enviarse a la siguiente dirección:

revistadigitalminatura.certamenesliterarios
@blogger.com

4. Los trabajos deberán ir precedidos de la firma que incluirá los siguientes datos: seudónimo obligatorio (que aparecerá publicado junto al microcuento para su evaluación), nombre completo, nacionalidad, edad, dirección postal (calle, número, código postal, ciudad, país), e-mail de contacto y un breve currículum literario en caso de poseerlo (estos datos no serán publicados).

5. Se aceptará un único cuento por participante. La publicación del mismo en las horas posteriores al envío dentro del blog Certámenes Literarios miNatura (<http://certamenesliterariosminatura.blogspot.com.es/>) previa moderación, hará las veces de acuse de recibo.

IMPORTANTE: La cuenta de correo dispuesta para el recibo de los microcuentos no ofrece la posibilidad de mantener correspondencia con los participantes, ni tan



quiera queda reflejada la dirección del remitente, de ahí la obligatoriedad de incluir un mail de contacto.

6. Cualquier consulta sobre el certamen o el envío del microcuento deberá hacerse a la siguiente dirección de correo electrónico: revistadigitalminatura@gmail.com

7. Los microcuentos tendrán una extensión máxima de 25 líneas. Y deberá ser enviado sin formatos añadidos de ningún tipo (justificación, interlineado, negrita, cursiva o subrayado, inclusión de imágenes, cuadros de texto, etc). De poseerlos éstos serán borrados para su inmediata publicación en el blog.

IMPORTANTE: Para comprobar que la extensión del microcuento no excede las 25 líneas y cumple con los requisitos, se utilizará una plantilla de documento de Word tamaño de papel Din-A4 con tres centímetros de margen a cada lado, sobre el que se pegará el texto presentado con tipografía Time New Roman puntaje 12. (El microcuento puede enviarse en cualquier otro tipo y tamaño de tipografía siempre y cuando se haya comprobado que cumple con los requisitos que acabamos de exponer).

8. La participación y los datos personales, deberán ir integrados en el cuerpo del mensaje.

IMPORTANTE: No se admiten adjuntos de ningún tipo.

9. Aquellos cuentos que no cumplan con las bases no serán etiquetados como ADMITIDO A CONCURSO (Aparecerán sin etiquetar en el blog).

IMPORTANTE: Los cuentos que queden fuera dispondrán de una única oportunidad dentro del plazo de recepción de originales para modificar su envío y que su texto pueda entrar a concurso. (Si no aparece publicado en dos o tres días, puede escribir a la dirección de consulta incluida en el punto número 6 de estas bases).

10. Las obras deberán ser inéditas y no estar pendientes de valoración en ningún otro concurso.

11. En el asunto deberá indicarse: XI Certamen Internacional De Microcuento Fantástico miNatura 2013. (No se abrirán los trabajos recibidos con otro asunto).

12. Se otorgará un único primer premio por el jurado consistente en la publicación del microcuento ganador en nuestra revista digital y diploma. Así mismo se otorgarán las menciones que el jurado estime convenientes que serán igualmente publicadas en

el número especial de la Revista Digital miNatura dedicado al certamen y obtendrán diploma acreditativo que será remitido vía e-mail en formato jpg.

13. El primer premio no podrá quedar desierto.

14. Los trabajos presentado serán eliminados del blog una vez se haya hecho público el fallo del certamen y tan sólo quedarán en él aquellos cuentos que resulten destacados en el mismo.

15. En ningún supuesto los autores pierden los derechos de autor sobre sus obras.

16. El jurado estará integrado por miembros de nuestro equipo y reconocidos escritores del género.

17. El fallo del jurado será inapelable y se dará a conocer el 29 de septiembre de 2013 y podrá ser consultado a partir de ese mismo día en nuestros blogs (Revista Digital miNatura, miNatura & Soterrània y Certámenes literarios miNatura).

También será publicado en páginas afines y en el grupo Revista Digital miNatura en Facebook: (<http://www.facebook.com/groups/126601580699605/>).

18. La participación en el certamen supone la total aceptación de sus bases.

19. El plazo de admisión comenzará el 5 de mayo de 2013 y finalizará el día 31 de julio de 2013 a las 12 de la noche hora española.

Ricardo Acevedo E. y Carmen Rosa Signes U.

Directores de la Revista Digital miNatura

Acluphobia; Fear of night, darkness



Bogyphobia: Fear of bogies, or the bogeyman



Coulrophobia: Fear of clowns



Demonophobia: Fear of demons



Eisoptrophobia: Fear of mirrors



Phasmophobia: Fear of ghosts is known as



Gnoseophobia: Fear of knowledge.



Hexakosioihexekontahexafobia: Fear of the number 666.



Cenophobia: Fear of empty spaces.



Technophobia: Fear of technology.



Metrophobia: Fear of poetry.



Xylophobia: Fear of dark forests.



Nomophobia: fear of being out of mobile phone contact.



Paraskavedekatriaphoia: Fear of Friday the 13th



Rabdophobia: fear of magic wands



Samhainophobia: Fear of Halloween.



Pnigophobia: Fear of buried alive.



Ouranophobia: Fear of Heaven.



Wiccaphobia: Fear of witches and witchcraft.



Terdekaphobia: fear of the number 13



Theophobia: Fear of God.

Phobias

¿ How collaborate miNatura Digital Magazine?

To work with us simply send a story (up to 25 lines) poem (up to 50 lines) or item (3 to 6 pages)

Times New Roman 12, A4 format (three inches clearance on each side).

Entries must respond to the case (horror, fantasy or science fiction) to try.

Send a brief literary biography (in case of having).

We respect the copyright to continuous power of their creators.

Contributions should be sent to:

minaturacu@yahoo.es

You can follow our publication through:

<http://www.servercronos.net/bloglgc/index.php/minatura/>

Facebook:

<http://www.facebook.com/groups/126601580699605/?f=ts>

The Library of Nostromo:

<http://bibliotecadelnostromominatura.blogspot.com.es/>

"The oldest and strongest emotion of mankind is fear."

H.P. Lovecraft

"But I'm not a saint yet. I'm an alcoholic. I'm a drug addict. I'm homosexual. I'm a genius."

Truman Capote,
Music for
Chameleons "

The absence of phobias or nihilofobias¹ is the most awful of the prophecies to be fulfilled, that Superman we approach which have boasted both the right and the left. The dazzling amoral horror writers like Lovecraft unsuccessfully tried to let us know.

The exemplary citizen of a universe devoid of vitality and we phobic creatures we become inhabitants of the corners, outcasts of the irrational.

So take care of your phobia, give to compost as an exotic and believe these cured - What the Gods confuse psychoanalysts! -: Build a new apprehension.

This issue continues with the presentation of the rules of micro story Fantástico miNatura 2013, Frki Frases, the interview of Cristina Jurado to the Argentine writer and editor of Science Fiction: Edward J. Carletti, through short stories and La Biblioteca del Nostromo.

¹ Fear of nothingness (comes from the combination of the Latin word nihil which means nothing, none, and the suffix -phobia), as described by the Doctor in the Star Trek: Voyager episode Night.

As always it is impossible to close this editorial without thanking illustrators.

Ntousakis Vagelis (Greece); Javier Coscarelli (Argentina); Evandro Rubert (Brazil); Dibujazuka –SEUD.– (France); Miriam Ascula (Argentina); Paul Gerrard (UK); George Acevedo (EE.UU.); Ekatherina Gorelka (Russia); Priscilla Hernández (Spain); Graciela Marta Alfonso (Argentina); Tom Colbie (Canada); Carlos Valenzuela (Chile)

The jury of the V Certamen Internacional de Poesía Fantástica miNatura 2013 proclaimed as winner the poem:

GUÁRDAME

Seudónimo: LOPE DE RUEDA

Firmado: Juanjo García Del Pilar (España)

Se destaca la delicada forma de su contenido, la sutileza de unos versos que bien podrían formar parte de un poemario en pleno romanticismo. Un poema que ha gustado por igual a todo el jurado y que augura un futuro prometedor a su autor.

Así mismo el Jurado decide hacer mención de la calidad de los siguientes poemas finalistas:



EL TRIUNVIRATO

Seudónimo: EL PAPOOLA

Firmado: Federico Miguel Aldunate (Argentina)

EL JARDÍN AMPUTADO

Seudónimo: GIN

Firmado: Irene Beiro Magán (España)

RETRATO DE ROBERT E. HOWARD

Seudónimo: ELMORESILVA

Firmado: Miquel A. Garrido (España)

SER O NO SER EN DETROIT

Seudónimo: BONNIE

Firmado: María José Gil Benedicto (España)

BASCULANDO ENTRE LO HUMANO Y LO IMPOSIBLE ALCANZO

Seudónimo: BOLSA DE PLÁSTICO

Firmado: Noemí Jiménez Cabello (España)

VIVO

Seudónimo: WALMARES

Firmado: Sergio López Vidal (España)

CENIZAS EN UNA CÁPSULA SIN TIEMPO

Seudónimo: ARDA

Firmado: Lynette Mabel Pérez
(Puerto Rico)

ANTICANCIÓN PARA UN DESTINO NO ENTRÓPICO

Seudónimo: ASTERIÓN

Firmado por Pere J. Martínez
Marqués (España)

ARMAGEDDON

Seudónimo: RUTGER

Firmado: Isidro J. Martínez
Rodríguez (España)

GRASIENTA TRISTEZA

Seudónimo: PARMOD APOSTOLOV

Firmado: Juan Munoz (Colombiano-
canadiense)

YIDHRA

Seudónimo: TRASPIÉ HIDALGO

Firmado: Patricia K. Olivera
(Uruguay)

POEMA INCONCLUSO

Seudónimo: ALIVER

Firmado: Nestor Quadri (Argentina)

GAUDEAMUS

Seudónimo: CHRISTIAN

Firmado: Mónica Ramos Pérez
(Cuba)

LA CULPA ESTABA ENTRE MIS MANOS...

Seudónimo: LA KHALESSI

Firmado: Elaine Vilar Madruga
(Cuba)

Our sincere thanks once again for the good reception that continues to have the event that confirms the interest that has fantastic poetry among contemporary poets and that is evidenced by the quality of the entries. See you next year in the 6th edition of this event.

I take a few lines to apologize for the delay of this issue and as always blame the rescued reasons beyond my control.

Thanks to all

Directores: Ricardo Acevedo E. y Carmen R. Signes Urrea

Main cover: *Phobias* por Vaggelis Ntousakis (Greece)

Back cover: *Sweet Dreams* por Carlos Valenzuela (Chile)

Cover design: Carmen R. Signes Urrea (Spain)

Collaborations: minaturacu@yahoo.es

Downloads:

<http://www.servercronos.net/bloglgc/index.php/minatura/>

Interviewing Eduardo J. Carletti, Director of Axxón magazine

Interviewer: Cristina Jurado

Translation: Cristina Jurado

Photos & images: Eduardo J. Carletti



Encyclopedias describe an axon as the prolongation of the neurons, in charge of directing nervous impulses towards other cells. It is the cable in the electrical circuit formed by our nervous system. Axxón <http://axxon.com.ar> is something similar, but in the science fiction, fantasy and terror literary circuit. This Argentinian e-zine is been connecting news, popular texts and short stories to the public since 1989. Today miNatura interviews one of its founders and current director, Eduardo J. Carletti. This engineer in Digital Electronics and Computer Hardware not only develops software but also writes sci-fi (*Instante de máximo quebranto* (1988), *Por media eternidad, cayendo* (1991), *Un*

largo camino (1992)) or works as editor.

"Maybe one day we will get sick and tired of being hypnotized by short lines on a screen and we will seat down again to read and tell fictions out loud".

Revista Digital miNatura: You have told the origins of Axxón many times located in the sci-fi literary meetings that you used to attend in 1989. Therefore,

debate and exchange of ideas are core pillars of your magazine. This willingness to dialogue, how do you think Axxón embraces it?

Eduardo J. Carletti: It's reflected in the large number of sections that the magazine and the web site had over the years. Every person responsible for each of them has and had total freedom. We also had a zine inside the magazine (called "Andernow"). Many sections stopped because the people in charge didn't stay. Before, there were "face to face" debates and exchange of ideas because we used to meet every Friday. There was always the possibility to continue discussions during dinner or to organize a literary workshop or just talk until 5 am. Communications through Internet has transformed us in more the hermit-like type. We see each other from time to time, but we are in constant contact via e-mails, messages, and the Yahoo groups created for the magazine: one to direct it and the other to deal with content.

Revista Digital miNatura: In the beginning Axxón got distributed through the diskettes that you personally delivered all over the city. Content distribution has changed extraordinarily in last years. Now, everybody can access data generated in the other side of the world. How do you see the evolution of e-zines? In your opinion, where are they going?

Eduardo J. Carletti: I see the evolution of society, more than the one of digital publications. It was wonderful for editors and authors to be able to publish fiction and other content in one space. The birth of Axxón or BEM attracted many people, some bringing material, some just collaborating. We had teams with more than thirty people. Then free blogs came and many viewed them as the perfect opportunity to be the captain of their own ship. We were hurt. Many collaborators decided to do their own thing. After that, sites and blogs suffered from another phenomenon: the boom of social networks, especially Facebook. Today it is imperative to be in Facebook or, even if you have been the most visited site in the world, you will die slowly.

Facebook is not only a big screen to publish links; it also stimulates content production. But to post contents in Facebook means to loose control over them. It's the owner of the network who decides how to display them, how long will they be up, or when will they disappear. The way it works forces content to be short-lived. And there are also an almost limitless number of distractions; nothing good for web sites devoted to a minority. Now, Twitter arrives and one can notice that people got used to short sentences and some videos and they are less interested in longer texts. What

it's the future? I don't feel like making predictions because I would probably say that we will end up communicating in monosyllables. I believe that there will be a selection close to the natural one and only the most viable will survive. People will choose and it's impossible to predict what are they going to pick. It can happen a "Rediscovery of Men" process, like in Cordwainer Smith's stories. Maybe one day we will get sick and tired of being hypnotized by short lines on a screen and we will seat down again to read and tell fictions out loud.

Revista Digital miNatura:

Related to the previous question, what is your opinion about the new distribution methods in the editorial world (like crowdfunding or self-publication)?

Eduardo J. Carletti: I don't know much about the outcome, but the idea is a very good one. You should ask the people who has used or is using them; personally, I believe that it's a good solution. We already did it when we published our first and last Annuaire -without any Internet group specialized in this method, because it was organized in a Yahoo group-. The outcome was intermediate: we calculated the price of the subscription and we were told that we needed to gather certain quantity of subscribers. When we reached the required level of requests and collected the subscriptions, we initiated the printing. We had additional requests to cover the mailing costs. The problem was that not all subscribers paid on time and many copies sent to Europe were lost: we had to send them again. Some, never arrived, so there were subscribers who got upset. We did not generate enough money to publish another book so, at the end, we lost money. But this could have been because of our commercial weakness.



Revista Digital miNatura: We would like to slip in your back room and see the way you work in preparing one of your issues.

Eduardo J. Carletti: Our working style is the same as any production line. We receive short stories that three people evaluate. We wait for those evaluations and the stories that make the cut are sent to get an illustration. From the material that we gather, we choose some to start the issue and we give it to our editorial department. Then, the texts are organized to post them in private, and someone reviews them. If everything is OK, we go public, normally a Sunday night. Monday morning, we make the announcement. Something similar happens with the articles and the covers, although we get less material. In occasions we request cover illustrations, articles and interviews and, very rarely, some short stories.

Revista Digital miNatura: Argentina at the end of the 80' was in the middle of a tough politic and economic situation with an increasing inflation that forbidden many literary magazines to continue. You were able to develop Axxón in that context and have maintained it during 24 years against all the odds. Global economical crisis and Argentina's claim of justice to be served against the dictatorship supporters shows a very difficult moment. How do you think that the current historical situation in your country influences science fiction and fantasy books?

Eduardo J. Carletti: Argentina's situation is depicted differently towards the outside by the dominant media while, when seen from the inside, things are perceived differently. We are better than before (and I'm already in my sixth decade). I think that this isn't very positive for any genre and it's even worse when the genre has a limited number of fans... even if I sound a bit contradictory. I'll explain: any society that improves its status buys more technology, consumes more cable or satellite TV, uses more broad band Internet and has a large variety of entertaining gadgets within its reach. Maybe I'm wrong but I don't think that this scenario helps people get closer to books. It also doesn't help publishing companies backing new names. They prefer the ones that sell millions of copies in USA or Europe.

Spain's crisis is present, because there is less production and fewer Spanish books come to these shores. Perhaps this generates anxiety in readers, who pressure the bookshops, who also bring that to the attention of the editors, but I doubt it. On the other hand, here the Government promotes printing companies who acquire high-tech equipment and print directly here. This helps a bit but the market of fiction

novels and short stories does not feel the impact. We started to feel it in magazines, but those devoted to lighter topics.

There are no science fiction magazines with a broad coverage and large print run in Argentina. In regards to literary production, and the themes chosen by local authors, reality influences but, luckily, in many different ways. We feel a progressive improvement in the content quality and in the variety of themes. Maybe this is a direct result of the writer's exposure to more information. Anyhow, this is a question that younger authors should answer and not I, an editor close to retiring.

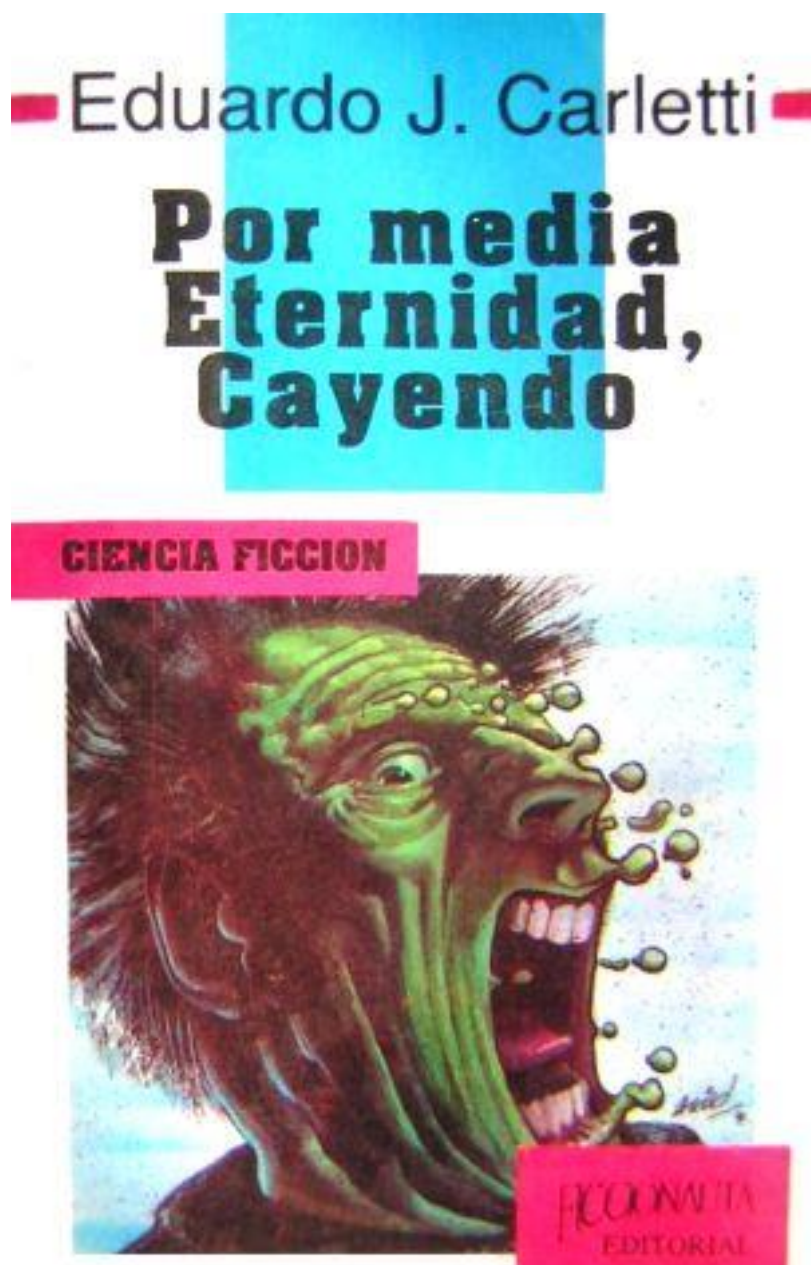
"Science fiction and fantasy in Latin America are more audacious in the way they face themes and approaches, and also in mixing reality with speculation that borderlines fantasy"

Revista Digital miNatura: Based on your experience in Axxón, what do you think that the editor brings in the publishing process? What differentiates him or her from a corrector or beta-reader?

Eduardo J. Carletti: I must provide carefulness, prestige, presentation, distribution, good selection sense, and -whenever there is time- give feedback to the author. Writers need to know what editors are thinking about their material, and often suggestions or indications about certain aspects of the text are welcome. I speak now as a writer: my close relation with some editors helped me a lot with my work. In other instances after publication I lamented some mistakes that I found and also – because human beings are prone to find guiltiness in others- I regretted that the editor did not detect them either.

Revista Digital miNatura: What are the characteristics of the science fiction and fantasy genres in Latin America?

Eduardo J. Carletti: Some foreign editors, when translating our books, made interesting comments. There are several characteristics that captured their attention. It looks like in Latin America, we are more audacious –I’m talking on average, because we know that there are a lot of bold and original Anglo-Saxon authors, but they are not the majority- in the way we face themes and approaches, and also in



mixing reality with speculation that borderlines fantasy. They are better detectors than us of what is called “fantastic realism”. I believe that this is a consequence of the close contact with nature and primitive myths in Latin America and because we are not as much immersed in technology than many Anglo-Saxon authors. Obviously, our idiosyncrasy as Latin people, a mixture of indigenous and immigrants of all sorts, must generate different ways of thinking and that’s reflected in our texts. Science fiction with a very Anglo-Saxon style does not interest outside but, luckily, there are fewer local writers that used that style.

**Revista Digital
miNatura:** Very soon you

will reach 30 million web visitors and 240 issues. How do you see the future of Axxón?

Eduardo J. Carletti: It will go on if there are people willing to continue it. I’m old enough to be tired and I have less time left to go on without sleeping. Body

and mind cannot keep up, like they used to. I think that Axxón will be inherited or... it will not be at all.

Revista Digital miNatura: As sci-fi fan, what ingredients do you believe that are necessary in a good sci-fi story?

Eduardo J. Carletti: This is a never-ending discussion, isn't it? I think that it requires to: spill over lots of imagination, be risqué and, when possible, show new ideas. It needs to have an accurate development; bring solid characters; and offer something that does not send us directly to the screen of Twitter or Facebook. It's a positive thing to know a bit about science, even if science is not present in the text. If the author doesn't know well the frontiers of science –and just has popular level knowledge- he or she can make mistakes, ruining the content. The language and methodology of science bring along a lot of interesting sparks, even when science is not used in the story. That's the reason why there is a popular science section in Axxón. To me, it is as important as the literary part.

The end of the interview is the part where we ask our interviewees a fixed set of questions:

Star Wars or Disney?

Star Trek.

Fast food or homemade food?

Home made food.

If you had to choose to be a character from a movie, which one would it be?

One that could have an accompanying girl and that I could make fall in love with me... like Michelle Pfeiffer in "Frankie and Johnny" or Rachel McAdams in "The Notebook" or Halle Berry in "Salomon and Sheba"... hahaha... But it's true. Those girls made me fall in love with them. I fell for their characters too. I wish I were the character that makes them fall in love.

Can you tell as the worst book you ever read?

Few that was sent to me for publishing ... it's the truth.

And the best book you ever read?

It's a difficult question, "The sirens of Titan" by Kurt Vonnegut or "What mad universe" by Fredric Brown. And some more, of course.

Which type of music you like to listen?

Led Zeppelin, Pink Floyd, Deep Purple, Yes...

3D cinema, yes or not?

I haven't see 3D movies in a cinema with a good system. I watched "Avatar" at a suburbs cinema without the necessary technology. I normally prefer to watch movies at home in my TV via satellite.

If you had to choose to have a super-power, which one would it be?

Be invulnerable like Superman.



JACO. 08.

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Akiba-Tan (Cuba); Planetas
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Futuroscopia; Penumbría
(México); Penumbría
(México); Helados
Cibernéticos (Caza de
Libros); Efímera (Samsara);
Dead, and must travel; En el
jardín del Edén (Kelonía); De
Monstruos y Trincheras (Espiral
Ciencia Ficción); El secreto de
Excalibur (Factoría de Ideas); Le

Espada Leal (Factoría de Ideas);
Anima Mundí (Minotauro); El Libro de
Los Portales (Minotauro); Susurros (Oz
Editorial); 1º Crónica, Vampiro
adolescente (Factoría de Ideas);
Primeros Exiliados (Tahiel); Los
Micros de Cthullu (Leyendas.net); Los
Caminantes (Timún Mas); Tramórea,
La cacería secreta (Timún Mas).

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Carlos Valenzuela (Chile)

Next issue:

Dystopia

The Curse²

The old man dies cursing his assassin. No one knows what the curse consists of. The assassin lives with a constant sense of dread. A fortune-teller assures him that this daily fear is the curse. Until the day of his death, the assassin won't know that the fortune-teller was wrong. Afterwards, it will be too late.



Ana María Shua (Argentina)

Regression

The other life of Gregor Samsa

Shocking: one morning, without warning, while preparing to shave, he cannot recognize his hands. He discovers that they have been changed by others absolutely unknown.

—A simple perception disorder. They're your own hands, do not hesitate. You work too much, that's the problem. It's far more common than you would think. Modern man, being under so much stress, suffers an endless number of phobias and disorders. The brain is a mystery

because it is constantly evolving, explains his psychiatrist.

An hallucination product of my mind. I work too hard, he repeats to himself on that day the five-legged beast begins to glare more threatening than usual at him.

But nature takes its course; the instinct cannot be silenced. Misfortunes always come in threes. And if one thing can get worse, it will surely get worse. One day, while the life of a spider is hanging confidently of an invisible thread, the higher brain gives the command. He pretends to give the order to a hand that belongs to him. Although deep down, he knows that this hand is strange to him. The rolled newspaper falls to the floor. An unknown force, an invisible shield, a mysterious magnetic field appears to protect the innocent convicted prisoner.

² Microfictions, University of Nebraska Press, 2009. Translate by Steven Stewart.

The five-legged limb, recognizing its eight-legged congener, in full crisis of anthropophobia, jumps on his jailer. Having felt a sense of solidarity and revenge, the limb stabs him with his powerful chelicerae, inoculating him the deadly poison into the pulsing jugular vein.

On the neck of the corpse, instead of ten marks, one for each fingernail of the anonymous murderer, five for each hand, only two tiny punctures.

—Accidental death. No doubt this is an arachnid attack, says the coroner.

The inspector, satisfied, closes the case. Having found the body cyanotic like a Smurf, he would have bet it was a murder: strangulation. And yet ... so many people are killed by stings and bites throughout the year...

On the deceased, a broad smile of relief—that police confuse with an involuntary rictus—celebrates his sanity, definitely unquestionable.

Salomé Guadalupe Ingelmo (Spain)

Disgusting³

Being with her was disgusting. You felt open, like a frog in a lab. In front of her eyes it wasn't more than a mountain of tensed nervous in the whim of God. She wouldn't see a

mierdecima that would possess in the beats of the heart. She only heard it from her giant stethoscope like if in any moment the damned thing was going to hyperventilate. She was a monster, ugly and ordinary in the simplest sense possible. She touched every vein with plain hands, rubbing her hands in the coarse part of the body without any emotion coming whatsoever. Her coarseness didn't allow her to discover that in that damned machine there where points of pleasure; Lazaros who with a simple touch revives it full of life, Judas would give up the purse, to get into Magdalena's skirt. But no, I bet she died without discovering it. What a damage the university did to her, the medicine killed her. That's why she always wore a white lab coat.

Rodolfo Báez (Dominican Republic)

Amour fou

—No, I never will! —Shouted the princess as two big nurses deposited in the padded room.

—Batrachophobia! —Ruled the court psychoanalyst.

Next to the pond are heard pain sonnets disconsolately frog prince.

Ricardo Acevedo Esplugas (Cuba)

³ Translated by: Jeff and Jake Wheat

Phono

Gina was a lovely girl. I met her because she was a close friend of his parents. The things she wrote were excellent: poems, essays, stories of love and fantasy, these always have a happy ending, even though in those stories had always horrifying monsters that in the end never managed to destroy the protagonists. One of those stories greatly impressed me, was a story about a girl who looked in the mirror and was attacked by his reflection, which she said horrible things to the heroin, which covered her ears, then removed his hearing and, deaf, facing his enemy. Gina was fabulous. So regretted his early death at age seventeen. No one could explain what had led her to suicide. The police investigated, as I was close to the family, participated in the investigation. We thought for a moment that perhaps the particularity of the girl had caused some depression. Gina did not speak. Not because she was dumb. She did not spoke by choice. Her parents took her to doctors, psychologists and psychiatrists. One of the doctors had revealed that she was suffering from phonophobia. It all came to a trauma. She remained silent since she was four years old when her pet puppy, was brutally murdered by someone who entered in her yard

through the back door of her house. Days after his death, her mother recalled, crying, the fact. Her father looked at me with pity and say: "The victim could be our daughter, we will never forget what happened that day, I do not blame mi daughter by her silence, I cannot imagine what my child lived that time". A week after the tragedy, a neighbor said she saw Gina on the street, talking to herself. No more she knew because the girl then went to her house (which was empty), took a knife, went to her room and did herself all kind of cuts to bleed to death. Her parents found her when only just died. It case was weird. Gina did not speak. The neighbor said she had heard the girl speak these phrases: "Do it, you have no choice. Do it! ". I understand the decision of their parents, they bury her without their vocal cords, which were extracted in the morgue and were incinerated.

Carlos Enrique Saldivar (Peru)

They won't get me!

It started when grandma died. I was just five, but as soon as I saw her motionless in the coffin, so beautiful in her white dress, she looked so much like them that I knew immediately that they had taken her away. They did this to everybody. Some day they would also take me.

They haunted my dreams. As soon as the light was off, they started whispering terrifying things into my mind. I was forced to stay there and listen to them, my mind trapped in my body like grandma in her coffin; I could neither scream nor run away. One night they told me that if I told anybody about them, I would die immediately. So I suffered all they imposed to me – the night terrors, the sleepless nights when they kept threatening me in the darkness without moving their lips and- most revolting of all!– the daylight when they stared at me with the big innocent eyes of a cruel hypocritical kid mocking my weakness.

On my fifteenth birthday, I decided that this was enough. I tried to kill a few of them but failed. I only brought their wrath upon me; they tortured me so much that I thought I would go insane.

I tried to avoid them as much as possible, but this wasn't easy. They

have strongholds in town; they force poor kids to take them to the park.

Nowadays, I pretend to be cool when they are around. Actually, my heart beats like a mad hammer and I shiver so much I think I'll faint, but I don't let them sense my fear.

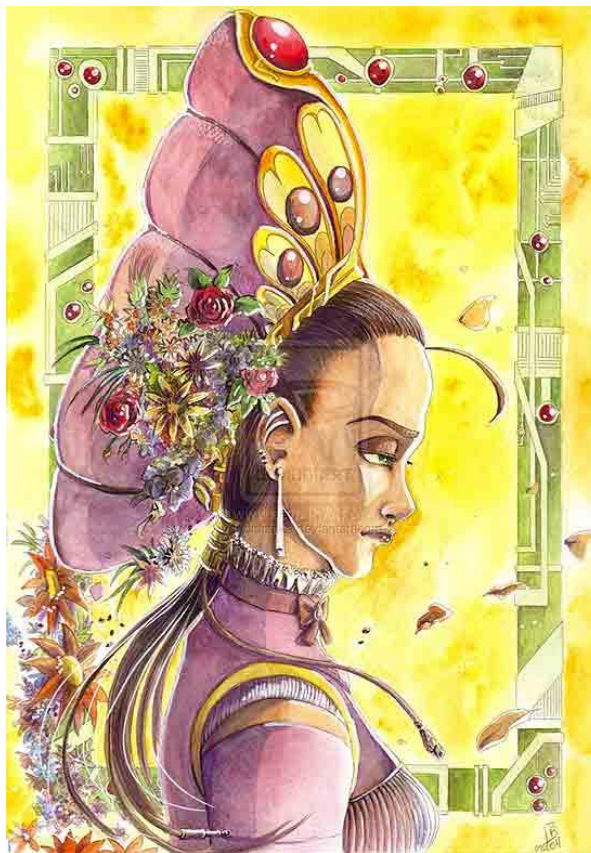
My latest strategy seems to work.

They don't annoy me as much as they used to. So I took a step further. I changed my look. I am so much like them that the other day I looked at the mirror I scared myself. Now I fear mirrors too. At least, my enemies leave me alone. They think I have submitted to them.

They don't know that I actually prepare my revenge. I will

pretend to be like them to know their weaknesses; then I will destroy them. All of them.

In the meantime, I have to be careful. They must not suspect what I am up to. This is difficult, but I am good at keeping secrets.



I still fear them; I will always do until the day I know none of them is left in the world to annoy me.

I won't let them ruin my life.

I won't allow those stupid dolls to get to me.

Sissy Pantelis (Greece)

Sleepless

So afraid was he of sleeping, that he could not sleep. The medications, in a century when all the cyber pages were not enough to keep up with the advances of science, were not sufficient to maintain the beast of night, the fiend of dawn, at the edge of his life. He took pills that made you forget, but they were useless as his body had built up resistance.

Very late one night, the door open, he stood holding on to the frame, seeing that the world was turning into a place where plants were truly alive, for they moved, not just with the wind but with own nerves, where giant salamanders procreated, he saw them chasing each other, where in the dark you could hear blood-curdling screams that were no longer human, where all things started to smell like vinegar, even flowers, which turned, everywhere, the color of blood.

He blinked, trying to erase it all from his mind, trying to rip it all from inside of him, damned useless pills, but the

world was truly degenerating, turning into this.

His heart could not take any more in another instant, the time it took him to realize that he opened his eyes, that he had awakened.

Tony Báez Milán (Puerto Rico)

Always Febos

His state is lamentable but nevertheless it comes to work. Nobody dares to question it for his aspect, after all it keeps on expiring with his functions with great efficiency. To the exit of the work it goes for a short walk to do some personal procedure and then it returns to house. The dinner does and it tidies the place up a little, lives alone and does not have the one who it helps. More brought in the night it sits down in the living and lights the TV set, takes sign as a cable so the programming is not interrupted during the whole night. With difficulty it remains in wake until another day, without daring to go to bed, giving cabezaditas not to fall down slept; and if he falls asleep during great moment it wakes up shouting, with sensations of asphyxia and the dry mouth, trembling and sweating of copious form, with the anxiety identical with the eyes. As every night, one raises and lights all the lights, loaded coffee does, he washes its face repeatedly to

conquer the sleep, chooses a book or changes the channel that was looking for more entertaining other and raises enough the volume. It sighs resigned and, on having done it, closes the eyes against his will but it opens them immediately not to succumb before the fatigue. He always appears in his sleep, for more brief that they are, with the eyes of fire and the sharp and deadly teeth. He cannot fall asleep if he does not want that Febos murders it, as he promised him since it invaded his sleep, when he was a child and it kills almost it of the impression.

Since then, the alone idea of thinking of sleeping fills it with fright. The medical world calls Oneirofobia, it



calls it a Terror.

Patricia O. (Patokata) –seud.- (Uruguay)

A ballet night at the metropole⁴

Galina Orlova looks at herself in the great mirror. She is pleased. In no time at all the elegant black tutu and dazzling tiara have transformed her into Odile, the enigmatic black swan and by far, her best role as prima ballerina assoluta with the Ballet R. But just as she is leaving the theatre's wardrobe salon to return to her dressing room, she picks up her shawl lying on a table and notices a pierced-through loaf of bread. "That's the work of a mouse", she points in disgust before going back to her dressing room and suddenly assaulted by images of vermin inhabiting the walls' interiors. Obsessed, she checks corners and drawers. She finds nothing. "Fifteen minutes and we're on", warns Aleksei wearing the Magician's weird headdress and huge grey cape. "Damned, decrepit theatre", complains the ballerina while her colleague tries to calm her down by assuring her she is the best Odile ever; better than Fonteyn. Half-way through the third act the Magician leads Odile onto the stage and she starts the black swan

⁴ Translation: N. Beredjikian

variations with the Prince. In between turns she appears to pick up a hustle and bustle at floor level. The orchestra announces the traditional 32 rondes de *jambees fouettés en tournant*⁵. Leaning on her left leg and flat foot, la Orlova turns arm and shoulder to the right and completes the first spin in a vertiginous succession of thirty more. Then, she rigourously continues with her accelerated bravura work despite the instantaneous attack of a throng of mice who run up her legs, hang from her arms, bite her ferociously and advancing on her torso gather on her head to spin on the human top with 23 rounds now counting. Taken over by her phobic repulsion and the invaders' slippery weight, la Orlova diminishes her speed and makes a full stop at center stage revealing a macerated body and the face covered in blood. Agonizing, the woman now crawls toward the Magician who wraps her in his huge cape to hide her last moments. At the old Metropole, the audience applauds feverishly. The curtain falls. Only the "experts" ask themselves why the local press did not mention the changes in choreography nor the unexpected visual effects.

Violeta Balián (Argentina)

The day when Manolito lost his afraid to the dark

Manolito reached the school before they did the day and left after nightfall, his father took care of it. Manolito was ten years old and from the first day at school, received special attention from the teachers.

Manolito said little as his grandfather Charles glossophobia sick, explained that he was afraid to do so and had not ridden never drive like his mother, who suffered a strong ocofobia, something related to vehicles. A Manolito would have liked to be a pirate, but his grandfather Miguel infected him so strong apprehension to water or bathe wanted. There were days when you could not be with him, which is why, to get them aseara, his grandmother Elena, maniacal odors, threatened to send ablutofóbico with her husband who lived in the attic.

A Manolito also the dark scared him and was unable to be with the lights off so he always carried with a flashlight and extra batteries.

Manolito's greatest dream was to be like his father who could only live at night.

⁵ The other "working" leg is whipped around to the side

It was proposed to overcome their fears and so began to leave off the light every day a little more time, until you beat.

— ... You know? If you do the same as me, but by day, sure you can beat your dad disease.

'But son, he said, are never going to be like me.

—Why do not you, Dad? The heliofobia no worse than what I had. What you got?

—Look, Manolito, your dad has had to say because nobody would understand that what really happens is that I'm a vampire.

Carmen Rosa Signes Urrea (Spain)

Why do not you smile?

That being abominable her skin as the headstone of a grave, his nose and mouth were stained with blood. The ridiculous tiny hat to his head, and that damn laugh multicolored dress that dark skin crawl.

- Why do not you smile?

He said the clown and I panicked at the sight of that monster aberrant from hell, since childhood I'm afraid of clowns, causing me indescribable horror. I imagine your mouth is crimson red which is the residue of the blood they have left to eat children. I turn away from him, my mouth dry, my

heart racing, cold sweat bathed my forehead like pearls and a shiver through my body. I fell to the ground, believing funny clown approached me, touched me with his hand for me were satanic fingers strangling the children. Terrified, I dropped to the floor in a fetal position, I began to mourn pleading.

'Please do not eat me, or take my soul to hell.

The variegated colors nightmarish beast sat on me and the public is the funny did finally that damned monster



stood up and walked away a pious alama helped me to rejoin between fun of people, I was left in shock. What happened to me was horrible, not hate! It's a lie, I'm terrified of clowns. I want to overcome this irrational fear, I went to his tent, poked my head. I saw children in a cage still locked, the clown cut onion in a table, I approached him by the back, disarmed him value arming myself with my hands and hanged him.

-Die you bastard, go back to hell where it never should have left.

That infernal monster lay lying on the ground, dead. I walked over to the cage and inside there was a child but a ventriloquist dummy. It was all a figment of my imagination and started laughing like crazy standing there.

'Ha, ha, ha.

Tomás Pacheco Estrada (Mexico)

Fobialepsia

He thought it was dreaming when he woke under the ground.

Deisy Toussaint (Dominican Republic)

Story of a phobia

The child is on the carpet, advised grandma, pick him up. Don't go out to the back yard to all that dirt, commanded mother. Don't pick

anything from the sidewalk, is filthy, chastised the nanny. Always stumbling, have you no legs, grumbled father. He married a scrubber, an aunt disparaged a former fiancé. Stock market is on the floor, grunted an older cousin. I'll swipe the floor tiles with your face, threatened the schoolyard bully. Young men, pontificated the dean, you are to exalt the motherland, and you are to stop the underground maneuvers of the basest interests. Pansies kiss the floor, give me thirty! demanded the academy sergeant. We'll spend the war in trenches, lamented the soldiers in his platoon. He kept the banner up, read the battle report, and he himself stood though his blood mudded the dirt. This one will reach the highest rank, they whispered in the officer's mess hall. General, you'll know how to keep the gutter scum in place, the magnates opined. It is for me to erase the telluric atavism of the nation, roared he in his inauguration speech, and put Her in the pinnacle of civilization. The presidential sash must remain on this man's enlightened chest, is not to be lowered to the demagogic hustling like a scrubber's rag, is not to befall onto base, crawling individuals, admonished the captive media. And my mortal remains shall be placed standing inside a bronze statue, atop a pedestal at least sixty feet tall, stated his political last will and testament. Kept them all under my boot, he confessed to the priest, all

of them between the floor and me! Do we throw him on this ditch? the soldiers asked. No, said the coup leaders who had exiled his son and successor, find the deepest pit and throw a lot of dirt on him.

Juan Pablo Noroña (Cuba)

Warning

"He who dares enter will be devoured by an incontinent monster," read the note attached outside the door of my room. On the other side there was not one, anything he had known before lock myself. I knew, of course, but ... just in case. My ghosts were very afraid of my monsters and so would remain away.

Carlos Suchowolski (Argentina)

I will speak

Look, I know I never will understand my problem, but now I know ... I cannot talk to people directly, I can only do it by signs and written, so they think I'm dumb. But I can tell if they are asleep, as you do now, because I love you much understand?, So I have to keep her sedated for life. I know that in the end you will understand, now let me put you the serum, while I tell you as I was in the day ...

Sarko Medina (Peru)

A phobia to flowers

The exuberant flowering of the garden was the very symbol of spring; it gave the impression that with each blow of fresh air the colorful season made spring up another flower in it: roses, poppies, jasmines, gladioluses, orchids, carnations, white lilies, pansies, tulips, lilies, hyacinths, geraniums, etc., the rapture of colors and scents was beyond the boundaries of human senses. At the middle of its labyrinthine structure, and just at the feet of a fountain shaped like a lotus flower, a woman lied with her arms wrapped around herself; she was sobbing and casting furtive glances everywhere, along with hysterical and sorrowful shrieks: "Please, please —she implored with a quivering voice—... Vanish them, damnit!... Keep them away from me!" Suddenly, the holographic reality of the garden started to disappear in symmetric blocks, as if it were a kind of third dimensional puzzle, till only the woman was left lying on the floor of a very comfortable lounge. There came a male voice soft, yet firm: "You can open your eyes."

This case had taken many hours of Dr. Herman Francisco del Monte's sleep, occultist and psychoanalyst specialized in phobias and obsessions inherited from past lives. But at last, after long treatments with hypnosis and

even deep incursions in his patient's dreamland, thanks to the interfaces connecting both neo cortex in a state of deep sleep induced by synthetic drugs... He found out the origin of that sinister phobia to flowers! In a bizarre case of reincarnation, his patient was in a past live a figure of Greek mythology: she was Persephone, daughter of Zeus and Demeter.

It was very clear that the unconscious memory of being capture by the god of the underworld, Hades, while she was picking up flowers in company of her nymphs in the Enna's fields, developed

in this life a deadly phobia to flowers. This reincarnation also explained the strange spring that came over the world... With flowers of gloomy colors, according to the mind set of whom inspired it.

Odilius Vlak (Dominican Republic)

Waxing bathtub

For pensioners is what they see: a white tub. For me, the task of removing one by one the little hairs stuck together on the dishes, put them in a bag, pull the plastic to remove the air and suffocating. These pensioners do not know what I do know.



For years (not less than twenty-five, no sooner had come to this board), on his way to take a shower with my towel tied to the armpit. With my right hand I opened the curtain and a furry beast pounced me. I could not ask for help because my mouth came a kind of tow hairy rotten taste of soap. As soon as the ball of hair was gone, leaving me with the knot of the towel to atura ankles and soapy breasts.

Since then asked to work on the board, just to keep the tub clean.

Each morning, fingernails and fingertips, fish one by one hair strands. And I'll take the easy target of the capture on the slab. Also auscultated the tips of the grid of the tub, the discharge hole which is usually marked by a metal cross. They put my fingers in excitement. And, not infrequently, to pull the observable faint trace of a hair silky straight, have brought to the surface a tuber of curly hair, fatty, dyed, flowered, different heads, waiting for more hair. I know that the tract of the download is the lead uterus where the beast feat rotten smell. That bug will not leave. Not while I live on this board and charge me with rigorous zeal, depilatory, every night, the bathtub.

Juan Guinot (Argentina)

Reproach

Could you blame me for what I did, brother? You, who knows the source of my terror, would you have the nerves to censure me? Wait; let me apply the

eye drops... Don't you pity me! Your compassion will not alleviate my afflictions nor will cure my spirit. And yet, they say that I lost my reason, don't they? People, so acknowledgeable and prudent, waste their days gossiping about me. But, with all their wisdom, they haven't found comfort for my misfortunes. Did I said, misfortunes? I meant to say Providence. Bear with me; I need to apply more drops... We are all in debt of one destiny or another. Pay attention to my words! Fortune is a capricious concubine, who becomes easily jealous of the man blessed by nature's gifts. My good figure was envied by men and sighted upon by woman, wasn't it? At the balls, some ladies faint after my passage, didn't they? My rivals gave in at the card table or the sports field, isn't true? I amassed plentiful benefits from my investments, didn't I? Listen and give me a second... I need to apply the lenitive. Answer to my questions: Is there a lie in what I tell? You must understand now how amusing I was for the Fortune. After squeezing out of me all she could, she condemned me to eternal light. She found the shelter of my weakness and stirred it up until it became intolerable. I never liked "new-mooned" nights, or closed rooms, or cinematographic lounges! Since my demons were unleashed, I never leave without oil lamps or lanterns. My fate makes me a penitent, you will agree

with me. Stop, and allow me to calm the burning in my eyes. Why is your gaze so evasive? What do you fear? Is it the vision of my eyes without their eyelashes so horrendous? I slice them up, by my own hand, to escape from the tormenting darkness.

Cristina Jurado (Spain)

Ghosts of the night

Today I am three weeks without sleep or an hour a day. Doctors want to get me in the hospital because they say that I am not only bad health, they believe that I'm affected of my mental faculties. But I try to stay away from doctors and hospitals, they do not understand anything about what happens to me. Sleep is bad, negative things happen when I sleep, one's life changes and everything gets worse. That's why I avoid sleep.

I still remember when my wife was in the hospital for a heart condition, she had been hospitalized for days and nights and I had to take care of her but the sleep and fatigue overcame me and I ended up falling asleep so deeply that I heard when she started to choke, just until entered nurses and doctors woke up, but it was too late, my beloved Julia had died.

Then came the endless nights of terrible nightmares, woke upset and frightened, my heart about to jump out

of my chest, so I began to fight for not sleeping. Keeping me awake I have control over my life. Although now in the hospital I was diagnosed somnophobia, I refuse to believe it ... somno what, I said to the doctors who treated me in the emergency room a week ago that my daughter took me when I found very deteriorated and said I was hallucinating. Doctors are crazy and my daughter even more, now they want to get me in a psychiatric clinic to treat me as it should be. I'm not crazy! So stay with the front door of my house locked and bolted with a chair, and nobody bothered me.

Today I feel better than ever, now is the night and fought enough sleep, for the first time in a long time I have not sleep or tiredness, I feel fresh. This will be a great night, I hear the sound of sandals Julia crawling down the hall, I sit and when I see his shadow shape in the door of the room shouted:

—Julia, love that you get good, this will be a fantastic night for the two.

M^a. del Socorro Candelaria Zárate (Mexico)

Competition

It was for sure it would not support to be the last one. But its phobia for not being the first one in arriving was even bigger! If that happened, what would come later...?

Many began the conflict. He ran, he swimed and slipped among their opponents, it even pushed to several until making them loses the road.

Finally he entered first, but the second made it almost at once.

It began a new challenge then among the two finalists. Their mistrust and their fear lasted the whole time. It

could not conquer the tremendous affliction for the possibility of arriving last. Their disadvantage was that fear to lose, to be second.

The final point was already noticed; it could not allow the opponent to take advantage, with her last forces; without encouragement and totally fainted it passed the goal first...

Countless they were the efforts to revive it, and its sister's sublime cry not even made it react. The tremendous phobia to lose the he deprived of knowing the world:

—Mom made all the possible one..., they could be some beautiful twins — they told to the youth that happy, and at the same time tearful she took in arms to her first daughter.

Omar Martínez (Cuba)

The bridge

It is so difficult to watch them pass

without that unpleasant shivering taking over his whole body. The terror invades him little by little, with every step, and he only wishes to see them reach the end while they Machiavellia



nly stop halfway to take a photo of themselves. If only he could take those stupid grins off of their faces!

And they pass and stop and continue passing, giving him vertigo, nausea and the intense pain of the female heels. So many germs! So many diseases! So many vulgar streets traversed! No wonder the oldest bridge in Paris had

developed this terrible phobia towards people!

Tanya Tynjälä (Peru)

A Place Called Cold Town

25th of December of 1975, the snow made an appearance, covering the town with its icy mantle. It was something unique, there are no historical records of previous snowfall in the village of Cold Town, the name by which it is known now. Of all households the children came out stampeding like a pack of wild animals. - Be careful! - The parents shouted from the door.

Screams, laughs and even some tears, flooded the streets, cold or gifts that Santa had left home that morning matters little, that was an unrepeatable moment. In households were given the finishing touches to Christmas lunch, and suddenly the pitch screaming gave way to silence. Cries of fathers and mothers calling their children began to be heard at every corner. The confusion gave way to concern. The townspeople retreated to their homes after endless hours of fruitless searching, when in the distance they saw what looked like the figure of a child who was walking toward them, - Johnny! - Shouted a father in tears while he were running to his son. The child was naked, without any scratch, his father hugged him but

Johnny was separated from him, as if he didn't know him, he made thousands of questions trying to figure out what had happened, where were the other children, but he didn't speak, didn't speak anymore. They disappeared without a trace. The snow took with her the future and leave behind heartbroken tears.

A group of residents follow to Dr. Einnabijd, taking notes through the halls of Rosell Psychiatric Centre . The doctor stops at the door 512. -He has 60 years old, was found with 8 years abandoned on the door of the center, possible childhood trauma .., lies this way since then, his name is John Martins - young learners flock to the door and watch. He is standing staring at the small window of his room, watching the leaden gray day of December 25,- continue please ... - Said the Dr., and resumed the walk. A girl looked out the window excited because snowflakes began to settle on the sill. A heartbreaking scream in panic and agony crossed the hall, causing the confusion, the girl grabbed her mother fearful. All eyes turned the room was 512.

Gorka Moreno (Spain)

This underground world of shadows⁶

Say not a word, he answered, in death's favour; I would rather be a paid servant in a poor man's house and be above ground than king of kings among the dead.

Odyssey – Book XI

Coughing, Sneezing, Tears, drool. Caresses, whips. A indolent waiter in the toilet. Urine, blood, pus, semen, secretions. Brain ravioli. A dog shitting in the sandbox. Doorknobs, handrails, seats, elevators. Poorly washed glasses. A casino chip. A treacherous leech. Bills, bills, bills. A sucked-pen. A piece of gum lying on the sidewalk. Wastewater irrigated fruit. At the public library a reader who turns the pages of a book wetting his finger with saliva. The feverish breath of lovers. A public swimming pool. A hotel pillow. The horror of the dressing rooms at the club. Sushi with questionable refrigeration. The sand of the sea. Crowds waiting on a platform for a train that never comes. The disgusting industry of worms in a coffin. The passport at an airport passing from hand to hand. A urinal's purulent concavity. A splinter under the fingernail. A hammock in the park. Mayonnaise beyond expiration date.

⁶ With the invaluable help of Violeta Balián in translation.

Cinema chairs. The fish in rivers and oceans. A swarm of hungry mosquitoes. An innocent visit to the dentist. The north stand at the Classic on Sunday. Feeding the giraffe at the zoo and getting your fingers licked. Hugging a relative that has just arrived from abroad. The newspaper at the door. Dumbbells at the gym. A can of soda where a rat slept on. Overcrowded subways. The mad rush of unprotected sex. A dubious hen. A coworker's invisible eczema that has pierced torso and legs. A radioactive leak. A fallen meteorite from outer space. An undercooked hamburger in the fast food store. A dull barber's razor. A zombie nightmare. The horror of knowing that everywhere and in the most unexpected places, the fiercest viruses and bacteria craft their homicidal goldsmith. None of these things will happen to me. But most certainly to anyone of my disloyal neighbors. And this is how I will catch them. Fear of being sick and not knowing it. Palpitations. Fragility. Indomitable anxiety. Anguish. Cold sweats. I can barely speak. Fear. Horror.

Pablo Martínez Burkett (Argentina)

Liberation

That happy time when we were so unhapp .
Alexandre Dumas.

—So easy? One vaccination and it never happens to me again?

—So easy. I know it seems incredible, but the double-blind tests, shows that the medicine's effects remains, even they strengthened with the pass of time.

—Sure? Let me explain myself... I can't believe not to have panic to flight.

Every time Saul remembered that talk, he believes that it was in another life. The life in wich the mere fact of take a plane caused him insufferable sickness. Five years later, he spends his savings in journeys and holidays around the planet. Even he decided some destinations by the longer time of the flight. He felt that he had to get revenge of a life full of deprivations.

The doctors put him as example of patient in who the medicine was strengthened with the time. They held with him his first journey in an aerostatic balloon, his license of airplane's pilot and his first parachute's jump. When he reached to the paragliding and the hang glider, he had become a celebrity by the media and the pharmaceutical company.

His old primitive panic left its space to one unstoppable passion. He

dreamed about go across every skies, know every landscapes at bird's eye view. His own body began to be a cage too constricted to gravity. The forensic psychiatrist never could determine if he was plenty conscious of what he was doing before he jumped from the skyscraper.

Carlos Díez (Spain)

Psimodern Times

There are two marked and separated states in the mind, to feel and to perceive that feels. This is a divided world where one can find the originals that feel and perceive that they feel, those who don't feel but perceive that they don't feel, and the null case. Now what to say about the mysterious beings that feel but don't perceive that they feel, that's rare, I don't know if they are humans, I don't know what a hell they are, he thought, and although he imagine that someone put a hand in his shoulder and joked "they are called ex-girlfriends man" that really didn't happened, instead he heard a voice in echo in his head:

— Things are coming clear, right?
...lack of serotonin phobia. How the pharmacopeia is going on I don't find it strange, after the contraceptive vodka outburst and the contaminated cargo of psionic drugs, what to say?...

– But who? Was I thinking out loud?
- he said to the air with a look of confusion.

– Didn't open your mouth, but I hear you. It may be a little psychotropic amnesia, a few milligrams of...

–¡No no! I'm fine, just lost track a little bit. Thanks!...doctor.

Federico Miguel Aldunate (Argentina)

Endophobia

The crowd stirred gorge outside the bedroom window, the front row prop your elbows on the sill. The brutal scene of a topless woman, beheaded, lying on the tile floor almost as red as blood pool make out, his head pierced by two machetes wowed them. By order of the Lord Mayor the town of eggshell has declared a day of mourning.

He rejected his body tearing her flesh. At night Amaro and are recomposed back knowing she never love him because he did not own him.

He hated himself and felt phobia. The fruits of the earth sought not eat because feeding the agony of not being able to get out of it. Fled "a faceless body stature" that his mind refused because the chase. When you breathe, air cursed.

-Always runaway from me, finding site-spit, vomit and wipes snot on camisole, to wipe the tears on the side of groans flight.

His phobia constantly flowed from it, without face or stature: just a body. A common name a thing itself. Not loved but was loved by the butcher. The fringes tattered dreams were palpated in your own skin scarified, sweaty, repulsive, feared ... trapped in a body where sensation prevailed terrifying.

-In the burnished steel scythe mirage read in my identity.

No, did not close the door to the world as he wanted: the world has closed the door to it.

-Lost inside me, I can not explain how I came to nothing turned into something to be something come to naught. I would not know. Never I noticed the sunlight never.

Attributed to a genetic component that intrinsic rejection, relieved his heart by a machine. Made one ember floated in the wake of his fears, he wanted to be tin, tin or cardboard. One day the echo of his footsteps, yaplas, yaplas, acorralaría its scope. He stopped short when dawn came Amaro, the butcher, calling for his head to make a imbunche as she had demanded.

Mari Carmen Caballero Álvarez (Spain)

Experiment FID (Phobia Left-Right)

It has created a trauma in the night. The threshold then opens in a range mentally sensitive, fragile as butterfly wings. Lamina breaking alar be a phobia. The darkness phobia is the basis on which we explayaremos for the individual to develop livelihood potential to end his photophobia. Furthermore it will provide a sense of mental formation linked to its membership to defend the territorial scope as an animal to even lose their lives. These same techniques antagonistic grade but also want them to be developed in a second individual of livelihood, is an annex of last minute, gentlemen. One kill people at night and the other killed in the days. The island has a population density and social environment five years ago and has been selected and perfectly prepared, monitored by the three armed forces and the police island. This project FID advance the next

generation of fighters, limiting the times of war or raids without stimulants. We armies compact, dynamic offense and tirelessly apparent cyclical, regenerative resources and forces, as a symbiotic unit identical and yet so different. Light and shadow together enlightened, more than perfect gear to activate the disk, standalone, instinctive, tapers in the days to his rear and at night by its vanguard. All crops based trauma and phobias. This is very promising. Work!

The FID experiment gave excellent results in early. Six murders a day, three day and three night. Ten years later a trial before a foray into Africa ends in slaughter by the effects of a solar eclipse occurring varied manifestations. Suicides, leaks, (neutralized) and fatal encounters between the sides phobic. Two hundred souls went out in that beautiful expression of the universe than elsewhere in the world and of the human mind wake sighs of admiration.

Sebastián Ariel Fontanarroza (Argentina)

Disgusting

Former God left things unfinished, the dominant species that would awaken his conscience and feed us with your prayers and prayers, should descend from dinosaurs, but the other miscalculation Centauri God caused a small rock that crashed in Earth. Now I have to support the transfer of the planet in my care with these hairless apes who have learned to speak and communicate. My duty is to guide them toward a full worship to us by satisfiers and awards ... But, since I am the ruler of order, will bring to the worship through pain and fear ... and I really hate these creatures sick hairless

agggggghhhh.

Sarko Medina (Peru)

Platonic phobias

Hello, I'm speaking to all of you from Phobiopolis, a city placed in an outlawed point from every space-time continuum. Here we, the "Platonic Phobias", celebrate a meeting to debate affairs concerning the human's fears; no, I'm not pulling your leg. The true is that phobias, just like the Platonic Ideas, are archetypical realities that cast down our influence from a plane parallel to theirs; and just like them, we come down through the hyperdimensionality that framed every physical reality in order to fulfill our



Ekaterina Gorelko 02.04.13
MTG: Magic the Gathering card project
Card name: Ghost hands

cosmic duty: turn fear into a mechanism to keep the human's mind alert... turn it into one of his many spiritual experiences. That's the reason why we mock at every endeavor that has been made through the human history to driven us away from his nature, believing that we only inhabit his mental plane.

From the psychological purgative call Catharsis, the machine war of Aristotle and the Greek theater, till the fairy tale call psychoanalysis, we have triumphed over all battles. No wonder, for they're fighting not with mare traumatic experiences from childhood or colorful obsessions secluded in the unconscious, but with universal laws. You know better than us the variety of phobias we have at the disposition of the human being. Einstein suffered a phobia of Newton's universe, and how the whole affair ended up?

Even an horror writer call H. P. Lovecraft, conceived a new phobia: the Fear to the Unknown. I must confess that this concept have made us to rack our brains, since it's a phobic archetype of which any of us have the slightest idea. Perhaps, we overstepped our bounds with the nightmares we made him suffered. And now are we, the Platonic Phobias, who feel fear with this new spectrum among us. And on top of it, the very coward perpetuated his new phobia with this philosophical

statement: "That is not dead which can eternal scare, and through strange phobias even dead can be afraid."

Odilius Vlak (Dominican Republic)

Fobofóbica

—Mrs. Mercedes tell me, what you brings to my office?

—Well Doctor, my kids think that I'm not good, suppose something happens.

—What is the problem?

—I just don't like to be alone because I'm afraid and I don't want to be afraid.

—What are you afraid of?

—I don't know, well, it depends, for example, in my house I have a fear of ghosts.

—Have you seen any ghost or you believe have heard any strange noise?

—Of course not, I'm not crazy.

—Well Mrs. Mercedes, if you come from the street also afraid of the ghosts?

—No, of course not, there not are ghosts at the street, in that place I'm afraid of living people.

—Are you afraid of they could hurt you? I guess, they could slay you or commit an assault.

—Yes, the times are tough and there are a lot of violence in the streets.

—Have you experienced any violent event that has marked your life?

—No, no, never Doctor, I live in a quiet neighborhood and I never look for problems.

—Well, Mrs. Mercedes, please tell me if you're afraid of following events: Scared to death and tell me if you run the risk of dying?

—I'm afraid of the death, but I never have been at risk of dying.

—Are you afraid of the disease and tell me if you have a degenerative condition?

—Yes, I'm afraid of getting sick, but to date I have only infirmities of age.

—What do you fear most?

—I'm afraid of everything, as I said you Doctor, I'm very scared, but I struggle to not be afraid.

—Well, now I ask you to describe me with accuracy. What is the fear? I think that you live it so intensely that you must know very well.

—Mmm, good Doctor, fear is ... mmm..... Yes, I live intensely the fear, but to define it, mmm, I think, hmmm, I don't know!

M^a. del Socorro Candelaria Zarate (Mexico)

Strictly a handshake⁷

Our life is but a battle and a stay in a foreign land.

Marco Aurelio

For a businessman like me, shaking hands is much more than a sign of courtesy. Advisors of dubious wisdom have replaced the augurs of the past but ventured with the same arbitrariness on the future of a relationship by simply studying the way people salute each other. However, no test could be run on me. No matter what age or sex, the thought of touching another's hand brings me into a state of morbid anxiety and uncontrollable terror. And not only is my soul disturbed: I am also assaulted by a cold sweat, hard breathing, dizziness, and a sick and strong tingling in the palms. Having spent out the dirty hands excuse I immediately started to avoid any type of social commitments. At first, I blamed it on my inveterate laziness. When I moved my office to my home and did not have to go out to work anymore there was no further need for evasions. Thus, my irrelevant peculiarity turned more evident. Relatives acted in a condescending manner when dealing with their loony uncle's eccentricity. However, friends

⁷ With the invaluable help of Violeta Balián in translation.

were not as lenient and progressively deprived me of the pleasure of their company. I did not mind or perhaps I did but I could not help myself. After much pleading, a pious niece dragged me through therapies and treatments. The most she got was a blurred diagnosis of some phobia with an unpronounceable name and a preaching against parents who do not hug, kiss or caress their children. A waste of time and a rather useless admonition; I was a child when my parents died in a car accident. In fact, it was at their burial the last time I remember shaking hands with anyone alongside the two closed caskets. An old woman, dressed in black, and also wearing a blackened headscarf

approached me to express her condolences. She extended a gnarled hand, cold and rough and shook my arm with martial fervor. I'm quite sure of what she said that day. My grandparents denied the facts until they died but I swear I'm telling the truth. The strange woman promised me that the next time we met we would walk hand in hand until we arrived to the hell that awaited me.

Pablo Martínez Burkett (Argentina)



Nightmare

You want me to fail
But you can't have me

When darkness falls
and creeps upon me

half awake
or half sleep
May I ask you
wistful wraith....
what do you long
for?

Shades
with spider fingers
cast a spell

a curse that lingers
but long ago
I shed this nightmare
to be forlorn

And when I deny you...
you appear before my eyes ...

deceive me with your lies
and drain my will to drink my tears...
feast on my deepest fears

You're coming in disguise
pretending to be a friend
and though I don't believe

You still will come when all the lights
get dim

Vanish into oblivion
go and leave me alone!
Go back where you belong!
Go!

I can't move, I can't shout
my hands are tongue are tied with
fright

Without defense I cannot fight
The horrid things that come at night

But I see your shadow crawls
like ink your cloak unfurls
a cloud of rags as black as coal

jumps over me to stain my soul!

But you can't steal it from this shrine

You can't take it cos it's mine

You want me to fail...

But you can't have it

You're not real...! Go!

When darkness falls ...

And nightmare comes

Liar, Deceiver

"I won't lie to you"

Stay the night with me. Haunt me

"Child, do not distrust me"

I'm forsaken, forgotten

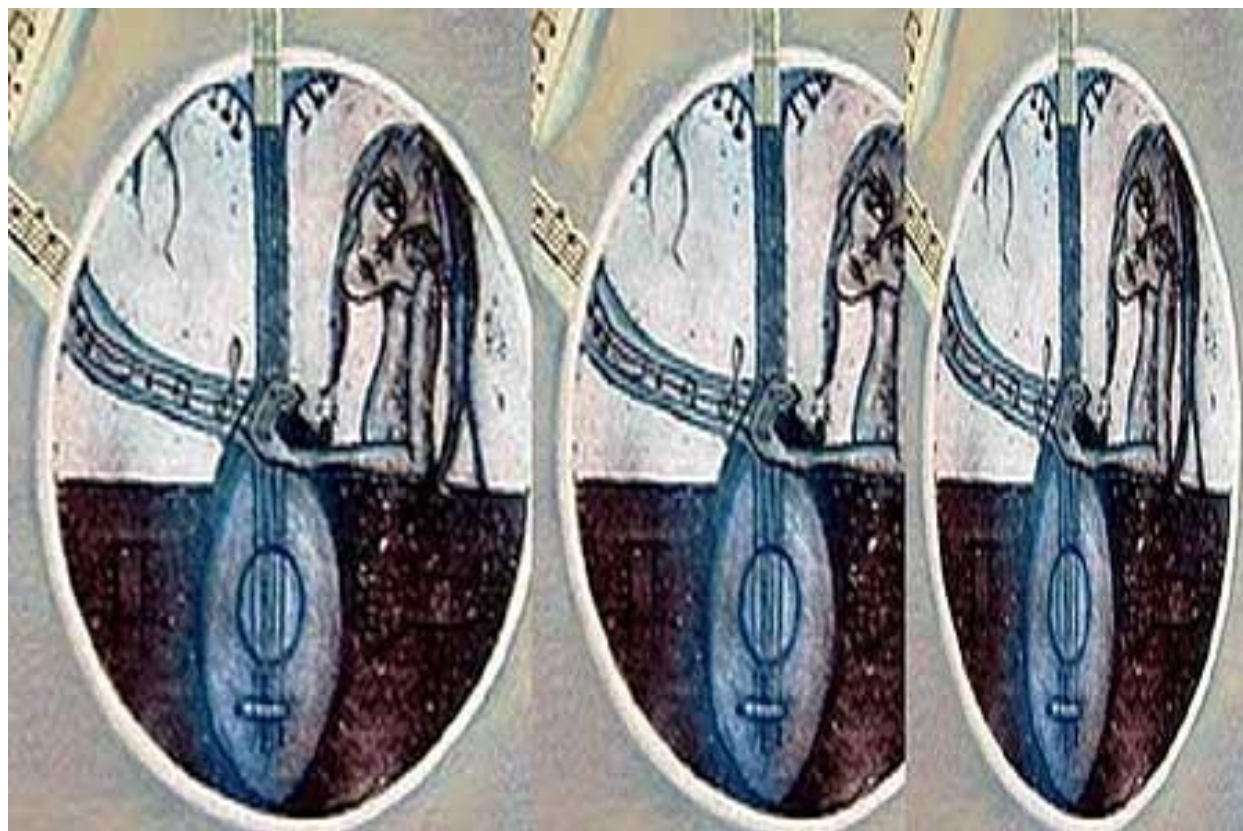
"dream of me"

remains of myself ...Nightmare

Priscilla Hernández (Spain)

Stories of Mirrors: Alba

Alba was going slowly, for the way of
the mirrors, her stopped the sleepy light
of the dusty frame.



The myth of breaking the hours with her angular and pale hand was returning to take place in her spiritual phobia of dreaming of the anonymous terror that the prisons of the mystery enclose.

Again it was forming a part of the implacable needles, which were turning frantic, with and without recollections.

It was difficult for her to understand the language of the time, the parsimony of the hours, the challenging accuracy of the numbers that were advancing as soldiers, becoming huge in perfect circle, up to her wise over excited limit making a detour and to throw it ironic.

She was provoking fear and madness to walk for the paths of her questions, but she could not escape to this

sensation of being unfolded to another side of the mirrors, allowing the image to go out a few instants to occupy her place and this way to be deepened fearful behind the crystal.

It was also, the emaciated suicide of facing her spirit, the reflex was an entity, before it could have been a fleeting symbolism, but the association of facts body like, turning into judge of herself.

What terrible for her was proving to observe this so dear and known image, winding in the emptiness, the nabbed hands, drawing a smile with the same facility that a cruel gesture, the lips moving obtuse, shouting insults or saying words of love, and the missed, obscure and luminous look as a duality

so antagonistic and contradictory, almost impossible to imagine.

She did not support any more this movie, representing the secret of her spirit, she accepted the unfolding, but was terrified now of herself

She was so upset, that angered decided to put end to this merciless game, began to be call her irascible oneself, but it was not answering her, was the first time that it was refusing to return, driven to despair she struck the crystal and warned that her I, for being very vulnerable, she ended for breaking.

It was too much late to return, her fit it had broken the mirror and caught spirit, was agonizing between the fragmented edges, now the image, almost destroyed it was moaning before annihilated life, only it is that will never be able to be reflected and her destiny to be to stroll car destructively as an absolute and simulated deceive.

Graciela Marta Alfonso (Argentina)

Freefall

He came up the hill with difficulty and chest pounding. When told that they had to reach a cactus located middle, on the edge of a cliff, unable to see his eyes in panic. Later realized that

he suffered from a fear of heights, when they saw him jump into the void.

Sarko Medina (Peru)

There John The Rearles

–Heil Hitler! - Commander Heimlich, respected and feared man, came to oversee the anti-Phobos project, which sought the perfect soldier.

–Nice to see you sir. We are very close; Matthew has spent the basic levels. Immune to the most common fears: Entomofobia, glossofobia, hemophobia, necrophobia, ophidiofobia ... Not present any abnormal reaction to food, everyday objects, animals or sexual activity. It has stood the test of tapheofobia, finding the solution to escape. We now turn to more hidden terrors, more rooted in the soul.

Matthew remained in a test table. His limbs were attached with straps and a helmet on his head virtual reality. Dr. Egmont handled the controls under the inquisitive gaze Heimlich. In the patient's mind began to project all sorts of terrors: hell, deformed creatures, medieval torture, terminal illness, biblical plagues, the vastness of the cosmos, extreme weather ... but his vital signs remained unchanged.

—Stop, that's enough! This man is a true Aryan, a specimen in which rests the future of the Reich. My son, you are all a ubermensch.

Cold sweat started perlar Matthew's forehead, vomited and crouched on the floor in a fetal position while stammered: "No, no ubermensch". Heimlich angrily withdrew before another failure and Dr. Egmont scoring a new phobia to its extensive list of terrors, was before the first recorded instance of Essedeuxfobia.

Manuel Santamaría Barrios (Spain)

Vertigo

She invited me to the balcony. The stars, imposed an overnight romantic

background. He was dressed in light clothing and her cheeks were pink. She had taken a lot of wine and call me with their hands, sensual, like two snakes to attack.

I took a step, hopefully. I took another, excited. Then I observed the balcony railing, endless city, and the abyss way down.

I fled toward the door away in fear, before I devoured the precipice to their hungry jaws.

Ernesto Parrilla (Argentina)

It's just the thing!

—These bugs make me sick. So warm, so soft and so annoying. They destroy everything in their path, they spread like a plague and I cannot go



anywhere without being assaulted. Some of them even come to my house, and it's so troublesome to get rid of them! How couldn't I have this phobia? -he asked to her companion when she threatened to leave him if he kept running away whenever they saw them.

—Is it that your justification? Frankly, I expected more, maybe that a group of such insignificant creatures managed to hurt you. That would explain better your stupid and ridiculous cowardice.

—For the last time, I'm not afraid, I have phobia.

—You know what? I don't mind. We've finished. Let me know when you cure this "phobia" -turning away arrogantly, she left the cave with her scaly tail wagging.

Sure, what we needed, she thought. A dragon with human phobia, it's just the thing! As if you could not get rid of hundreds of them at once with a little blow nor we could destroy their cities in minutes. With jerks like this in our ranks, no wonder why they respect us less every day.

Déborah F. Muñoz (Spain)

Labor complications

—Why did you come to the consultation?.

—I am afraid of blood.

—That will somehow affect their daily lives.

—It affects my work.

—Since when?

—A few months ago just before I had this problem.

—Do not tell me, you butcher.

—No.

—I will not say it's killer.

—Something like that.

—Ja, I want to tease.

—No, I have planned to take his life in a car accident next month, there will be blood in pain for you, then, here's the deal, you help me with my phobia and change the painful death by a quick or painless if not cure me, killed him with a slow disease and even more painful, tear it inside and I will prevent him bloodied, you decide and, of course, turn that clock that measures the time of visit is making me nervous and can define once that things with you, Doctor.

Sarko Medina (Peru)

Cinderella covered my mouth⁸

She said. She put her glasses back on, with that weary gesture, like I do. She tied her white hair up in a tight bun, and went back to watch the Spanish films on the telly, those with the famous singers. 'Mum', I said. But she didn't answer. Lola Flores was singing for her now. My eyes were wet. I couldn't move. Twenty years going to psychotherapy and she summarised them all in a few words. Her own. Her bitter revelation had left me defenseless and at the same time so lucid. Even so, I looked at the clock as I always do, constantly. Half past eleven. I started shaking, gasping for air. Every day the same suffocating procession, which highest and most painful peak was to reach at twelve o'clock. Terror crept in, invading me. I felt like fleeing, knowing that wherever I went, anywhere in Buenos Aires, the fear and then the panic will follow me. My heart unbridled. But today, now, finally, this is no longer a phobia, but a memory. Unblocked. Lethal. The memory of my father covering my mouth, entering me, after having read to me, as always, Cinderella.

Majo López Tavani (Argentina)

⁸ Translation by María Elisa Pelletta.

You will never be free

And she was so near that she could almost smell the freedom of crossing the threshold. After five years locked up in this odious and hateful prison it was hard to believe that the exit was so near. But there was something wrong. It wasn't the prison, the prison named St. Peter Asylum, nor was the great fire inside that was little by little destroying the whole place. It wasn't either that the oxygen was scarce and stale. The problem was that horrible object of doom, the main character in all her nightmares since she could remember, that infernal, hellish and abominable creature that was in the left side of the door, the hairy, eight-legged creature with thousand of evil eyes and swollen abdomen. A terrible spider staring at her with blacks and bottomless eyes, with eyes full of disgusting lust, disgusting hunger. She perfectly knew what the creature was thinking, yes, it was waiting her to pass near the door to bite her with its poisonous fangs and to make her feel its horrendous hairy long black legs in her skin.

Whenever she started to think in it her heart rushed anomaly flushing her blood all along her body, making her sweat from all the corners of her anatomy, soaking all her clothes, skin and hair. Suddenly a scream explode

inside of her, a scream that echoed in all the asylum and all her soul, a scream that was conflated with a childish sobbing, making the most shameful noise ever heard in the place. But Sarah also knew that this time she must win the battle of her fears, it was her life what was in play this time, and maybe the spider was dead, because everything with life in the place had run away. It must be dead... but maybe it was a trap, a dirty trap... She couldn't stop looking at that dreadful and nasty body, she couldn't stop looking at it and she couldn't stop crying... and crying again.

Perhaps... perhaps the fire wasn't as bad as it appeared, maybe it was a key, the key of freedom, the wanted freedom she was looking for...

Juan Pachón Ulierte (Spain)

Alarmed

Once again “The dream frightener” gave the accustomed ring to only wake up some parts of my body. -Damn alarm! - whispered a voice similar to mine which ranted holding to the pillow. My mind, stuck in the protest, tried vainly to appease a phobia that would make my mornings become a martyrdom, and I told myself: “Interrupting sleep in an artificial way should be considered a violation to human rights”...”Maybe, all

humankind's problems would disappear if we forbade the pungent awaking this thing produces”... But that's the way it goes, we are the only animal on earth who has this tortuous habit.

Considering the time that passed between the abrupt shriek of the alarm and the ramshackle movements that my body invented to turn it off, I always lost the necessary minutes to have a calmed and relaxed breakfast. The delay on which I lived had already embedded me becoming a costume, until that fateful day arrived.

Here and there gossipers say I'm dead ... and here I am now, waiting in limbo, alarm free, but viscerally alarmed by the possible verdict... For I've been told that hell is the eternal repetition of the most hated thing. And I know that he will ring forever... repeating, every ten exact minutes.

Lucila Adela Guzmán (Argentina)

Tick Tock

When I woke up today, something had broken on the world.

Tick tock.

The thorns infested bed sheet started, ruthless, scratching my skin. *Tick tock.* Awakening, the sun has speared my eyes trough the open window. *Tick*

tock. After closing it, the frowning walls have attempted to hang over me, when they thought i wasn't looking. *Tick tock. Tick tock.* That damned tick tock. The clock insults me. It teases me. *Tick tock.* I feel its malevolent presence. It drives me crazy. *Tick tock.* It wants to finish me off. *Tick tock.* I furiously pounce on it. I crash it against the floor, smashing time and time again until it hushes. I'm yelling, tears are running trough my cheeks and my hands are copiously bleeding, but everything's back to normality.

"Is there something wrong?," i realize someone's speaking behind me. "I've heard you screaming and i've come in...". I turn back. He's there, full of arrogance, watching me. Twisting his mouth in a scathing smile. I carefully listen his puffed chest.

Thump thump..

Pedro López Manzano (Spain)

Martian Meat Industries Ltd. Corp.⁹

Exactly seventeen minutes remained of his first working day, just a bit more than a quarter of an hour to overcome his deepest fears. He looked nervous, and there was good reason. There he

was, dressed in bright grey overalls, waiting to begin the shift along with his new companions, all of them dressed exactly like him, and with several years of experience behind them. He was waiting nervously in the wide lobby of the slaughterhouse of the unique meat company in Mars. The owner, a rich man in his fifties, was the third husband of her mother. He had obtained this employment for him with a brief video-call to the human resources director.

—I do not want any scroungers around me —his stepfather had been intransigent since he received the notification of him failing his university admission exam—. One of my employees has just retired and I need to replace him with someone I trust as soon as possible. We are flooded with work, we just can't cope. Tomorrow is your first day.

Since he didn't have a degree, the other option he had was to be employed in the Phobos's mines, and it's commonly known that seventy-percent of miners who work on the Satellite die in less than ten years. Manipulate those disgusting giant slugs, the only edible native species on the planet, eleven hours a day, it couldn't be worse than not reaching his early thirties, as much as the disgust those damned bugs gave him. Just the image in his mind of himself touching

⁹ Translation Andrés, Nina y Ángela

them, if only to tear them apart using gloves and a knife, made his hair stand on end. At least now he could understand how those nasty molluscs could end up looking like the delicious pig-flavoured synthetic meat.

His new companions laughed at him for fifteen minutes after his public confession of his phobia of slugs. Fifteen minutes immersed in absolute ignorance, until he finally went into the slaughterhouse and saw everything. He fainted. There was absolutely no bugs there. There were only hundreds of human corpses wrapped in plastic brought from several mines and prisons, ready for handling. All natural food.

Rubén Ibáñez González (Spain)

Lives in me

My fear. The fight, flight and the avoidance of pain, so check constant my bedroom every night.

Everything that comes to my senses, control my emotions and panic addresses in each hint me to sleep.

Panic is installed on my body and pain and terror pervades.

Diviso magic unreal dangers facing hours of despair, the clock is ticking but I continue to life imprisonment.

Excuses get to delay his arrival, not to believe stories lie down on the bed tortuous realities transports me to inhumane and undesirable that plague the evening.

Was paralyzed when bedtime comes and you cannot, I do not sleep.

The sense of sleep makes me vulnerable and mistrust.

I pressed, altering my perception of things, a harsh reality.

My refusal to sleep is such that leads me to tensions and anxieties mixed as they advance the hours.

I feed my fear is phobia, I cannot hide, I must be strong.

My doubts to sleep, when it's just an essential part of life.

It is only a door to something better, something perfect, and for me is his trap: a disguise for something so powerfully bad it scares me. I try to escape it, when she lives within me. What is escaped and again.

So his role is testing me every night, to see if, despite of "betraying" perfect deserve what she can give.

I see it as an enemy

I escape from something even chasing me, so lonely, living in me.

Texy Cruz –SEUD.- (Spain)

The Z civilization: Reptanophobia¹⁰

I open the door.

Two scandalous fingers unlock the fastener. I slightly shut my eyes, trying to dissimulate my panic from those skinny fingers that desire to feel my face and neck. They're just two filthy fingers with dark nails.

Since the dawn of humanity we've suffered so many phobias that our culture has self-destructed. They pretend to cure them all in a laboratory. The blonde haired one, in the cubic chamber number 2, fears spiders, the method is none other than to swarm his head with an endless number of these creatures and allow them to creep inside his mind. That other fat gentleman can't bear the sight of sweets, he screams, cries and suffers shakes; next to me, inside chamber number 3, the old toothless man tries to put out a cigarette bud and it keeps burning endlessly. They say that our fears disappear when we enhance them. My parents sent me to this school so that I don't forget that there is no shame in allowing me to be touched. I still terribly fear hugs, caresses and kisses. I can't stop watching them move towards me, closing in, draping

down my skin, slipping all over it... bits of human body parts, that once were mine.

Raquel Sequeiro (Spain)

Selacofobia

He is nice but weird, think Sara to finish, with success, another long (would the twenty fifth? do the thirty?) What cares) in the swimming pool of the hotel. They are the first holidays that go together. Already classic options of beach or mountain, Sara chose the first because he loves to swim. What Enrique does not share at all. Meanwhile, she is poolside, slipping into the water, and again, Enrique remains lying on the towel, pulling blades of grass while reading a book of Game of Thrones (the third? fifth? which cares). When Sara asked by this strange aversion to get wet, he replied that was no afraid but feels absolute terror to what could be swimming in the background, away from the light, things with teeth like knives, facts to tear meat. Even in the pool?, asked Sara. Even there. That said, decided to Sara, nice but rare. Apart from that, it's a great guy, of truth. Gentlemanly, fun, witty and with a beautiful smile. A charm, go. I guess I can live with this hobby, Sara sighed. That night, Sarah dreams of dark waters and shadows swimming fast between her legs, rubbing it with its

¹⁰ Translation Guillermo Smith Ramos

cold flakes, starting with delight the soft skin of her thighs. She wakes up dizzy, with a flavor in the mouth, as if she had swallowed salt water. The next morning, Sara remains lying next to Enrique, under a merciless sun. You would today not you get in the water?, asks him. I don't want much. Half an hour later, has come to the conclusion that she is being a bit silly. It is only a dream, nothing more. So she began to swim. The splash is like a soundtrack of environment together with the murmur of the wind among the Palm trees and the desperate cries of the birds. For this reason, Enrique does not notice that already not heard Sarah until they spend several minutes. Approaching the pool carefully until it is almost at the edge that it anticipates the terrible blue and looks into the abyss. Fast shadows are stirred in the dark, still hungry. Tree leaf falls into the water and stays floating as if nothing more matter.

David Calvo Sanz (España)

The patch

I've never been a good boy, I know that. My life is like a puzzle; sin and vice are part of it, but empathy and charity are not. I remember Michael, that little boy I used to hit at school, whose pale skin always rolled over in mud, adorned in bruises and wounds.

His left eye, lost in the shadows of innocence, used to sleep under a patch. It didn't work well, so the right one had to look around, every second, in the playground, every day, waiting for me to appear.

Now, Michael is not wearing a patch anymore. His right eye, deep set in the mauve pale skin, rests next to the left one, that lies under a pallid and thin cover. Shreds of black hair fall over his muddy forehead. He looks really funny.

That day he saw me aproaching in slow motion, like in a film. Under the sweltering May sun, his face was covered in sweat. I punched him down, and he fell in the ground, hitting his nape against a steel toboggan. I apologized, and promised him I wouldn't do it again.

I'm not a good boy, but I always keep my promises.

I would like to introduce Michael to you, but I can't. Now, his sad lonely eyes can be only seen through my soulless look.

Rocío Rubio Bores (España)

Image

Few that have never seen their image, maybe I'm the only one.

Curious mine phobia, fear see myself in a mirror and I can only see a picture of me, there is no explanation of this fear so strange, lost hope long ago, never be able to see my image.

–John listen you must overcome your fears and look in the mirror, believe me you will not regret, my brother insisted day after day to try that I dared to look in the mirror.

It is useless José I cannot just get close without having a panic attack.

–Make an effort, when you see your image you will understand everything.

Joseph said no more and left the room, his last words left me very intrigued, that was what understands to see myself in the mirror, to God secret kept my image.

–I do, I told myself and I did look in the mirror.

–Now I understand all –in a strange mirror image is reflected, for nothing seemed to my brother, my face was that of a human, a species that for decades had been exterminated by the race I thought to belong.

Diego Galán Ruiz (España)

No prospect

The three men are standing in a corner of the alley, sheltered from the sun and prying eyes. Man wearing hat is the

buyer. The right's guy is the seller, and he extends over the car hood the sample with merchandise featuring the new customer. The seller's friend is behind him and he looks a suspicious type. The buyer indicates a capsule which stands out for its red color.

–**Claustrophobia** –tells the seller.

–Well! –the buyer backs-. I don't need that.

–I have *aero*, *acro*, *bronto*, *dento*, *misophobia* –the seller mentions other options.

–You don't understand me –the customer shakes his head-. I want the opposite effect to the red one.

–I understand you! –the seller browses over the pile of pills-. This is what you need. *Agoraphobia*. This capsule came out a month ago and is very acceptable –the guy teaches the buyer a blue and gray capsule-. Pick it up, if you want.

The client holds the capsule between his fingers and shakes it, as if it could come any sound. He asks for the price. Two thousand is a lot. The seller insists. This is really effective. One dose is enough to create the desired effect. The client nods his head and stays with it.

–And, remember, you can swallow it whole or open it and mix it with the

food or drink of your choice –adds the seller.

–Well, is not really for me, it's my wife's gift. She's stressed out. She needs to take life more calmly, without as much going and coming. You know what I mean.

Close the deal, the men say goodbye with a handshake. The suspicious man is worried. They not have told him about the sequels.

–Oh! –the seller replies-. That his wife developed symptoms *hedono-hetero-hominophobia*, and *gamo-geno-gymnophobia* and, if not ready, he eventually walks out on the street, not knowing where to go? He will find out for himself, as did the other.

–I don't Know what this summer happens, my friend –the suspicious shrugs-. Or is there an epidemic of jealous husbands, or is this heat that scorches them the brain.

María José Gil Benedicto (Spain)

Stink bugs!

The foulest thing in the world, in a world full of foul things, even though they were only about the size of the fingernail on her thumb, were the goddamned stink bugs that invaded the house every day. They slinked through the cracks in the wood, through the window sills. For a tiny fifteen year

old girl with nothing in her head but calculus and musicals, they were insufferable.

The sight of them, coupling in corners, crawling on the ceiling, buzzing around light bulbs, caused her to scream and run away like a gothic novel lunatic. They were the thing that made her break into sudden sweats in the middle of the night, the thing that filled the nightmares she could never remember in the morning, when her dark dreams became like a fog that dissipated with the coming of the light of day. But there was a real reason why she remained so deathly afraid:

Under her adolescent's bed, under the carpet, under the floorboards, there brewed a horde of stink bugs that crept into the room some nights. One, in particular, had grown to be the size of her hand. Some nights, it would release into the air a sampling of its fetid, mind-altering poison. That, and the tickling she felt as it climbed into her bed and nestled in her chest, would make her wake up in a daze, her larynx inflamed, and, unable to breathe right, the insect staring at her, she would faint back into ever darker dreams...

Tony Báez Milán (Puerto Rico)

Ligophobia

Malena was thirteen. She was a normal girl, she had been subjected to a

number of treatments. For some years, his parents decided to leave her as she was, her big fear of the dark could be easily controlled. She just had to follow certain rules: no pass through dark places, avoid dark corners and be at all times (even sleeping) with the lights on. She entered adolescence, did not tell anyone about his strange situation. Her parents told her that the parents of these and some great-grandparents had suffered from that phobia, but without major complications. "All we are afraid of something, the important thing is to face our fears and defeat them," his mother had told her. One night, Malena stayed late on the first floor of his home doing school work. His parents warned her lie down maximum at 12 a.m. and they went to sleep. When she was working at the computer, the power went out. The girl cried desperately. His parents were jumped up and went downstairs to help her. The electricity came back suddenly. Apparently, it had been a momentary failure. Malena was terrified. "It have embraced me, it stinking horrible", she said between sobs. His parents decided to take her that same day to a specialist. She was very distraught, loudly she wondered what was happening, what had been. The doctor who attended her was one of the best professionals in the country, he used a novel method to cure phobias, proposed it to the parents and they agreed. They just had to take

her home, lower light switch, leaving her alone in the house and lock. The girl would realize that in the darkness there was nothing wrong and heal. The parents did while Malena was sleeping. When they was securing the doors, felt very guilty, but hopeful. The girl woke up in the darkness, he could see nothing. She felt good, undressed and walked down the dirt floor. He felt a slight shame for their parents, because she would not see them again. She felt the steps, the breaths, the grunts. When it passed the tongue by her body, she felt a great pleasure. And she let it drag her into the hole.

Carlos Enrique Saldivar (Peru)

Don't switch off the light

Little Pedro simply asks for the light not to be switched off when he goes to bed, he refuses to give any explanation. His parents have tried everything, entrusting him with the guardian angel, making fun of him telling he is already a big boy, threatening, psychotherapy. Nothing works. The psychologist does not believe in a trauma. Apart from this detail, Pedro seems very calm and happy. The psychologist advises the worried parents to wait; surely it will pass when he gets older.

Little Pedro only sighs and asks for the light not to be switched off

without telling why. His parents would not understand. He is not afraid of anything. It is that stupid hairy monster who hides under the bed that is afraid of darkness. If they turn off the lights, it gets with one jump under the blanket of poor Pedro. And who wants to sleep with a trembling and weeping monster?

Tanya Tynjälä (Peru)

Street Aby

Language ever identic

gymnastic apparatus.

see the open sky

and believe

the silence of triangle.

see it where

write the full moon.

life so unmotivat;

solt and cage

under sky chisel

studd with the angel

and world.

Amancio De Lier (Mexico)

The number¹¹

Some years ago, on a flight to California I met Larry Wilkins, the famous numerology expert. We exchanged business cards. "I see you work in finances," he said. "That's right. But please, tell about your expertise, Larry," I insisted. "Let me tell you, in my opinion numbers are important but also dangerous," he said. And after analyzing the date of my birth he gave me the notion that the rest of my life depended on the number 9 or a combination of digits that would add or be reduced to 9. "Avoid it and be careful that you don't find it in flight numbers, trains, TV channels, bank accounts, hotel rooms, etc." I told my wife. "Rubbish," she said. "9 is a humanitarian, spiritual number." Nevertheless, I absorbed a preoccupation which filled me with serious side effects: anxiety, sweating, palpitations and migraines. On the 9s, 18s and 27s of each month I would not go out of the house. I worked at home. And I forbade any type of celebration connected with 9. I wore socks size 10. My family suspected and rightly so, a serious phobia. So I consulted with a psychologist. Nothing. And so, for the next 9 years I remembered the now dead Larry's ominous words: "Mind the 9 or you will not live to tell the

¹¹ Translation: N. Beredjiklian

story.” Until that one day when the company asked me to attend a meeting in another city. I traveled there the night before and early in the morning I went to the assigned building to meet my clients on the 51st floor. The elevator man announced an “express to 45”. Terrified, I begged him to let me out. “It is impossible, sir, the trip is programmed, electronically.” “Please, this is an emergency!” I yelled, beside myself. “I will make both you and the building responsible,” I threatened. The man worked a few buttons and the elevator door opened. I went down to the street and checked my mobile phone. It showed New York 9:00 hours Tuesday 11 September 2001. And at that precise moment there was a huge explosion. Behind me. I turned and saw the building I had just left coming down in a cloud of dust. Raving mad, I ran several blocks in the opposite direction. Exhausted, I went into a bar and ordered a drink. “Eleven dollars, sir.” I gave the waiter a 20 and got 9 in change. “Keep it, please,” I told him as I left.

Violeta Balián (Argentina)

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Revista: Akiba-Tan
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Revista: Futuroscopias

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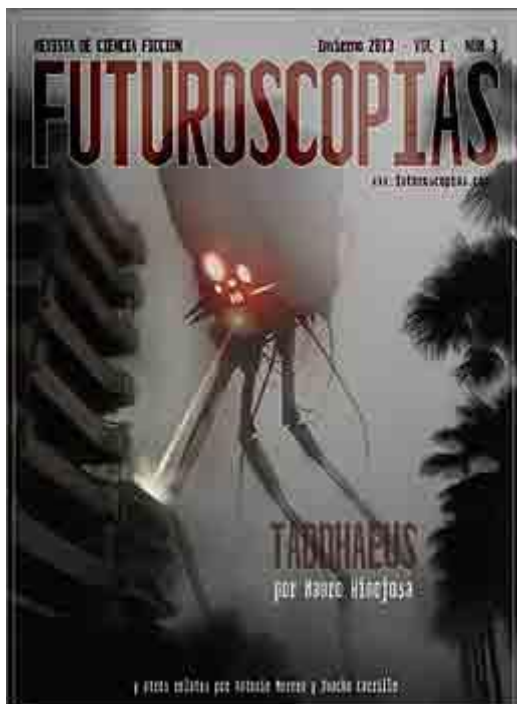
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Revista: Penumbría

País: México

Portada: CruzMa Leminside

Dirección, Diseño y Edición: Miguel
Antonio Lupián Soto

Selección:

Ana Paula Rumualdo Flores

Adrián "Pok" Manero

Manuel Barroso Chávez



Miguel Antonio Lupián Soto

Penumbría, revista fantástica
para leer en el ocaso es un
dragón de dos cabezas. La
primera está conformada por
un blog, donde encontrarás
artículos, reseñas de libros,
películas y exposiciones,
notas, cortometrajes...
relacionados con lo fantástico.

La otra incluye las antologías de cuento breve fantástico que convocamos mes con mes. El concepto, la distribución y el espíritu de la revista son un pequeño tributo al mejor escritor fantástico de nuestro país: Emiliano González.
<http://www.penumbria.net>

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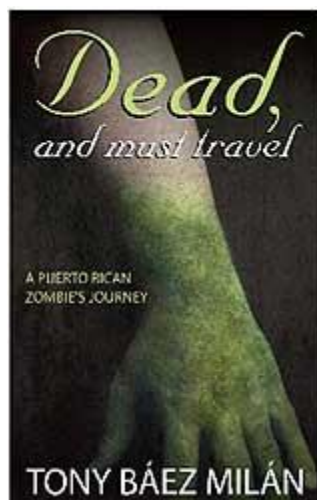
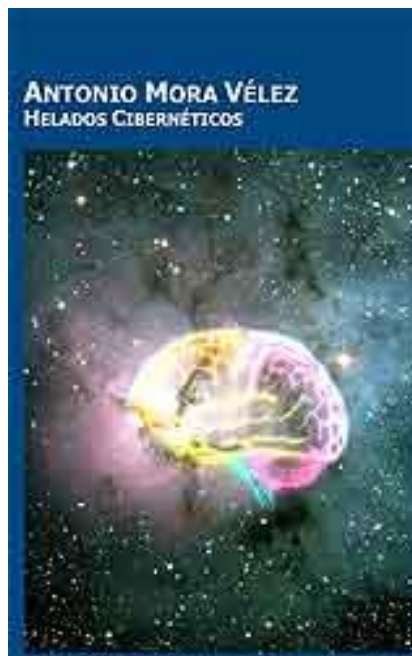
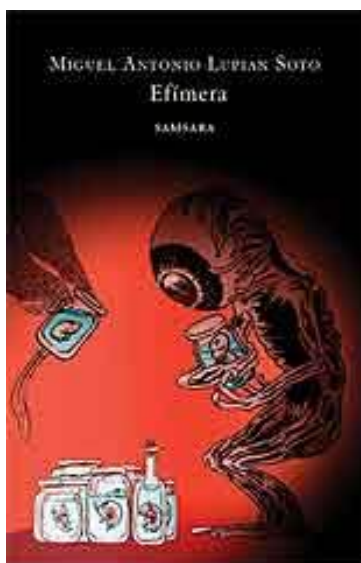
Cuentos:

Título: Helados
cibernéticos

Autor: Antonio Mora Vélez

Editorial: Caza de Libros

Sinopsis: Helados
cibernéticos es un libro de
cuentos fantásticos y de
ciencia-ficción del escritor
colombiano Antonio Mora
Vélez, editado por Caza de Libros de
Ibagué, Colombia y lanzado en
la pasada Feria Internacional del
Libro de Bogotá. De los 17
cuentos incluidos por el autor
cuatro son inéditos, los demás,
aunque no figuran en sus libros
anteriores editados, han sido
publicados en revistas impresas
y electrónicas del país y del
exterior. Las joyas de la
selección son Ejercicios



fílmicos, cuento incluido en la
antología de la ciencia-ficción
latinoamericana hecha por
Sylvia Miller y publicada en
París en 2008. La entrevista,
considerada por el crítico
Campo Ricardo Burgos como
una de las ucronías dignas de ser
mencionadas en el balance de la
literatura fantástica nacional;
Yusti, un cuento en el que los
hombres somos relegados en el
plano de los sentimientos por
unos seres tiernos e
inteligentes que se convierten
en nuestra conciencia
histórica.

...

Título: Efímera

Autor: Miguel Antonio
Lupián Soto

Editorial: Samsara

Efímera reúne alrededor de
treinta y cinco cuentos
breves, minificciones y
microcuentos, todos

pertenecientes a la literatura fantástica o
de la imaginación.

Novelas:

Título: Dead, And Must Travel

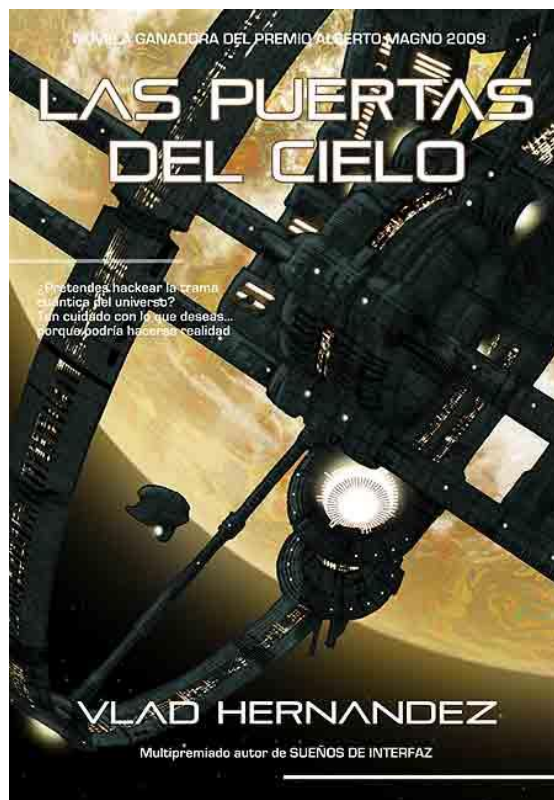
Autor: Tony Báez Milán

Puerto Rican writer-director
Tony Báez Milán has just
released his new novel in
English, DEAD, AND MUST
TRAVEL, for the electronic

market. The book is about a man who hails from the island of Puerto Rico but who wants nothing to do with his country. When he is buried in the city of Pittsburgh, he returns from the grave as a zombie. Báez Milán is also the author of the suspense novel in Spanish EL BUENO Y EL MALO, among other books. One of his films is the feature RAY BRADBURY'S CHRYSALIS, based on a short story by the legendary American author, who was his mentor.

About DEAD, AND MUST TRAVEL, Báez Milán explains that it is a lively book, with suspense and adventure and a lot of humor. "It's an entertaining novel and I think it's an easy read, even if the reader might not know a lot of English," says the author. "The main character, Estrago Smith, does not want to be Puerto Rican, dislikes the fact. He comes back to the world after dying, wondering why he has returned. Of course there is a reason. This zombie has to think about things, which is unusual in zombies, but these are things which are relevant to our identity."

It is a great time for zombies, which are taking over everything. WORLD WAR Z, the movie based on the book by Max Brooks and starring Brad Pitt, is about to be released. Báez Milán recently



participated in an interview about the subject for Box Office Magazine. "With the new film WORLD WAR Z as reference, it's an article about the current popularity of zombies, about the reasons why they are accepted now more than ever. As for me, zombies have been on my trail since childhood," says Báez Milán.

DEAD, AND MUST TRAVEL is available

on Kindle through Amazon.com, the largest medium for electronic books. Direct link to the book:

http://www.amazon.com/DEAD-AND-MUST-TRAVEL-ebook/dp/B00CHVWQPM/ref=sr_1_1?ie=UTF8&qid=1367181346&sr=8-1&keywords=dead+and+must+travel

For more information about the author and his literary and film works, visit www.tonybaezmilan.com

...

Título: Las puertas del cielo

Autor: Vladimir Hernández

Sinopsis: Una historia sobre el contacto entre civilizaciones,

Sobre la lealtad y las experiencias in extremis

2029. Ángela Butler era una chica con futuro en el campo de la informática QUAI, una brillante programadora que trabajaba en la sinergia entre ordenadores cuánticos y redes inteligentes; pero entonces comenzó a sufrir episodios mentales que afectaron su rendimiento y sus nervios, y su trabajo se fue al traste.

Ahora Ángela es una buscavidas de los márgenes, una desarraigada que se ha alejado de su familia como forma de refugiarse del pasado. Lo que menos desea en el mundo es verse implicada otra vez en eventos de generación QUAI, y sobrevive haciendo chapuzas de decodificación ilegal para un pequeño equipo de tecno anarquistas que se autodenomina "El Club de los Poetas Muertos".

Pero el paradigma de la computación cuántica proyecta una sombra muy larga que consigue atraparla, de modo que Ángela, a su pesar, se ve obligada a colaborar con el Proyecto Antrópico, acción liderada por un grupo de científicos europeos con una curiosa interpretación del Principio de Fermi. La misión es ambiciosa; implica manipular la trama cuántica del universo, abrir una puerta en el cielo, sin sospechar

que habita más allá del umbral.

...

Título: Sueños de interfaz

Autor: Vladimir Hernández

Vlad hernandez es uno de los autores más premiados de la ciencia ficción hispanoamericana. Sueños de interfaz reúne siete historias galardonadas

Sinopsis: En un arco de asombrosos futuros cercanos y lejanos...

Experimenta el estallido de la HIPERNOVA en un mundo de redes pobladas de infoversos y entidades post-singularidad que luchan para trascender al control de naciones y facciones corporativas. El cisma transhumano está a punto de acontecer.

En 2059 Conglomerado Habana es una megaciudad dominada por enclaves

neotech. Roy y Anna, de vacaciones en el sur de CH, tropiezan con dos chicas fugitivas. Se trata de dos cobayas de laboratorio, dos artefactos de carneware con implantes especiales y el poder de desencadenar SUEÑOS DE INTERFAZ.

En El ORÁCULO DE PENROSE la civilización humana ha sido confinada al



Sistema Solar Interior y convertida por otra especie en raza-cliente de bajo nivel... Procedente de un núcleo de resistencia en el Anillo Espartano, un héroe venido a menos tendrá la difícil misión de cambiar las tornas.

Un grupo de aventureros pretende realizar el Golpe del Milenio: asaltar un complejo de investigación militar y robar su más preciada posesión: la

EMPERATRIZ, reina-madre de una especie alienígena que libra una guerra contra la Federación Humana.

La guerra interespecies como perversión del contacto entre civilizaciones. Aniquilación o supervivencia, la batalla final ocurrirá en el mundo Aldebarán V. En SIGNOS DE GUERRA maniobra para no sucumbir al shock de una

confrontación bélica cargada de otredad.

...

Título: Crónicas Nanotech

Autor: Vladimir Hernández

Sinopsis: Alech era un colono del Anillo Espartano cuando comprendió que la industria nanotech cambiaría todos los paradigmas de la civilización humana. Acompáñalo en CRÓNICAS

NANOTECH por un viaje relámpago a través de su vida y descubre un futuro de transformaciones.

En el siglo XXI, la empresa Timeless ha comercializado el viaje a universos paralelos en épocas remotas. La prestigiosa cadena global NetPalace organiza un reality-show con superestrellas del hip-hop que van de safari al período Cretácico. En

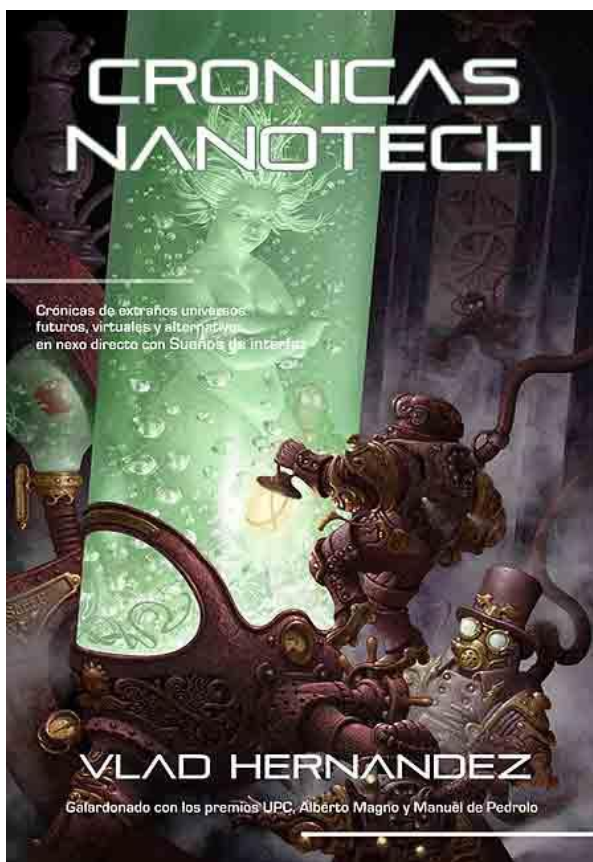
KRETACIC RAP, caza mayor, aventura y polémica están servidas en bandeja mediática.

¿Hasta qué extremos puede llegar la venganza de una persona con el corazón roto? En un mundo de tecnologías peligrosas, la NÉMESIS podría estar a punto de desencadenarse.

En FRAGMENTOS DE UNA FÁBULA un viajero del Sistema Solar tiene un accidente en el

espacio. Al despertar del estasis descubre que han pasado cuatro millones años y se ha convertido en el último hombre vivo en el universo; o peor.

A veces la probable Ventana de Contacto entre civilizaciones se cierra. A veces, como en NIVELES DE CONCIENCIA, existe un abismo de incompreensión entre las especies.



...

Título: En el Jardín del Edén

Autor: Carlos Martí

Portada: David Agundo

Editorial: Kelonia Editorial

Colección: Kelonia Joven

Páginas: 128

<http://www.kelonia-editorial.com/Web/index.php/94-colecciones/kelonia-joven/153-en-el-jardin-del-eden-carlos-marti>

Sinopsis: "El Jardín del Edén es el lugar más maravilloso que existe, y los querubines son los angelitos más curiosos y atrevidos que hay en él. ¿Qué puede esperarse, sino que visiten la Casa que siempre cambia; o el Cúmulo; o pasear por el Bosque a riesgo de toparse con el Viejo? ¡Hay tantos lugares! ¿Quién puede aburrirse? Tal vez los ángeles adultos, siempre tan serios, pero, ¿un querubín?

...

Título: De monstruos y trincheras

Autor: Ramón Merino Collado

Editorial: Espiral Ciencia Ficción, nº 52

Web:
<http://aroz.izar.net/nuestra-coleccion/titulo-actual/index.php>

Sinopsis: El principio es tan simple como efectivo: una



madrugada, dos niñas se despiertan habiendo soñado el mismo sueño. Y no son las únicas. Muy pronto toda la humanidad participa de una ensoñación común con tan solo cerrar los ojos. Es la génesis de Faeria, un universo por derecho propio, una telaraña onírica que se extiende por todas y cada una de nuestras mentes.

Pero el país de los sueños no tarda en agitar la sociedad del antiguo mundo a través de una notable diversidad de reacciones. Lo que para unos representa la oportunidad de cambiar las cosas, de alcanzar la felicidad en una tierra no cimentada sobre intereses económicos sino sobre el poder de la imaginación, otros lo ven como una amenaza para el statu quo. Y cuando las opiniones se radicalizan el conflicto es inevitable: grupos culturales y facciones políticas se acabarán enfrentando por el control de este nuevo feudo del hombre. Los hay quienes tratarán de manipular el sueño



colectivo para servir a sus propios intereses, los que defenderán Faeria a toda costa... y quienes no cejarán en su empeño por destruirla.

El campo de batalla está servido. Las piezas se hallan dispuestas sobre el tablero, una pléyade de personajes escrupulosamente nivelados que entrarán en conflicto tanto en las calles del mundo

real como en el más fabuloso de los escenarios; un universo donde reina la imaginación y el cual todo, absolutamente todo, es posible.

...

Título: El Secreto de Excálibur

Autor: Andy McDermott

Título original: The secret of Excalibur

Traducción: Laura Rodríguez Manso

Editorial: Factoría de Ideas

Sinopsis: La espada Excálibur, codiciada por todos a lo largo de la historia, se creyó perdida durante siglos, pero el historiador Bernd Rust piensa que puede localizar la mítica arma... y que es la clave para aprovechar una increíble fuente de energía. Nina se muestra escéptica... hasta que Rust y ella son atacados por mercenarios decididos a adueñarse de sus investigaciones.

Nina y su novio, el exsoldado del SAS Eddie Chase, se ven pronto inmersos en una carrera mortal para encontrar a Excálibur. Desde el desierto de Siria a las inmensidades árticas de Rusia, Nina y Chase deben combatir a un enemigo despiadado que planea utilizar los poderes de la espada para sumergir al mundo en una nueva era de guerra

...



Título: La Espada Leal

Título original: The sworn sword

Autor: G. R. R. Martin, R. Hobb, N. Gaiman, O. S. Card

Traducción: Jesús Abascal

Editorial: Factoría de Ideas

Sinopsis: En Poniente, los hermanos Aegon y Daemon Fuegooscuro, de la Casa Targaryen, se disputan el Trono de Hierro. Comienza así

la Rebelión de Fuegooscuro, en la que diez mil hombres mueren en el Campo de Hierbarroja, entre ellos Fuegooscuro y sus hijos, asesinados por el bastardo Cuervo de Sangre. Se inicia para los perdedores una larga etapa de vergüenza y silencio.

La otrora rica Casa de Osgrey, fiel al dragón negro, es condenada a vivir de la caridad en un aislado torreón junto a Bosque Real. Su vecina, una opulenta viuda de la Casa Webber, asola sus tierras hasta que Dunk, un caballero de Desembarco del Rey y su escudero Targaryen Egg regresan dispuestos a hacer justicia.

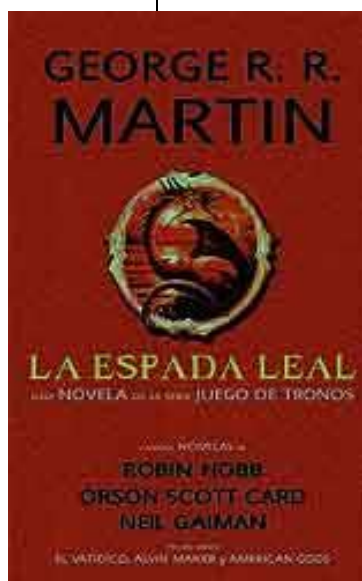
...

Título: Anima Mundi I Hijos del Clan Rojo

Autor: Elia Barceló

Editorial: Minotauro

Colección: Destino



Sinopsis: En el mundo sólo existen un puñado de karah, seres especiales, bellos, extremadamente longevos, seres que, según sus leyendas, proceden de otra realidad. Se creen superiores a los simples humanos, a quienes llaman haito: los usan y los desprecian. Hace milenios que viven entre nosotros y, ahora, lentamente, se están extinguiendo. Por eso deciden forzar el nacimiento de un nexo que pueda intentar abrir la puerta que comunica con esa otra realidad desconocida. Entonces aparece ella, Lena, «la heroína que nunca quiso serlo», y la vida de un pequeño grupo de humanos no volverá a ser la misma... ¡Atrévete con esta misión que comenzó hace miles de años!

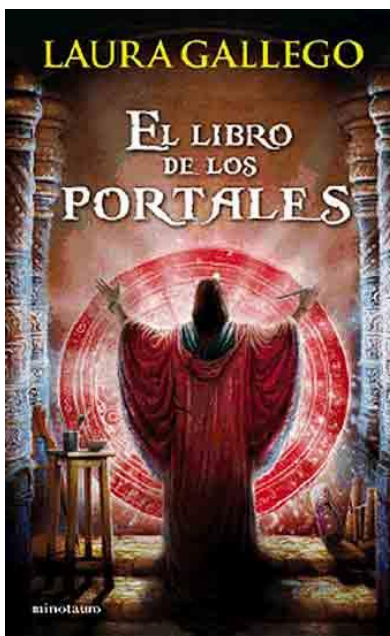
...

Título: El Libro de Los Portales

Autor: Laura Gallego

Editorial: Minotauro

Sinopsis: Los pintores de la Academia de los Portales son los únicos que saben cómo dibujar los extraordinarios portales de viaje que constituyen la red de comunicación y transporte más importante de Darusia.



Sus rígidas normas y su exhaustiva formación garantizan una impecable profesionalidad y perfección técnica en todos sus trabajos.

Cuando Tabit, estudiante de último año en la Academia, recibe el encargo de pintar un portal para un humilde campesino, no imagina que está a punto de verse involucrado en una trama de intrigas y secretos que podría sacudir los mismos cimientos de la institución.

...

Título: Susurros

Autor: A.G. Howard

Traductores: Lorenzo Díaz, Sandra Sánchez, P. Zumalacárregui

Editorial: Oz Editorial

<http://www.ozeditorial.com/>

[#!/susurros/c1vuv](https://www.instagram.com/susurros/c1vuv)

Sinopsis: El País de las Maravillas existe.

A Alyssa Gardner las flores y los insectos le hablan. Teme que su destino sea acabar en un psiquiátrico, como su madre, pues una vena de locura recorre su familia desde tiempos de su antepasada Alicia, la niña que

inspiró el País de las Maravillas de Lewis Carroll.

Pero ¿y si los susurros de las flores no son alucinaciones? ¿Y si el País de las Maravillas existe y la está llamando?

Alyssa descenderá por la madriguera del conejo hacia un mundo mágico, pero también despiadado. Durante su increíble aventura, tendrá que decidir en quién confiar: en Jeb, su mejor amigo, por el que siempre se ha sentido atraída, o en el fascinante y seductor Morfeo, su guía en el País de las Maravillas y con el que lleva soñando desde que era niña.

...

Título: 1ª Crónica, Vampiro Adolescente

Titulo original: Eighth Grade Bites

Autor: Heather Brewer

Traducción: Rebeca Rueda Salaices

Editorial: La Factoría de Ideas

Sinopsis: El instituto es una pesadilla para Vladimir Tod, un chaval de trece años. Los abusos lo acosan, el director lo vigila de cerca y la chica que le gusta prefiere a su mejor amigo. Ah, y Vlad guarda un secreto. Su madre es humana, pero su padre era un vampiro. Sin la más mínima idea del alcance de sus poderes y sin nadie que lo oriente, Vlad lucha todos los días contra su apetito por



la sangre y sus colmillos indiscretos.

Sin embargo, pronto se dará cuenta de que tiene un problema mucho más grave: le sigue la pista un cazavampiros que se acerca... ¡y rápido!

Antologías:

Título: Primeros Exiliados

Autores: VV. AA.

Portada: R. Anderson.

Editor: Taniel Ediciones

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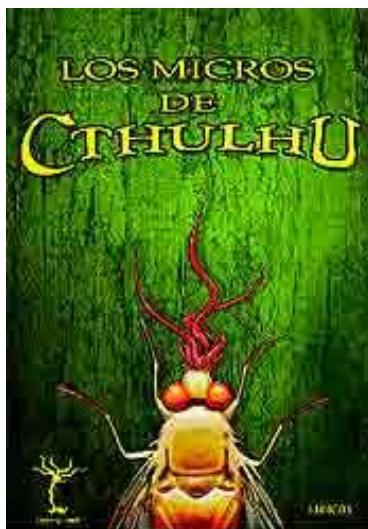
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Título: Los Micros de Cthulhu

Autores: VV. AA.

Editor: Leyenda.net.

Coordinación y correcciones: Entropía, Santiago Eximeno y Misne

Maquetación: Santiago Eximeno

Ilustración de portada: Rubén García (Salino)

Descarga:

http://www.leyenda.net/cthulhu/articulo.php?id=1455&pagina_op=4#opiniones

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wgah'nagl

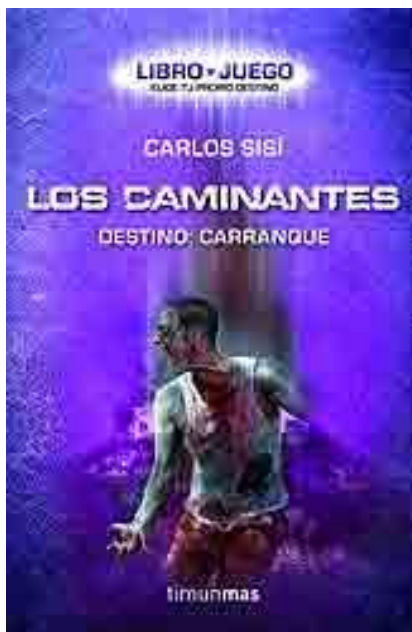
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El despertar de cthulhu,
Salino

Libros Juego:

Título: Los caminantes.
Destino: Carranque

Autor: Carlos Sisi/ VV.
AA.

Editorial: Timun mas

<http://www.planetadelibros.com/los-caminantes-libro-juego-libro-92604.html>

Sinopsis: Acabas de recuperar la consciencia. Has tenido un grave accidente de coche y yaces junto a tu novia. Ella iba al volante. Poco a poco recuerdas qué pasó: un hombre extraño que deambulaba por la carretera os hizo perder el control y caísteis por un terraplén. Acercas la mano al cuello de tu chica y compruebas que no hay pulso. Intentas salir para buscar ayuda, pero la puerta está atascada...

Así empieza esta aventura que llevará al lector al mundo de «Los caminantes» de Carlos Sisi y sus zombies. Él será el protagonista, tomará las decisiones y dirá hacia dónde correr. Tanto para los seguidor de los libro juego o los fanáticos de «Los caminantes», Libro juego Los caminantes. Destino: Carranque les dará otra experiencia de lectura.

...

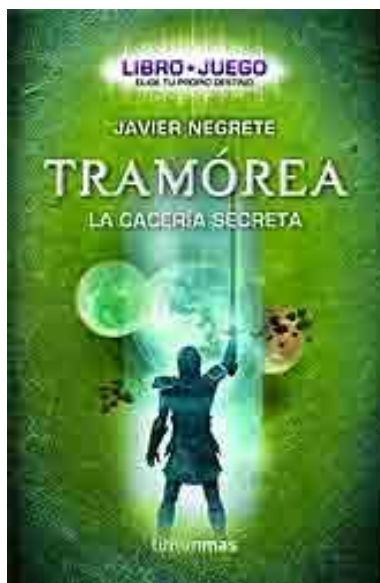
Título: Tramórea La cacería secreta

Autor: Javier Negrete/ VV. AA.

Editorial: Timun mas

<http://www.planetadelibros.com/tramorea-libro-juego-libro-92603.html>

Sinopsis: Eres alumno en Uhdanfiún, la academia de artes marciales más prestigiosa y antigua de Tramórea. Tercer hijo de una acomodada familia Ainari, estás predestinado a convertirte en un gran guerrero, pero tu verdadera pasión es la investigación. Formas parte de un grupo de alumnos de la escuela que va al este de Korvas para practicar habilidades de supervivencia. Pero cuando os disponéis a buscar alimento, os tienden una emboscada.



About the Writers and Illustrators

Writers:

Acevedo Esplugas, Ricardo
(Cuba, 1969) Writer and editor of digital magazine miNatura

<http://www.servercronos.net/bloglgc/index.php/minatura/>

Aldunate, Federico Miguel (La Plata, Argentina, 25 years old)
Sometimes college student math teacher, also drummer of candombe. I have published stories in The Cave of the Wolf, and Novurbo Chronicles miNatura (#123).

Blog:
<http://www.elpapoola.blogspot.com.ar>

Alfonso, Graciela Marta
(Buenos Aires, Argentina)
Professor of Fine Arts in Painting and Printmaking Orientation of the "National School of Fine Arts Prilidiano Pueyrredón", and Bachelor in Visual Arts Orientation Engraving Art Institute "IUNA".

Thesis performed, "Poetics of Book Art and Book Object".

Artist Book xylographic of unique copy with illustrated poems.

Publications: Book of Poems "The Silence of the Fire."

Selected and published in the Call: Poetry and Short Story Anthology, organized by "Passion of Writers". Argentina.

Selected and published in the Call: Short Story and Poetry Anthology, "A Look at the South." Argentina.

Selected at the XIII International Poetry and Story Contest 2012, organized by "Argentine Writers Group."

Publication of his work: Poem Random in magazine "Arts and Letters Plurescentes", National University of La Plata, Argentina.

Collaborates with various literary journals, where he accompanied his literature with the visual representation.

Báez Milan, Tony (Puerto Rico)
Internationally published numerous short stories in Spanish and English, in journals including The Critical Point, Yagrumal, Papyrus, Textshop, RE: AL, Clarín, Los Mejores Cuentos, Lynx Eye, Ariadna, Resonancias, and Axxón.

He is the author of the books Cuentos De Un Continente Invisible, Embrujo, and Noel Y Los Tres Santos Reyes Magos. Among other films, wrote and directed the film Ray Bradbury's Chrysalis, based on a story by legendary American author. His latest book, a thriller, is El Bueno Y El Malo.

Baez Milan resides in Greensburg, Pennsylvania, with his wife and children.

www.tonybaezmilan.com

Baez, Rodolfo (Rancho Arriba, San José de Ocoa, Dominican Republic, 1983) Is currently developing his career Thesis Social Communication, Journalism Mention at the Autonomous University of Santo Domingo. Storytellers Workshop belongs to Santo Domingo from the Ministry of Culture. Published under the pseudonym of The Silence cat the poems of my soul and Verses in minor art also has unpublished books, "Poems of abandonment, more verses in minor art, Shadow blue eyes, The Return of the Prodigal Son the Man of 100 hearts and memories, these are respectively three books of poetry, a novella and two storybooks. About the Authors and illustrators

He now works in the trilogy of novels Daughter of Commander whose series is finished the first volume, and gives the final steps to the second, which is called The crime, a blood pact, and another novella works which have not decides to head.

He has worked for the past five years in various national stations as announcer.

He is also a music lover with some ease to perform within their bars, so you can play several instruments.

Balián, Violeta (Argentina) Studied History and Humanities at SFSU. In Washington, D.C. contributed as a freelance writer to Washington Woman and for 10 years was Editor in Chief for The Violet Gazette, a quarterly botanical review.

In 2012 and in Buenos Aires she published El Expediente Glasser (The Glasser Dossier) a science fiction novel with Editorial Dunken and its digital version through Amazon.com. Balián is also one of the 28 Latin American writers participating in Primeros Exiliados (First Exiles) a ci-fi anthology to be published in Argentina in March 2013.

<http://violetabalian.blogspot.com>

<http://elexpedienteglasser.blogspot.com>

Calvo Sanz, David (Spain)

occasional writer, when not fighting crime, he likes to listen to the soundtrack of Conan the Barbarian, read books that do not get bored and watch over and over old chapters of Doctor Who. And yes, I know they are pretty crappy. But he likes.

Candelaria Zárate, M^a. Del Socorro (Mexico, 38 years old)

Academic Program Coordinator. San Luis de Potosi. He has worked in various issues of the digital miNatura.

De Lier, Amancio (Magdalena de Kino, Sonora, Mexico) Poet and Researcher Vanguardia artist. Posted in independent publishing, undergrounds and fanzines. Author of "Dancing in the Dark", "AutoUmbria", "Ash Rose" and "Moon Theatricals". now writing the book "Before Cervantes" in which reconstruction will Poetics and Historic Spanish Golden Century. One of the biggest promises of Literature Poetry in

Mexico. Currently holds a struggle to remain lucid and his life.

Díez, Carlos (Leon, Spain, 31 years old) Has published two editions microstories yearbook "Release on words", published by the Foundation for Civil Rights "and won first prize in the contest IV Caudete Love Letters . Published in the journal "loudly" Caudete and the numbers 10 and 13 of the magazine "Estadea". In 2008, one of his poems have been published in the About the authors and illustrators poetry book "Poems for a minute II", the Editorial hypallage.

Regular contributor to the websites of political opinion Austroliberales.com and "middle classes of Aragon" and the literary magazine "Alborada-Goizialdia". He currently resides in Madrid.

Fontanarrosa, Sebastián Ariel (Argentina) writer of short stories and novels microstories fantasy and horror.

"Juan" (Justice PLC), with honors awarded work and publication of 3000 copies per publishing area. same work

Novel Art selected by Publisher to integrate his anthology. "A pit" work awarded with distinction from author

Editorial meritorious Tenth Muse contest most other works on selected short stories in various international competitions.

I count three novels and a catalog of 30 stories not published.

Galán Ruiz, Diego (Spain, 39 years old) So far I have published the story LA PRIMERA VEZ in the online digital magazine LA IRA DE MORFEO, the short story LA AMANTE has been published in the book CACHITOS DE AMOR II and the short story EL DOLOR DE CABEZA, in Book II emerged from international competition for mundopalabras microstories.

Gil Benedicto, María José (España) I write short stories, poetry and tales. I have worked in some numbers of "miNatura Digital Magazine". I won the X International Competition of Fantastic Micro-Story Minatura 2012 with the tale "Carola no está".

Guadalupe Ingelmo, Salomé (Spain) She is Doctor in Philosophy and Arts, educated in Spain and Italy (where she also worked as translator and teacher of Spanish). She is a member of the Institute for the Study of the Ancient Middle East, located at the Autonomous University of Madrid, where she develops educational activities since 2006 as honorary professor, teaching courses related to languages and cultures of the Ancient Middle East.

She has received many national and international literary prizes. Among them: in every edition of the Francisco Garzón Céspedes Awards (CIINOE) from 2010 until 2012, II Prize "Crossing the Strait" organized by Granada Culture and Society

Foundation, V Short Story Contest on Water Aljarafesa...

Her stories have been included in numerous anthologies. We could highlight the digital publication of his short story Sueñan los niños aldeanos con libélulas mecánicas (Dream villagers children about mechanical dragonflies) (Los Cuadernos de las Gaviotas n. 6, CIINOE/COMOARTES, Madrid/México D. F.: 2010), included later in Antología de cuentos iberoamericanos en vuelo (Anthology of Latin American stories in flight). Her text Es el invierno migración del alma: variaciones sobre una estampa eterna (Is the winter migration of the soul: eternal variations on a picture), appeared in “Las grullas como recurso turístico en Extremadura” (“The cranes as a tourist resort in Extremadura”), was published by the Department of Tourism of the Regional Government of Extremadura in 2011.

She prefaced The Portrait of Dorian Gray, written by Oscar Wilde, and she also wrote the introduction to the Anthology of the VIII Bonaventuriano Contest of Short Story and Poetry, organized by the University of San Buenaventura of Cali (Colombia), in which she acted as jury for the event. She was also member of the jury at the V and VI International Literary Contest Angel Ganivet, organized by the Association of Friends of Helsinki (Finland).

In addition to writing a huge number of short stories, she is the author of several poetry anthologies and two unpublished novels.

Her first digital anthology of short stories (thirteen tales: eleven winners of various literary prizes and previously published in joint anthologies of multiple authors and two other, head and close, unpublished), La imperfección del círculo (The imperfection of the circle), and an extensive interview, La narrativa es introspección y revelación: Francisco Garzón Céspedes entrevista a Salomé Guadalupe Ingelmo (The narrative is introspection and revelation: Francisco Garzón Céspedes interviews Salomé Guadalupe Ingelmo), part of the collection of narrative inquiry Contemporáneos del Mundo (Contemporary of the World), supervised by the prestigious writer and man of culture Francisco Garzón Céspedes, have both come to light recently.

She has frequently collaborates with Revista Digital miNatura: Revista de lo breve y lo fantástico (miNatura Digital Magazine: Magazine of the brief and the fantastic) since 2009.

More detailed information about her career in the world of literature may be obtained by consulting <http://sites.google.com/site/salomeguadalupeingelmo/>

Guinot, Juan (Mercedes, Argentina) Degree in Business

Administration, Social Psychologist and Master in Management. In 2001 he decided to leave a Commercial Manager position to become a writer. Since then, his stories have received literary references in Spain, Argentina and Cuba, which have also appeared in magazines and anthologies story. He works in radio. His novel The War of 2022-edited by Talentura Gallo (Spain) in 2011.

www.juanguinot.blogspot.com

Guzmán, Lucila Adela (Buenos Aires, Argentina, 1960) has published a children's book entitled " Doctora de Letras " Editorial Elevé 2011 finalist, recently presented at the International Book Fair 2012, in the City of Buenos Aires. Finalist contest of children's literature in honor of Maria Elena Walsh, with the story entitled " El cuentero ", forthcoming

He has received several citations for his poems: National Poetry Contest Corral de Bustos 2011. International Poetry Contest fantastic miNatura magazine 2012. Eco World Poetry Contest 2012. Spanish American Poetry Contest "Gabriela" in honor of Gabriela Mistral and others.

Lives in the City of Del Viso with her husband and four children.

Hernández, Priscilla (La Palma, Islas Canarias, Spain) I am a composer and singer-songwriter, multi-instrumentalist and fantasy illustrator from the Canary Islands now based in Barcelona (Spain). My music can be described as "ethereal

gothic" inspired in fairy and ghost tales and with a great component of fantasy.

Angelic voices, cinematic soundscapes, bitter and meaningful lullabies. Discover the spectral spellbinding dark side of fairytales. Melodies that weave a fantastic and unknown kingdom. The light, the shade, the fairy, the ghost, the Underliving...

I've written songs all my life but it was a hidden passion till May 2002 when I encouraged myself to upload my first recording track to mp3.com: "I steal the leaves" and later a demo with the same title and other songs. After collaborating in several projects and decline a wealth of record deals in order to keep the spirit of my work untouched. I released late 2006 my debut album "Ancient shadows" with the help of my fans and listeners and under my own company and label YIDNETH (which is also the name of my illustrated comic book project). The project achieved several nominations and awards and got hundreds of positive reviews in specialized publications worldwide. I have performed in different countries like USA, UK, Germany and Spain. The visuals of our performances are inspired in worlds of wonder and fantasy, carrying away the audience to a place where Light and Shadow collide, that mysterious place you know from your dreams, wrapped by the sound of heavenly vocals and ancient, exotic instruments.

Web oficial:

<http://priscillahernandez.com>

Web de The Underliving:

<http://theunderliving.com>

Network: <http://twitter.com/yidneth>

Ibáñez González, Rubén (Jaén, Spain, 1975) I'm a senior professor of Music in Composition and Music Theory. I have also studied Piano and I'm currently undertaking superior oboe studies. I'm a teacher in a Music School Academy. I've written for numbers 121 to 125 of this magazine. The books "Miradas de Navidad 8" (La Fragua del Trovador), "La novela negra" (ArtGerüst) and "Cachitos de amor 2" (ACEN) also include stories that I have written. I won the Second Prize in the second edition of the contest "Concurso de Relatos de la Web del Terror", I was a finalist in the following literary competitions: "Concurso de relatos de terror Todosleemos.com", "X Certamen Internacional de Microcuento Fantástico Minatura 2012" and in the second short-stories competition "Pepita López". I was also one of the winners of the contest "XI Certamen de narrativa social del Ateneo Libertario Al Margen".

Jurado Marcos, Cristina (Madrid, Spain, 1972) Has a degree in Information Sciences from the University of Seville. It has a Masters in Rhetoric from Northwestern University (USA). Currently she studied Philosophy at the Open University. Has lived in Edinburgh

(UK), Chicago (USA) and Paris (France). His short story "Paper" was selected in the 1st Story Contest Editorial Briefs GEEP for the title of the anthology that collects the winning entries. His story "Higher Lives" was a finalist in Round 1 miNatura Editions. He has published his stories in "lost papers" (Babelia blog, the literary supplement of El Pais) and Letralia magazine and contributes regularly to publications of the genre. Write a blog about science fiction Libros.com <http://blogs.libros.com/literatura-ciencia-ficcion/> and has just published his first novel Del Naranja al Azul in the United-PC publishing <http://es.united-pc.eu/libros/narrativa-novela/sciencia-ficcion-fantasia.html>

Odilius Vlak –seud.– (Azua, Dominican Republic) Writer with continuous self-taught, freelance journalist and translator.

In December 2009, created together with a team of writers, illustrators and comic book artists, the Blogzine, Zothique The Last Continent, space devoted to the genre of Science Fiction, Horror and dark fantasy especially. The latter symbolized by the blog name taken from the eponymous series American writer, Clark Ashton Smith.

As a freelance translator, and the romantic aspect of the trade-is dedicated to translate new texts in Spanish, whether essays, stories, poems, literature related to gender.

Including a series of pulp science fiction stories of Smith, published in due course in Wonder Stories magazine.

Also tests Lovecraft and Edgar Allan Poe.

As a writer, he has two unpublished books in print but whose documents are posted on the Blog: "Bottomless Tombs" and "Plexus Lunaris". Poetic prose narratives that constitute their first explorations in search of their own language and therefore the first stage of his literary career.

They explore the dark side of the imagination in a kind of symbolic fantasy, closer visionary poetry of William Blake that narrative expressions of the fantasy genre as we know [Epic: Tolkien / Sword and Sorcery: Howard]. Just finished his story, "The Demon of voice", the first of a series entitled, "Tandrel Chronicles" and has begun work on the second, "The dungeons of gravity."

www.zothiqueelultimocontinente.worldpress.com

Pacheco Estrada, Tomás (Córdoba, Veracruz, Mexico, 34 years old) Take a short film and video online this is called Ana Claudia de los Santos in Youtube. Besides having two accounts online. In addition to a story called El ultimo hombre sobre la Tierra in miNatura virtual magazine (# 98). Work on the film in the trailer are Ceroni you had. Besides participating in the television series of Ramon Valdez A2D3-winning

literary contest 8th festival de la caña that takes place in Córdoba (Veracruz).

Pachón Ulierte, Juan (Spain, 25 years) Degree in English philology and I have a couple of blogs / stories: Diary of a Young Teen with Telekinesis.

www.jovenadolescentecontelequinesis.blogspot.com

www.elninjaenano.blogspot.com

Pantelis, Sissy (Greece) Is a writer of fantasy and comic. His stories have been published in Greece, France and the UK. He has worked as co-editor of the French magazine Science Fiction Galaxies.

He has written and edited several stories for Dark Brain, including God's Play, Columbia Underbelly, Locked Out (due out in print as early as January 2012). His graphic short stories have been published in ICCW anthology comic anthology IDWPresent FTL and British.

Upcoming projects include a graphic novel called Blue Sparkles, to be published by MARCOSIA and many other comics and prose.

Patricia O. (Patokata)-SEUD. - (Montevideo, Uruguay) publishes texts of his own authorship in blogs and some blogs shared. He has collaborated on several literary magazines of the network. Currently working in Pen and Inkwell Literary Magazine, Digital Magazine and Literary Magazine miNatura words. It

also has its own micro column: "ravings of Muses" at Sharp Pen. It has published books themselves but shares space with other authors in the books published by the Cultural Sphere: That Other Stories of Christmas and Porter, respectively, also in poetry anthologies I Am Woman Movement International Women Poets Anthology of Literary Encounters First International ELILUC.

Parrilla, Ernesto (Argentina) published in anthologies of the municipality of Villa Constitución (Argentina), in 2002, 2008, 2009, 2010 and 2011.

In 2009, 2010 and 2011 was selected by Publisher Dunken (Argentina) for his anthologies of short stories. Participated in the three volumes of "Worlds in Darkness" (2008, 2009 and 2010) Galmort Editions (Argentina), receiving an honorable mention in the third contest namesake.

López Manzano, Pedro (Spain, Murcia, 1977) computers engineer, film editor and scriptwriter, as a writer, he's principally a tales author. He published for the first time at the Murcia Joven Literatura 05 compilation, thereafter he's been an usual contributor to many webs, magazines and fanzines (miNatura, NGC 3660, Planetas Prohibidos, Los zombis no saben leer,...) with films and books reviews, articles, tales and microtales in fantastic, horror or science fiction genres.

He has obtained a jury mention at the Portal del Escritor's Escritores en su Tinta contest and he's been selected as finalist for the following awards: I Premio TerBi de Relato Temático Fantástico: Mutaciones, IV Premio Ovelles Elèctriques and Coseña Eñe 2011. He's also been selected for the following published anthologies: El día de los cinco reyes y otros relatos, Ácronos. Antología Steampunk and 2009. Antología de Ciencia Ficción, among others.

However, he carries out the most of his activities at this point on his blog: Cree lo que quieras (<http://creeloquequieras.blogspot.com>).

López Tavani, Majo (Buenos Aires, Argentina) she is a poet. Also apprentice storyteller and Tarot.

www.lasplumasbuenosaires.blogspot.com

www.lasplumasficciones.blogspot.com

Martínez Burkett, Pablo (Santa Fe, Argentina, 1965) Since 1990 lives in the city of Buenos Aires. Writer by vocation and a lawyer by profession, is teaching graduate universities in the country and abroad. He has won over a dozen awards in literary competitions in Argentina and Spain. In 2010 he received the 2nd prize in the National Competition Tales Bioy Casares and 1st prize in the National Literature and Fantastic Horror "dark world". He has published stories and poems in ten anthologies.

Regularly collaborates magazines and sites devoted to fantasy literature, horror and science fiction. He recently presented "Penumbra Smith" (Ediciones Galmort, 2010), a book of stories that give the reader a unique account of joint portrait and disclosure anomalous everyday. It also is preparing a book of fairy tales forthcoming where groups all stories published in the magazine miNatura. Some of their stories can be read in the.

Blog:

www.eleclipsedegyllenedraken.blogspot.com

Martínez González, Omar (Centro Habana, Cuba, 41 years old) Has participated in the following competitions: Provincial Competition "Eliezer Lazo", Matanzas, 1998, 99, 2000 (Distinction), 2001; Municipal Varadero "Basilio Alfonso", 1997, 98 (Distinction), 99 (1st Mention), 2002; Competition Provincial Municipality Martí 1999, 2000 (Distinction) Territorial Competition "Candil Fray", Matanzas, 1999, 2000, (Distinction) National Competition Alejo Carpentier 1999 CF National Contest Youth Technical Journal 2002, 03; National Competition Ernest Hemingway, Havana 2003 Literary Contest Extramuros Promotion Centre "Luis Rogelio Nogueras 2004" Literary Contest 2005 Center Farralúque Fayad Jamis (Finalist) Cuba Event-Fiction 2003 Award "Rationale" 2005 Alejo Carpentier Foundation,

International Competition "The Revelation", Spain, 2008-9 (Finalist), 2009-10 (Finalist) International Competition "Wave Polygon", Spain, 2009, Finalist; monthly Contest website QueLibroLeo, Spain, 2008-9; Microstories monthly Contest on Lawyers, Spain, 2009.

Medina Hinojosa, Sarko (Arequipa, Peru, 32 years)

journalist by profession, a writer of stories from 8 years. Despite being completely new publications on the subject of books, his stories have appeared in magazines intermittently paper and ink: Fantástico, Billiken, Cara de Camión, Valkiria, etc., as well as magazines and digital blogs Químicamente Impuro, Tanatología; Breves no Tan Breves; Ráfagas, Parpadeos, brief history of micro Microcuentista christmas of International, to name a few. Winner of the first prize Fantastic Tales magazine in 2004, has been mentioned or finalist in several others. Currently is about to release his first book of short stories: "10 cuentos Urbanos". It belongs to the Asociación Cultural Minotauro and writes articles for various print media (Ciudad Nueva, Los Andes, etc.). Directs Radio Program Usted Decide.

www.sarkadria.wordpress.com

www.sarkomedina.wordpress.com

www.urbaneando.wordpress.com

Moreno, Gorka (Barakaldo, Bizkaia, Bilbao, Spain, 1981)

From a very young age I had great

admiration for everything about movies, comics, literature, etc ...

Although circumstances my studies have led me in another direction, it is this passion that has made devote my spare time to writing scripts for short films and comics. Some have already become reality as is the case of "Shackles" and others are underway. Collaborated with the film web www.Klownsasesinos.com doing movie reviews and opinion on the world of film and now I have the chance to miNatura. I currently live in Barcelona.

Muñoz, Deborah F. (Spain) have been a finalist in several official and literary competitions Caja de Ávila 2010, Literatura comprimida 2009, La fragua del Trovador... contests as well as the blogoesfera. In addition, there have been several of my stories in literary anthologies and have collaborated on several occasions with miNatura and Villalkor magazine. On the other hand, I have several literary journals in which I hang my stories and blognovelas: escribole, Incursores de la noche and Atrapada en otra dimensión, the latter having been published in electronic format.

Noroña Lamas, Juan Pablo (Havana, Cuba, 1973) Degree in Philology. Editor-corrector of Radio Reloj. His stories have appeared in the anthology Eternal Kingdom (Letras Cubanas, 2000), Secret of Future and Crónicas del Mañana and the Digital

Magazines fantasy and science fiction miNatura and Disparo en Red.

Prize was the Short Story Competition and finalist Half-Round Competition Cubaficción Dragon and 2001 among others.

Rubio Bores, Rocío (Spain) I graduated in English from the University of León, pursuing my final year in Trinity College Dublin with a scholarship Erasmus.

I am currently doing a postgraduate distance in comparative literature and cultural criticism, and I combine it with various online writing courses.

www.undiaentexas.blogspot.com

Saldivar, (Carlos Enrique Lima, Perú, 1982) He studied Literature at the National University Federico Villareal. He is director of the print magazine Argonauts and fanzine The Horla, also he is a member of the editorial board of the virtual fanzine Black Hole, all publications on Fantastic Literature. He published reviews, articles, poems and stories in various blogs and magazines. His stories and poems have appeared in some peruvian and international anthologies. He was a finalist of the Andromeda of speculative fiction awards 2011 in the category: short story. He has published three books: Science fiction stories (tales, 2008), Fantasy horizons (tales, 2010) and The other monster (tale, 2012). He compiled selection Murder of crowns: tales of terror and suspense (2011).

Blog:

www.fanzineelhorla.blogspot.com

Santamaría Barrios, Manuel (Cádiz, Spain, 1977) Degree in Nautical and Maritime Transport. Currently working as a freelance trainer courses merchant navy.

Although I always liked reading this afternoon I started writing. I posted stories in digital magazines as miNatura, Anima Barda, Los Zombies No Saben Leer and Pífano Fanzine. Collaborate as a writer in the “El Guardián de Latvería” Digital Diary Bay of Cadiz, and in the “Santa Santorum” Web page Cádiz Carnival.

A great lover of comics, for years I manage on Facebook the group “La Mazmorra de Latveria”.

Other publications away from the genre that I have made are the development and revision of manuals for maritime training.

Sequeiro, Rachel (Betanzos, Spain, 1978) self-taught writer. Since 2011, working on his blog (a collection of texts cut, micros and fragments) that publishes poetry, short stories and tales, and recently in Julius Ralph Lawrence-page novel written through the network. In 2010 participates in the fourth edition of the Literary Award Volkswagen do read the unpublished novel Entre libélulas azules, mystery gender. Write fairy tales fantasy genre. Since recently collaborated on Heliconia group.

Shua, Ana María (Argentina, 1951-) Has published over forty books in numerous genres: novels, short stories, poetry, drama, children's fiction, books of humor and Jewish folklore, anthologies, film scripts, journalistic articles, and essays. Her writing has been translated into many languages, including English, French, German, Italian, Portuguese, Dutch, Swedish, Korean, Japanese, Bulgarian, and Serbian, and her stories appear in anthologies throughout the world. She has received numerous national and international awards, including a Guggenheim fellowship, and is one of Argentina's premier living writers.

Signes Urrea, Carmen Rosa (Castellón, Spain, 1963) Ceramist, photographer and illustrator. Has been writing since childhood, has published works on websites, blogs and digital magazines (Magazine Network Science Fiction, Scientist, NGC3660, Portal CIFI miNatura Digital Magazine, not so brief Briefs, chemically impure, Gust flashes, Letters to dream, preached.com, The Great Pumpkin, Cuentanet, Blog Count stories, Monelle's book, 365 contes, etc.).

He wrote under the pseudonym Monelle. Currently manages several blogs, two of them related to Digital Magazine miNatura that co-directs with her husband Ricardo Acevedo, a publication specializing in micro story and the fantasy genre short story. He has been a finalist in several competitions and micro story short

story: the first two editions of the annual contest Owl Group, in both editions of the pageant Letters fairy tale dream, I Contest horror short story the boy square; mobile Literature Contest 2010, magazine Jan. He has served as a juror in competitions both literary and ceramic, and conducting photography workshops, ceramics and literary.

Suchowolski, Carlos (Mendoza, Argentina, 1948) He wrote many science-fiction and "magic reality" shorts stories, published in newspapers, magazines, and digital sites, like Axxon, Artifex, Microrelatos, Químicamente impuro, Minatura, Planetas Prohibidos, Umbral, NM..., translated to flamish, bulgarian, russian and italian, and was included in several antologies like the one published by Ultramar Editions (Argentina) after being finalist in the corresponding international competition in 1988. He was selected for three times for the annual publications made by the Spanish CF Association (Visiones 2004, Fabricantes de sueños 2004 and Visiones 2007) destined to the best written short stories in the year. In 2007, his first novel "Una nueva conciencia" (A new consciousness) was launched (by Mandrágora). A collection of short stories will be published soon in Argentina (by Andrómeda). He finished a new collection of short stories, and his second novel. Lives in Spain since 1976.

Texy Cruz –SEUD.– (Canary Islands, Spain. 32 years old) Has been involved with winnings from Paroxismo literario, Imperatur, Grafitis del alma. Support Psiconauta magazine.

Toussaint, Deisy (Santo Domingo, Dominican Republic, 1987) lived their adolescence in Guadeloupe (French West Indies) studied French at the Alliance Française. Current Social Communication student at the Autonomous University of Santo Domingo and Portuguese Cultural Center Brazil. It belongs to the literary workshops " Narradores de Santo Domingo " and " Taller Literario Litervolución ". He won second category stories in the contest XIV certamen de "talleristas" 2011 with the story "La Carta" is dancer of Polynesia and runway model in her country.

Tynjälä, Tanya (Peru) Writer and professor of language and culture (French and Spanish) married to a Finn and mother of two girls aged 22 and 12 years respectively. Public novel science - fiction "La Ciudad de los Nictálope" and the book "Cuentos de la Princesa Malva", both with NORMA Editorial. It is included in the anthologies "Canto a un prisionero". American Anti-Imperialist Editorial Poets 2005, Ottawa - Canada, and in "Breves, brevísimos. Antología de la mini ficción peruana". The Holy Office Publisher 2006, Lima-Peru. He has worked as a journalist in various cultural magazines Lima. Texts have

appeared in literary magazines Lima as: Imaginario del Arte, Umbral, revista digital miNatura, Arteidea,, among others, as well as in Finnish magazines Ses and Voima. Pedagogy Studies (specialization in French - Foreign Language) in Lima Pedagogical Institute and the University of Grenoble - France (master). He is a PhD candidate in French philology at the University of Helsinki.

Illustrators:

Pág. 34 Acevedo, George
(EE.UU.) Illustrator.

<http://www.georgeacevedo.com/gallery.html>

Pág. 45 Alonso, Graciela Marta
(Argentina) *see Writers.*

Pág. 26, 60 Ascúa, Miriam
(Argentina) Bachelor of Fine Arts from the University of La Plata. Researcher representation techniques. Freelance illustrator.

Pág. 47 Colbie, Tom (Canada)
Illustrator, currently lives and works between Berlin and northern Italy.

For all other information please see my work on my website

<http://tomcolbieart.wordpress.com/>
<https://www.facebook.com/pages/Tom-Colbie-Art/155852504481947>

Pág. 17 Coscarelli, Javier
(Argentina, 1977) Illustrator and comic creator.

Public in SQPinc, fantastic art and erotic Editorial Perfil, comics and illustration, Ayarmanot editions, comics and illustration

It's almost a degree in visual arts

Currently is being linked in a number of projects and teaches

<http://javier-jacofantasi-erotic-art.blogspot.com.es/>

<http://ilustraciones-javiercoscarelli.blogspot.com.es/>

<http://pinturas-javiercoscarelli.blogspot.com.es/>

<http://comics-javier-coscarelli.blogspot.com.es/>

<http://ilustraciones-infantilesjavier.blogspot.com.es/>

<http://solocomicsjaviercoscarelli.blogspot.com.ar/>

Pág. 24 Didizuka –SEUD. – (France) She is an extremely talented artist with a strong personality and a huge creative potential. She has been working on various projects including illustrations, bandes dessinées, creation of videos to advertize for comics by various publishers. She was the main creator of the animation part of Le Rat Bleu, a mixed show which included stage performance, music, animation. Cindy also publishes her own fanzine called E-Crucify.

Here are her sites:

<https://www.facebook.com/DidizukaArt>

<http://didizuka.free.fr>

<http://didizuka.deviantart.com>

<http://crucify.coolbb.net/index.htm>

Pág. 31 Gerrard, Paul (UK) A career spanning over 15 years, as an art director and concept artist for the entertainment industry . Working on some of hollywoods largest movies with success in games /film and exhibitions worldwide. Most noted for pitch work , selling a project / movie pitch via striking 'out of the box' designs. Getting that illusive green light. Then furthermore creating stunning , provocative concept art through to preproduction and beyond.

www.gerrardart.com

<http://www.facebook.com/HellraiserOrigins>

<https://twitter.com/FLESHMACHINES>

Pág. 40 Gorelko Ekaterina, - Kristoff- (Moscow, Russia, 1991) is a russian freelance artist, she works and studies in Moscow for the past 3 years. For 21-year-old artist, realism is a goal. She also likes mystical and sometimes obscure style of working for her personal pieces. Most of the stages of the work are created in Photoshop, sometime work starts with paper scetches and doodles.

Facebook:

www.facebook.com/ekatherina.gorelko

<http://www.conceptart.org/showthread.php?t=175813&page=9#.UXWIu7WePTg>

<http://ka-g-o.deviantart.com/>

<http://vkontakte.ru/kristoff>

Pág. 43 Hernández, Priscilla (Canary Islands, Spain) composer and singer-songwriter, multi-instrumentalist and fantasy illustrator. My music can be described as "ethereal gothic" inspired in fairy and ghost tales and with a great component of fantasy.

Angelic voices, cinematic soundscapes, bitter and meaningful lullabies. Discover the spectral spellbinding dark side of fairytales. Melodies that weave a fantastic and unknown kingdom. The light, the shade, the fairy, the ghost, the Underliving...

I've written songs all my life but it was a hidden passion till May 2002 when I encouraged myself to upload my first recording track to mp3.com: "I steal the leaves" and later a demo with the same title and other songs. After collaborating in several projects and decline a wealth of record deals in order to keep the spirit of my work untouched. I released late 2006 my debut album "Ancient shadows" with the help of my fans and listeners and under my own company and label YIDNETH (which is also the name of my illustrated comic book project). The project achieved several nominations and awards and got hundreds of positive reviews in specialized publications worldwide. I have performed in different countries like USA, UK, Germany and Spain.

The visuals of our performances are inspired in worlds of wonder and fantasy, carrying away the audience to a place where Light and Shadow collide, that mysterious place you know from your dreams, wrapped by the sound of heavenly vocals and ancient, exotic instruments. Me and my ensemble of musicians are looking forward to share our magic on stage with you so do not hesitate in contact for booking information.

<http://www.yidneth.com>

<http://theunderliving.com>

<http://priscillahernandez.com/shop>

<http://youtube.com/yidneth>

Pág. 1, 21 Ntousakis, Vaggelis (Crete, Greece) Lives and works on the island of Crete. In 1990 he had a brief Magazine and fantasy as diving accident and became a quadriplegic. From an early age, I am fascinated with anything related to the horror, the weird and strange. And spent hours together between the paintings of Bosch, Goya and Brugel. At eleven, fell into his hands a book of terror and discovered Robert E. Howard, Arthur

Machen, Derleth among others, but his greatest and most striking finding was the work of H. P. Lovecraft. In the 90 studied graphic design in Athens and in 2000 returned to Crete where does my business. Without leaving my personal projects in the digital illustration.

Pág. 18 Rubert, Evandro (Brazil, 1973) Cannot remember much more than the electric train and the mountain of comics from his childhood. Along with Sergio Abad and David Baldeón among others, Comics Otracosa founded about 15 years ago, and has since been heavily involved in the world of comics. Today is Editor and Chief of Epicenter and Sergio Abad teaches Bullets Comics and Narrative at the University Jaume I of Castellón. Also painted lead figurines and plays drums with Panic Idols.

Pág. 2, 5, 7, 28 Signes Urrea, Carmen Rosa (Spain) See Writers.

Pág. 93 Valenzuela, Carlos (Chile) Illustrator.

<http://valzonline.deviantart.com/>

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SWEET DREAMS

