

miniatura

I could be locked in a nutshell
and feel king of infinite space
William Shakespeare

The magazine of the brief & Fantastic



To be mortal is the most basic human experience, and yet man has never been able to accept it, grasp it, and behave accordingly. Man doesn't know how to be mortal. And when he dies, he doesn't even know how to be dead.

Milan Kundera, *Immortalidad*, 1988.



Of all the immortalities, I believe in only yours, friend crab.

José Emelio Pacheco, *The immortality of the crab (The works of the see*, 1983).



To see a world in a grain of sand,
and a heaven in a wild flower, Hold
infinity in the palm of your hand,
And eternity in an hour.

William Blake, *Auguries of Innocence*, 1803.



But is not this affirmation of the eternal and the infinite theological-mathematical destruction of every and any limit in time or space, and



the reduction of them, more or less, to zero? Is it possible, in eternity, to conceive of a sequence of events, or in the infinite of a succession of space-occupying bodies?

Thomas Mann, *The Magic Mountain*, 1924.



That is not dead which can eternal lie,
and with strange aeons even death may

die.

H.P. Lovecraft, *The Call of Cthulhu*, 1928.



I don't want to achieve immortality through my work; I want to achieve immortality through not dying. I don't want to live on in the hearts of my countrymen; I want to live on in my apartment.

Woody Allen, *Illustrated Woody Allen Reader*.



Desire immortality is to desire the perpetuation of a great mistake.

Abraham Lincoln

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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).

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Immortality

I remember in an old film that mysteriously do not remember his title, he was asked to protagonist, How long is eternity? so this answer :

"Every ten thousand years a bird giant travels to an magical island where there is a whole mountain of gold, its top is cleaned the peak, when the mountain will disappear after one second of eternity "

A pretty picture, the truth is that immortality is a real nuisance. First its geographical location is impossible from a fountain, a cup or a paltry ring.

And what I hear about your setbacks? Not talking about hemoglobin vampire or mock musical lethargy Tolkien elves ... the mortal human is a mass of complex trauma and have eternal life and live¹ with them is pure torture

Too attractive to renounce it has generated its own literature.² The stories cite Arab Al-Khidr (The Green) and chronicles of John of Mandeville and Preste Juan fed the greed of many.

¹ The Germans Gods always handy created the Ragnarok and the other created things like the advent ... anything just to avoid boredom.

² *Alexander's novel* an amalgam of stories where historical fantasy and mingle is perhaps the original source of this legend.

A little known story (before Ponce de León³) speaks of Paradise Bimini one of those islands that cloud the minds of dream catchers, came the news Sequene an Arawak chief from Cuba, had purportedly been unable to resist the temptation Bimini and its restorative fountain. He gathered a group of adventurers and sailed north, never to return.

⁴

What I say the quest for immortality has been task of heroes, demigods and other critters who has never brought anything new... leave it be.

As always in this particular we highlight the interview this time dedicated to science fiction Cuban writer Jose Miguel "Yoss" Sanchez items Mari Carmen Caballero Álvarez (Spain) and José Francisco Camacho Aguilera (Mexico). The latest publications of the Library of Nostromo we announce a very interesting picture of good health and the fantastic.

I never tire to indicate the work of illustrators especially great main cover illustrator Russian Michael Cheval and Ukrainian Vitaliy Smyk back cover.

Marta Graciela Alfonso (Argentina); Miriam Ember (Argentina); Edison Montero (Dominican Republic); Rubert Evandro (Brazil), Valeria Uccelli (Italy / Argentina)

³ We try to make it clear that he was never related to that search, guilty of these entanglements was the chronicler of Castile and the Indies Antonio de Herrera y Tordesillas included in *Historia general de los hechos de los Castellanos en las islas y tierra firme del Mar Océano*.

⁴ It seems that the North has always been the downfall of Cubans.

Vetrova Tatiana (Russia) are the illustrators who close this issue.

It is impossible to close this editorial without announcing the coming birth of the Tiempos Oscuros magazine A Vision of International Fantastic (specializes in fantastic literature more extensive) with your # 1 dedicated to Cuba and launch the call of # 2 to Argentina.

We wish you a happy reading!

the Editors

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Bradbury Universe

Asociación Cultural miNatura Soterrania

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Yoss Times Yoss, IS NOT ALWAYS FOUR

Interviewing José Miguel "Yoss" Sánchez Gómez



Interview: Ricardo Acevedo E.

Translate by Cristina Jurado

Photo: Carmen Rosa Signes Urrea

If Yoss had born in another place, different than Habana, he would have been a media star. He sure would had been a recurrent character in gossip media and Internet... read, hated and admired by some, tolerated and loved by a few.

Science fiction writer, rock singer, creator and fan of role games, provocateur, megalomaniac, narcissist, accused of all kinds of crimes -imaginary and real-... Here there is the metaphorically naked Yoss, even though we admit than interviewing him without clothes would not a hard task to accomplish.

I want to clarify, buddy, that this is not an arranged interview. In fact, Yoss himself suggested some of the questions.⁵

Revista Digital miNatura: Yoss is a guy who runs every morning in the waterfront of Habana... that sight would be a normal one, but if you add the long hair, wristbands and weird shorts (do you design them?), you look like an old rock star. Why do you dress like that?

Yoss: *Well, I must point out that I don't run at sunrise but at sundown. I'm afraid, I'm a compulsive morning sleeper. One of the reasons that push me to become a professional writer was not having to weak up early. My running shorts are souvenirs from the countries I visit or presents from girlfriends. They are very common gym shorts made out of Lycra. I only like them dark and short. I run without a top, even in winter and in Europe, because after one kilometer I sweat so much that I don't make enough money to wash all my t-shirts.*

Now, on a more serious note, I must tell you that, as a child, I read books like SANDOKÁN by Emilio Salgari; LOS CONQUISTADORES DEL FUEGO, de J. H. Rosny; CONAN by Robert E. Howard... and dreamt about looking like my heroes. I wanted to use boots, long hair, wristbands, and broad belts with big buckles, going around torso naked and having muscular arms. As a child, I could not choose my wardrobe, so I decided to patiently wait. At 11 years old I discovered that many rock stars (at least in the '80s) dressed like that. I also liked rock, heavy metal in particular, so there you have it.

⁵ We will let our readers discover them by themselves

Some say that I live perpetually dressed up. It's true, I couldn't deny it. But I'm privileged enough to dressed up as what I'm: a rocker that writes science fiction and fantasy, living out of his writings. Is that a bad thing? Aren't some perpetually dressed up without anybody giving them hard time? I'm talking about "normal" people who work from 8 to 5 because they don't dare to pursue their dreams and non-standard hopes, since they are afraid of being judged and condemned.

Society values you for what you look like and how expensive your clothes are, shame on them! After all, they are not living with you. You are the only one living with yourself forever. So, why not doing whatever you feel? If people talk and criticize, so be it. Anyhow, they would gossip about anything.

Rockers in our days don't dressed like that and don't even have long hair... so what? I don't believe in fashion, an excuse for the big firms to force you to waste your money in new clothes when the ones you have since 5 or even 10 years ago are still wearable. If I were the last person dressing up like this in the planet, I wouldn't mind. I also wouldn't mind if everybody else decide to imitate my style (interesting basis for a short story, something called LA EPIDEMIA YOSS) I suppose this interview will include a picture, right? Let the readers be the judges. I don't believe I attract too much attention, though... at least in a heavy metal concert or in a fandom convention. In contrast with many rockers that work in banks during the day and wear their rock colors at night, I have fought to use them all the time. It's my decision and I would pay any price, if needed.

Revista Digital miNatura: You have finished 5 novels this year, which will be published. Can you share your discipline as a writer?

Yoss: *Well, that statement is not really true. I wrote 2 novels, one book of essays and articles, and an anthology of short stories about Conan, the Cimmerian, for which I have compared and reviewed translations and stories as well as written a foreword.*

It is not possible to write 5 novels in a year. I write fast and a lot but I'm not Philip K. Dick: I'm don't work high on amphetamines. The two books I already published in 2013 - CONDONAUTAS y SUPER EXTRA GRANDE- I finished in 2009 and 2010. I sent them both to the UPC award and the second won.

Even if it sounds strange, I'm a methodical guy. I have a routine: I write everyday, from Monday to Friday, after 1:00 pm, when I come back from the gym and I get a shower, get dressed, review my e-mails and eat lunch. I normally write until 6:30 pm (at least in summer) and then I go back to my exercises and I run 12 kms, at the waterfront of Habana, if it's not raining.

Sometimes I'm swamped –like with INGENIEROS Y JENIZAROS, a science fiction novel that I just finished in 45 days- and I keep on going into the night. Outside of my work, I go to the movies, read, go out with my girlfriend and socialize. The same on the weekends: I go dancing, to the beach, to the cinema. Man does not live by bread alone, and woman, even less.

As you see, I almost have a close working schedule and I'm my own boss. The advantage is that, if one day I don't feel like writing or I'm into reading a book, I don't have to work. But if I don't write, I don't get paid. The truth is I liked to work and, when I can't do it because I'm traveling out of Cuba for more than a month, I started to feel uncomfortable, like a frog out of the water or a drug addict in need for a dose. For better or worse, I have never experienced the writers' block: I've always have too many stories waiting to be told.

I really enjoy writing and they pay me well enough to live out of it, even if I don't have a steady salary every month... I can't complain. I'm a happy writer, an exception to the rule, I suppose. I don't suffer or torture myself, and creative inspiration and existential anguishes don't keep me up at night. I love what I do, like a fish loves to swim. Does the fish know that the water exists when is swimming through it? I guess it doesn't. To write, for me, is like to swim in the water of life: it's to live! And to live is absolute happiness.

Revista Digital miNatura: There are many urban legends about you (all malicious, of course). One of the most famous ones is about the day that you met Arnold Schwarzenegger⁶ in Habana and he asked you if you were José Miguel of **Timshel**. Is that true? Can you share with us another bizarre story like that one?

Yoss: *People always exaggerate! Well, that's the genesis of all urban legends, I suppose. I met Arnold in December 1996 at the UNEAC Habana headquarters. He didn't know who I was, of course, and we exchange few words. I didn't tell anyone until 2 or 3 years later... and then, I almost didn't believe it myself. I spoke to Conan! Or, at least, the most famous actor who played this character.*

Another bizarre story? In 2009 my mother broke her hip and I used to take her every day



⁶ He comes to Cuba since the XV Festival del Cine Latinoamericano (1993)

in a wheelchair to the nearest hospital for physical therapy. A photographer of the Cuban newspaper “Juventud Rebelde” saw us crossing the street and he must have been attracted by my rock-and-paramilitary appearance -camouflage pants, boots, long hair, tank top and spiky wristbands-, in contrast with my mother in a wheelchair with her cane and her handbag. A picture was published the following week and at least 30 people called or came over. They gave us 5 copies of the newspaper as a present. There are many ways to become famous!

Revista Digital miNatura: Did you ever regret *Aporías*...⁷?

Yoss: *Absolutely not. I’m not a Christian and I don’t believe in regretting. It’s not worth to cry for what it has been done. It doesn’t solve anything. I never agreed with the statement “Do wrong and then feel sorry, so you can commit sins again”. I think is false, hypocritical and an easy way out, like Catholicism in general. I don’t regret doing it but I feel sorry. There is a difference.*

I took a risk and I made a judgmental mistake. I paid for it, and I deserved to pay. The one who never takes risks, never losses or wins. I wouldn’t do it again, just because I already did it. If they warned me about all the fuss, I would have acted the same. I played to be a semi-god: my proposal was a socio-literary experiment, a non-fiction short story about a real person who I don’t know, even though I had a lot of information about her. All I wrote was true, as true as one can be in this, our subjective world. What I did not see directly, I was told by people I trusted. The girl thought I didn’t have the right to write about her. Maybe. Probably. But the key of the matter is that, once published, I could not do anything to stop it. Our privacy rights were longtime lost in a world of Security Agencies and Internet spying on citizens and camera TVs surveiling the streets. I was not the first one.

It’s sad, but we live in a society where people –with their rights and wishes- is not very much respected. The case surrounded APORÍAS showed that. I just wanted to exposed that and I think I succeeded. I didn’t have a personal vendetta against the girl, even though his resentful boyfriend still sends me threatening e-mails from Miami, without realizing that the best thing is to forget about it. To me, this incident is over and I want to believe the same applies to her. The ex-boyfriend should get over it too.

Revista Digital miNatura: When did you realize that you could live out of your writing?

Yoss: *I guess it was around 1995. Between 1993 and 1995 I wrote screenplays for Radio Cadena Habana and I worked as cultural promoter in CUJAE: literature was part of my income. From 1995 I can proudly say that it has been my only source of revenue.*

⁷ *Aporías de Ayalí*, an hyperrealist tale published by La Gazeta de Cuba

There have been good and bad years. Often times I had to tighten my belt and sometimes I could afford more expensive things like swords, costly books, etc.

But I'm still here, 18 years later, after I decided I wanted to be a professional writer. I support my mother and my home. I don't live lavishly, no trips to the Caribbean (wait! I live in the Caribbean), no car, no kids, no pets, no expensive shopping and no exotic restaurants every week... I wish. I also don't have a swimming pool in my back yard (I don't have a back yard) and I don't visit a new country every 3 months.

But I have something more valuable than all of that: I'm the only owner of my time. That means I can wake up whenever I want. Since 1993, I haven't written anything I didn't feel like writing. I hope I never have to do that.

Don't call me to write any more TV or cinema screenplays, even if they are based on my own novels. I've tried it, and I know that directors and assistants do their thing at the end. Let me write books. That, at least, is a deal between the editor and me.

Being an artist means that you have no official pension or retirement plan. That is a bad thing. Fortunately, one can live out of it all his life, at least while his brain works. I expect to live out of my writings (and novels, essays, anthologies, etc.) up to my 90s... If I don't suffer a brain stroke. After that, we will see...

Revista Digital miNatura: If you were not José Miguel “Yoss” Sánchez, who would you like to be?

Yoss: *Do you know Joaquín Sabina's song titled “La del pirata cojo”? “Which life would I have liked to live if I wasn't me?”*

I would have loved to be a citizen-soldier of ancient Sparta; a buccaneer of the XVIII century in the Caribbean. I dreamt of being not only a soldier but also of meeting Hemingway and Scott Fitzgerald in Paris. I would have loved to hang out in Nikola Tesla's lab when he invented the alternated current, his engines and generators; to accompany Captain Cook in his first trip to Polynesia; to spend years in a Shaolin temple learning wu shu; to study with Miyamoto Mushashi his fencing style; to learn with Bashō his inimitable haikus.

It sounds like I could only be happy with a time machine or being one of the Immortals. “Many lives” is a “long life”.

But Wells never revealed to me the secret of his time machine, and I'm not a highlander from the McLeod clan. If I wasn't a writer I would have been a rocker or an athlete. My dream as a child was to be part of a team of city landscapers that prune trees with their harnesses and boots... or follow my studies and become a biologist dedicated to preserve biodiversity in the Cuban archipelago.

I am sure I would always be an avid reader. Without reading, which is to dream in words, I cannot imagine life. That is also part of my desire to write. When I am into a book, I can always say that it's for research for a new project. Some people, even believe me.

Revista Digital miNatura: In the past (in a outburst of craziness) you talked about different literary mafias, is there a fantasy mafia in Cuba?

Yoss: *It wasn't an outburst, I really believe there was, is and will be literary mafias, in Cuba and everywhere. A fantasy mafia in Cuba? Interesting question... and compromising. If there was one, I could be one of the "padrinos"...*

In reality, it's not like that. Nobody has finished with cement shoes at the bottom of the river Almendares because somebody didn't like one of his books. But there are authors with influence, that's for sure. It's inevitable that opinions and taste of people -like me- with many published books in a particular literary area, would have a certain effect over more junior writers.

I don't deny it, and I even confess that I like to exert this influence: through the many times in which I've been member of the jury in national or regional literary awards; in the selection process of the anthologies I have worked on; in my published critics; in my observations in literary workshops where others read their texts; in live readings; in meetings with authors that visit me... I try to expand my ideas of how science fiction must be written. It's a difficult genre and, in order to cultivate it, the learning curve lasts a lifetime. I think I am in the early stages.

In my opinion, there is nothing wrong in thinking like this. J. W. Campbell, great editor from ASTOUNDING –one of the founders of the Golden Age of Science Fiction- influenced authors from the pages of his publications much more than from the short stories (some, very good stories like the one in which the later film "The thing" was based) he wrote.

But, one thing is to preach what you like and another is to censor what you don't. I differentiate between the aesthetic judgment and the aesthetic taste and I believe in a democratic literature. If I don't like something that somebody wrote, I can share my opinion but I will always defend his right to publish it. There are many kinds of fantasy and science fiction that I'm not interested in writing or reading. But does not mean that they are worse than the ones I like. Often times in many competitions in which I'm involved as a judge I have to reach a compromise between what I like and what I believe is good... I end up awarding what I consider is good, even if I don't like the topic or even the treatment.

Going back to the mafia metaphor, if I was Vito Corleone I would have not permitted Sollozzo to use my contacts in New York for his heroin business. But I would have never reported him to the police or prevent him from establishing his own network in the same city. The fact that I believe drugs are bad is one thing, and to impose my point of view to an entire city, is another. That's the difference between having an opinion and being a dictator. I don't have the soul of a dictator. Freedom, of course, has a price: responsibility when choosing. Like the Romans used to

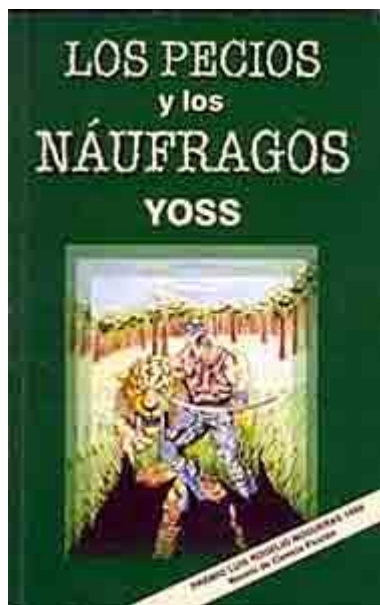
say: “Caveat emptor” (beware of the buyer). If people like romantic fantasy literature, like Stephanie Meyer’s works or books based in our myths or even full of poetry... good for them! Those are creative options totally acceptable. Those who write them, should not believe to be authorities over other people’s taste. They have not exclusivity over the right to decide what is really fantasy and how to write science fiction. I will always jump in to criticize their attitudes, never their works. Unfortunately, in Cuba there is a tradition of aesthetic discussions turning into personal accusations.

I’m not a resentful guy. I have discussed with Cuban fantasy authors about aesthetic criteria and we have agreed that, before anything, we are simply friends. That’s the way it should be: friends must be accepted with their defaults and virtues.

To conclude, yes, there are mafias in fantasy literature and, in a way, I’m part of the mediator court, which tries to control conflicts. Any conflict would be a big mistake: we are so few that to fight among us would be stupid.

Revista Digital miNatura: Many critics consider *TIMSHEL*⁸ as your Swan Song. Are you no longer the “white hope” of Cuban science fiction?

Yoss: *Good question, and very provoking one. Never try to provoke a provocateur. Be careful what you wish for! Here I go! I don’t know whose critics are those, but considering that TIMSHEL was my first book, why call it a Swan Song? Unfortunate expression, swans only sing when they are going to die. It would mean that anything that I wrote afterwards was no up to the task. And that book was a collection of adolescent short stories that I wrote when I was 17 or 18 years old.*



It’s an ungenerous judgment that denies what I became afterwards: a reality in Cuban fantasy. I’m megalomaniac and narcissist, I don’t deny it, but my status is been confirmed by others critics, in Cuba and elsewhere. It is revealed through my long list of published works in Spanish and other languages, inside and outside the island. Anybody can read about it in Internet and even Wikipedia. After TIMSHEL I have published 21 more books, excluding 5 anthologies in which I participated entirely or partially. 27 books in total. Then, more than one book per year since 1989 and 13 of them related to fantasy.

There has been novels translated to different languages like SE ALQUILA UN PLANETA, published in Spanish and French and

⁸ Published by Unión de Escritores y Artistas de Cuba (1989) and David de Ciencia Ficción 1988 award.

next year in Italian and English. Some of my short stories books have appeared in other countries, like INTERFERENCES, published directly in French. I wrote novels in my youth, full of mistakes, that I would re-write today if I could, ashamed of them even though they became so popular, like LOS PECIOS Y LOS NAUFRAGOS (2000). I have won Cuban awards (Calendario y la Edad de Oro), international ones (Domingo Santos, UPC and Julia Verlanger Awards... a honorable mention in the Alejandro Magno Award)

My short stories have been published in many magazines, not only Axxón or miNatura, but also in French, Japanese, Bulgarian, Chinese and Russian ones –both in paper and digitally-. I also contributed with my texts in some anthologies of Spanish science fiction. I'm interested in non-fiction, as well. I recently published LA QUINTA DIMENSION DE LA LITERATURA containing 10 years worth of my articles and essays about Cuban and International science fiction. I wish I could fill up a bit the emptiness of theoretic literature about the genre in Cuba. I'm preparing a book for 2014 -150% CF- a reading guide with 150 reviews of novels and reference to equal number of key authors.

I'm not only interested in science fiction. I have published LEYENDAS DE LOS CINCO REINOS, an epic fantasy book (sub-genre long time forgotten in Cuba, except for Michel Encinosa, Sigrid Victoria Dueñas and a handful of dreamer authors). There is also LAS QUIMERAS NO EXISTEN, a small book with 4 fantasy stories.

I am not the “white hope” of Cuban fantasy? Of course not. I don't agree that authors are young promises until they become sacred cows. I'm not a young hope anymore, white, black or any color. And I'm not “young” either: I'm a confirmed reality.

Revista Digital miNatura: *You are not a typical Cuban: you don't smoke, drink or do drugs. You love sports and bodybuilding. What can you tell from that part of your life?*

Yoss: *First, I want to clarify that I'm not following any religious or dietetic fundamentalism. I'm not vegetarian and I don't believe in God, Alá or Shiva. Cigarettes and alcohol never taste good to me and I never felt the need to drink or smoke to prove my manhood (hard challenge to prove myself when I was told that real men did those things). Well, there are many men in prison and I have never been in one... except for book presentations or readings among prisoners.*

I pity the man who's virility is subject to certain parameters, set up by others. Real men smoke, drink alcohol, and wear short hair and beat women? If that's the case, I don't want to be part of them... Considering the enormous amount of atrocities done by those real men, I have no interest in participating in their dealings.

Drugs, simply, don't interest me. Altered states of consciousness? I have spend all my life trying to cultivate my memory and perception. Then, how am I going to consume a substance that diminishes my self-control? Absurd!

Regarding sports and bodybuilding... even if I'm an atheist, I can say without exaggerating that my body is my temple. Being a writer is not only a lonely business (not always, at least in Cuba) but also a very sedentary one. I intend to write until reaching my 90s, at least, so exercising is part of my investment. It works until now: I'm 44 years old and nothing hurts in my body, even though I have 18 fractures in my skeleton... evidence of an adventurous and troublemaker youth, I must confess. I want to continue like this until my death. One is never too old to play sports. I have a broad back, I do 6 series of prom-press and 30 of weights. So I don't look like a writer because I don't use glasses, smoke in pipe, be overweight or walk hunched down. People should change their idea of what a writer looks like. After all, Hemingway practiced boxing, didn't he?

Revista Digital miNatura: Cuban fantasy is in general a men's land? What do you think about hard science fiction women writers?

Yoss: *Historically, many more men than women have cultivated literature. It's a sad truth, inside and outside Cuba. Historical machismo had and still has a heavy weight in our culture. But, right now, there are many female voices that are doing great things in Cuban fantasy. I already mentioned Sigrid, but there is also Gina Picart, a renowned author, with EL DRUIDA; MALEVOLGIA; HISTORIAS CELTAS; LA CASA DEL ALIBI and other published books and awards; Elaine Vilar Madruga, recent winner of the Calendario de CF award (I was one of the members of the jury) with her not yet published tale-novel SALOMÉ, coming in 2014; Anabel Enríquez, already has published a short story book NADA QUE DECLARAR, is preparing another one and a book of essays about science fiction in films. They are not a lot, but enough to exceed the sad category of "exemptions to the rule". I believe that in the next few years there will come out new female authors, like Daína Chaviano, Chely Lima, Ileana Vicente and others.*

In relation with the second part of your question, why they are not women in hard science fiction? Honestly, I have to say that –apart from C. J. Cherryh- I don't know any other female writer who could be placed in this category. I really liked the Chanur saga, but neither CYTEEN nor ESTACIÓN DOWNBELOW or RIMRUNNERS are any of my favorites. It's not an aphorism, just a matter of taste.

There are other female authors that use "hard" elements in their novels. It's one of the current tendencies, like dignifying the space opera, the genre mix. Lois McMaster Bujolds does it in the Vorkosigan series; Joan de Vinge did it in LOS PROSCRITOS DEL CINTURÓN DEL CIELO and in her two-book series LA REINA DE LA NIEVE Y LA REINA DEL VERANO. And Catherine Asaro, even though uses quantum physics knowledge in her book series, does not really write hard science fiction (if I don't say it, nobody would notice) but, does it really matter? Categories are no that important, quality is... in any genre.

Revista Digital miNatura: Which science fiction author do you hate the most?

Yoss: *You'll be surprised: Philip K. Dick. Or, at least, the Philip K. Dick that many adore. Why? First of all, because he was able to write undeniably wonderful things like The Man in the High Castle, Ubik or Eye in the Sky, but the majority of his novels were sloppy and chaotic, based on existentialist paranoia... and little more than that. In my opinion, he was better storyteller than novel writer. I have nothing against New Wave and the exploration of interior spaces. I like works from those years and I think the movement brought interesting considerations into the literary vision of the genre.*

I believe that, for Dick, the worst was to die so young. A fierce cloud of copycats surrounded him, what Miquel Barceló called sarcastically "Dickian folly": they took him as a prophet. They maintain that he sensed the untruth around us, that he foresaw Internet and virtual reality. Dick did not have great knowledge about science and technology and in his best novels he smartly maneuvered to cover up for it. In most of them, the least accomplished, he can't deceived anyone.

I need to clarify: his exploration of human fears is acceptable, but some praise him as the only true science fiction. What happens is that they are full of humanistic culture but empty of technological knowledge, they are nerds but no geeks, and they are incapable of understanding something else. That's why they shout: "Grapes are green;" and tear their hair.

Revista Digital miNatura: Poe wrote in a letter to James Russell Lowell⁹: "My life has been whim — impulse — passion — a longing for solitude — a scorn of all things present, in an earnest desire for the future". What is your dream as a writer?

Yoss: *As Robert Silverberg said, I think "to remain between the achievements of Daniel Keyes and Isaac Asimov". What I mean is that I don't want to publish only a couple of significant books or 400 of doubtful quality but 40 or 50 novels, at most. Some will be better than others, but all will be enjoyable to read. I hope I can give 3 or 4 good punches. Like Edison, I believe in inspiration and genius... but I just hope to surprise. I would not spend 5 years reviewing a novel to make it perfect. I'm not that obsessive, but I would not write 5 books in a year. One every six months is enough for me. I'm not that sloppy, and I don't believe my time is up either... I just think I will reach my 90th birthday. If from each 5 stories, I finish a good one and the rest are ok... I'll be happy.*

Revista Digital miNatura: We always end up asking about future plans of advice for the new wave of writers (you can say something about it, if you wish) , but miNatura really wants to ask you: is there anything that you have never reveal to any interviewer before?

⁹ Poeta, crítico, editor y diplomático estadounidense.

Yoss: *What? Let me think about it... well, when I was little, I was ambidextrous, but my grandma told me that people don't like others who are more skillful and that I had to choose to be left or right handed. Like a good westerner, I learnt to write right-handed, but there are many things that I do more naturally left-handed: to pick up the phone, to throw punches when I box and so forth. Curiously, I can brush my teeth with either hands, no problem. My right hand is for works of precision and the left one has more strength. Sometimes I regret it: I should have been more stubborn as a child and have imposed my capacity.*

To conclude this encounter, here you have few quick questions:

Star Wars or Disney?

But, aren't they the same? Has not Lucas sold everything to the Mouse Corporation? By the way, I hope that this does not mean that we will have another trilogy...

Fast food or homemade food?

Neither one: exotic food. The most exotic possible. Russian, Chinese, Korean... I love sushi, Mexican seasoning and Hindu spicy food. I'm lucky to have a girlfriend who is an ace in the kitchen and she is very quick cooking. A writer who lives out of his tales cannot afford to go to so many restaurants. And, in Cuba, there is no many to choose from, either.

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

Only one option? Well... How about Snake Plisskin, the main character of the film Escape from L.A., performed by Kurt Russell. But preferably, with both eyes.

Can you tell as the worst book you ever read?

You mean, that I finished, didn't you? Because there have been so many that I left before finishing... What a question! Probably EXPEDICION UNION TIERRA, a science fiction novel by a Cuban author Richard Clenton Leonard. And the worse thing is that I have read it few times... and every single one I discover new mistakes. It's almost a Bible for how not to write science fiction.

And the best book you ever read?

I sincerely don't know what to answer. Any evaluation would be subjective, so I would have to mention 3 of the ones that I liked the most and I thought were well written: "The Stars my Destination" by Alfred Bester ("Tigre, Tigre" in Spanish); "Flowers for Algernon" by Daniel Keyes and one that is not in the genre: "Conversation in the Cathedral" by Mario Vargas Llosa. Those three taught me how to write, and I think there were created in state of grace.

Which type of music you like to listen?

Obviously, a lot of heavy metal. My favorite band is Manowar, but I also like Aerosmith, Iron Maiden, Queensrÿche y Megadeth. I also listen to opera and classical music: I like Wagner as much as Berlioz, although Bach (Johan Sebastian, the old one) is my all time favorite.

3D cinema, yes or not?

Of course, yes. Long live to hyperrealism and technologies that make it come true. And now even more, that we can have it in our homes. I have seen pirated 3D films in Internet.

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

Brother, would you believe if I told you that I often ask myself this before falling asleep? I really have thought about it... and I conclude that the best super-power of them all would be to go back in time infinite times, each time to rectify something. That would mean that your life would be like a text you are writing in a computer, never something final. If your enemies win over you, you go back and you defeat them. If somebody you love dies, you go back and prevent it. It would not be easy; you would have to take into account the Butterfly effect, quantum inertia and so forth. But it's worth the dream, isn't it?

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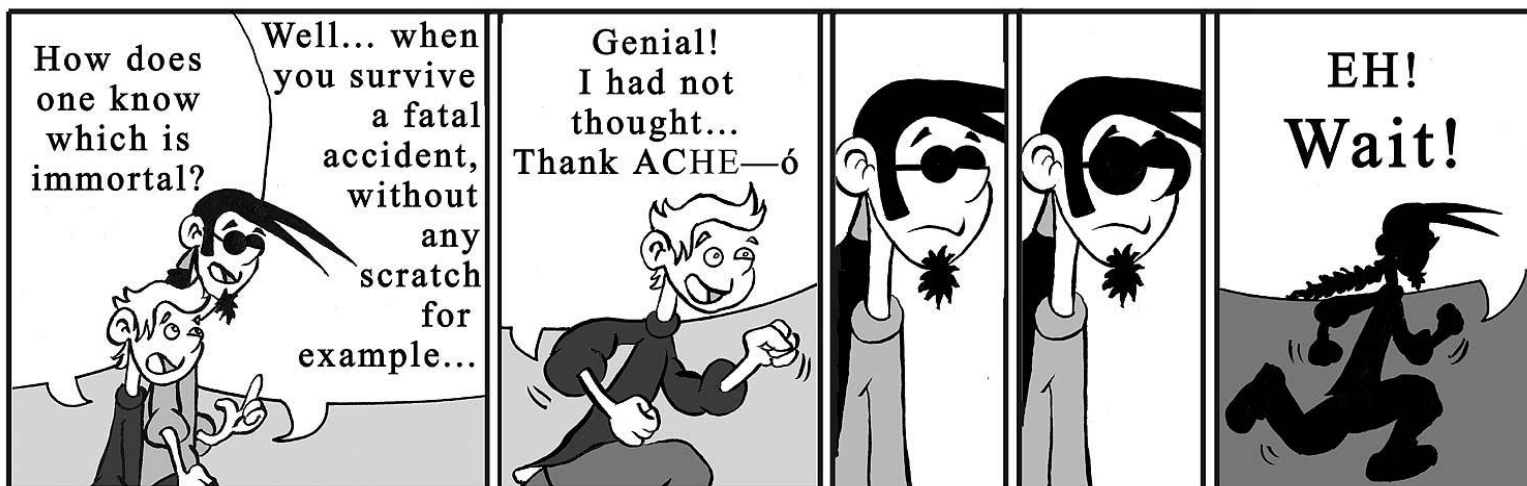
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The joy of battle

The children hack each other with blade, mace and axe, the whole armory. There's brains on the floor, gory stumps, guts spilled, spurts of blood. Frenzied by combat, they forget sides and slip into an "everybody against everybody" melee. Nevertheless there's no victor, for the host's mother arrives with a snack plate and they all run or crawl in her direction. The mother raises the plate and advises that they will eat only after all body parts are reattached and all wounds regenerated.

Juan Pablo Noroña Lamas (Cuba)

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At first it was just a hornless head with a protruding jaw and a sharp line of teeth. A single enclosing pencil stroke defined a large body that made no pretense of beauty. Then I drew the legs, numerous and fast. Once those were done, I tested them with a short gallop, a rehearsal for and prelude to the long journey that would carry me toward strange territories where erasers still hadn't been invented,



toward a definitive immortality.

Ana María Shua (Argentina)

Therapy

Physician reported him about treatment outcome. It had achieved many DNA segments blockage, which encoded many diseases. But in some sections inhibition failed.

Thereafter he was immortal, but he would continue aging at the same rate as before.

Ricardo Manzanaro (Spain)

The tree of immortality

"Death put an end to a single live, but not

to the life as a manifestation", repeated to himself times after times the wizard Mēlatrak, just few seconds before to start the ritual. Planet Earth was billions of light years away from his place; and even worse, it doesn't existed any more in the memory of the human's alien descendants in that mind-blowing future. But the wizard knew it kept the most precious object in the universe: The Tree of Life —that still sunk its roots into that point of

space-time where Immortality dwells: The

¹⁰ Translated by Steven J. Stewart

Garden of Eden. For, no matter how advanced his civilization could be, its mastery of the death was as false as its artificial immortality: he needed the original, not its copies. Time and death don't make any difference between the earthly past and the cosmic future. That's the reason why he decided to travel to The Garden of Eden: to eat the forbidden fruit.

He focused all his power on the ancient geometry figure of Metraton's Cube, which symbolized the Tree of Life. He kept himself in that state till the visualization of the 13 circles and the lines that interconnected each of its centers, turned into a three dimensional figure of a crystalline nature; within which the disintegrated atoms of his body drowned till they melted with the prismatic gleams burning in its core: the time's winds — blowing inside the crystal's hiperdimensional structure toward their own Nothingness.

Mēlatrak felt himself fall down like a drop of nectar from one of the fruits of the Tree of Life... Of immortality. He knew that his being completed the route of the divine alchemy from its root till its fruit. He was a new sprout, immortal like the gods! He saw its beautiful trunk, shaped like a violet DNA double helix and its foliage, made out of bright filaments that never go beyond the red band of the spectrum. But he didn't see any fruit. He turned toward the garden. Amazed, he saw that there weren't animals or plants, only thousands of versions of himself, tuned with the temporal point of their own lives. He was immortal because he wasn't connected to any time, but he was it to all spaces —and there the death dwells; it would accompany him in his immortality disguised with the versions of himself.

Odilius Vlak (Dominican Republic)

This way it has always been...

I feel boring. Today it will be one day just as all the previous ones, right now I always do that thing about: to travel between these dark and cold walls; I recognize every spider's web that adorns my humble residence, the precise moment in which the same rat will cross in my way. I know about memory the echo of my steps resounding on these old stones, so you age like I.

I approach already the dungeon in which I am waited by my faithful servant — also the same one since I have memory, since I am what I am—, guarding the beautiful elixir that soon will lengthen one more day my eternity. Plunged in the shades I observe the beautiful woman that gagged waiting, ready for me, with the eyes steamed up by the terror. I know that when I approached her and he sees his palpitating neck I will not be able to avoid to turn into the beast that really I am, in spite of his shrieks. That's why, because my real condition sickens me, I prefer keeping on imagining that I am a human common and current being, the worth Count of my community. Sometimes it turns out to be exhausting; after all, I know what will come later and to another day, when I cover my castle again, concentrate in looking for the way of correcting my "shortcomings".

This way it has always been and this way it will keep on being day by day ... for the whole eternity.

Patricia K. Olivera (Uruguay)

Immortal crab

—Are you thinking on crab's immortality?
—the father said.

—I was not, I was watching that little
colored spider —the girl said.

—I see.

—What does crab's immortality means?

—The crabs do not have awareness of
themselves, so, they do not know about dead,
I mean, they are immortal.

—Poor.

—I don't think so, think; if you don't have
awareness you can't know the end or even
the beginning, is that bad?

—If they know it?

—Then they should plan, plan like us.

The girl grew up and became a scientist
researcher on the greatest computer on earth:
Cogitatio Abyssum. The father on
engineering died last week, she remembered
about it while she was writing information on
Cogitatio Abyssum of new exoplanets on the
Crab Nebula also she remembered the
conversation with her father too many years
ago. Happy and joking asked to Cogitatio
Abyssum:

—Are you thinking on crab's immortality?

Cogitatio Abyssum process the question in
amazing time: 3×10^{-24} seconds, the
computer had a calculation power like
yottaFLOPS, Cogitatio Abyssum had a
perfect answer.

—Yes —said—, I am mortal and I have to
plan...

Sergio Fabián Salinas Sixtos (Mexico)

Immanence

There had never been a death more foretold

Gabriel García Márquez, *Chronicle of a
Death Foretold*.

"It will be a new success," says excited
while reading on the computer screen the
words picked up by electrodes directly from
his brain.

It took a long time to discover his true
calling. Finally, at twenty five, he was
certain: he would become a writer. His coffin
could not dissuade him, he considers himself
a strong man of great determination.
Naturally, he has no experience of the world:
he has grown inside his box, oblivious to
external reality. This will not be an
impediment. Did not Jules Verne describe
places never seen? Moreover, the times
become his ally: now literature advocates an
introspection that often borders on
masturbation. And he, in his cramped "living
death", has plenty of time to think.

The editor seems satisfied; his books are
selling like hot cakes. Having found the
formula, he writes one after another as
someone who, indeed, extracts uniform
dough out of a too handled pastry bag.

He is proud: he has achieved his dream. But
nightmares return every night. The hurricane
removes the fragile walls of his house;
effortlessly it snatches his coffin, like
lightweight pyjamas, away from him. The
pages of his novels fly away leaving an
unmistakable trace of rotten stench, of high

meat. And he, naked and defenceless, is dragged by a multitude of ravenous ants. Although he is not exactly as he himself but a malformed foetus with curly pig tail, a freak result of too much consanguinity and inbreeding. Those who encouraged him before, flee now covering his nose with their handkerchiefs.

He should be satisfied: He has achieved his dream... But he suspects that, unlike the great authors, who were survived by their works, he, supposedly immortal, will see the disappearance of their own children. Maybe it has been an illusion. Maybe he is definitely and truly dead; entirely dead; dead as an ordinary corpse, as an unremarkable one. Perhaps typhoid fever really took him away when he was seven years old. Maybe he has begun to rot, slowly but surely, inside.

Salomé Guadalupe Ingelmo (Spain)

The Errant

The Errant was clear with me: there is nothing in the realms of Ulther with a higher cost than retrieving from the Ebseloth a wandering spirit.

–You’ll get what you wish, but not even my eyes, which are able to see beyond what you mortals can see, can glimpse into the consequences of your acts –she told me, staring at me with those glassy white eyes–, Ragh will not ignore the outrage and you’ll suffer his rage.

I didn’t listen to her. My blackened heart just craved for Breil’s return to our home. Since he left to protect our land from the threat of the Bergoth, my life stood still. The day they brought me his medallion I lost my mind.

Carefully, I walked into the woods. I shed my blood into the sacred circle and I pronounced the forbidden words. A tremble shook the treetops and a bellow arose from the deeps of the Ebseloth, terrorizing me.

–Your mortal will walk again in the living’s world, but he’ll never share your bed again. And you, damned woman, You’ll see the destruction of Ulther and your beloved ones –exclaimed Ragh and an incandescent glint made me fell unconscious.

When I woke up, right in front of me, there was laying a newborn boy wearing Breil’s medallion around his neck. I couldn’t believe my eyes. Desperate, I left the boy at the gates of Ulther, took the locket and ran away.

Ragh left me empty, but he was just starting punishing me. He showed all his wrath when I saw my ghastly reflection in the riverside: a glassy white sight was staring at me showing me my real sentence. My eyes would remain open forever.

Finally, after seeing millions of moons and seasons, the day has arrived when the poured blood of the last son of Breil witness the end of Ulther. They rest all in the Ebseloth. All but me, the Errant.

María José Madarnás (Venezuela)

Birth, life, death?

It felt fear when being born, alone, small, abandoned to their luck. Why he had to be this way; he wondered while he/she moved with difficulty. Meter advanced to meter attempting not to be noticed; but at the same time he/she understood that he should feed and it stops that he/she took as much as he/she found to their step.

Little by little it was feeling stronger, and already without fear it profiled their own road. In many places they tried to stop it, to fraction it, to deviate it of their destination; but they never got it; on the contrary their forces increased. He knew others that fought for not stopping to exist as him; he/she saw die to several and to other it welcomed them in their inexhaustible course.

Toward where he went, they asked him; and alone he hit upon to say:

—I feel infinite, immortal. Let us continue together —, and this way, adding allies, trip continued.

One day found something very big and family at the same time. Truly infinite and immortal that separated it immediately of all the friends. The ocean had absorbed them.

He never thought that small and shy spring, the day that he saw the light that would end up being so immense; and then he felt immortal in fact.

Undoubtedly it didn't imagine that in seconds that great fishbowl would explode, when several fires springs in its interior they collided, and everything would become microscopic part of the infinite Universe.

Omar Martínez (Cuba)

The west

Cold behind me. A blanket breath the words, as every setting, I say "hands as weapons, action and revenge." I close my fists, I affirm the thighs against the saddle. The cold comes to my body.

In the apartment next door, barking the Pekingese. In heaven, strokes and blend orange fall where the sun is gone already.

Slam, echoes of footsteps down the stairs.

On the street, the sky reserve a line on the horizon, the orange curved line of the last blink of the day. I face the walkers, I power, I will not hear the gasp or look into the eyes. I leave the tumult among the people get confused. The eyes go blind if surprised terror.

The soles hit, upstairs. Slam.

The Pekingese angry neighbor.

I lie on the chair. Tense the body. The cold comes out of my body, settles my breath back and get those words "I'm home, in their deaths."

The cold shrinks until it disappears behind me. I stand. I go to the window. On the street, people of piles. The cries of aid spit my face. In the distance, sirens and burst, blue and red flashes.

The Pekingese and does not bark. Flavor calm.

I return to my chair. Outside, the night soothes the flashes of the city. He spent time in the west. A new body, the eternal fee.

Juan Guinot (Argentina)

Dangerous Liaisons

That night at the royal palace met noblemen. The young Dorian Gray was invited to perform at his new royal status. All those present raised his glass, Dorian's mentor was Count Rackozy but the host made a presentation.

- One moment gentlemen, tonight I have a guest of honor the Count Dracula.

The nobles looked at each other, being pale and dark and gloomy outfit was the walking dead. The newcomer sat down and looked at Dorian Gray, took a rose cut and pointing it at the upstart.

- You are like this beautiful flower in a few days wither her beauty.

The young man opened his mouth, a terror in his face. Dorian Gray was beautiful, a boy of angelic face, her beauty would fade with old age. Count Dracula was talking to him and all the guests.

- I know the secret of immortality, if you want you, will always be an immortal beauty. The proposal extends to those present.

He finished the evening, the Count gave the beautiful pink to young Dorian. Walked down the street with his friend Rackozy, this warning him.

- Son's Dangerous Liaisons.

Time passed and in horror saw Gray withered rose, ran to the mansion of Count Dracula to ask for immortality, without notice fangs buried him in the neck.

- You feel like burning your veins, the poison from the curse of the vampire.

On the ground the boy was suffering, reaching the mentor, Count Rackozy to help. Dracula spoke before retiring.

-Saint Germain for your selfishness not to reveal the secret of eternal youth condemned this young man.

Tomás Pacheco Estrada (Mexico)

Perpetual Time

We don't know why my great-grandfather's mother has survived all these years, lying on a bed. She've suffered a lot; she've seen her sons and grandchilds decease. We couldn't understand it until one of my mommy's girlfriends talked to her about things old people do to last longer. She doesn't want to die. Some people says she's a witch, that she goes out during the night and sip children's blood to keep herself alive. I don't believe it. She doesn't even has the strength to go to the bathroom. She almost has no hair and those few ones that still hang in there are white. People are always telling things about her. Kids from school said to me that she's a monster and I'm like her. I yell, fight with those ignorant that doesn't know my grandpa's grandmother it's just too old.

Once in a while I see her, she looks at me, sometimes I think she can see me because she smiles, but my daddy says she's blind. When I go to her bedroom, I look into her eyes. They are not like mommy's, her eyes are white. Mommy tells me eyes get like that when we can't see anything. One night I heard my daddy talking to mommy's girlfriend. She gave him a medicine to make my great-grandpa's grandmother settle down. I found out my great-grandpa was there too. He was listening and had a really sad face. They were speaking very low and the kept saying that word, something that she has inside her, I couldn't hear it very well. I got a little bit closer and finally I could hear it clearly: "Resguardo". I didn't understand what was that thing and I wouldn't ask either because mommy yells at me if I interrupt adult's conversations.

I came back to see her and she wasn't here anymore. I asked mommy and she couldn't explain to me. Daddy told me she went away, that she was missing. It was very surprising for me. First, I thought she was dead, but then I realized it wasn't possible because no funeral has been made, and if it would had one, I would have to be there.

Vicente Arturo Pichardo (Dominican Republic)

False dilemma

Immortality! ... And tolerate traffic jams, mothers-in-law, other's body stinks, homework, physical and mental illnesses, sentimental rejections, working hours, shit glued to shoe soles, premature ejaculation or frigidity for all eternity? I'll pass.

Cristina Jurado (Spain)

Kullassina-bel

From the depths of time comes the legend of Kullassina-bel, eminent warrior that, after the Flood, met a powerful army and bowed to his will an immense territory, who ruled with strong hand from the city of Kish.

His ferocity and vigor so impressed to the goddess Inanna, that she convinced the Assembly of the Gods to receive in audience and grant him the title of king. At the meeting, the divine Ningirsu, jealous,

challenged to the human to single combat, promising that if he won he can ask any gift.

To generally surprise, the human defeated him. Then, Kullassina-bel, conceited, asked to the Father of the Gods the immortality. A gift that, after laughing for a while, he granted.

He discovered the reason for the laughter several years later, when gray hair and wrinkles invaded his hair and skin, and old age took hold in his body, weakening his muscles and breaking his bones.

An eternity later, under the watchful eyes of the gods, the last fragment of his body finally was destroyed, leaving free his overwhelmed spirit.

Yunieski Betancourt Dipotet (Cuba)

Tropism toward imaginary beings¹¹

As he concluded the presentation on his new methodology to erase and replace human memories and, in the process advance the way into immortality, Professor Long, founder of the Immortal Humans movement distinguished a woman in the crowd dressed

in red and staring at him with millennia-distant eyes. He quickly approached her.

¹¹ Translated by N. Beredjiklian.



The stranger went on to inform him she held a point of view quite contrary to his dissertation topic. Much intrigued, Long invited her to a drink. At the bar she spoke out: "Professor, what do you think about the possibility that the true immortals are, in fact the human beings themselves, blessed with "eternal death" and in possession of the privilege and ability to forget it all? Don't you think "forever" is a long time? As you know, and on this plane, immortals have been around since times immemorial. "Who are you referring to?" he asked resisting to grasp her meaning despite having noticed the cold breath that emanated from her companion. "Vampires do not exist," he finally said with a coarse voice. She took his hand and put it on her cheek. "Oh, I see, Professor, you'd rather see us confined to the myths and the shadows. Be aware, although we're no longer human, we do have a soul and are capable of destroying humanity. So you'll ask: What prevents you? Well, one of the many memories inherited through the vital fluid. Luciano, the fallen angel who decreed we did not make humans the total victims of our hunger." Finishing up his drink he babbled: "Fine, but I imagine at one point you were human like me." The woman nodded and smiled. "And now it's your active cadaver nature what lives on through thousand-year old memories. That's precisely what I propose," Long pointed out. She gave him a strange look. "No, in this episode you distribute tricks and deceptions all packaged in dubious eternal lives, but don't fret, you'll become immensely rich and will live off memories that don't belong to you which in time will abandon you. We, on the other hand are destined to remember and for all times that humans are our food. Damn! I'm very sorry, Professor. I must go.

I'm expected at dinner, do you see?"

Perplexed, Long observed how a sudden gust of wind opened the window and she disappeared into darkness.

Violeta Balián (Argentina)

Agapi

A nail embedded in the center of his right hand woke him. He was in the Nothing. He began to wonder who had created, not expecting answers. Shedding this annoyance, began beating the nail. This came out small figures like him, to which he paid no attention.

After two millennia, sitting looking at the hole in his hand, wanted to disappear and not feel that was. But a nail had given him immortality, he had not asked. Angry recovered the forgotten figures, the move, shouted and threw a Whole, giving immortality also The Homo, which neither had asked.

Mary Cruz Paniagua Suero (Republic Dominican)

Immortality

I walked with mankind since the dawn of civilization to the zenith of their great empires. I have seen the greatness and misery, and have known the essence of evil men, women and children digging their own graves, walking through deserts of salt, packed into cattle cars, swimming with hands tied dyed rivers of blood ...

Today, nothing remains. The best of the deaths has exterminated the human race, and I could not help it.

First, a nuclear warhead, then the answer, then the answer to so. It does not matter to know who started this holocaust, that this planet has left no survivors, but me ...

Nobody wanted to listen to my commands. What was my mistake? To love too much to these beings, created in my image?

Now, it's too late and I'm tired to create another world ...

Note face my guilt, condemning me to the solitude of my own immortality.

Jaime Magnan Alabarce (Chile)

Almost immortal

The sorcerer looked at the elixir: the immortality kept inside that tiny vessel, just at the reach of his hand. He was leaned back, sat on a small stool, with his eyes fixed on that golden bottle, inside it, dancing corpuscles were painted with the iridescent of the first daybreak light.

With one swallow his renaissance would come, and instant of pain in exchange for eternity, so easy to do for the half-life that he had been given in order to possess that thing. One step forward and he would become in that legendary living thing whose mission could challenge the order of the universe, denying to accomplished its cursed cycle. That amber object, keeper of the most precious gifts, would be his reward for the spells that caused the weakness of his body, for those nights of insomnia, drawing runes until it was no doubt about the perfection of every little line. To drink it would be the door to become perpetual like time, his body would stop his damage and he would testify such wonders but also terrible curses. He would be witness of the last sun's dying light

ending its cycle. One taste and he would have all the answers for no mere sickness, or pain or hunger, with that everlasting metamorphosis, he would become pure intellect, beneath a non-perishable shell.

The threads of a sleepy sun strained through the windows colored with orange and ochre all over the place, too weak to revive the glow of the magic container. And yet, the sorcerer being its faithful guard, still there. His tired eyes would have the fervour of the youth, but his impulse of that faraway adventure, diminished with every instant. He continues there, stock-still with the immortality at the reach of his hands.

Julieta Moreyra García (Mexico)

Russian Roulette

The first condition of immortality is death.

Stanislaw Jerzy Lec (1909-1966)

Today decides to leave ravenous forced him to it. There is nothing in the kitchen cupboards is to blame the faulty machine that increasingly controls less. It has been crossed with Dona Soledad down the stairs. Sometimes she behaves like she does not recognize and that I have known forever. Luckily found in the portal to Roberto, the eavesdropper. Roberto is the gossip, he told the defeat against France in the World Cup 84, the team won the world in 2008, the terrorist attacks on New York, London and Madrid, the demolition of the gates of Gibraltar 2017, the death of the daughter of Soledad victim of abuse and gas outburst in the third that almost cost them their lives at all. Roberto is a good man who has attained the age of eighty.

He has returned to walk the city streets.
Find silhouettes and familiar faces before
locking again in that time Russian roulette.
Robert has held the door with his cane.

-So long, my friend says. And says goodbye
knowing that he will never see.

He comes home and food stuffs before
closure.

The deep sleep that will keep artificially
suspended for no one knows how many years
is about to invade, each time has been
increased rest period. An hour, a day or two,
maybe years: ten, twenty, a hundred, maybe
thousands. There is no log that can decrypt
variable that infernal machine. Curse the
time when his illness was diagnosed. Live
prey to a degenerative immortality.

Again awake. Uncover a carafe of water,
has a strange taste. Know what I will find.
His face is swollen, a fever arises from his
mouth and entire runs. From the window
shows a glow of clarity that pervades all
space and too quiet. Something happens. No
one else, alone. Life in drabs and you run
like cardboard will become ashes beside this
planet warm by the sun consumes its last
breath. Try to stay awake, I like him wish to
witness his death.

Carmen Rosa Signes Urrea (Spain)

Lucy in the sky with diamonds

The phone was a dream killer, an angel of
mercy. Was the Marines coming to the
rescue in the nick of time, and a coward just
waiting for a moment's distraction to kick
him down and empty his pockets of all hope,
steal his illusions. Mr. Anderson ignored the

call, and silently prayed that she likewise
ignored him.

He turned his back to the phone, and the
phone saw its chance to strike.

"Hank?" his lawyer rasped. "The Supreme
Court just issued its ruling." Mr. Anderson
braced for the next words to come, the words
he had to hear, yet he didn't want to hear.
"There's nothing we can do, Hank."

"But--but--we're expecting a baby, Bill!
They just can't take Lucy from me!"

"I'm so sorry, Hank."

"Isn't there--isn't there a fine we could pay,
anything, instead? I--I could go to jail, yes,
go to jail," Mr. Anderson strove to break out
a hope, blow it like a balloon, wield it as a
shield, "they could take me, leave her alone--
"

"Hank, they do have a repossession order.
They could be there any moment now."

"No!!!!" Mr. Anderson cried. "Not our
fault! Not fair!"

"Sure ain't, Hank. But the judges granted
MyDreamGirl, Inc. the patent for Lucy's
personality, and those people don't want any
pirated copies around. Darling Valentine will
give you your money back, plus some for
damages--"

Lucy mine, Anderson thought, I'll never be
able to pay those prices. Lucy would be gone
forever, and Lucy would stay forever. Lucy
the lover of books all and classic music
would go, Lucy the ignoramus with the
gutter mind would stay.

I could try bribing her again for another
implant, even if it isn't Lucy. Another

diamond ring, maybe? But how on Earth could I ever pay for—

Ricardo L. García Fumero (Cuba)

Parmenides' surrender

Life is just death postponed

Arthur Schopenhauer, *The World as Will and Representation*.

As with all those things that gradually happen to us, it was difficult to get a perspective, even for me. I'd been coarsened by the burdens of History. For starters, dogs avoided me; worse, they showed me their teeth. And when one afternoon I took two of my surrogate nephews to the Zoo, the animals literally went crazy, raised their snouts and hid, scared. Let me give you another example. I was never a good dancer. But sometimes, when loneliness overcomes me, I go the milongas. I am not charming, not at all, but I possess enough existential resources to sweet some ears and get the vague company of a one-night stand. Except that suddenly, nobody wanted to dance with me anymore and refused to be near me. Finally, I was invited to leave. I thought at first I suffered from some type of allergy to deodorants or something like that. My physician examined me, curious; like all of his predecessors, he has always boasted of having a patient who doesn't get sick, ever and is not affected at all by the passing of time. The tests and screenings did not reveal a disease however, something was quite wrong. The awful stench started to grow. At first, it smelled like dead flowers or old cheese; later on and particularly now, like graveyard perfume. The usual suspects were a hormonal disorder, an invisible bacteria and magnesium or zinc deficiencies. Finally,

when all of the physical causes were exhausted they invoked a nebulous emotional stress. Prescriptions and liniments are useless; I stink like a coffin busted by the industrious vapors of death. Oh, Death, my elusive partner since I was wounded at the Battle of Milvian Bridge where most of Maxentius' legions were slaughtered. After combat and with a gladius in the chest I got up and felt myself connected with the very notion of "Being" and the bright sensation of belonging to the whole. Ever since, my body has become incorruptible. And it has remained so throughout many boring centuries; until now, when a shaman approached me with some ridiculous albeit appropriate clairvoyance: my soul can no longer be imprisoned in an imperishable container. Strangely enough, "That" which has been preached as the "One, eternal and unchangeable" appears to be losing its cohesion, and with an unpleasant smell to boot. In panic and also in hope, I await an astonishing end to my existence.

Pablo Martinez Burkett (Argentina)

And he shall be immortal said the epitaph

To him, life was like a river flowing ceaseless through his memory, in which drowned the lives of those who possessed a very weird gift: mortality. He has lived so much time that couldn't remember where or when he was born; in fact, the awareness of being immortal deserted him for long periods of time that could last centuries, till some mysterious hint of nature, some philosophical anxiety, reminded him that he

wasn't like the others beings around, many of them old fellows who in their childhood seated in his thighs; or that the city in which he lived in a given moment, wasn't the one he inhabited 200 or 300 years ago. But such awakening state didn't last, for living the present moment became a pathological amnesia of his immortality. He wanted to have a thorough knowledge of his life. So he started the search of the true of what makes him tick.

He couldn't say when he came to the ancient city of Santo Domingo. He only know that the discovery of have been a pirate from the XVII century serving the English monarchy led him there; his ship succumbed to the fire of a Spanish squadron in 1602. Something valuable was swallowed by the sea in that occasion. He was walking along the esplanade, watching the movement of the only thing —except by the stars— that everywhere seemed as immortal as him: the swaying of the waves. Suddenly, something struck his attention: an object flouting on the sea. It's a tombstone. It looked as if it has drifted from a remote epoch. He felt the intuition that it was the key for his 800 hundred years quest.

The tombstone crawled to his feet, like a greyish green pustule over the turquoise blue waters of the Caribbean Sea. He took it and read its epitaph: "This is the crown of Parmides' immortality; Achaean who died in the Trojan War by an arrow guided by Apollo. He shall carry it always with him, that way his immortality will inhabit both in his mind and in his body. Otherwise, his flesh will be only a sepulcher for it." He understood, so took the tombstone and inserted it in his body: another prosthesis in his way toward a second cyborg immortality.

Indeleble imprints

The night had fallen over his eyes long ago. Being unaware about the gift providence reserved for him, he spent his years alone, doing what he had always done: transfusing a life onto papers full of signified and signifiers; fusing his blood with the ink of his quill until emptying the very last drop of the inkwell.

Immortality seemed impossible for him. Little as he was, he couldn't imagine such a future and he thought of himself as someone perishable, just like everyone else.

A part of him vanished; an oil lamp completely burned out. The light, notwithstanding endured; a light freed from the heaviness of the body, travelling wherever his name was pronounced. He never knew, but his essence remained enshrined in his words, becoming ageless.

Many generations succeeded and perished, becoming forgotten remains of buried nobodies. The echo of his voice caressed the heart of uncountable ones who passed away leaving behind just a bunch of bones. But he still wandered into the present filling it with beauty. When would that become to an end? Someday, the time in which the last sand dust would pass through the hourglass neck might arrive, dispelling his imprint in a vast desert of oblivion.

Time kept its parsimonious march. Wars were fought and from the ashes of pettiness new metropolis were built. Devastation erased almost every trace of his age. The self-proclaimed keepers of the truth condemned him to die in the bonfire with

other thousands of folios, burned in the name of moral.

He left such a legacy that some doomed themselves to save him. They kept hidden in the shelves of a clandestine library the works of a bunch of authors. His name was amongst them.

Today, centuries later, the house that overcomes the shadows recites his poems and brings him back into the world of the living, the one he has never left.

María José Madarnás (Venezuela)

The eye

Soy un pobre mortal, no cuento
ni en el espacio ni en el tiempo.

Luis Buñuel

Legend has it that an old fisherman found between their networks an oyster. Within it, instead of a bead, had a glass eye. Its brightness and color were such that anyone who watched him sank into a hypnotic spell that he did bring out their innermost desires. The fisherman gave a long sigh and thought, "How old am I! Hopefully my remaining days are never ending".

A ray of blinding light came from the eye and the old fisherman fell into a deep sleep. When he woke his whole body ached and was so useless his pilgrimage of a miracle cure that would ease him to another, that every minute seemed him like a century. Cursing his luck, threw away the eye to a source.

A young man, who was passing by, approached the source to quench his thirst. Imagine his surprise to discover a glowing

eye. He took it and slipped it into his pocket. He felt plethoric, and thought: "How strong I am! I wish that my youth is prolonging to forever".

The eye's malefic light punched the young, who instantly dozed. When he opened his eyes, nothing pleased him and every second was made him timeless. Frustrated by the tedium, climbed a mountain and there got rid of the eye, who blamed from his indolence.

A god who levitated between the clouds saw something shiny on stones; he felt curiosity and went to check what it was.

—You! One liar eye that confuses the humans. How can you grant wishes of eternity if you're just a glass eye? Only the gods are immortal. You know what men crave me already has it and, believe me, it's not funny.

The eye, fearful of god, slid to his forehead and there showed the human beings in their daily battles, life creating more life and, from the largest to the smallest, nothing escaped the vision of God that, so, got rid of loneliness. Since those far days, the old men complain, the young men get bored and the gods are laughing.

María José Gil Benedicto (Spain)

The best

— You cannot be alive —stammers the huge dog, while backing up the alley, between lightnings and deafening thunders.

— That's not the best — responds the cat freshly killed, while their wounds are closed: That was my seventh death.

Yunieski Betancourt Dipotet (Cuba)

Literary Work¹²

He's dead and knows his children will never forgive him, but he doesn't care. With a rag tied eternally around his forehead to hide the (dark, repugnant) wound, he works hard to perfect his literary work. He talks a lot about Jaromir Hladik, of the incredibly long instant that was granted him in the very moment of his execution. But he doesn't consider the fact that Jaromir only asked for a year to finish his play, doesn't think of the botfly caught in the air, the shadow of the bullet on the flagstones of the courtyard. He's dead and he raves about the advantages of eternity, but without talent eternity isn't enough, he's not getting any better, God, he's not getting any better, his paradise is our hell, oh God, give him his life back.

Ana María Shua (Argentina)

Essence in the binary code

I've created the robot to be controlled by the ancient. His relatives were against us to continue with the experiment. In effect, claiming that the man wasn't in his right mind, his sons tried several times to hold the funds to keep their father away from his idea. We installed the microchip to the old man, his brain answered correctly. The machine was controlled for a few months until he was able to control it completely. On the second phase, we transplanted the brain into the synthetic body and then we fused him with the robot, which made the function of metallic skeleton. His sons couldn't deal with

what was happening, they fought with us; the men's appearance had changed, he didn't look like their father anymore, but a young man. By this time, expenses had bankrupted several family companies.

The man started complaining about the complexities of his new body, and we gave him physical and psychological therapy. After a few years he got completely adapted. Then, we proceeded to the next step by moving all his cerebral content to the computer designed for him. It didn't respond. His sons thought he had left this world, until we contacted him through binary codes. The eldest son decided to declare him dead and spread the fortune. The old man authorized us to connect him to the data base of his companies. He left his sons with nothing. Since then, he controls his properties that war. After half a year we got to the last step. Several centuries ago, we project the hologram of the Lord, the same way as you perceive me.

Vicente Arturo Pichardo (Dominican Republic)

Lifetime...

My first memory of her was that queen see accompanying whimsical, serving in a companion through the gardens of Versailles. We crossed paths glances and smiles we carry: we were in love. Came the Revolution and lost his trail. Years later, in the same city, I reunited with her off of coffee. A little more daring, I asked her out and went to 14 Boulevard des Capucines, where they announced a great show. Stung by curiosity, we entered. However, a locomotive, out of nowhere, almost overwhelms us. That invitation was not a good idea, because she got angry and ran away from my sight.

¹² Translated by Steven J. Stewart

Reconciliation would come much later, in an extreme situation, aboard a wagon for animals, way to the slaughterhouse. We separated and I went back to losing. I faked my death, as so often, and I got out of that hell. Traveled a devastated continent in search of her, but could not find it. I saw her again August 1, when a wall fell ignominiously. We melted into a hug and promised never separate, no matter what happened.

Today, following the custom of mortals, we are faced with a priest who, with ceremonious intonation, recites: "do you swear to love you and respect you for the rest of your life, until death do you part?". She and I looked with a hint of complicity and accept ... We know that this love is for life. I can assure you.

Jaime Magnan Alabarce (Chile)

Discovery¹³

The Pharaoh raised his head and all of his horde woke up when they listened him. We are immortals, he said when he listened the noise at the end of the tunnel. On the other side, the voice and noise of the people that were celebrating the victory were propagated in the big room, where the Pharaoh and the other people were. The archaeologist's blades knocked the wall, trying to knock down the wall which separated them from their discovery. The Pharaoh, nervous and rigid, was envolved in oily clothes with a golden mask, he laid back again and waited for the light to bring them to the other side. Since then they have not lifted their heads,

they have phobia to remain in boxes, they become creepy when thousands of eyes look at them. They don't understand what happened, if all this is a joke of the gods or their priestesses were wrong with the paragraph, which brought them to the other edge. They are full of rage, the sky is not as they expected, they lash out the malefics discoverers, who exhaust them. Since few years journal covers and books are constant.

Francisco Manuel Marcos Roldán (España)

The kettle

On the surface of the mixture, bubbles of different radius and colors emerge in a range that changes as the sorcerer adds components to the dictates of an unbridled intuition. The bubbles flow from the broth to be eaten by the same gushing that accompany them, faster and faster and in growing numbers, more ephemeral, under the "brownioidea" law (same as today we know that defines the movement of the Cortazar's fly, but in a few centuries ahead of the 1827 statement). Smelly bubbles are born from the womb of the mix, as if the high temperature ache urging them to surrender to escape death with an explosion that would claim to prefer the shout something: escape and die, broth beings cannot live in it nor out of it ... like men in the world.

At the critical point, madness embraces the witch with the power of a demon, put him in the kettle, engulfed him in broth, devours him. A bubble starts to grow on the surface of the mixture overflowing, and seconds later, after reaching the radius of the pot itself, explodes. A flight spectrum then upward and rises above the world. It looks like a gas, but in their scrolls you can see the

¹³ Translated by Sara Mesa Marcos and Manel Sole Prades

facial features of the witch shabby a moment ago that shook the preparation with the hopes of getting what he wanted. The gas rises to the ceiling and begins to fade. The sorcerer taste that second in which all human time condense and he gets the infinity of matter. Reach out to see all the worthless pursuits (including all generations of witches and alchemists that existed and will exist; mortals have this peculiarity, exist and die), manages to see how the spice which has belonged multiplies, reaches sigh, reaches to read Cortazar's story ... A second, and everything comes to nothing. But at that moment also discover that eternity is more ephemeral than the life he led when he went after the win ... and failed.

Carlos Suchowolski (Argentina)

The temptation of transience

Our envy always lasts longer than the happiness of those we envy.

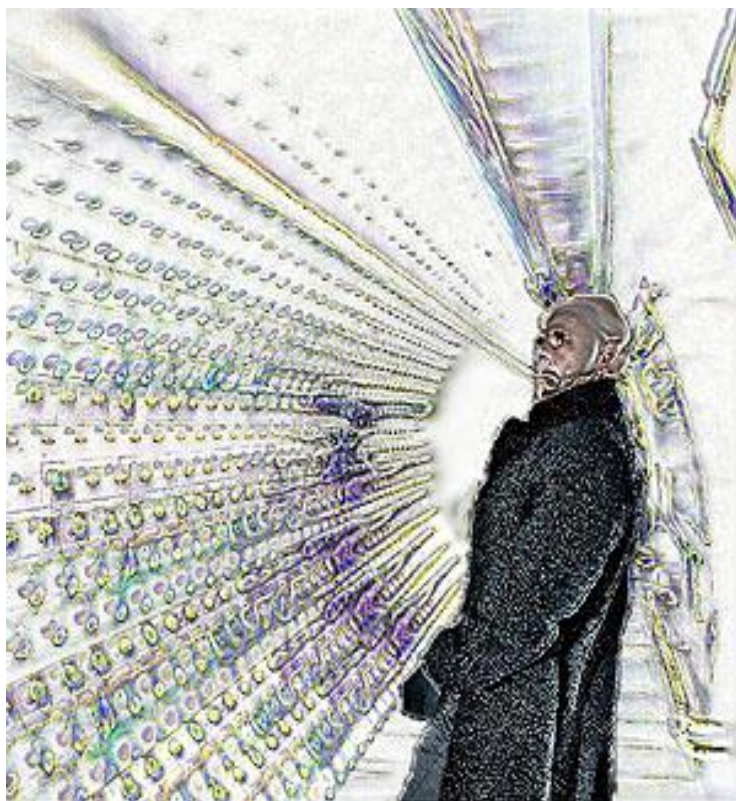
François de la Rochefoucauld.

Look at them. Don't tell me that they're not repulsive. Their existence is vain and their ridiculous claim of transcendence is completely futile. They don't run through time; it's time what pass through them, corroding their being even before they become aware of their own existence. Most of them just worry to keep going day after day. The few searching something more, fill their mouths with big pretentious words, raise ideologies called to vanish into the wind of centuries and never get to see their legacies finished. They're greedy, they're envious, and they kill one another,

forever, by millions. They speak of homelands, gods, freedom and justice, but they treason those idols with no shame. They need innumerable inventions to give themselves a sense they know they haven't. They're a mere biochemical accident, an impertinent chance of the whimsical dance of elementary particles

Their only certainty is the death's embrace. They dream ways to elude it and reach us, and they think they succeed by throwing their offspring, born from the useless factory of carnality, into the world. They're pathetic. Sometimes I wish to annihilate them all, with no exception.

Look at them. They know they're ephemeral. And yet, they fight to overcome the invincible, to conquer small pieces of the unconquerable. They cling on each other to survive. They grow affections and build kiddles to collect reasons to keep walking to a horizon of oblivion, where they'll



disappear with the memories of those who knew them. They bind themselves, being the lighting fire of the other's desire, wishing to be a whole being. They surrender to passions that only those who recognize themselves as perishable can truly enjoy, hungry to reach an untouchable fraction of eternity.

They're incomprehensible. In some way, they're heroic.

Sometimes I wish I could be one of them.

Carlos Díez (Spain)

Bestiarios's Stories: The Gargoyle

Bewitched in the time, the principal Gargoyle of the "Gallery of the Chimeras" of Notre Dame, which mythological and legendary beast from its watchtowers contemplates the step of the centuries in disturbing silence.

The myth exists that these stony guardians of the ancient temples, grotesque and involved figures, are beings who will appear in the worst nightmares of all those that try to penetrate in its defended territory.

Viollet-le-Duc, his sculptor, granted the power to it to the faucet to obtain the powers of an alive being but being a statue, on condition of not leaving the walls of the Cathedral of Paris.

One evening at the moment of the twilight the Gargoyle was surprised by a young woman who was trying to photograph it the mute figure was observing Jeanette's beauty,

subdued there used the power granted by his creator, the night was approaching, Jeanette realized her last captures and was moving away slowly; it was there when the adamantine creature managed to wake emotion up in Jeanette, it had forgotten the guardian's mission of the temple. The midnight surprised it only the unique kiss in human form transported it for an instant feeling itself mortal, but its skin of stone began to mutate and had to over fly in front of the frightened look of the young woman, who understood the metamorphosis.

Jeanette, always returns to contemplate the Gargoyle in love observing it from the heights, with its stony immortal tear.

Graciela Marta Alfonso (Argentina)

Identity crisis

He looked himself in the mirror but thye mirror did not reflect his image. He knew that he was dead, there was nothing he could do, his path in the world was condemned by an eternal night bites and he had to be changing city very often keep undiscovered. A lot of years of experience and work brought him into a dead end. The burden for the lack of healthy victims turned him to be lactose, fructose and sugar intolerant. These substances were spread in the blood of his victims, for what he had to seriously rethink his life. Since these acts he uses substitutes like ketchup, tomato sauce and anothers stained "bloods" put them in the neck of his future victims, just to make sure he does not lose the symbolism of his bite.

Francisco Manuel Marcos Roldán (España)

Neuromoine

Deniere sought in his trousers pocket looking for the neuromoine. It was a little red pill, sold by quarter in the underground corridors. Martian neuromoine is the best drug was said in those days, although of Mars was just the color, but it was a mouth to mouth propaganda catch. Then in the beach which the lotus flowers grew, people visited him. Everybody was physically similar to him. He felted once more that his face was covered by holes, that there wasn't much hair in the roof, that there was pressure in his chest, that he wanted to know again the weight of the water held in his palm, the secret texture of the sand pores, the colors and flavors that nobody sees or taste. He would lie down near the shore waiting for any Longinus, the spiking of the spear. Would tell stories to his younger versions ¿Is the confuse thing that they think they visit me? ¿Who is officially more real? , he was thinking, the correction of the ephemeral. The Borges's infinity, the immortality. He managed better to remember, or remember them, that a silicon cube getting out of the blue veins on his wrist could gain empathy, saying "is a drama" in numerous adventures on the Spanish colony, going against, to finish asking two hundred years more of binnacle because "here in the tangos I stay", said to the instrument. What is neuromoine? he thought, scratching the little veins like seeking.

It was then when the moment came to hear the stories of a twenty years younger, or a twenty years older. His death commonly appeared. But in a temporal sense, he was always alive again. Whit the finger pointing he asked, ¿is it you Longinus? Then the

laugh and inexplicable fillings of those. Those more real? What's neuromoine? he asked himself. Is here and there, he responded. "I will tell me another story" he said, and again was searching in his pockets. "It will be of the ends of times". In front of the sea, he looked at the pill. "I don't see the end, I didn't see the end. I'm young. Am I not?".

Federico Miguel Aldunate (Argentina)

Immortality

I know you join me.

You're there,

I feel you.

You keep me warm when I have cold.

You cool off me if I have heat.

You're hiding a few things to play with me,
although I go crazy looking for them.

Sometimes I curse your name!

And heartbroken cry because I cannot see
you.

I feel emptiness in my stomach,

because I cannot kiss you

or touch.

I've been four hundred years of solitude!

I hate when I took

that potion for eternity.

Rosa María García Suárez (España)

Immortal Beloved

A man cried over the grave of his beloved woman. The sky clouded over and a lightning announced the storm. The heavy rain mixed with tears forming a quagmire on soil still fresh. The man, like a craftsman, modeled a woman to the image and likeness of his beloved one, and kissing her mouth he gave her the breath of life that she had lost. Then the soul of his immortal beloved woman, who hovered nearby, introduced in that being, and mud became flesh.

Luciano Doti (Argentina)

The experiment

“Do you want to become immortal? There are only 10 vacancies available for the experiment”. That is what he read in the advertising which he found surfing on Internet. “Why not?”, he asked himself. Some days later he appeared in the indicated building. Then, he passed several tests before entering in a strange room. Strange like the men which looked after him. “We are going to reproduce an explanatory video about how works our Corporation and what we want to achieve with this experiment. Then you will be able to ask any question”. The summary of the video was: immortality almost guaranteed in exchange for experimenting with your body. “You have time until tomorrow to think about it, remember that you cannot talk about this with anybody. At the hall, a document with all the details of the experiment will be given”. “Yes, I want to do it”, he said in the following day. “I’ll accept all the conditions”.

They looked in the files: “It is listed that your death is scheduled on April 8th 2035 hit by a truck. In that moment, the experiment will begin”. He was shocked when he received that information; he believed that he was going to live much more years.

The fateful day of his death was arrived. Before crossing the street, he saw a man who was staring at him. He nodded as if he was saying: “Don’t worry, I will deal with it”. Then darkness had come. He woke up in a hospital room. “The substance which we have injected you will disorient you for a few days, after that you will have a normal life”.

One morning he has a weird feeling which made he thinking that it was just only an experiment, perhaps he would not live much more years. Anxiety took control of him. In that day he should go to the facilities, he need to speak with somebody and make them to inject him that liquid which would allow him to not die. “Don’t worry, out of ten persons who took part in the experiment, nobody has died yet and eighty years have passed”.

In that day, he looked at an inscription which was carved on the exit door, he never had seen it: “Live like if every day were the last day of your life”.

Mónica Roig (Spain)

Epicurean the young and still people

The bike in his last, coughing, man came to trot. - "Still" - read the rusty poster boy, prologue of that town. The bike was dead; even so let it stop at roadside. -Still ... he said without taking his eyes vacuous poster-

Bad luck

Strange name for a town. - He thought "It's like a nickname that brings hope. Their life, which does not mean that all life is just life, if energy encouraging soulless bodies and hearts simply muscled to the throne of the void. "- is chock unsheathed backpack shotgun and occasionally glancing at each side of the shoulders in on those lands infertile hanging by a thread of encouragement summer to burn no more. That mega rectangle delimiting the splendid greenery of the other fields, so that people sky crowning normal home was somewhat cloudy; the blue is overshadowed by establishing a line of strange ocean depth. The stranger heard a shot from behind, forcing him to run. Another bullet whistled. The boy was shot down and there was the proof that those people were his destiny. The bullet in the air of the same, in seconds underwent the metamorphosis from larva to butterfly monarch. More shots! A lead touches the boy's shoulder. There they were those who wanted to give eternal life to master, without hesitation that all the rebels killed the immortality plan imposed by Estado. Girando shot on his back against a tree. They look chastening hand, that red spot burned skin between finger and thumb. Before the tattoo of his beloved nobody, then the chip would control almost a decade the knife to remove it, she de-listed on your skin but immortal in his heart. Now the young man fighting the application of retroviral cocktail, psychotropic tissue regenerator and anti-suicide. A man shot wounding him, instantly a cannon come from "Still". Tips live scattered rained and then regenerate attract and so these assassins immortal bodies. After rescuing the young man closed the task group with flamethrowers.

Sebastián Ariel Fontanarrosa (Argentina)

—Only six strophes. Each strophe explains a part of you. If you pay attention and read carefully, you will see how you can change your mistakes. You have to correct the injury you provoked during your life, specially you have to let go your deity that you forged for decades about bad luck.

The boy looks around and he asserts with his head.

—The goddess Fortune made me an unfortunate. She filled my life up with rags, climbing plants, deep holes, and dark routes. He made me walk in front of dark cats, even she forced me to creep under open stairs... the bad luck walked always with me.

The young boy sit down next to the table, holding his right arm and sustaining his head. He doubts, he thinks and tries to get a conclusion that allows him to discover the mistake that he is not able to see.

—Do not worry. We have plenty of time, until the eternity if it was necessary.

Suddenly the boy opens his eyes, he looks almost euphoric and with fascination he thanks him for his immortality.

—After long years trying to avoid bad luck, now, in this moment, thanks to her, and after I was impacted in my head, after seeing a black cat and walking under the stairs, I will be, luckily, eternal— he shouts — and who are you? — he asks energetically .

—It doesn't matter. — he answers firmly trying to rest importance.

—Is this the immortality? Does the bad luck exist here? — he asks.

A thick wind starts to blow and moves the clouds, and they became more thick and dark. The clouds crashed into a big storm. A beam falls down on his head. He concludes that the bad luck will walk with him forever.

Francisco Manuel Marcos Roldán (España)

Tired of wandering at night

Tired of living, the vampire tried several times to through a sword in his body, drilling his stomach, and did not achieve the success of his biggest wish. He's terrified of not seeing his body in the mirror, of not being able to drink the rum he likes the most (the one he liked those times when he shared with his friends in the corners, until his balance was broken, walk from one side to another looking for a quiet alley to sleep, surrounded by empty boxes and with garbage near to him). He has feared blood since that first time he saw it in his childhood; that's why he left medical school and now finds it difficult to understand he has to drink it.

He takes a bath in holy water and it only gets him to suffer, a lot more than when he exposed himself to sunlight. He tries again and again with all kind of weapons getting no results. He'll have to wait for the creation of something strong enough to kill him or for a generous person who stake him in the heart.

Vicente Arturo Pichardo (Dominican Republic)

Repercussions of failure

The case of biochemical Casech Aldo was the comment highlighted last month in the world of medicine newsletters. Eusebio

Montes on "The Medical Journal" Madrid said "the failed project by Casech not only stops the progress in the area, and delays in knowledge". If we add that expressed by new zealander William Vladir in "The WhiteObserver" who did not hesitate to publish that "Casech is to science what Hitler to world peace", we conclude that the biochemical has lost prestige in the international scene.

For those who still ignore what happened is well worth remembering the title in the weekly "On the day to health" of Buenos Aires, announcing the news: "Biochemist left in coma thirty assistants in error of an experiment".

Casech lies today under treatment for a severe nervous shock in a psychiatric his home province. Meanwhile, doctors around the world are looking a way to return to normal life to the poor victims of the unfortunate experiment. Remember that Casech had announced to "Medical time" of Guadalajara, Mexico before the disaster: "We are at the gates of immortality".

If the immortal status can be achieved or not is still a mystery of medicine and at the same time, a myth of humanity. As indicated in his weekly column "Catalunya Med" the licensee Albert Beltran, "until now the only way to achieve immortality is through achievements and collective memory and even that ensures us that we can survive the time, because it is unequal career and meaningless".

We ignore will think Casech about it, as the researchers to approach this theme, arguably, is as old as humanity itself.

Ernesto Parrilla (Argentina)

The list

The voice ran very quick and the list grew without stopping. All wanted to be the immortal number one. Did somebody have the idea, so many immortals? Because, a champion should, exist.

One scored, according to them, for own right. There it was Ra the God of the Egyptian Sun, also the sage, doctor and magician Imhotep; equally several mesopotámicos: Am, that of the Sky; Ea, of the Wisdom, and others; old that didn't accept to be forgotten. Some chinese as, Byakko, Seiryu, and Genbu.

The competition type was to be defined and the maximum of the Olympus you pointed double, just in case: Zeus and Jupiter. Followed to him they were written down Aphrodite, Apollo, Poseidón and other more than they dominated in the Earth before the Christian God appeared.

But not alone the deities would struggle for the medal of the immortality, with a lot of arrogance it ordered Don Cuisse to their squire to write the name of both in the list; a youth with round espejuelos used her twig to register from far, next to other friends of the School Hogwarts. Gandalf and Frodo Bolsón arrived from the Half Earth.

Several not very well seemed neither they wanted outside nor their names appeared in the list: Frankenstein, the Count Drácula, the mutant werewolf. The Fox and Robin Hood looked for the adventure; at the same time that Romeo and Julieta were written down like one alone, (what was not accepted by many) and the tremendous Hercules Poirot at

the same time that he/she wrote their name you toasted to investigate the reason.

The regressive count already began, in seconds he/she would close the inscription for the competition, and panting somebody that self-destroyed at the same time appeared that it fought to exist forever: the man.

Omar Martínez (Cuba)

Forever

A long time ago the Gods gave me the immortality. There is nothing more terrible. I have seen the death of my wife and kids. I buried my grandchildren. One should not live forever. There are laws that should not break. I tried to kill me: erotic asphyxiation, pills, gas. I cut the veins, I jumped from a skyscraper, I slept in the freezer, I tried to electrocute me with a toaster (it was a gift from the bank), I threw myself to the train tracks...

There is no way. And the worst is that I'm in bed without legs, arms. I'm just a thinking head in the hospital room.

Rubén Gozalo (Spain)

The price of immortality

ETERNAL ...

The word hung in the air accompanied by green fluorescent lights that flickered with each eye blink. ETERNAL ...

Stan finished digging through the junk and went to his home in the suburbs after giving a second look at the glass tower on which flared the magic word: ETERNAL ...

With the seed of desire for eternal life inside slept.

A desire that he pursued while collecting waste, while sleeping, while eating ...

A promise of a future with a life full of comforts, they all knew that those who decided to enter the eternal world enjoyed privileges unknown, but privileges, and with a very low price to pay.

In the instant of your human brain, on the other positronic surprised fleeting idea: maybe not so trivial the price he had paid for achieving immortality.

Natalia Viana (Spain)

Initiative

Hoping an eternal young life, to not die while trying to step aside from the death, and the hope to climb a step above all mortal beings. This has always been the humanity's dream. The scientists confirm such theory. Next month people will find jars of free radical and antioxidants in the supermarkets to turt the population up . Hollywood has taken this idea to its own to keep exploiting eternaly young actors with success. The business is assured.

Francisco Manuel Marcos Roldán (Spain)

Family

It seems to have already experienced this before, that in the circumstances it is perfectly possible. We are alone in the Hospital room. I approached the vessel to his

lips, with effort slurps from the straw, he chokes and begins to cough. Dry the water that has been spilled down his chin with a handkerchief and for a moment I discover a glow of recognition in his eyes almost blind, perhaps a small reminder that cancer still has not eaten. But that light is so short, just extinct, now I'm sure I just imagined it. With a sigh, I drop his head on the pillow, I hear him sobbing silently, tight-lipped. He was always a brave guy. He is still. Today I found with his family, his children and grandchildren. Very polite, almost asking for apologies, I get asked about my relationship with him. Of course I lied to them and I explained to them that I was his student at the University. That seems to have them satisfied or simply not wanted to find out more, either of the two possibilities seem valid to me. It's time to go, so that device the tufts of gray hair falling on his face and kiss her skin, that for some reason tastes of salt, I whisper that tomorrow I'll be back then open his eyes, fingers close environment to my wrist and his mouth mutter "mother, mother" and then closes his eyes and nothing left. I come back home. When I open the door, Clara attacks on me and I lifted her and I say 'where is my Princess?' and she laughs and she stars to tell me all what has happened at school without taking air to breathe. I feel it on my knees, appliance her forehead hair, posed my lips on it and savor its sweetness. I would either ask for forgiveness, confess that I cannot avoid pain that I will inflict her when I have to flee from her side but I will be there with her at the end. As I have been with them. My children. My beloved children.

David Calvo Sanz (Spain)

Savages

Yesterday the hell arrived to the earth. The buildings are destroyed and he is a piece of meat. Suddenly from his body disappear all wounds. He has a head again. He has legs again. He has arms again. It's a miracle. He is alive. When he incorporates, he realizes that he can walk. He's half naked. He can't believe. Immediately stops the ringing in your eardrums. There are a lot of bodies in the ruins. He can see the blood, the kids. They are dead. The fear always is the same. There is a woman screaming: please help. It seems that humans haven't learned anything in the last two thousand years. A few meters away another bomb explodes.

Rubén Gozalo (Spain)

Quid Pro Quo

The sky is clouding over, the clouds coming from the east, the crows caw, the air is thickening, the thunders sound like distant drums. This afternoon will rain in Dayton.

Someone marauds behind the fence that protects the domains of the Bowers Mansion. The first drops fall dawn, followed by torrential rains, but the strange visitor remains unfazed. Elegantly dressed in a black suit and hat, the drops slide down his dark glasses, evaporating on contact with his skin. A sudden gust of wind opens the door of the fence and of the mansion widely, decides to enter. A sweet smell of damp and decomposition permeates the atmosphere. –Are you going to remain there the whole day? – A flash in the shadows portrays between the shades a man sat in an armchair inviting him to accompany him. The stranger

accepts the offer tasteful. The man stands up with difficulty to take a box that is in a little table next to him, he opens her before the expectant look of his guest. A blinding light emerges from it. He takes off his glasses to see all his brilliance, no eyes in their sockets, just darkness bleeding. Observes astonished as entire galaxies consumed in the flames of fatuous fire, the entire cosmos writhes of pain in front of him. –Now that we have agreed... –And the man closes the box, – You don't look good old friend, it worth all that suffering? Maybe next time you cannot bear what you find...– The smell to death accompanies the words of the stranger – I've been through worse times, I assure you.

If I can be eternal, why I should be afraid? Eternity is power ... –A hysterical laugh seizes the man, a strong cough extracts it of his ecstasy, blood gush from his mouth – They will come better times...– his words sound weak.

–That are other 100 years then! – Claims the strange visitor while delivers a handkerchief to his friend. – One last thing ...– the man rises from the armchair aided by his cane– Have you seen the future? How is it?–.

–Dark– Stranger responds.

Gorka Moreno (Spain)

Ulises

Ulises drank the potion just in the moment when his last breath of life escaped and the Sirens sang. From that moment, his face was changing until the wrinkles disappeared. He raised his head and looked around, smiled for the new day and for the clouds running, the shining blue and the birds flying over his head. He looked at everything he had around

and smiled. Being astonished by all this beauty, he walked to the mirror again and touched his face. He opened the jaw a couple of times, his teeth were perfect, white and shining. His hands were young again. His hair grew again. His old chest was again strong. He looked up the potion and he could see in the label “elixir of the Olympus immortality”. He shouted with sharp and deep voice, “the gods don’t forget me”. This potion had saved his life. He doubted to drink again, ¿why not?, he asked himself, ¿what will happen?. He opened the bottle and drank again. He was back to his adolescence, suddenly he looked himself in the mirror astonished. I’m immortal, he said exultant. He opened the bottle and drank again, the third sip was bigger. In front of the mirror his body was turning smaller until he became a baby. He babbled for seconds until he saw the bottle falling and breaking down. The fluid was spreaded all around the room. He moved his fragile body trying to wet his fingers and bring them to his lips. He shook his hands again and again hoping that he could drink some drops of the potion. He changed the strategy and wet the whole hand. He was surrounded by happiness. He licked his hand and he drank all the liquid. In a few seconds he became a small cellule. The wish of immortality was taking its revenge. And we still believe the eccentricities of its adventures. The story of Ulysses Homero was finally differently written to not alarm the society.

Francisco Manuel Marcos Roldán (España)

Mankind

Following the demise of human species, robots proclaimed themselves their heirs and

they decided to continue on with their civilization.

The robots, unable to create something really new and marveled at what those cellular machines had achieved, decided to imitate them to the finest detail. They copied, therefore, their social structure and their appearance, including the sexual dimorphism (unnecessary for them). They emulated, in approximate terms, their emotions and feelings. Robots painted, sculpted, wrote, composed, created and recreated art always following human standards. They read their history, studied their philosophy, applied and expanded their knowledge and gradually they learned to think and be like them.

Despite all, and even thinking they have an eternity to find out, the robots were aware that something, they didn't know what, prevented them to become as human as humans.

They created best brains just to solve this mystery but apparently, the secret was too elusive for their minds filled with solid logic.

And then, Death, who was boring since the demise of mankind, thought it was time to leave his privileged vantage point between two universes and resume their former employment. Taking his scythe, Death returned to Earth ready to explain to those curious metallic beings what it was what they needed to understand and be real and fully human.

Dolores Espinosa Márquez (Spain)

I will be the only

"You must learn to conceal your special gift and harness it until the time of the gathering."

Juan Sánchez Villa-Lobos Ramírez

Although he was a well-trained agent, race stability lost when a bullet cut his neck right flank; managed to cover the wound and getting the shoulders before his body goes through and without calculating the cristal window, drawing in the fall a wake that night chopped glass like lightning, until his face fell full on the pavement. He was out. He had heard breaking his sternum. On the eve, represented this escape -subsequent to the experiment- imagined more worthy but less elegant. He took off his face of the street, saw blood and flesh attached to cement; foreshadowing disgust took his hand to his face and neck. Nothing. Blood in linen guinea pig at breast height, no wound. "Finally these Yankees invented something that works?" More detonations, still kneeling and impressed looked up: three guards were shooting from the broken window. He looked around the corner, the car looked ocher drain contacts on board, from a back seat flashing a flashlight confirmed it. He joined two shake and resumed the race; the bullets biting legs and back like fire ax. His back sounded like a wet drum to the impacts. But nothing. He climbed into the car. "Mark, impossible! All those shots ". "Shut up Jaime! Peter, at full speed, the missile is about to fall ". Mediated the Heather Bridge when the explosion became Bournes Laboratory a giant bonfire and he opened the door and jumped into the river. The second escape had begun. Now fleeing from his own people, as planned from the beginning. "I'll be the only one." At four minutes swimming in icy water

deep noticed a second benefit: no need to breathe. Within half an hour, a third: his neurons were machines that could dig unforgiving time, saw the two missing elements in the equation that unveiled since childhood: his father, his mother, deception, dirk, shouting, fire; saw the future: hundred years, the two powers unal decimated another and he vehemently loved the last surviving woman.

Juan Ramón Ortiz Galeano (Argentina)

The mirror

While it observed the mirror, remembered it a lot of that pleased see my reflected image in the.

I always had is very boasted, maybe excessively. It lived obsessed for my physical aspect, it was unable of working out to the street if were not convinced of finding me perfect.

All negative comment on my image, bore be several weeks without gets out of house, sunken in a great depression.

But finally a day all change, stops to watch me to the mirror, was not necessary, not was wanted, after all my image did not reflect to him in the, never more do it, it was the paid price for my immortality, to the credit side me convert in vampire.

Diego Galán Ruiz (Spain)

Infinite loop

Back to square one! In my prison in seven decades, died again. Return to routine lying in my coffin, the first shovelfuls of dirt hit him furiously. I hear the vulgar comments

about employees who are obliged to give burial to a beggar, an outcast with no name.

Hundreds of deaths and resurrections, since this poor necromancer Anubis captured and demanded eternal life, death has become mere formality. The dream of every witch was inside my pentacle of power, I looked in his eyes and yelled my desire. And damn you! granted me, but who would have thought a jackal-headed god have a sense of humor? Above and twisted. Instead of giving me a body covered in divinity, I was chained to the wheel soul. My spirit never leaves the flesh: live, die, my soul remains conscious as I buried, incinerated, devour ...

At first, it drove me crazy, I wanted to scream with a throat flooded with blood. The cries of the relatives, the feel of the worms, feel your body falls apart, melts, be only a handful of bones, the suffering of regeneration, breaking the lid of the coffin, dig ... now, a picnic.

Over the years assumed. I stopped having family not to cause more pain, new

technologies prevented me from acquiring privileged positions century, it is increasingly difficult to go unnoticed: internet, data control ... In antiquity could stay in my same city, were the best years. With the arrival of the census began to change in address, city, emigrated to the New World and now anything is possible, I can only pass as a reflection, that no one will notice me.

Fortunately the wheel soon be broken, the magic of the world is nearly exhausted, the old gods are dying shadows when my curse fall also disappear. I hope so, every time it hurts more to be alone ... to that I've never gotten used to it.

Manuel Santamaría Barrios (España)

The picture

-Dear, as much as miss you.

Seated in my bed, it could not stop to watching the picture of my loved. It already made time of your death, but I could not



forget the, the ache of your death never does not disappear, always is present in my heart.

-I have mails inform, me illness, is incurable, it was accustomed to keep conversations with it, as if even followed live, it had hopes to find a cure, but it has not can be-remain me in silence and it began suddenly to weep.

The last hope has made vanish towards little more than 1 hour.

My last blood test and urine not stopped not doubt, the illness not taenia recovers.

When celebration at the end of the coffee harvest of weeping, looks at for last time the old picture in black and white, the accent on my landing at night, raise me of the bed and got out of my room.

My loved took already 80 dead person years, the sleep to collect me with it was not possible, I never dies, the strange illness impeded it me, I was immortal, for many a benediction, for me a terrible curse.

Diego Galán Ruiz (Spain)

Phantom queen

I do not remember how old I decided to start with this great project: to build "the pantheon of the gods." Just know that at the time I was young, with a lot of money to spend my grandfather's inheritance, an anthropologist by profession and crazy, really crazy. When the day of the Great Pact with the first Goddess that I was passionate about and which I had dedicated the build of the Pantheon, I asked for something in return for doing the tribute that I deserve: give me immortality.

Morrigan, the Celtic Goddess of death and destruction, the famous "Phantom Queen" that could appear with different personalities of the same essence: Nemain, meaning "panic", it looked scary, and she appears to those men that were close to die; Badb, the hoodie, who appears to the warriors to encourage them to fight, and Macha, who was "battle", looked like a crow. But likewise, Morrigan would also appears as a maiden, mother and widow, she was the darling, my worship, her personality had me captivated and for me her deserve everything.

Immortality in exchange for a pantheon, it was a fair deal. Also, I was capable to make it. I always distinguished as outstanding student, great mind of anthropological research, an expert in gods of ancient civilizations, I was the right person for a job like this, where I make the rules, I impose the pace and where I deserve a special gift. Well thought out, planned, executed and controlled. I was a true genius.

I started with the Celtic gods, then came the Egyptians, Romans, Greeks, Indians, Eastern, Nordic, Maya, Inca, Aztec, god by god, one by one. It's a hard work, dangerous and difficult, even for an expert like me. Centuries in search of each of its desires; truly immortal yes, but very tired. I begged to Morrigan peace, I wanted to die, but I knew that I was doomed, still yet ten years ago she told me:

—If you want to look like Neiman, you must bring to my pantheon great African gods. You have to pander me, remember I deserve everything, and I'm here looking gods in Africa.

Mª del Socorro Candelaria Zarate (México)

Soul chained

Two red tongues of fire that same trunk
kissing you link and form a single flame,
Two notes of wood with a hand time
boots and space are, loving embrace.
Two waves coming together to swim at the
beach and
that together are crowned in a robe of silver.
Two drops of steam rise fire
and to join in heaven formed a white cloud,
Two ideas spring to pair two kisses while
carving.
Two echoes are confused, simply the
freedom-loving soul worshiping immortality.
The torment will accommodate my regret, I
did not ask, not wanted,
I do not want. Condemns you eat first free
me,
how prisoner spends his days in his lament.
Guilt eats away my soul for time,
where to hide, where to forget where forgive.
Seeking my abode I seek my rest, closed my
eyes, resting my pain, my wounds closed,
delete the grudge, ends with being by being,
calms my anxiety, must end ...
That these my soul frost. No throb, no vibes,
there is only fear. Life is tearing me to peek
and listen, no tenacity. Rip out there and
what you have left me so empty. Not as the
days pass, I remain grim. I see no way out

but a great deep, dark. Do not take my truth
leaving in immortality.

Texy Cruz (Spain)

The myth

—These sure of it.

—Never so sure state e of somewhat.

Wise East Indian painted fabric that was very
stubborn, that however much insisted, not
exchange of |opinion| , but could not
understand the reason of which were to begin
to appear to do.

—Sergio listen me, reflects please, not do it.

Not reverse, must make it. Without thinking
it but got worse the trigger, the shot went
through my temple, my brains scattered for
all my room, my inert body key to the earth.

But not served as nothing, little pressing after
my brains regenerated, the wound hill and I
|volvi| to the life.

—Already say you that not did it, ¿that have
gotten?, ¿Soiling your room?, ¿What it
waited? , ¿It dies you?, you are a dreamer.

It remain me in the immobile earth, with face
of fool, by listening to the reproaches of East
Indian painted fabric, as much as taenia
reason, the death was so single an ancient
myth. Habia ear speak of it, it said that before
the |moria| people, but were not sure to him
of it, had not constancy someone of your
existence.

Diego Galán Ruiz (España)

The moment of truth

—Mother, for once in life think of me. Help me to be happy.

—No, Eileen; understands that the cost to pay is very high. In addition, you'll break my heart, you are a princess and our only daughter.

—But mother, you can't do this to me.

—Little girl, listen to your mother. The Queen Damara is right. I'm your father and you are my little princess, my treasure, how you ask me to let you go to a path of destruction?

—Never could forgive it to me.

—Father, what can be more important than my happiness? Don't want to see your daughter happy and in love?

—Yes my child, your father, the King Athan and I, just we want you to be happy.

—So understand, I love Evan, he is a warrior, a gentleman and corresponds to my love.

—Evan is a man, Aileen, we are elves! If you marry a human, you'll become in mortal like them and I will not tolerate you die, all of our people can live many years, and so many that

you feel almost immortal. Obey to me, I am also your King.

—Mother, father, I know I will break your hearts, but I'm willing to pay the price. I'd rather die than live eternally dead, far from the man I love.

M^a del Socorro Candelaria Zarate (México)

I'll still be here when you had died

You have just cried for the very first time and you are looking at me suspiciously already. I can understand that. You believe that your people have betrayed you and you are right. They have given up on you. Don't worry, there have been many before you and there will be many after. It's always the same old, same old. Women weep, men tight their fists. Old people drink to forget and kids celebrate their luck. If you are smart, you will make the most of this. If you are pretty, there will have laughter at your new home. Every time I go to the village for the first baby girl of the winter, I wonder if I'll see the day when I give my gift to any of these babies to live together for the time you would say "for ages".

But when the winter comes, you all prefer embrace the old age rather than me.

María Luisa Castejón (Spain)



*Article: Without coloring
or preservatives*

by Mari Carmen Caballero Álvarez (Spain)

Illustration: In Flames/ Tatiana Vetrova (Russia)



Living things have always been wonderful and sophisticated techniques developed survival. It is good, more must be so. The theory of evolution admits conceived and postulated as indisputable fact. Important perfect these techniques with consistency and determination, it is vital to encourage the construction of bridges encourage perseverance since the process with the lowest cost of lives scattered on the road.

Darwin was much Darwin belonged to the select group of the elect, so he could tell and show.

The most cherished dream of every culture is and

will be immortality.

It happens, however, that all this exertion in which we wear often means too much energy and turns and clashes against our integrity.

Behind the blessed and longed for immortality believing we ran free from mortal burden inherent in every living being. And it is as if it were a panacea.

I wonder-and I do not intend derails well-meaning effort of those who dabble in it for salvation of humanity, it ask say, if in the rare and unlikely event, obtained perpetuity would still want to be eternal or otherwise would change his mind because, logically, the whole system upside down we would, that's for sure. The road to immortality can be a double-edged sword. Handle life with intention of finding it can yield unpleasant surprises if things get out of hand. The hypothetical monster may be the extinction of the human species and with it who knows, maybe the extermination animal and plant, as many of the habitats and ecosystems or the environment would be destroyed or modified. Reached the very short term overpopulation, animal instinct guided man drives would prevail. Natural resources available would potentially scarce, merely adopts a little timeframe. The number of children-perhaps none-would immediately be subject to the rigorous criteria of the rulers, under legal penalty for non-compliance. There are already overpopulated countries whose strict system is very well known and discussed, since exhaustive impose birth control to citizens living in it. In China carried out to prevent further births in Germany to promote them. Recall that GM imposed and forced marches fattening of animals for

human consumption due to supply problems. United Nations repeatedly warning the human mass on the planet and its ravages, rising life expectancy has contributed to this, no doubt, not to reach the life estate of all living beings. And makes it clear that a growing gap between rich and poor.

Surprisingly then? Such earthly attainment of eternal life would be or could be rather accelerated mortality, extermination of species? It seems movie or book, but better watch would not be the first time that contrived and unconvincing methods are turned against himself estallándole manipulative creature on the face. The design assumes immortality manipulative and counterproductive. The experience and the few leaks that came to us from certain clandestine practices carried out in the Second World War for example, women, men, elders and a good herd of children - worth castration and sterilization as a reference- supposedly for research anatomically oriented scientific and medical progress and advances in those areas, but carried out in the wild using rudimentary methods and even without anesthesia should alert and become aware of the damage that can lead to maneuver something so sacred as life. You might think that this happened because it was the most atrocious and bloody war from which there is reference, but is that when things get extremely bad, war is also, the undeclared war. A sack.

Science, ethics and life itself have to look in the same mirror. The function is ergonomic.

Carrier skepticism that is accentuated with the years, I call to sanity. With all due respect to the thing and deserves every consideration in the world to people I say faithfully delivered. What has created the man who does not destroy the man. Human culture is built gradually, as simmering stews Grandma Tribe has managed to evolve and make itself. Involution not now, therefore, slowing it down by attempting the impossible immortality and powerfully aggressive consequences. Every time we talk of human cloning-the Raelian sect pursues night and day-, eternal youth, overcome aging and its ravages, be thin and slender because social standards so dictate, pernicious methods to circumvent the disease or pursue the sustainability and other aberrations asestamos actually a hack to our origins and evolutionary techniques infallible survival, which is the inestimable baggage with which nature knew offer us. That beats the human sense the pulse of the phantasmagoria want to think, to therapeutic cloning and animal had to condition, and thank goodness. Altering the life cycle of the species, biological imbalance is served. Better to leave things discourse by its natural course marked wisely. Immortality does not exist, however many shamans.

Pocket wizards and artists that pendencien. Neither his nor his thick spells ineffective concoctions will enable the impossible. It will not exist or will be invented or discovered ever. And it will be so for ever and ever because the wise laws of Mother Nature in the way. Declare war, therefore, death is to deal with the destruction of the environment, and that equates to self-destruction of being on it reigns supreme. No no biosphere evolution and progression-free no Biosphere. Or rather, becoming eternal in two days the planetary capacity overflows and that if it is a problem big problem. At least in the human species would have to take urgent measures to stop the unstoppable infested individuals and their ravages. Is clear: the remedy would be worse than the disease. Not all crises for all countries together and the highest rates of unemployment or pay cuts or institutional equalize it.

In the rare and unlikely event, achieved immortality would be without any doubt a dilemma of insoluble aggregates. For the four cardinal points. There would be nowhere to get it. How to survive? Where to begin to alleviate the ravages of a world that grows out of control as a result of kamikaze manipulation of living organisms that integrate more accurately the Supreme Being which crowns the tribe? It deserves a serious approach, count to ten.

Let's see if you really are looking for workable solutions to human well-being, social and animal we are digging our own grave, otherwise it will be ours reckless conduct. Chaos of course, without strict birth control would be served. Neither the third world war or the death penalty or restore the Inquisition or accidental death or natural disasters would offset the balance.

The biological imbalance would be irremediable. As much as I would have cancer, AIDS or Crusaders stormed. Nothing. Neither formations creating barbarians killing right and left again. Nothing. Would still be many. And is that natural resources would not overstretch. Gaia, exhausted would be hell, hell itself.

From epidemics to endemics and then to global pandemics.

At this rate we will have to clone it to have spare. Hunger walking with seven-league boots bring violence, violence and war crime. The list can be endless havoc. Destroyed building should be constructed so it can be destroyed-if. And that, my eye! Would not immortality but obtusely awkward and accelerated mortality. Something we've done wrong, I would say more than one. Too late. The human imprint on planet Earth is indelible, not throwing stones becoming badly things our own roof. Advisable is to focus the hallmark of intelligent beings in the company may not inhabitable again welcome to sustainable development. There are thousands, millions of issues real and urgent waiting list. Some, it is true-hunger without going any further-not admit delay. The conservation principle must govern the nerve center of our imagination, to build the ground zero of our brain. Consider something more involved in recycling materials that support it, bet on renewable energy supporting sustainable positions. When the truth does not accept the rules of the game because of the effort and the resignation demands and that we also come back around. A good option is the clean energy, while inadequate to meet the needs roughly the amount of energy the ordinary citizens have to alternate them, you know, but is positive move in that direction. No, do not go on bluestocking, I have no solutions in the pocket, but I know that the issue is complex enough to not even remotely fight, immortality. An appeal for sanity I would do. The skeptical view has guided and guided my feet into the way of prudence and reflection. Fight for a better world, if anything, to strive to give the best of ourselves. A world have, one Earth. We have not yet learned to reopen war unlearning life.

It approach, let's see: the road trip what to expect, does the continuity of genres, really? Ellipsis. Nature is wise, let her run along its banks. The seal imprints her stay so selective as restrictive in certain privileged organizations like the mole rat, a subterranean creature ugliest Picio that does not age, does not suffer or have cancer, is insensitive to pain and endures oxygen... thirty minutes! or Nutrícola Turritopsis, which reverses its structure young adult jellyfish to jellyfish can complete the life cycle and over again. The very famous HeLa cells:

grow a very real human history, unprecedented. According to those who know about this, authorized guild biologists and saved and saved many lives, bless her and her casual contribution to humanity. A single score enlightened selfishness those who say that this woman is still alive, that there are no misunderstandings: Surprisingly, perversely your cells are active. Right. But its owner, Henrietta Lacks, died. They are the elect, biologically programmed for that. When definitely not, trying to avoid the inevitable fight against nature proposes an attempt toward being more supreme creation that is man. The slogan is clear: to be born, grow, multiply and die. In developing elaborate contrived and unconvincing methods actually sometimes a self-harm message. The perfection of human beings we want to anchor made without even the parts available for assembly. Decrypt biological keys and its intricacies escapes all control and possibility, is elusive idiosyncratic complexity of human beings. Fewer still get longer lethal. The same survival instinct that has led him to the pursuit of immortality should lead to the assumption of mortality accepting it as natural and necessary fact, as guarantor of the continuity of the evolution of species and genera.

Occurs apparently that pursue social utopias perverse scenario of evictions, cuts, rampant unemployment, economic crisis and political corruption in which we live seems to bend to our needs and underlying dissatisfaction. And this superstition is not confined to the contemporary era, no. Disenchant houses, mansions and palaces we love. In taxing EVP, UFO sighting ghost hunting or drawing them in the air to make believe that there we endeavor; elucidate satanic rituals, abductions, paranormal, hunting witches and legends make us believe just captivates. Alchemy, the treasure of the Templars or the search for El Dorado were and are lost causes for invention impossible causes.

The story, as we well known, is full of visionary claims that the desire obtuse and awkward than a few have pursued unsuccessfully for ever and ever. The slimming pill we have not been able to make, and one we're pendenciando perpetuated. The pursuit of immortality intended, perhaps, to put the finishing touch to this bunch impossible. The Shroud is a fallen angel since she was fourteen carbon dash, another example. Have created metamaterials that will make us invisible presumed nanotechnology, teleportation wanted to sell from quantum mechanics, technology is advancing faster than the clock and there is talk of a multidimensional universe in the wake of string theory. We sense cathartic. We lose sleep take off years, the perfection of a body ten o'clock we disturbances which sovereign boredom, the imperfect perfection with us. No artificial colors or preservatives. Imagination and fantasy are fine art, and dreams hang off timely. In the literature, film, television and the press. Let's play guess, is just a game. In the film the other characters do not age, undergoing torture of having his death from time to time. That is, death, resurrection, die again ... Uff, God forbid ... if we let him. In Highlander, co United Kingdom-United States, by director Russell Mulcahy actors have only one way to die, decapitated by one of their race. Subject to the curse only survives Connor MacLeod, the good and evil is not the first time they see the faces. Interview with the Vampire projected eternity in the here with his face and his cross is truth that can be a gift or a punishment. Do not forget the end of Sauron, the Elves in Middle-earth. Has a moral too. In Eternal Life speaks Fernando Savater of religious beliefs as a support for immortality, ie eternal life in the hereafter. And it is

the most sensible and logical. The immortality for the gods, they have the natural power such a gift, omnipotent, omnipresent and so good, so holy and lasting all, why are not flesh and blood. The Catholic religion says you have to reach the afterlife, the Heavenly Paradise forever. Irresolvable paradox: if we fail mortality dodged beyond. Of reincarnation beliefs speak other clutching at straws. Even the best classical authors have been able to handle ambiguity brilliantly in her skirts in his compositions creating an atmosphere of death in life and life in death both being annexed as a quark. Taoism worships the Eight Immortals, a group of deities from Chinese mythology whereby earthly existed practicing alchemy techniques and methods of perpetuity.

Humans aspire to, if anything, to the salvation of the soul to be released from the body, and told him Felon Plato in his Dialogues. Or want to indicate is the song of La Oreja de Van Gogh, "Immortal", let's leave for souvenirs. I would not want that thing in a vision derives closed obtuse and totally wrong because it is not backward nor ominous ideology that guides me. Always take communion from research and development and innovation or any form of progress documented. It would be a mistake ningunear graduates effort. A comprehensive review sociological, historical, philosophical and scientific course pages stuffed substantial grand theories whose projection was wonderful practice for the advancement and welfare, thanks to that we live longer and better. The spirit of improvement has lifted in the air, much has been achieved. A high percentage of science has specialists wise-although they occasionally strain some distorting reality. Things which we found in science fiction time swell today a bunch of situations and applications axiomatic. That does not falter. We decomposed the atom has unraveled the great and the small of the matter, we hunted they say-Divine Particle; achievements nearby, accessible from the scheme indefatigable most restless minds: we had the steam engine, electricity, penicillin, DNA gunpowder ... And so on to infinity and its environs. New states we pick to matter, knew the wheel forge fire writing and printing; fly-by plane-, we walked on the moon. And if we reach the feat of 3D printers ... Do not say repetitive decay. Is deliriums tremens to what I a warning that things do not go hand in hand.

Differentiating between terrestrial and celestial privileges, here and now, we condition ourselves to those of the mother country. They'll come in the next world eternal life and stuff if they have to come. Encompassing the overview we have already achieved; Lucius Apuleius revealed: "One by one we are all mortal, together we are eternal."



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País: España (semestral #2, 2013)

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CÓMO PARTICIPAR en futuros números

Tenemos un subforo llamado "Revista Digital N°3", que sirve de mesa de trabajo para la revista. Allí la gente que se ha registrado en nuestro FORO abre un hilo (botón "Nuevo Tema"), y publica su propuesta. Luego los registrados van votando y al final, los trabajos mejor puntuados serán seleccionados para ser publicados en el próximo número. El procedimiento es pues completamente democrático y no sujeto a amiguismos. Ese subforo solamente pueden verlo los registrados del foro (gente interesada en el tema, ya que no es cuestión que cualquier visitante pueda ver los futuros contenidos de la revista y sus entrañas). La dirección del foro para registrarse, es:

<http://www.portalcienciayficción.com/foro/register.php>

...

Revista: El Investigador



País: México (septiembre #9. 2013)

Director general: Paulo César Ramírez Villaseñor (N. Inmunsapá)

Editor en jefe: Rodríguez (Von Marmalade)

Diseño Editorial: Mr. Xpk

Araceli Rodríguez

Colaboradores:

Josué Ramos, Patxi Larrabe,

Alejandro Morales Mariaca,

Robber LeBlancS, Raul Monstesdeoca,

Profesor Lecumberri

<http://el-investigador-magazine.blogspot.mx/2013/09/no-31-weird-fiction.html>

...

Título: BUK Magazine *La cultura en estado efervescente*

Equipo:

Redacción y Colaboración: Olga Besolí, Ginés Casanova Baixauli, Berta Díaz, Carmen Grimaldi,

Saúl Ibáñez, Irene Mala, Daniel Martín Reina, Mektres, Eva Mirror, Diana P. Morales, Pablo Navarro, Jose



La Revista de lo Breve y lo Fantástico

Iván Suárez, Trinidad Sepúlveda, Mar Tercero Valero, Juan Vera Sugrañes, Alixe Lobato y Alonso Zaragoza.

Diseño y Maquetación: Mariola Fernández Raposo y Eva María Espejo Barea.

Comercial: Marta Neria. Social Media Manager: Carmen Grimaldi.

Coordinación: Diana P. Morales.

Colaborar: bukmagazin@gmail.com

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05 {Desarrollo personal}

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Las Santas de Zurbarán

No es que sea mala

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Revista: NM La nueva literatura fantástica hispanoamericana (#29)

Director: Santiago Oviedo

Diseño de portada: Bárbara Din

Portada: Brian Vadell

Corrección: Cristina Chiesa

Colaborar:
director@revistanm.com.ar

www.revistanm.com.ar

Arrakena, Chinchiya P., La sonrisa del gato de Chesire.

Chaija, Patricio, ¿De qué te reís, Victoria Gerk?

Flores, Daniel, El bosque de Sinergia.

Carper, M. C., Los crímenes del terrestre.

Suchowolski, Carlos, Espacio, espacio...

Galán Ruiz, Diego, El ángel de la guarda.



Saarinén, Mila, Valyrzon en busca del Malored.

Cardo, Marcelo C., ¿Más vale solo?

Teoría:

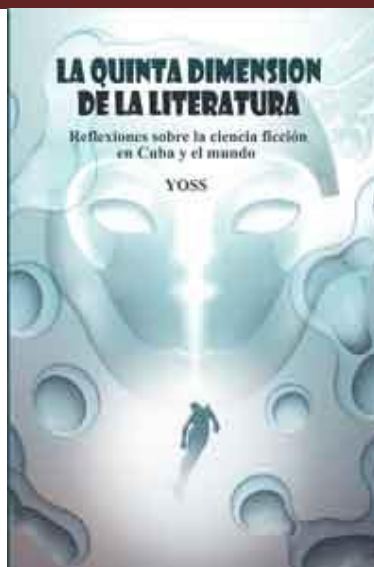
Título: La Quinta Dimensión de la Literatura: Reflexiones sobre la ciencia ficción en Cuba y el mundo

Autor: José Miguel “Yoss” Sánchez

Ilustrador: Caparó

Editorial: Letras Cubanas, 2012

Sinopsis: Aunque desde hace décadas se escribe ciencia ficción en Cuba, y el género cuenta con numerosos seguidores o fans, tanto lectores como escritores se enfrentan a una crónica escasez de información actualizada sobre las obras y autores relevantes de ciencia ficción o sobre sus tendencias contemporáneas. El presente volumen aspira a subsanar estas carencias. De la historia de la ciencia ficción cubana a los dilemas del género en la actualidad, de los inicios del juego de rol en Cuba hasta un minucioso recorrido por las representaciones de los extraterrestres en la ciencia ficción. el lector encontrará en este libro, escrito con amena prosa, un caudal de valiosas informaciones y análisis que le ayudarán a orientarse mejor dentro del multifacético mundo de la ciencia ficción,



sin olvidar, incluso, una sintética pero muy útil guía de lectura. Prepárese, pues, el lector para emprender un fascinante viaje a las fronteras de la imaginación, que lo llevará desde los dirigibles de vapor a los imperios galácticos.

Antologías:

Título: Érase una vez

Autores: J.E. Álamo, Athman M. Charles, A.M. Caliani, Juan de Dios Garduño, Daniel Gutiérrez, Tony Jiménez, Marta Junquera, Carolina Márquez Rojas, Ana Martínez Castillo, Miguel Ángel Naharro, Julián Sánchez Caramazana, Victoria Vílchez. Con la colaboración de Voro Luzzy.

Coordinador: Daniel Gutiérrez.

Portada: Barb Hernández y Daniel Expósito.

Tintas interior: Barb Hernández.

Presentación: Carlos Sisí

Colección: Kelonia Ficción.

La primera publicación de Kelonia realizada a través de la plataforma de micromecenazgo Verkami.

Sinopsis: "Grandes autores españoles han querido recuperar esos gérmenes originales de las mesillas de noche de los más pequeños y devolverle aquel sabor morboso, sádico en ocasiones,



visceral siempre, y transformarlo en historias con un común denominador: El zombi.

Y qué fascinante y acertada elección, ese monstruo que no tiene un padre legítimo, que es la clase obrera de los monstruos legendarios, la denuncia más contundente de la falta de espiritualidad que asola el mundo moderno, nacido de una lenta evolución que entremezcla los vampiros con la enfermedad y la decadencia humana, que añade elementos de la mitología de los espectros sobrenaturales que regresan del más allá para atormentarnos.

Si hay un monstruo apropiado para infectar los cuentos populares, es sin duda el zombi".

...

Título: Ellos son el futuro. Un año de Ficción Científica

Autores: VV. AA.

Editorial: Ficción Científica

Sinopsis: En septiembre de 2012 nos volvimos un poco locos y lanzamos Ficción Científica, un proyecto muy personal donde poder volcar nuestra principal afición, la ciencia ficción.

En septiembre de 2013 se cumple un año de Ficción Científica, queríamos hacer algo especial y decidimos realizar una recopilación de los relatos publicados para poder tenerlos todos juntos.

11 autores, 15 relatos, que esperamos que disfrutes tanto como hemos disfrutado nosotros publicándolos.

Cristina Jurado, José Ramón Vázquez, Miguel Santander, Nieves Delgado, Santiago Eximeno, Josué Ramos, Felicidad Martínez, Juan González Mesa, Jorge Baradit, Ricardo Manzanaro Arana, Manuel Moledo.

Índice:

Rem/ Cristina Jurado

Share Rider/ José Ramón Vázquez

La gran noticia/ Miguel Santander

Hacia Dentro/ Nieves Delgado

Madre solo hay una/ Santiago Eximeno

Presunto, presunto asesino/ Josué Ramos

El cadáver sin nombre/ Felicidad Martínez

Putas de Tijuana/ Juan González Mesa

Dariya/ Nieves Delgado

Ellos son el futuro/ Santiago

Eximeno

La conquista mágica de América/ Jorge Baradit

El historial del egófago/ Juan González Mesa

Adaptació/ Ricardo Manzanaro Arana

Último viaje/ Manuel Moledo

Futuro/ Ricardo Manzanaro Arana

<http://www.ficcioncientifica.com/pages/eb-ook>



...

Título: Sueños Negros

Autores: Santiago Eximeno
y Eduardo Vaquerizo

Editorial: Saco de Huesos

Sinopsis: Dos de los autores más reconocidos de la literatura fantástica nacional, Santiago Eximeno y Eduardo Vaquerizo, escriben conjuntamente para brindarnos el último lanzamiento de la línea “A sangre”, de “Saco de Huesos”: Sueños negros.

“Sueños negros” se trata de una antología compuesta por 18 historias de ciencia ficción oscura, retrato social negro, costumbrismo dislocado.

<http://sacodehuesos.com/a-sangre/suenos-negros>

...

Título: Más allá de Némesis

Ilustración y diseño de cubierta: Juan Miguel Aguilera

Coordinador: Juan Miguel Aguilera

Editorial: Sportula

En Némesis, Aguilera y Redal nos mostraban la destrucción de la Tierra a manos de las inquietantes y siniestras inteligencias que habitaban en la Nube de Oort, en los confines del sistema



solar. ¿Qué ocurrió después? ¿Cómo sobrevivió la humanidad? ¿De qué forma evolucionó y qué nuevas sociedades creó?

Averígualo en esta sorprendente antología coordinada por Juan Miguel Aguilera de la mano de trece excelentes autores que te llevan por un viaje increíble por todo el sistema solar en una lucha que no puede tener final: la supervivencia de la humanidad, en todas sus formas, contra cualquier adversidad.

Índice:

Adversus Techgnosticas Haereses/ José Manuel Uría

El honor del samurái/ María Zaragoza

Omega/ Sergio R. Alarte

Érebo/ Carmen Moreno

Calipso/ Sofía Rhei

El bosque de hielo/ Juan Miguel Aguilera

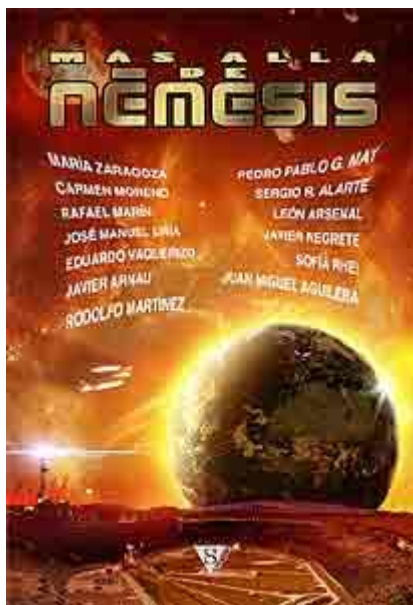
No estamos solos/ Eduardo Vaquerizo

El centro muerto/ León Arsenal

Walhalla/ Pedro Pablo G. May

Hybris/ Rafael Marín

Nox perpetua/ Javier Negrete



Némesis del tiempo/ J. Javier Arnau

Os disparo/ Rodolfo Martínez

...

Título: Terra Nova 2

Antologadores: Luis Pestarini y Mariano Villarreal

Autores: VV.AA.

Editorial: Fantascy

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The short-stories included in anthology are:

- “Noches de cristal” (Crystal Nighths) – Greg Egan

- “El último Osama” (The last Osama) – Lavie Tidhar

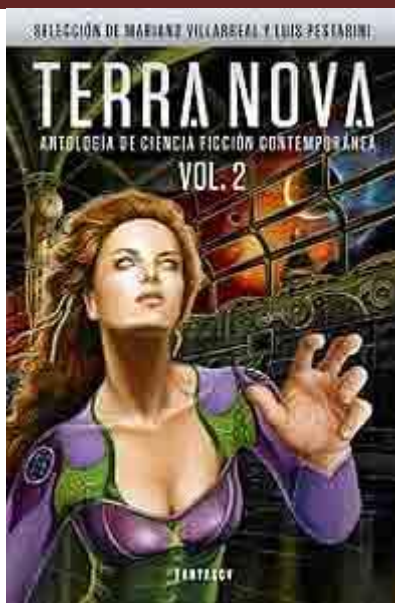
- “El hombre que puso fin a la Historia: Documental” (The man who ended History: A Documentary) - Ken Liu (Hugo, Nebula, World Fantasy nominee)

- “Las manos de su marido” (Her Husband’s Hands) – Adam-Troy Castro (Nebula nominee)

- “Separados por las aguas del río celeste” (Scattered Along the River of Heaven) – Aliette de Bodard (Hugo, Nebula, BSFA nominee)

- “Araña, la artista” (Spider, the Artist) – Nnedi Okorafor

- “La textura de las palabras” (The Yexture of the Words) –



Felicidad Martínez (Ignotus Award : spanish Hugos) nominee

- “¿Pueden llorar ojos no humanos?” (Can human eyes cry ?) – German Amatto

- “Juicio Final” (Final Judgement) - Carlos Gardini

Cuentos:

Título: Super Extra Grande

Autor: José Miguel “Yoss” Sánchez

Ilustrador: Cedly Valdivia Navarro

Editorial: Gente Nueva, 2012

Sinopsis: Narra las divertidas, insólitas y a veces hasta algo escatológicas aventuras de Jan Amos Sangán Dongo, descendiente de cubana y japonés. Se trata de un biólogo veterinario que, dadas su gran estatura y corpulencia, siempre soñó con ocuparse de animales grandes. Rompía constantemente las preparaciones y causaba desastres en el microscopio, pero lo suyo era separar células gigantes con una pala y hacer disecciones con una excavadora. La gran

escala, en una palabra.... Así que se convirtió en el veterinario de los titanes, especializado en animales gigantes.

El trasfondo de Super Extra Grande es típicamente space-opera: una galaxia donde hay siete razas inteligentes que viven en relaciones más o menos pacíficas. Me di gusto



describiendo a algunas de las razas y dejando en la penumbra a otras. Hay respiradores de metano, reptiles inteligentes, hay una especie donde sólo las hembras son inteligentes (para que luego no me acusen de machista, que ya se está volviendo una constante). Y San Dongo realiza al fin su sueño, que es ocuparse de los lagotones, la forma de vida más grande de la galaxia, una especie de amebas de decenas de kilómetros de largo y millones de toneladas de peso que se alimentan de los cometas que caen sobre la superficie de su mundo, Brondignagg. Premio UPC 2010.

...

Título: Brevísimos cuentos de espantos

Autor: Vicente Arturo Pichardo

Editorial: Luna Insomne Editores

Colección: Delicatessen

Sinopsis: [...] Edgar Allan Poe, quien fue uno de los mejores lectores que ha dado el mundo, decía que para lograr la unidad de impresión es necesario que el texto que vamos a leer tenga una duración de entre treinta minutos y dos horas. De manera que lo que se ha entrelazado al interior de un escrito tenga la capacidad de producir un efecto en los lectores. Esto tiene que ver con la capacidad de percepción,



empatía, entendimiento y con los niveles de lectura que tenga un texto. Sabiendo lo anterior es necesario decir que la lectura entre microrrelato y microrrelato llevará no media hora, sino, acaso, un par de minutos.

Pero Brevísimos cuentos de espantos del escritor dominicano Vicente Arturo Pichardo no es sólo un libro de microrrelatos —formato

que, como vimos, tiene sus propias dificultades—, sino un libro en el cual el terror dialoga con el humor negro, con el género policiaco, con el chiste popular, con el arte y con el miedo a lo desconocido. Es en ocasiones sugerente, y en esos momentos se observan los años que Vicente le ha dedicado a la poesía; en otras, más certero, como si estuviese ofreciendo un brebaje tóxico a sus personajes; lúdico y emocional, cuando nos remite a sensaciones y recuerdos de la infancia, y original y provocador cuando transforma un género cuadrado (como una receta de cocina) en un microrrelato. Asmara Gay

Lo pueden adquirir aquí:

<http://www.amazon.com/Brevísimos-Cuentos-Espanto-Spanish-ebook/dp/B00CXUKXIO>

Novelas:

Título: Lucrecia quiere decir perfidia

Autor: Chely Lima



Editorial: Ediciones Linkgua USA, 2011

Colección: Colección Centauro

Sinopsis: “En un edificio de La Habana de los años 1980 comienzan a sucederse una serie de asesinatos. Sus inquilinos son personas corrientes, aunque de diversa extracción social (un joven rockero, ancianos retirados, un borracho, amas de casa...). Sin embargo, todos tienen secretos que podrían ser la clave de estos crímenes. No existe aquí la figura del detective convencional. Serán los propios sospechosos, es decir, los inquilinos del edificio, quienes contribuirán con sus actos y especulaciones a lograr una solución final. Mezcla de sátira, humor y trama detectivesca, la obra posee elementos novedosos para una trama detectivesca, como lo fantasmagórico y lo absurdo...”

...

Título: El Dirigible

Autor: Joseph M Remesar

Editorial: Dlorean Ediciones, 2013

Colección: Tesla

Sinopsis: Estamos en el Invierno de 1876, en Londres, capital del Imperio Británico. James Usera-Brackpool es un inspector de Scotland Yard sin muchas ambiciones debido a su poca actividad partidista, pero todo eso está a punto de cambiar debido a que le encargan la investigación un desconocido ciudadano norteamericano

asesinado en una fiesta en la casa del Embajador Español.

La situación política entre el gobierno de su Majestad la Reina Victoria y el Imperio Español y la Federación Bolivariana está en una situación compleja, debido a un reciente incidente de contrabando de armas desde Alemania.

El propio Primer Ministro Británico, Benjamín Disraeli, le encarga resolver el caso lo más pronto posible y lo envía en el famoso dirigible de Pan-Ame "Los Ángeles" a la ciudad de Nueva York para

que colabore con las autoridades estadounidenses.

Enormes dirigibles, ordenadores mecánicos, autogiros, armas de rayos, automates, Joseph M Remesar nos presenta una historia alternativa en un mundo dominado por complejas máquinas de vapor, combinando el género policial con la más clásica tradición de

la Ciencia-Ficción de H.G. Wells y Julio Verne.

Sobre el Autor: Hijo de inmigrantes españoles, nacido en Venezuela, Joseph M. Remesar ha vivido en España, Estados Unidos, Irlanda y desde 2007 en Londres, Reino Unido, donde se dedica a encontrarse a sí mismo mientras se sumerge en los misterios de la época victoriana, sus máquinas a vapor y su inconfundible estilo estético.

...

Título: Desertora

Titulo original: Deserter

Autor: Mike Shepherd

Traducción: Raúl García Campos

Editorial: La Factoría de Ideas

Sinopsis: Kris Longknife no eligió ser una niña rica y consentida. Cuando pudo decidir por sí misma, se alistó en los marines.

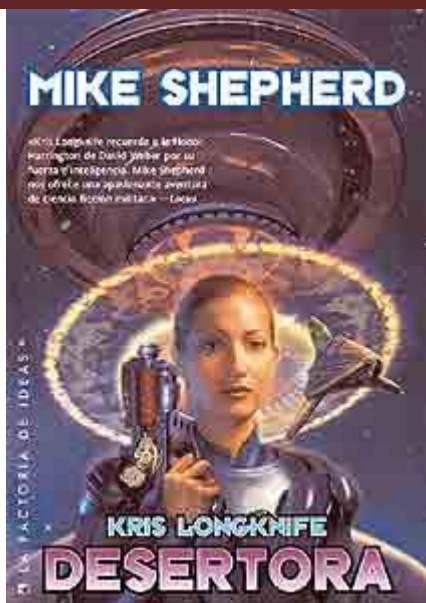
Cuando el mejor amigo de Kris desaparece, esta toma la primera nave hacia Turántica, el último lugar donde se lo vio con vida. Pero el rescate no será tan sencillo como cabría esperar. Turántica no es solo el agujero más infernal de la galaxia, sino que además se encuentra en cuarentena a causa de una plaga letal. Y tras una repentina y sospechosa caída del sistema de comunicaciones con el exterior, Kris comprende hasta dónde están dispuestos a llegar sus enemigos a fin de tenderle una trampa mortal. Pero ella está decidida a ir aún más lejos, y a seguir profundizando en los secretos de Turántica para sobrevivir.

...

Título: Tierras de Esmeralda: La esfera mágica

Autor: Pilar Alberdi

Formato: Versión Kindle



http://www.amazon.es/TIER-RAS-ESMERALDA-esfera-m%C3%A1gica--ebook/dp/B00EW42TMW/ref=sr_1_9?s=digital-text&ie=UTF8&qid=1377935947&sr=1-9&keywords=pilar+alberdi

Sinopsis: Un mundo de leyenda donde numerosos personajes se enfrentan al oscuro mundo representado por Ténébrus y sus secuaces.

Mientras que en las Tierras de Esmeralda, sus habitantes han comprendido que un libro vale tanto como una biblioteca y una persona como todas ellas, en el oscuro mundo colindante, la oscuridad acecha a cada paso.

¿Pueden unos adolescentes y un anciano devolver la esperanza a las ciudadelas? ¿Y qué tienen que ver en esta historia esos jóvenes voladores de Tilsmans?

Para saberlo, sólo tienes que abrir el libro por la primera página, allí donde dice... «Tierras de Esmeralda o del linaje de los Smáragdos. Se las conoce también como

las tierras de los tres reinos (Mytos, Circe y Artemisa), los tres linajes y las tres bibliotecas».

Después, déjate envolver por un mundo mágico, clásico y medieval, donde lo maravilloso se vuelve real.

Una guerra entre el bien y el mal. Una saga que recién



comienza... Más de cincuenta personajes a tu disposición. Y esto, es sólo el inicio.

...

Título: Kraken

Autor: China Miéville

Editorial: La Factoría de Ideas

Sinopsis: Un robo imposible. Una bestia legendaria. Una guerra santa.

En lo más remoto del ala de investigación del museo de Historia Natural hay un



preciado espécimen, algo único e insólito: un calamar gigante que se conserva en perfecto estado. Pero ¿qué consecuencias acarreará la repentina e inverosímil

desaparición del animal?

Para el conservador del museo, Billy Harrow, será el primer paso hacia un salto sin red a un Londres de cultos enfrentados, magia surrealista, apóstatas y asesinos. La criatura que ha estado custodiando podría ser algo más que una rareza biológica: hay quien asegura que se trata de un dios.

Un dios que algunos esperan que acabe con el mundo.

...

Título: Los cazahuesos

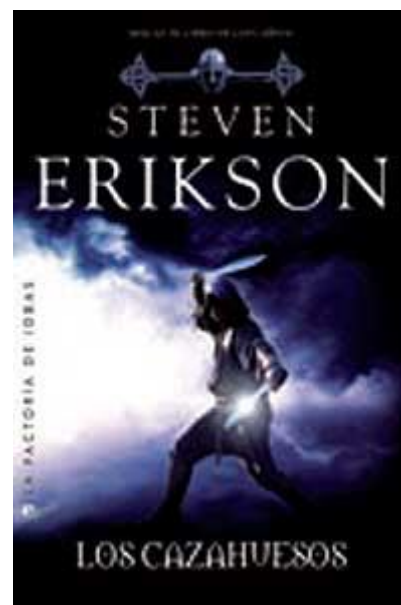
Autor: Steven Erikson

Editorial: La Factoría de Ideas

Sinopsis: Llega la esperada sexta entrega de la épica y espectacular serie 'Malaz: El libro de los caídos'.

La rebelión de Siete Ciudades ha sido aplastada. Queda una última fuerza rebelde oculta en la ciudad de Y'Ghatan bajo el mando de Leoman de los Mayales y su ejército de fanáticos religiosos. La

perspectiva de sitiar este antiguo emplazamiento o inquieta al agotado Decimocuarto Ejército de Malaz. Fue allí donde cayó asesinado el mejor paladín del Imperio y



se derramó una marea de sangre malazana. Pero eso no es más que una distracción. Hay agentes de un conflicto mucho mayor que ya han empezado a hacer sus primeros movimientos.

Al dios Tullido se le ha concedido un lugar en el panteón y amenaza con abrirse un cisma. Hay que elegir bando. Pero decida lo que decida cada dios, las reglas han cambiado.

...

Título: El Oráculo

Autor: Josh Lawrence

Editorial: La Factoría de Ideas

Sinopsis: Descubre qué se oculta tras los Juegos de la Guerra.

La vida de los jóvenes atenienses es dura: sufren una existencia de semi esclavitud que se reparte entre trabajar para los adultos y prepararse para los Juegos de la Guerra. Esta competición a muerte fue ideada tiempo atrás por los Consejos de Ancianos de Atenas y Esparta como sustituto de la guerra entre adultos. Quien gana los juegos tiene derecho a imponer sus



costumbres a su rival. El problema es que los espartanos llevan diez años seguidos ganando, y un legado ateniense, enviado a Esparta para investigar la cuestión, desaparece sin

dejar rastro. Su hija Helena, acompañada de sus amigos, emprenderá un viaje a lo prohibido en pos de la verdad, la justicia y la abolición de los juegos que los sentencian a muerte cada año.

...

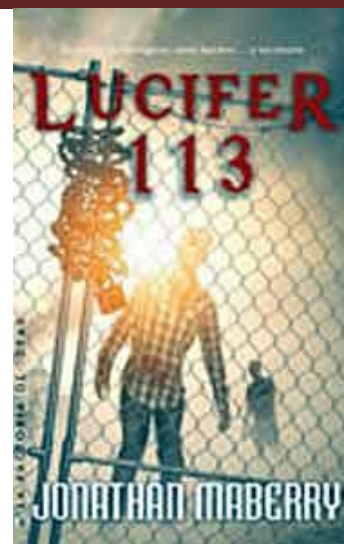
Título: Lucifer 113

Autor: Jonathan Maberry

Editorial: La Factoría de Ideas

Sinopsis: El doctor Herman Volker ha estado investigando una nueva fórmula.

Quién mejor para probarla que el desalmado asesino en serie Homer Gibbons. Donde muchos ven una merecida pena de muerte por inyección letal, Volker ve una oportunidad de hacer justicia. Le inyecta al criminal el fármaco que hará que mantenga la conciencia mientras su cuerpo se pudre en la tumba.



Desgraciadamente, nada sale según lo planeado. En vez de ser enterrado en la prisión, llevan al asesino al cementerio de una pequeña ciudad de Pensilvania...

Y toda sustancia experimental tiene efectos secundarios imprevistos...

...

Título: Segunda Crónica: el cazavampiros

Autor: Heather Brewer

Editorial: La Factoría de Ideas

¿Qué gracia tiene ser un vampiro si todos quieren verte «muerto»?

Si el primer año de instituto fue un asco, el segundo es un verdadero suplicio. Vlad no



solo tiene que soportar que los abusones se metan con él y seguir sufriendo por Meredith, la chica de sus sueños, sino que además hay un fotógrafo del periódico del colegio que lo sigue a todas partes. Ni qué decir tiene que practicar sus habilidades de vampiro no ha sido una de sus prioridades... hasta ahora. Un alucinante viaje a Siberia con su tío Otis se convertirá en su bautizo de fuego como estudiante vampiro. Entrenar con uno de los chupasangres más dotados del mundo es justo lo que Vlad necesita para mejorar esos poderes especiales de los que antes renegaba.

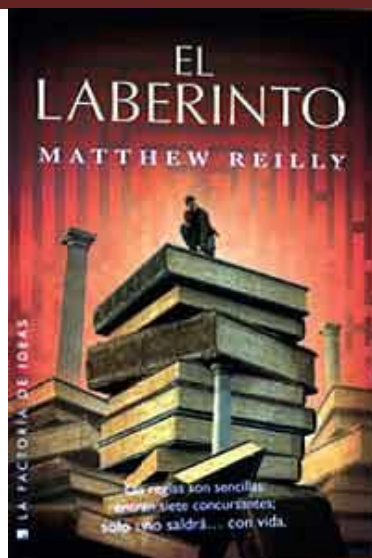
...

Título: El laberinto

Autor: Matthew Reilly

Editorial: La Factoría de Ideas

Sinopsis: La biblioteca pública de Nueva York es un santuario de conocimientos: un laberinto centenario de imponentes librerías, angostos pasillos e interminables vestíbulos de mármol. Pero para el doctor Stephen Swain y su hija Holly es la materialización de una pesadilla... Ya que por una noche, este insigne edificio se convierte en el escenario de una competición. Una competición en la que Swain debe participar, lo quiera o no. Las reglas son sencillas: siete concursantes entran en el



laberinto; solo uno saldrá con vida.

Con una niña de ocho años como única aliada, el doctor Swain se ve empujado a librar una terrible batalla por la supervivencia. Puede intentar huir, esconderse o luchar pero, si quiere seguir vivo, tendrá que vencer. En esta competición, o sales victorioso... o no sales.

...

Título: Tinta

Autor: Amanda Sun

Editorial: Oz

Sinopsis: Después de una tragedia familiar, lo último que quiere Katie Green es mudarse a Japón con su tía, pero no le queda otra opción que aprender el idioma y adaptarse a sus costumbres.

Cuando conoce a Tomohiro, un maestro del kendo, se siente inmediatamente intrigada por él, pero a la vez asustada porque cuando están juntos ocurren fenómenos extraños: los bolígrafos

explotan, surgen gotas de tinta de la nada y los dibujos cobran vida. Pero lo que Katie no sabe es que Tomohiro está emparentado con los antiguos dioses del Japón y la relación con ella hace que pierda el control de sus habilidades.

Hay personas interesadas en utilizar ese don para sus propios fines y están empezando a hacer



preguntas. Katie nunca quiso mudarse a Japón, ahora quizá no salga de allí con vida.

...

Título: Generación Z

Autor: Kellie Sheridan

Editorial: Oz

Sinopsis: No había manera de saber que la vacuna milagrosa supondría un destino mucho más aterrador para los supervivientes de la plaga zombie. Las víctimas de mordeduras que fueron



inoculadas se convierten en zombies con muchas más capacidades que los anteriores; ahora dos generaciones de infectados amenazan con acabar con lo que queda de la

civilización.

Después de haber perdido a su familia, Savannah no está dispuesta a esconderse como el resto de supervivientes; quiere luchar. La oportunidad se presenta con Cole, que tiene un plan para cambiarlo todo. Savannah lo deja todo para irse con él y enfrentarse a peligros que nunca antes había experimentado.

...

Título: La Guerrera de Tildor

Autor: Alex Lidell

Editorial: Oz

Sinopsis: No había manera de A pesar de las objeciones de su padre, lady Renee abandona la aristocracia para estudiar en la Academia de élite de la nación y convertirse en guerrera. Es la única chica del curso y debe esforzarse al máximo para ser tan fuerte como los chicos y satisfacer al exigente Savoy, su instructor y líder de la unidad de combate más famosa de Tildor.



Cuando secuestran al hermano pequeño de Savoy, Renee decide ir en su busca mientras las tensiones entre el rey y las dos familias más poderosas del país crecen. La guerra parece inminente.

Renee debe elegir entre la lealtad a su familia, amigos, maestros y corona, y las necesidades de Tildor que sufre por la magia incontrolada de poderosos magos, los secuestros, el comercio de la droga y los combates ilegales de gladiadores.

...

Título: Donna Angelica vs Donna diavola

Autor: Elena Montagud

<http://www.tomboaktu.com.mx/pags8>



e1c.html?doc=1532

Sinopsis: Desde el inicio del mundo la mujer ha sido objeto de estudio por parte de numerosos eruditos. En muchas épocas ha sido considerada como el origen del mal y la perdición de muchos hombres poderosos.

Eva, Lilith, Elena de Troya, Cleopatra, Salomé... todas ellas han sido comparadas con el mismo diablo. No obstante, la mujer también presenta otra cara, asociada al bien, la pureza y la bondad, como María, Penélope o Santa Teresa.

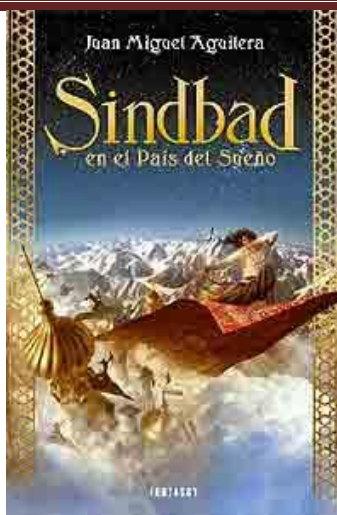
Esta obra presenta un conjunto de relatos de terror y corte fantástico cuyas protagonistas son mujeres, bondadosas y sanguinarias, crueles y personificaciones del diablo.

Siguiendo muy de cerca los cuentos del "fantástico hispanoamericano" y la narrativa de Stephen King, es un estudio de la psique humana y una inquietante galería de personajes femeninos.

Ocho cuentos impregnados de terror, fantasía, folclore, tensión, juegos metaliterarios y lingüísticos que convierten esta antología en una obra original, muestra de la variedad de estilos que recorren el panorama de la narrativa contemporánea de terror en España.

...

Título: Sindbad en el País del Sueño



Autor: Juan Miguel Aguilera

Portada: Juan Miguel Aguilera

Editorial: Fantascy Libros
(enero, 2014)

Sinopsis: «Sindbad es el intrépido capitán de la nave mercante El Viajero. Atracado en el puerto de Basora tras una larga travesía, encuentra un polizón escondido en la bodega: es el

joven Radi, perseguido por unos extranjeros que han asesinado a su hermano y buscan un misterioso libro que obra en su poder. Sindbad decide ayudarlo y satisfacer de esta manera su instinto aventurero que tanta fortuna le ha reportado.

Comienza así una epopeya fantástica que conduce a un grupo de aventureros por territorios tan exóticos como Basora, Bagdad, la isla de Zanzíbar, el río Pangani y la "Tierra de los Negros" (actual Tanzania) hacia el remoto País del Sueño. En su camino afrontarán todo tipo de peligros, enemigos, criaturas fantásticas, ciudades perdidas, reinos ocultos, y un interminable etcétera de maravillas hasta llegar a la ciudad de Salomón, donde se guarda el mayor tesoro de todos los tiempos y donde tendrá lugar un enfrentamiento épico que dirimirá el mismísimo destino de la humanidad.»

...

Título: La última torre

Autores: María Parra y Miguel A. Carroza

Portada: Oscar Pérez

Formato: Libro/ebook

Pedidos a: planofotosl@telecable.es

Sinopsis: Un joven aprendiz de custodio vive turbado por la pasión que siente por el conocimiento. Para él, el mundo es un maravilloso maestro del que quiere absorber todos los saberes que pueda. Su valor para seguir a su intuición le lleva a un camino difícil con un incierto destino. Solo cuenta con la certeza de lo poco que ha visto, una enigmática torre, en ruinas, muestra silenciosa de un pasado glorioso que ya todos han olvidado, y lo poco que ha oído, una leyenda que habla de una torre llena de conocimientos que aún perdura en algún lugar, quizá no muy lejano.

Cuando un sueño se instala en un corazón reclama a su portador alguna acción o de lo contrario se convierte en una dolorosa herida para toda la vida. El joven aprendiz decide dejarlo todo para llegar al fondo del misterio, pero su amada no quiere resignarse al sufrimiento de la espera. Ambos parten en busca de la cosa más valiosa para el ser humano: la sabiduría.

La pareja recorrerá el mundo conviviendo con otros pueblos, ayudando, aprendiendo o siendo socorridos por los otros, hasta encontrar la última torre.

Esta novela nos lleva a reflexionar sobre los valores de la sociedad actual y la necesidad de volver la vista hacia la verdadera fuente de felicidad que hay en nosotros mismos. Se trata, simplemente, de utilizar nuestra inteligencia para ser mejores seres humanos y compartir nuestra sabiduría con nuestros semejantes. Y seguir una sencilla máxima: trata a los demás como te gusta tratarte a ti mismo porque no hay “el otro”, “el otro” eres tú.

Cómic:

Título: The Kromwell Show

Autor: Jorge Villena Sánchez

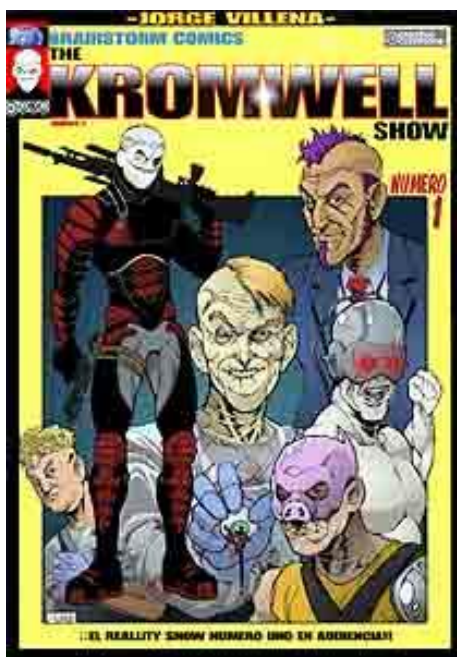
Descarga gratuita:

http://www.mediafire.com/download/yfmhg9ul24sc698/THE_KROMWELL_SHOW_NUMERO_1.cbz

Facebook:

<https://www.facebook.com/pages/The-Kromwell-Show/498992813517934>

Sinopsis: En un futuro gobernado por el crimen y la violencia, un programa de televisión es la única vía de escape para un pueblo que vive oprimido bajo el yugo de los criminales, un Reality Show con una audiencia planetaria, un espectáculo de muerte y violencia que arrasa entre el público, ya que es este mismo público el que decide quien debe morir en el... bienvenidos a The Kromwell



Writers:

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).

<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 Plurentes", National University of La Plata, Argentina.

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

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>

Betancourt Dipotet, Yunieski (Yaguajay, Sancti Spíritus, Cuba, 1976) Sociologist, university professor and writer. Masters in Sociology from the University of Havana. Second Prize at the XXIV edition of Short Story Contest Ernest Hemingway, 2013. Member of the World Network of

Writers in Spanish (REMES) Reside in Havana.

Caballero Alvarez, Mari Carmen (Spain) I posted several microstories paper to be selected in several competitions: Bioaxioma (Cachitos of Love II, ACEN), Esmeralda (Savory Snacks II, ACEN). Lost Shadow (Portions Creative, Diversity Literary) and was Truth (Portions of Alma, Literary Diversity also).

Several copies of the magazine are some stories Minatura and articles of mine - Steampa (Steampunk) Scared to Death (Stephen King) Towards Gaia (Isaac Asimov), endophobia (Phobias), Licantrosapiencia ... Viva la Science! (Lycanthropy)

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

Calvo Sanz, David (Zaragoza, Spain, 39 years) Selected in the contest "Literatura Joven" funded by the Government of Aragon in 2000 with the story "Rupturas". In the same contest in 2001 won a accesit with his story "Ruinas". In 2003 he was awarded with the XXII accesit story competition "City of Zaragoza" with the story "Paisaje". Selected for the IV contest "Hislibris Historical Stories" with the story "El Cuento del Caballero". Selected in the X story competition "Minatura" and special of the same magazine dedicated to Stephen King, Angeles y Demonios and Fobias.

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.

Castejón, Mary L. (Madrid, Spain, 1973) literature fan in general, and the erotic and horror in particular. He has been a finalist in the 2007 story Avalon, erotic poetry Contest II Red Owl, II International Poetry Competition 2010 Fantastic miNatura well as micro story VII International Competition Fantastic miNatura 2009.

His work has appeared in various publications online and in print journals in both Spanish and English. Currently working on her first novel, and a haiku poems with Mar del Valle Seoane illustrator. He lives in Dublin, Ireland.

<http://stiletto.crisopeya.eu/>

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.

Doti, Luciano (Buenos Aires, Argentina, 1977) Author of stories and poems. Since 2003 published in anthologies, fanzines, blogs and magazines.

He won the Inspiration Kapasulino Award 2009, the Sexto Continente of Erotic Story Award 2011 and the Scary Flash-Fiction Award 2013.

Espinosa Márquez, Dolores (Spain) Several stories published in the Annual Cultural Magazine The Truce. Short story published in the Anthology of Time II Hipalage Editorial. Short story published in the anthology Cuentos para sonreir Hipalage Editorial. Story published in the book Atmospheres, 100 stories to the world. Short story published in the anthology Más cuentos para sonreir Hipalage Editorial.

Short story published in the anthology ¡Libérate hasta de ti! Hipalage Editorial. Story published in The Inkwell Editorial of Atlantis. Giants Microrrelato Liliput published in the Editorial Atlantis. Children's story published in the book It Could Happen to you.

Several children's stories published in La nave de los libros 3rd Primary Education, Editorial Santillana.

Fontanarroza, Sebastián Ariel (Argentina) Writer of short stories and novels microstories fantasy and

horror. I run my personal blog T-Imagino Leyendo. Contributing miNatura Magazine (#126), Avalon Magazine mysteries and enigmas. Cartoon Writer own "Filosofía Pediculosa". "Juan", (Justicia Anónima), awarded work and publication of 3000 copies per publishing area. Same work selected by publisher Novel Art to integrate their anthology. "Una fosa" work awarded special mention for meritorious author editorial Décima Musa contest, plus other works in selected short stories in various international competitions.

Story three unpublished novels and a catalog of over thirty stories.

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.

García Fumero, Ricardo L. (Havana, 1955) Enters in Oscar Hurtado Workshop in 1983, his second story presented to the workshop OH - Juego De Una Noche de Verano - was the first to appear in print (number 20 Anniversary revista Juventud Técnica (July , 1985) and also appears in the anthology Astronomía se escribe con G (Havana, 1989). Winner for two consecutive years prize Plaza, SF

category, II nd prize in the First (unfortunately also the last ...) Biennial the tale, with the history of SF Una tragedia Americana. Their story end resource gives the title to the genre anthology published by Editora Abril (Havana, 1988). shares with Angel Arango pioneer a notebook Astral Collection (Cuentos Cubanos of Science Fiction), Oxford Union, (Havana, 1991) with Factor Cuantitativo history also appears in JT, in November 1986, and in Astronomía se escribe con G. SF stories I contribute regularly to JT - Un Número al Azar (December, 1985), Victoria (February, 1987), Ángeles y Demonios (January, 1988), Juguetes (January, 1989). Nicely, his first published story, as previously anthologized, is included in Crónicas del Mañana: 50 Años de Ciencia Ficción En Cuba, edited by Jose Miguel "Yoss" Sanchez (Havana 2009).

García Suárez, Rosa María (Spain, 41 years) social worker. I have been practicing over eighteen profession. From small writing stories and poems. Although three years ago, I do continually. Writing makes me feel good. I like to read, I've done theater, I also dared to make oral narrator or storyteller and participated in radio programs. I have done some creative writing workshops, and I have posted some microrrelatos and poems in some anthologies.

www.dibujandounpensamiento.blogspot.com

Gil Benedicto, María José (Spain) I write short stories, poetry and tales. I have worked in some magazine numbers miNatura. I Won the International Competition of micro-story X Fantastic Minatura in 2012 with the micro-story "Carola no está". Finalist of the V International Poetry Competition Fantastic Minatura 2013 with the poem "Ser o no ser en Detroit". La Pereza editions included a poem and a story of mine in two of his books: a collection of poems (Another Song) from its First International Competition Poetry La Pereza 2013, and a book of children's stories (When you want to look at the clouds) from its Stories Prize for Kids 2013 La Pereza.

Gozalo, Rubén (Spain, 1978) has more than thirty publications in various anthologies. You can find here:

<http://dosiscomprimidas.wordpress.com>

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 Aljarafe...

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

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>

Madarnás, María José (Venezuela, 28 años) Today live in Spain.

<http://www.letras-peregrinas.com>

<https://www.facebook.com/LetrasPeregrinas?ref=hl>

Magnan Alabarce, Jaime (Santiago de Chile, 1967)

Storyteller. Geographer by profession. Since 1998 lives in the city of Lebu. His sf interest lies in the television serial of the '70s and '80s. In fantasy literature, study the work of Brian Anderson "Elantris" and Orson Scott Card. He was a finalist in the Award VII Premio Andrómeda de Ficción Especulativa, Mataró, Barcelona in 2011 with "Ladrones de Tumbas" and the Third Prize Story Terbi of Space Travel Theme no return, Basque Association of Science Fiction, Fantasy and Horror, Bilbao, with "Conejillo de Indias". In MiNatura Digital Magazine has collaborated three times.

Manzanaro Arana, Ricardo (San Sebastián, Spain, 1966) Medical. With respect to the C.F. is the current administrator of the Awards Ignottus AEFCFT.

Association President Terbi Basque Science Fiction, Fantasy and Horror. Assistant usual since its founding 19 years ago of the circle of c. f. Bilbao. He has published more than 30 stories in various media.

Live in Bilbao. Personal blog:

<http://notcf.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 every day. 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.

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 Juventud Técnica 2002, 03; National Competition Ernest Hemingway, Havana 2003 Literary Contest Extramuros Promotion Centre "Luis Rogelio Noguera 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.

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.

Moreyra García, Julieta (Mexico) Degree in Health Sciences. Bibliophile,

budding novelist and faithful follower of fantasy literature, addiction that led her to travel the Creative Writing Program at the University of the Cloister of Sor Juana. Experiment with pen for several years, writing stories inserted into the genre, more to herself than to be read.

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.

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.wordpress.com

Olivera, Patricia K. (Montevideo, Uruguay) Future Proofreader Style and Degree in Linguistics. Post his texts on blogs that manages and participates in others where. He has worked in network Literary Magazines from around the world. Currently working in Digital *miNatura de lo Breve y lo fantástico*, *Revista Literaria Palabras*

and El Descensor. It has its own micro column: "Desvaríos de Musas" on La Pluma Afilada. Don't have any books published but shares space with other authors in several anthologies of short stories and poetry.

<http://mismusascuenteras.blogspot.com>

<http://mismusaslocas.blogspot.com>

Ortiz Galeano, Juan Ramón (Argentina) Law studies (National University of La Plata) and I work in various literary activities and cultural popularization.

www.juanramonortizgaleano.blogspot.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).

Paniagua, Mary (Dominican Republic) Mention Student Creativity and Management Advertising in the Autonomous University of Santo Domingo. Theater student at the National School of Drama. Belonging to the Literary Workshop Litervolucion.

Tiki Tiki am giving sound to the music in my head. I burn water, wet fire. I'm from here but my roots are there. I am a good book on the seafront, with sunsets robadoras pages. I think, though, never stop thinking about thinking. I'm dancing, sounds, looks, theater, film, poetry, poetry, literature, poetry. I am a tired Morivivi not die.

To live and die'm done. I am. I'm sure one day I will finish it to find out. And who knows if I'm only an illusion and not anyone believe that I am.

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

Pichardo, Vincent Arturo (Santo Domingo, Dominican Republic, 1981) Graduate of the National School of Fine Arts (ENBA), where he studied visual artist, graduated in 2002, is an architecture student at the

Autonomous University of Santo Domingo (UASD). He joined the Literary Workshop Manuel del Cabral (TLMC). Storytellers Workshop is coordinator of Santo Domingo (TNSD).

Some of his stories have been published in the journal *Litteratus* (North Santo Domingo, Dominican Republic) and *Starting Point* magazine, dedicated to Literary Workshop Manuel del Cabral (Ministry of Culture, Dominican Republic). In the anthologies "Santo Domingo NO PROBLEM" Storytellers Workshop of Santo Domingo, in the book "Tales of never ending" the publication of the stories of the contest "Young National Short Story Award Book Fair 2011" and "The bottom of the iceberg" Storytellers Workshop second anthology of Santo Domingo, December 2012. It has some micro-stories in the publication of the competition "I Concurs de Microrelats Negres of Bòbila (Barcelona, Spain)." He earned Honorable Mention in the National Short Story Prize Contest Young Book Fair 2011. He was a finalist in the "II Contest Microstories of Terror in Honor of Edgar Allan Poe page Artgerusrt.com wed in December 2011." Won first place in the National competition talleristas V in the story line in April 2012.

Roig, Mónica (Tortosa, Spain) making up stories since he can remember. Promoter of the book "365 contes" along with coauthors. Reader tireless fantastic stories and other topics. Currently cooking on her blog: "Las recetas de Glutoniana".

Salinas Sixtos, Sergio Fabián (Mexico City, Mexico) Metallurgical Engineer from the Universidad Autónoma Metropolitana. He published his first short story in

Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine (# 7, 1995), Asimov's Science Fiction (# 9) and Asimov's Science Fiction (# 12), published in the journal *El oscuro retorno del hijo del iNahual!* (# 7), revitalizing publications of science fiction in Mexico. After leaving writing for a long time and is reunited with her stories have been published in anthologies: *Érase una vez... un microcuento* (Spain) and *Cryptonomikon VI* (Spain).

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 Latveria" 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.

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 (Argentina, 1948) He wrote many science-fiction and "magic reality" short stories, published in newspapers, magazines, and digital sites, like Axxon, Artifex, Microrelatos, Químicamente impuro, Minatura, Planetas Prohibidos, Umbral, Nuevas Narrativas, Il sogno del minotauro... Was translated to flamish, bulgarian, russian, italian and french, and was included in several anthologies like the one published by Ultramar Editions (Argentina) after being finalist in the corresponding international competition in 1988. He was selected for three times by the Spanish CF Association to integrate their Visiones 2004, Fabricantes de sueños 2004 and Visiones 2007, destined to the best written short stories in the year. And two times he was finalist in the Golden Kan competition, held in Sofía. In 2007, his first novel "Una nueva conciencia" (A new consciousness) was launched (by Mandrágora), now available in its second edition in Amazon (kindle and paper back). New short stories will be published soon, maybe in the same way. He finished now his second novel which is under correction, and is working in an essay and a story for children. Currently lives in Spain since 1976.

Stewart, Steven J. (USA) Was awarded a 2005 Literature Fellowship for Translation by the National

Endowment for the Arts. His book of translations of Spanish poet Rafael Pérez Estrada, *Devoured by the Moon* (Hanging Loose Press, 2004), was a finalist for the 2005 PENUSA translation award. He has published two books of the short fiction of Ana María Shua (*Microfictions* (University of Nebraska Press, 2009) and *Without a Net* (Hanging Loose Press, 2012).

He currently lives in Rexburg, Idaho.

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

Viana Nevot, Natalia (Spain)
Winner of the VIII International Competition *Fantastic miNatura 2010* micro story. Finalist in the International Poetry Contest III *Fantastic miNatura 2011*.

Participant's book "El día de los cinco Reyes y otros cuentos"

Finalist in the Contest Domingo Santos. Awarded in the International *Karma Sensual*7, "Pasiones Prohibidas".

Finalist in the Second International Competition for fiction, Museum of the Word. I have published a children's book of poetry titled, "La luna y el tobogán" and a book of poems entitled, "Sueños enlatados".

Illustrators:

Pág. 50 Alfonso, Graciela Marta (Buenos Aires, Argentina) *See Writers.*

Pág. 30 Ascúa, Miriam (Argentina) Bachelor of Fine Arts from the University of La Plata. Researcher representation techniques. Freelance illustrator.

Pág. 1 Cheval, Michael (Kotelnikovo, Russia, 1966) He grew up among paints and brushes, canvases and easels. His grandfather, a professional artist and sculptor, developed Michael's love for drawing in his early childhood. A three-year-old boy, he could already draw complex multi-figured compositions, illustrating his fantasies and impressions.

In 1980, Michael and his family moved to Germany. His new setting made a great impression on the young artist. Museums and castles, ancient streets and wonderful landscapes of southern Germany permanently defined Michael's tastes and predilections. Always interested in history and literature, Michael became absorbed in music. He organized a band and devoted a number of years to rock 'n' roll. He composed songs and wrote poetry.

After graduating school and serving in a Soviet Army, Michael moved to Nebit-Dag, a Turkmenistan city in the middle of Kara-Kum desert, near the Iranian border. Absorbing Oriental philosophy and the character of Central Asia, he began working as an independent professional artist,

shaping his style and surrealistic direction. Michael collaborated with several theaters and publishing houses in Nebit-Dag and Ashgabad. In 1992, he graduated from Ashgabad school of Fine Art.

In 1990, Michael held his first personal exhibition in Turkmenistan's National Museum of Fine Art. This was a significant event for the 24-year-old artist that showed high appreciation from the republic's artist community. In 1994, Michael moved to Russia and worked in Moscow as an independent artist and an illustrator for various publishing houses, including the famous book-publishing house "Planeta".

His decision to immigrate in 1997 to USA began a new epoch for the artist. He returned to the Western culture that greatly inspired him in his youth, but now he brought his own experience, his philosophy and vision. In 1998, he became a member of the prestigious New York's National Arts Club, where in 2000 he was distinguished with the Exhibition Committee Award at the annual club exhibition.

Since 1998, Michael regularly exhibits in various New York galleries. He is a member of Society for Art of Imagination (London, UK) since 2002, and participates in annual European exhibitions held by the Association.

In 2003, Michael was accepted as a participant in the famous "Brave Destiny" exhibition, held in Williamsburg Art and Historical Center

in Brooklyn. Among other participants were such celebrated artists as H. R. Giger and Ernst Fuchs.

Since 2001, Michael exhibits at the International Show, Art Expo, which is held annually in Jacob K. Javits Convention Center, New York.

In 2006, Michael's works were accepted by "Feast of Imagination" exposition at H.R. Giger Museum Gallery, Switzerland.

In 2008 - he was accepted as a participant in the "Dreamscape 2009" exhibition in Amsterdam and published in "Dreamscape" book among of 50 Worldwide famous surrealist artists.

In 2009 - Michael Cheval was chosen as the Best Of Worldwide Oil Artists by the "Best Of Worldwide Artists" Volume I Book Series (Kennedy Publishing, USA)

In 2009 - Palm Art Award Jury and Art Domain Gallery (Leipzig) certify that Michael Cheval is the winner of the First Prize of "Palm Art Award".

In 2010 – Michael's artworks have been published in "Dreamscape 2010" book among of 50 Worldwide famous surrealist artists.

In 2010 Michael's artworks have been published in "Imaginaire" book in Denmark and participated "April's fool" exhibition organized by "Fantasmus Art"

In 2011 the famous actress and artist Gina Lollobrigida commissioned her

official portrait to Michael Cheval - in July 2011 the painting was completed.

Michael's first monograph album "Lullabies" was published in collaboration with Interart Gallery in 2003. In 2007, he published his second album, "Nature Of Absurdity", that defines his unique style and vision. Absurdity is a starting point of his creations. Michael identifies his art with Becket's and Ionesco's Theater of the Absurd and Greenaway's and Buñuel's films.

www.chevalfineart.com

Pág. 24 Montero, Edison
(Barahona, Dominican Republic)

Illustrator, cartoonist and writer, graduated from the School of Arts of the Autonomous University of Santo Domingo [UASD], president of the comics and illustration company MORO STUDIO and member COLECTIVO [Multidisciplinary Artists Movement].

He has worked as an illustrator for various production companies, advertising and national and international publishing houses. In the publishing world, has illustrated the books Caperucita de Ida y Vuelta (2008), El Diario de Ana Frank [2009], Hamlet [2009], etc.. He has worked in comics and magazines such as "Dos Amigos" (2009), "Súper Brush" [2012], "Distorsion X" [2012], among others. As a writer and illustrator published El manual del coleccionista along with Ricardo and Welinthon Leorián Nommo, [2010].

He has participated in various group exhibitions: Manga and Comic [2007-2011, UASD]; Pavilion Comic [XII International Book Fair in Santo Domingo 2009] Shared Luggage [Gallery Guatibiri, Puerto Rico and Gallery of Fine Arts, Rep . Sunday 2012] and Moebius Infinitum, homage to the great master of the French graphic novel "Moebius" [Alliance Française de Santo Domingo 2013], etc..

He has received awards: best design of Pavilion [International Book Fair Santo Domingo 2009] and 2nd place in the University Creativity Contest V [Campaigns and Agencies Forcadell 2011].

He is currently developing several projects, among which are: Historias de Papá Tingó, born in his thesis: "The use of myths and legends Dominican comic to perform as newspaper supplement, "and the adaptation of the short story and illustration Los Gatos de Ulthar by HP Lovecraft.

<http://www.moebiusinfinitum.wordpress.com/>

<http://www.morostudio.net/>

Pág. 20, 22 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. 39 Uccelli, Valeria (Italy / Argentina, 29 years) married, I have two sons, born in Italy but was brought to Argentina very small (months). My parents died when I was 9. I lived with my grandparents, who are from Argentina. I work in a bakery. I started drawing on computer, using photos and digital processes ... and continue drawing on computer; hand tried, but I get nothing good. I love nature, I live in a neighborhood with lots of green plants and

gardens and I would die living inside cement walls. Studied secondary halfway, around, and now I'm finishing it thanks to a government plan. I like a variety of music, but I enjoy more cumbia than the rock.

Pág. 2 Signes Urrea, Carmen Rosa (Spain, 1963) *See Writers.*

Pág. 91 Smyk, Vitaliy (Kiev, Ukraine, 1975) Digital Artist.

<http://sid75.deviantart.com/>

Pág. 54 Vetrova, Tatiana (Russia) 2D Artist.

<http://www.tatianavetrova.com>

About illustrations

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