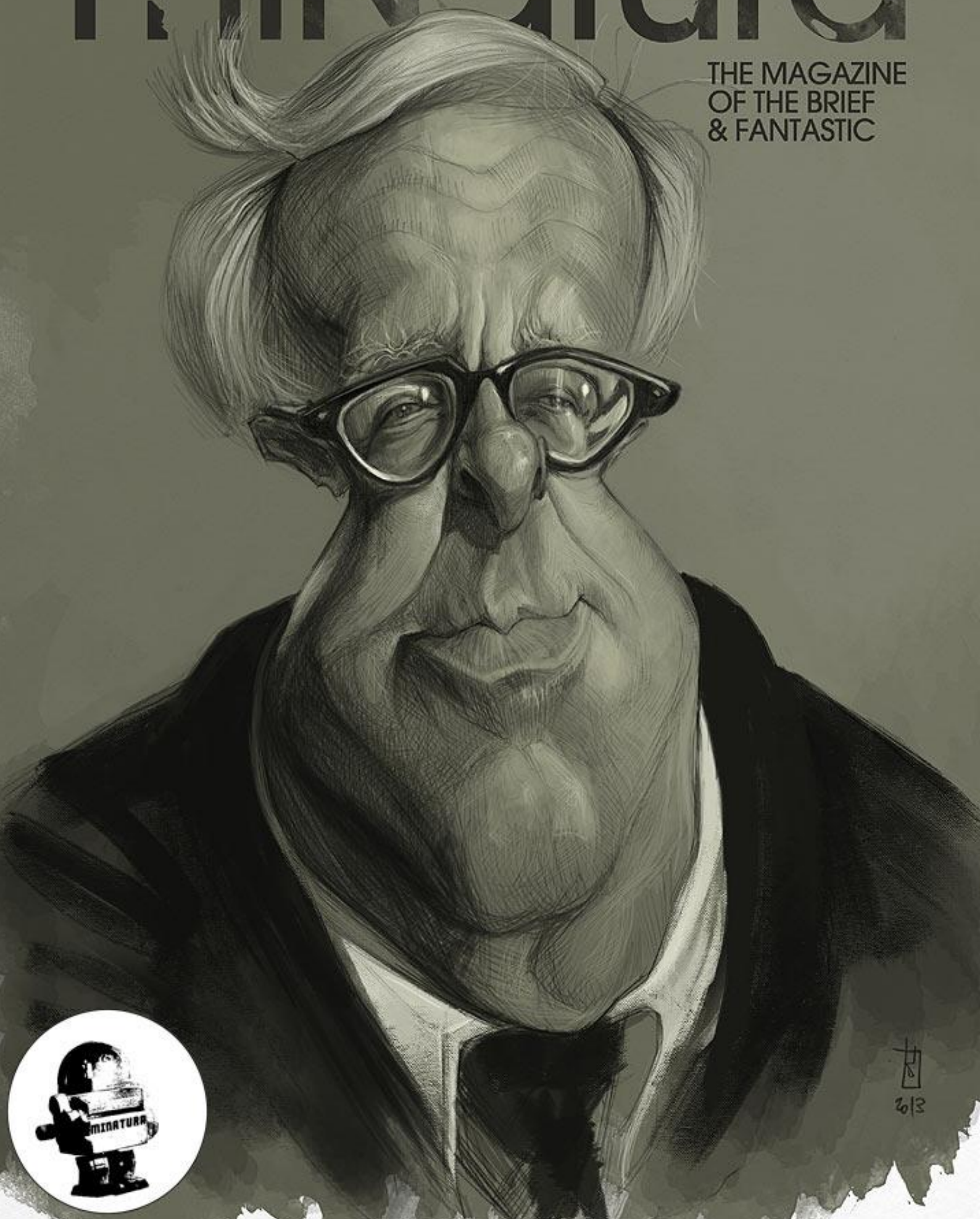


miNatura

THE MAGAZINE
OF THE BRIEF
& FANTASTIC



2013

There are worse crimes
than burning books. One of
them is not reading them.

Ray Bradbury



You've got to jump off cliffs
and build your wings on the
way down.

Ray Bradbury



Somewhere on Earth
tonight, my Tylla, there is a
Man with a Lever, which, when he pulls it, Will
Save the World. The man is now unemployed.
His switch gathers dust. He himself plays
pinochle.

Ray Bradbury (*The Concrete Mixer*, 1949)



The last thing he heard before he slept was
the spade rising and falling and digging a hole
into which, with a tremendous crash of metal
and golden mist and odor and color and sound,
New York collapsed, fell, and was buried.

Ray Bradbury (*The Visitor*, 1948)



They had a house of crystal pillars on the
planet Mars by the edge of an empty sea, and
every morning you could see Mrs. K eating the
golden fruits that grew from the crystal walls,



or cleaning the house with
handfuls of magnetic dust
which, taking all dirt with it,
blew away on the hot wind.
Afternoons, when the fossil
sea was warm and
motionless, and the wine
trees stood stiff in the yard,
and the little distant Martian
bone town was all enclosed,
and no one drifted out their
doors, you could see Mr. K
himself in his room, reading
from a metal book with raised

hieroglyphs over which he brushed his hand,
as one might play a harp.

And from the book, as his fingers stroked, a
voice sang, a soft ancient voice, which told
tales of when the sea was red steam on the
shore and ancient men had carried clouds of
metal insects and electric spiders into battle.

Ray Bradbury (*Vlla*, 1950)

...a few last cleaning mice darting bravely out
to carry the horrid ashes away! And one voice,
with sublime disregard for the situation, read
poetry aloud in the fiery study, until all the film
spools burned, until all the wires withered and
the circuits cracked.

Ray Bradbury (*There will come soft rains*,
1950)

november- december, 2013 #131

Revista digital miNatura *La Revista de los Breve y lo Fantástico*

Asociación Cultural miNatura Soterrania

ISSN: En preparación

Directores: Ricardo Acevedo Esplugas y Carmen Rosa Signes Urrea

Editor: Ricardo Acevedo Esplugas

Main cover: *Bradbury Universe* by Alberto Russo (Italy)

Back cover: *14* by Shingo Matsunuma (Japan)

Cover design: Alberto -Russo

Avenida del Pozo 7 San Juan de Moró, 12130, Castellón de la Plana, España

¿ How collaborate miNatura Digital Magazine?

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

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

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

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

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

Bradbury Universe

He could feel the Hound, like autumn, come cold and dry and swift, like a wind that didn't stir grass, that didn't jar windows or disturb leaf-shadows on the white sidewalks as it passed. The Hound did not touch the world. It carried its silence with it, so you could feel the silence building up a pressure behind you all across town. Montag felt the pressure rising, and ran.

Fahrenheit 451 (1953)

ear the mechanical hound is the silence that envelops the world without books! Fear - quoting Beatty, the incinerator boss browse the temptation of die book : "Oh , that was long ago . The apple was eaten and gone. Snake is back to the tree. The garden is weeds and mold."

Nothing satisfies more the Tyrant¹ and the mediated plebs that death by the fire of great literary works - if they cannot be

¹ An urban legend about Pinochet secret police, which looking Marxist books, found in the library of the house of Pablo Neruda in Santiago books on Cubism and believing that they were related to Castro's Cuba.

brought to a bare minimum for the movies or soap operas. I knew well the good barber and the priest: *Is said barber Las sergas de Esplandián The legitimate son of Amadis of Gaula. It's true, said the priest, not be put down to the goodness of the father son , Take , madam am , open the window and throw him to the yard and lay of the pile for the bonfire we are to make. The housekeeper obeyed with great content, and good old Esplandián was flying into the yard to await with all patience the fire that threatened him . Go ahead, said the priest. This is coming, said the barber, is Amadis de Grecia, and even all of this aside, what I believe, are of the same Amadis lineage.*²

Stefan Zweig , Jack London, Ernest Hemingway , Bertolt Brecht , John Dos Passos , Anatole France, George Orwell, Erasmus of Rotterdam , Balzac, Giordano Bruno was burned some of the authors and censored by Nazis, Communists or religious faith.³

² Capítulo VI *Del donoso y grande escrutinio que el cura y el barbero hicieron en la librería de nuestro ingenioso hidalgo*. El Ingenioso Hidalgo Don Quijote de La Mancha.

³ The prohibitorum librorum Index is a list of publications which the Catholic Church cataloged as books pernicious faith also

The reality surpassed fiction in China by Qin Shi Huang in 212 a. C.; many intellectuals who disobeyed the order were buried alive.

Alchemy books encyclopedia of Alexandria were burned in 292 by Emperor Diocletian.

In 367, Athanasius , Bishop of Alexandria rebel , issued an Easter letter in which demanded that Egyptian monks destroy all those writings unacceptable , except those he labeled as acceptable particularly canonical. That list the New Testament. Heretical texts were not as palimpsests, deleted or overwritten as the pagan texts, so many texts of the early Christian era were lost as if they had been publicly burned. The recently rediscovered Gospel of Judas in Egypt, was a book that was lost by the practice of private destruction of information.

A late fifteenth century Florence was in a major burning of books and works of art of considerable value, all considered

provided, in the first part, the rules of the Church regarding the censorship of books. It was first promulgated at the request of the Council of Trent by Pope Pius IV on March 24, 1564.

immoral in the "Bonfire of the Vanities", promoted by Girolamo Savonarola .

The burning of manuscripts or Mayan codices by the priest Diego de Landa in the town of Mani (Yucatan) on July 12, 1562 .

An endless list of atrocities that should be minimally reflected in this editorial.

Fear that false purifying fire which is just the way to a new Dark Ages.

With this issue we try to honor the Master Bradbury not only through microficciones, if not with poems, essays and illustrations.

After a stunning cover by Alberto Russo , we turn to Jesus Cañadas writer interview - conducted by the friend Cristina Jurado . We enjoyed the humor comic strips and overwhelming Rubert Evandro comic Jen Del Pozo. The stories of our collaborators for both editions and testing of Maielis Gonzalez entire deference Fahrenheit 451 to close to the back of Shingo Matsunuma .

And as always thanks to all who give our magazine image:

Marta Graciela Alfonso (Argentina), Miriam Ember (Argentina), Alexander Burdisio (Argentina), Bill Carman (USA), Gabi Ruby-seud .- (Argentina), Jim Pavelec (USA), Jen Del Pozo (Spain), Shingo Matsunuma (Japan) Edison Montero (Dominican Republic), Raju Krishna (India); Rubert Evandro (Brazil) , Alberto Russo (Italy) , Carmen Rosa Signes Urrea (Spain) .

Thanks Ray Douglas Bradbury for giving us another view of Mars different from the Curiosity!

Los Directores.

Próximo número:

Área 51



Bases del VI Certamen Internacional de Poesía Fantástica miNatura 2014

La Revista Digital miNatura convoca el VI Certamen Internacional De Poesía Fantástica miNatura 2014

BASES DEL CERTAMEN

1. Podrán concursar todos los interesados, sin límite de edad, posean o no libros publicados dentro del género.
2. Los trabajos deberán presentarse en castellano. El tema del poema tendrá que ser afín a la literatura fantástica, la ciencia ficción o el terror.
3. Los originales tienen que enviarse a la siguiente dirección:

revistadigitalminatura.certamenesliterarios@blogger.com

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

5. Se aceptará un único poema por participante. La publicación del mismo en las horas posteriores al envío dentro del blog Certámenes Literarios miNatura (<http://certamenesliterariosminatura.blogspot.com.es/>) previa moderación, hará las veces de acuse de recibo, porque la cuenta de correo dispuesta para el recibo de las mismas no ofrece la posibilidad de mantener correspondencia con los participantes.

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

Importante: la cuenta de correo dispuesta para el recibo de las participaciones no es un buzón de correo, sólo admite entradas, no ofrece la posibilidad de mantener correspondencia con los participantes, ni tan siquiera queda reflejada la dirección del remitente y no admite adjuntos.

7. Los poemas tendrán una extensión mínima de 10 versos y un máximo de 50 en su totalidad. Deberán presentarse en tipografía Time New Roman puntaje 12, sin formatos añadidos de ningún tipo (justificación, interlineado, negrita, cursiva o subrayado, inclusión de imágenes, cuadros de texto, etc). De poseerlos éstos serán borrados para su inmediata publicación en el blog. (Para comprobar la extensión de los poemas se utilizará una plantilla de documento de Word tamaño de papel Din-A4 con tres centímetros de margen a cada lado).

8. Aquellos poemas que no cumplan con las bases no serán etiquetados como ADMITIDO A CONCURSO. Los poemas no etiquetados de esta forma dispondrán de una única oportunidad, dentro del plazo de recepción, para modificar su envío y que su texto pueda entrar a concurso (NOTA: se ruega a los participantes que revisen el blog del certamen en los dos días posteriores al envío para certificar la perfecta recepción del poema, de no encontrarlo escriban a la dirección indicada en el punto 6 de estas bases).

9. Las obras, inéditas o no, no deben estar pendientes de valoración en ningún otro concurso.

10. En el asunto deberá indicarse: “VI Certamen Internacional De Poesía Fantástica miNatura 2014” (no se abrirán los trabajos recibidos con otro asunto).

11. La participación y los datos exigidos, deberán ir integrados en el cuerpo del mensaje. No se admiten adjuntos de ningún tipo.

12. Se otorgará un único primer premio por el jurado consistente en la publicación del poema ganador en nuestra revista digital más diploma. Así mismo se otorgarán las menciones que el jurado estime convenientes que serán igualmente publicadas en el número especial de la Revista Digital miNatura dedicado al certamen y obtendrán diploma acreditativo que será remitido vía e-mail en formato jpg.

13. El primer premio no podrá quedar desierto. Los trabajos presentado serán eliminados del blog una vez se haya hecho público el fallo del certamen y tan sólo quedarán en él aquellos poemas que resulten destacados en el mismo. En ningún supuesto los autores pierden los derechos de autor sobre sus obras.

14. El jurado estará integrado por miembros de nuestro equipo y reconocidos escritores del género. El fallo del jurado será inapelable y se dará a conocer el 28 de abril de 2014 y podrá ser consultado a partir de ese mismo día en nuestros blogs (Revista Digital miNatura, miNatura & Soterrània y Certámenes literarios miNatura).

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

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

16. El plazo de admisión comenzará el 20 de diciembre de 2013 y finalizará el día 1 de marzo de 2014 a las 12 de la noche hora española.

Ricardo Acevedo E. y Carmen Rosa Signes

Directores de la Revista Digital miNatura

Interview to Jesús Cañadas: An Andalusian man mastering Lovecraft



Interviewer: Cristina Jurado

Illustration: Pig Rider de Bill Carman

Photo: CRSignes

Writer Jesús Cañadas <http://www.jesuscanadas.com> has a very detailed and well-written bio section in his web. Too well, I would say. It is an extremely clean document: it smells of press agency, not a bad thing, but I particularly like strong scents, you know? To sniff at people is to know their weak and strong spots, and to discover what makes them special. I prefer to learn about authors through a “hand to hand” epistolary exchange or by interacting with them via the social media.

<http://jesuscanadas.com/wp-content/uploads/2013/07/c-Fernando-Monge.jpg>

About Cañadas @canadasjesus I know that lives in Germany and his short stories hang around the pages of magazines like Asimov Magazine, Lovecraft Magazine, Miasma o Aurora Bitzine as well as anthologies like Visiones 2008, Errores de Percepción, Calabazas en el Trastero, Ácronos, Fantasmagoria or more recently Charco Negro. El Baile de los Secretos, his first novel, was published in 2011 by AJEC, becoming runner-up as Best Novel in Premios Scifiworld.

I also know that the guy is accessible <https://www.facebook.com/jesus.canadas.1> and that his second novel *Los nombres muertos* is one of the most anticipated launches of this fall by Fantascy, Random Mondadori’s fantasy literature collection. This interview was completed last summer, so you will find multiple references to the novel in the future tense.

“Fantasy is a very persistent and stubborn genre”

Cristina Jurado: Before starting, I would like to thank you for accepting being interviewed in an unorthodox way. I believe conversations are more productive than aseptic questionnaires, although I have nothing against them either... sometimes they are the only way to interact usefully.

You are from Andalusia, more specifically Cadiz, and you live far away from your country. My theory about the talent of our land (I'm also Andalusian in my father side) is related to its people's frame of mind facing life: always trying to prevent circumstances from controlling us. I also believe that we have a mestizo sensibility and a self-deprecating attitude, clearly reflected not only in our sense of humor but also in many examples of artistry. I am not going to be so indiscreet as to ask you why do you write but, why fantasy? Did you choose it or did it choose you? Is it as persistent genre as they say?

Jesús Cañadas: Fantasy is very persistent and stubborn genre. You cannot get rid of the craving of writing. In a more serious note, the best answer to that question that I've ever hear was by Oscar Gual in FantastiCS of Castellón: "I write because I have the time and the hunger."



For me, it's like that. I feel like writing. Sometimes, even if I don't feel like it, I know what it's waiting for me and I dive into it. I love fantasy because I'm a super-freak, I can't help it. Since I was little I've devoured fantastic literature and I don't think that will change now. It's not the only type of literature I read, but it's the one I enjoyed the most.

The majority of my ideas are always related to this genre. If somebody wishes to fill the complain form about it, they should contact whoever plants those ideas in my brain.

CJ: I'm interested in the writer's craft, its secrets, the underground tunnels of the trade... I think you know what I mean. I would like to know how do you face the development of a novel: if you prepare outlines, if you keep characters' files (I don't know, perhaps you give some of your characters the physic of somebody you have meet), if you edit a lot of not so much... Tell me as much as you feel comfortable telling.

JC: It really depends on what the story asks. I'm still learning, so I'm not in a position to theorize about my own stuff. I have a seed of an idea almost always, a handful of scenes, and a final one very clearly in my mind. The pain, and the difficulty, is to build the path that connects them.

In my first novel, *El baile de los secretos*, I played by the ear or, at least, that's how I felt. I was twenty-seven and had no idea if I was going to be able to finish it. But I did it and now, when I read it, I discover that it has a very clear structure and obvious steps marking the rhythm, even though I didn't realize it at the time.

Los nombres muertos is my second novel and I had to think about it quite a lot. I did not use an outline, because I don't like to measure everything. What I can tell you is that the documentation phase was intense and long, and I had to go back and forth about the story.

I can tell you a silly anecdote: I wrote most of the novel in London's tub. I'm not talking about actually "writing" it but just taking notes and creating something closer to an outline that I have ever wrote. Part of *Los nombres muertos* takes place in the British Museum and, in 2010, I went there to do some research. It was one of the most absurd trips of my life, but that's a completely different story... While I was taking notes on my way to High Gate, where I also wanted a scene to take place, I had an epiphany. I started to write many things about the story and then I arrived to the final stop of the line. If you don't know London's tub, I can tell you that arriving at the end of the line means at least

an hour and a half of extra time to go to your destination. The good news is that I had plenty of time to keep on writing and I didn't get a fine.

My third novel, that I'm working on right now, it's been somehow different. I've tried to build an outline but I ended up destroyed it. Why? Because I get bored if I know what it is going to happen. If you get bored writing something, then the reader is going to also get bored reading it.

My working process is very sloppy: I go out to work, then I do some sports, I think about what I'm going to do, I return home, I write, I read, I do some editing... That's an ideal working day, which means that my girlfriend doesn't call me, that I don't have to go to the supermarket, that I don't have to clean the kitchen...

I also try to dedicate the same amount of time every day to read than to write, around two hours for each activity. I would love to have more time but I like to eat hot meals every day and, for that, one needs to work.

CJ: What does it mean to be a super-freak? In one of your previous answers you implied that to be a fantasy fan you also have to be a little freak...

JC: A friend of mine that writes comic books doesn't call the "comics". He prefers the name "sequential art". I have another friend who dislikes the word "freak". He believes it has negative connotations. He says, instead, "collector".

I like to speak clearly. I consume fantasy products in multiple formats, from short movies to role games, from comic books to novels. I dedicate time to search for new stuff, even in other languages, I compare, and I read reviews. I spend lots of money to go to fantasy conventions and other meetings. I wear t-shirts with meta-lingual messages. I engage in absurd conversations in social media: I criticize what I dislike and I praise what I love. On top of all that, I have a creative side that forces me to rake my brain in order to write my own stories so, if I'm lucky, somebody can criticize them, love them or hate them, but essentially to consume them. Sometimes I'm fortunate enough and a blog

interviews me. You can call it being a “super-freak” or a “John X” but that it’s what I am. What we are: genre fans.

“Lovecraft was a master of reference”

CJ: Why Lovecraft? What is it in his biography, his works, and his legacy that attracts so many authors and fans years after his death? Where do you think it started the myth associated to him?

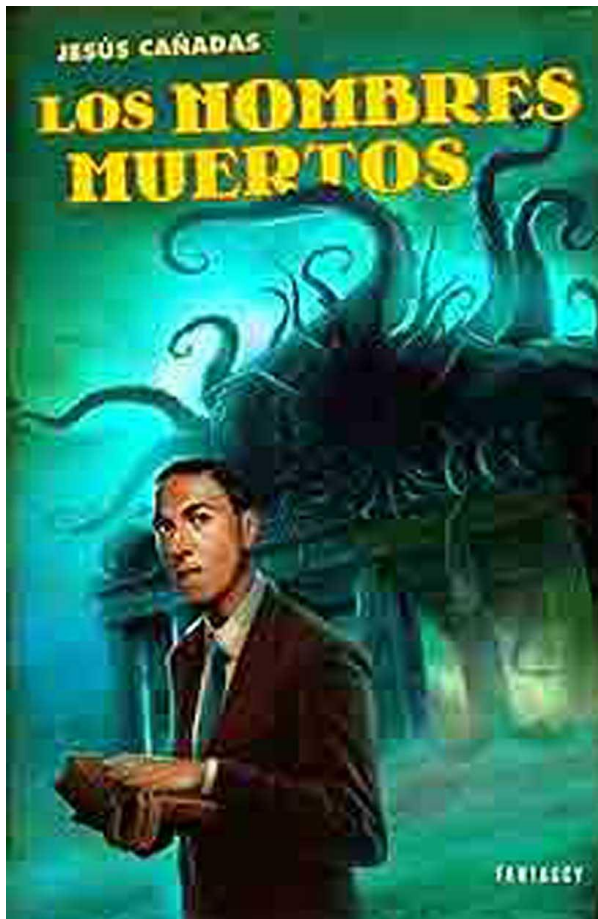
JC: This is a very complicated topic. The question I keep on asking in my talks is: how is it possible to go from an unknown guy who died of pancreatic cancer at 47 and who almost nobody had heard of, to buy t-shirts with the message “Cthulhu for President” today?

I have discussed this matter in many conventions; exchange e-mails with people who talk in this documentary; read numerous biographies, articles and essays about Lovecraft and I don’t have a clear answer. I have ideas that point towards one direction, but not a definitive theory that explains everything. As I’ve discussed with my own editors even today, every story that includes a Lovecraftian element, gets high marks. Lovecraft was a master of reference. That is what started the mystery around Necronomicon. His friend Howard succeeded in having other writers mentioning his works so simply it became a phenomenon too big to be ignore. The very first librarian in writing an index card on Necronomicon didn’t know what kind of a monster was creating.

Reading *The shop* by Stephen King I realized that there is a scene in which one character gives cocaine to another one. When question about the origin of the drug, the first character answers: “It’s from Leng’s Plateau”. You see? The author just expanded his novel universe with something bigger than a simple paranormal story about neighbors’ envy. That’s the secret of Lovecraft’s success. It’s the reason why we all embrace the Myths: they rock! We can discuss endlessly about it, to make it sound more like “high literature” but, essentially, Lovecraft is cool. Cthulhu for president!

CJ: Without spoilers, what it is *Los Nombres Muertos*?

JC: Félix Palma defined it a little while ago in his blog: a frenetic story indebted to Moore in the way it unites an extraordinary league of writers in an adventure with many nods to their novels. There is nothing more to add, really. It’s the story of the misfortunes of three fantasy writers in a trip through three continents. The writers are Howard Phillips Lovecraft, Frank Belknap Long y Robert E. Howard. The continents are America, Europe and Asia. The reason for the trip is the Necronomicon. And that is as much as I can reveal.



The rest, in October.

CJ: I’ve read *El baile de los secretos* and, to me, it’s clear that you need to experiment with language, deepen in the meaning, and joined them together in powerful images. Your descriptions can become very dense in rhetoric figures. What would you say to those who criticize this way of writing?

JC: I would tell them: thanks for reading my stuff, I take your criticism into account and I hope to improve for the next book. I wouldn’t say that it was a need but a conscious choice,

something that the story demanded. It was also demanded by my readings of Bradbury, Pennac, Palahniuk, Lovecraft, King, and Gaiman. My first novel helped me to know what to do and not to do, how far can I go, and what to avoid. I learnt with it. Let's see what do I learn with *Los nombres muertos*. Criticism is always welcome and, the more direct and constructive, the better.

CJ: Then *Los nombres muertos*, is it a speculative novel about traveling and literature?

JC: Once I read a very nice thought in César Mallorquí's blog. It was a sort of message to his younger self, the writer who has something to tell to the world. The message said something like "Don't bother, young one. World doesn't need you to come to tell it anything. It knows lots of things by itself. Be happy if you can tell a good story, the most honest one you can come up with." I couldn't agree more. I can't tell you what is a speculative novel about traveling and literature. I'm nobody to speculate about anything. The idea behind *Los nombres muertos* is to recreate a certain style, a type of novel that I love to read, and to be able to get close to a character that fascinates me. And it's about having fun writing it, nothing more.

It's true that the story plays around with the codes of pulp literature, weird menace and classical adventure novels. It is full with nods to that period of time, to the characters and to Lovecraft's legacy. But it's like that because I enjoy those things. We don't need to play the reference game if you don't want to. You can seat in your couch and read it as an adventure novel about a time between the two World Wars.

In the first sentences, when I was plotting what would happen later, I spoke to my good friend Albo López. I told him: "I'm working on a novel in which the main character is Lovecraft, as if everything he wrote was real". He rolled his eyes and said: "Wow. Be careful Jesús. That's original!" I cursed his mother first but then I realized he was right: there are hundreds of Lovecraft pastiches. And I wanted to do something different. I was

“somebody from the lot that didn’t want to be in the lot”, as Quino used to say. So I took another direction. Where? In October I would tell you.

“I want a Spaniard nominated to the Hugo Awards”

CJ: What is your opinion about fantasy in Spain?

JC: We love to say that everything is great and I’m the first to state it but, lately, I think this attitude is counter-productive. It’s like saying “at least I have a job” even though they are giving you 800 euros gross and you have to pay your own social security.

Fortunate or unfortunately, I live outside of my country, where there’s a lot of very active people. There is some of this in Spain too, but I feel fantasy is very close to resignation in our country. “At least, we have quality”. Sure... Bullshit! We should have more of it, and more promotion, and more print runs, and more readers. As long as people laughs at you when they know you are writing fantasy, the genre will not get better.

I’m going to speak louder: I want a Spaniard to be nominated to the Hugo Awards. That’s it! Sorry for Saladin Ahmed and Aliette de Bodard. Just now, it’s about us we have to feel sorry for. Despite all this, I refuse to say that the situation is bad. There are projects fighting hard to launch decent things. When I was little, in the end of the eighties and beginning of the nineties, I used to go to Librería Jaime in Cádiz and they only had Dragonlance and Tolkien. We can argue about quality all you want, but you cannot deny that now there is variety. Why would it be bad? If you dislike zombies, don’t buy books about them, but don’t get angry if many people do. And don’t hate Albert Espinosa because he sells a lot. People who read Espinosa will vomit over the first page of your book. Sorry to break you the news!

There is ambition, and that shouldn’t be judged. There’s a lot of enthusiastic people. Sometimes, that feeling points towards arriving to the top of the sales chart before

anybody else or before you. Santiago García-Clairac said to me that this was invigorating: a competitiveness that generates creativity. I totally agree with him.

To sum up, I believe fantasy in Spain is progressing but we need to continue saying that it's going bad and it should improve. We are trying to push it together but we must continue to work in three fronts: authors, publishing companies and readers. How do you get good quality authors, publishing companies that bet on them and an audience that supports all of it? I don't know... me, I just try to write the most honest stories I can.

CJ: How do you feel about new publishing methods like crowdfunding, self-publishing and co-publishing?

JC: Chuck Wendig, a writer I love, says that you don't have to place all eggs in the same basket. If you visit his web www.terribleminds.com you will notice he has crowdfunded books, some self-published novels in Amazon and Kobo, novels published by Angry Robot and many other things. I respect that but I personally have a problem with those new models: I'm extremely lazy. Wendig has to wake up, write for three hours and, after, he has to spend all day in Twitter, Facebook and God knows where to promote himself. I don't like that or, I should rephrase this statement: It's not so much that I dislike it, it's that I'm lazy to do it. Call me sluggish but I'm not lying to anybody: I like to be taking care of, to be pamper, to have somebody doing the layout of the book for me, and to correct the grammar and call the blogs to get reviews done.

In the meantime, I work to eat and write to live. What can I do? I don't want to learn how to lay out a book, I feel more like improving my writing. Some time ago I share a panel about self-publishing with Fernando Trujillo and I thought he was a jerk: an anti-writer. He tries to invent ways to sell his books in Amazon changing the cover, changing the synopsis, adding I don't know what and subtracting I don't know what else. I'm really sorry, but I'm incapable to respect this way of working, because I feel it's the antithesis of what a writer must do.

Toni Hill, a smart guy, told me once a big truth: “Where in hell has anybody seen a writer trying to sell his book? That’s the publishing company’s work. Writers, do write.” You can tell me that things are changing and intermediaries have been removed... we can talk about how good or bad publishing companies treat authors... I agree with you but, as I said, I’m lazy and I prefer to get everything done by someone else.

“Fantasy is moving towards fragmentation”

CJ: Lately many people in the social media speak about the big or small influence of fandom in the editorial market (I say “market” because the effect of fandom only seems to count when talking about sales). What do you think about fandom in Spain?

JC: There are so many fandoms, that I don’t know where to start. Which one should I speak about? The one that becomes crazy about any book their friend’s publishing company launches? The really old ones, which say that everything was better before and all it’s published now is shit? Fandom by the girls who read fantasy and also Blue Jeans but they don’t know Salto de Página? The fandom by El Fantascopio? The people who go to Semana Negra of Gijón and don’t feel like going to any other meeting because they believe the rest is shit? All of the above have coincidental points and irreconcilable ones.

In the end, we are all fandom, everybody has a group of authors that he or she follows and believes that the rest is bullshit. Quoting Albert Einstein: “Fantastic literature is what my balls say it is”. I’m not really sure Einstein said it, but let’s accept he did.

I don’t know in which blogs have you read those conversations about the influence of specialized critics in sales, and with this statement I think I answer your question. Don’t get offended but, in El Fantascopio, there are only comments of the same five people. Ok... maybe you are eight. But eight readers that read among themselves don’t save a print run, not even half of it... I admit I may be wrong, but until you don’t show me a sales chart where I can see that influence of specialized critics, I would not buy it.

CJ: I don't ask you to predict the future but, in your opinion, where is fantasy going?

JC: This is related somehow to the previous question: fragmentation. Maybe Salto de Página will continue having diehard fans; Blue Jeans also, and in thirty years from now you will continue discussing in El Fantascopio about which are the best five science fiction novels of the last thirty years. Maybe no. Perhaps my children will grow up believing that fantasy is a genre like any other. If I could ask for one thing, I would like to continue writing. If I cannot, there is something I need even more: to keep reading fantasy.

This is the moment in which we finish up with a round of quick questions that require also quick answers.

Star Wars or Star Trek?

Star Wars, no doubt. Star Trek arrived late to my life and it never thrilled me like the first one.

Fast food or homemade food?

Homemade and, if you let me cook, even better.

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

The starring role of a decent adaptation of Lovecraft.

Can you tell us the worst book you ever read?

I can tell you that I don't connect with anything written by Juan Manuel de Prada.
Does this work for you?

And the best book you ever read?

It's still to come.

Which type of music you like to listen?

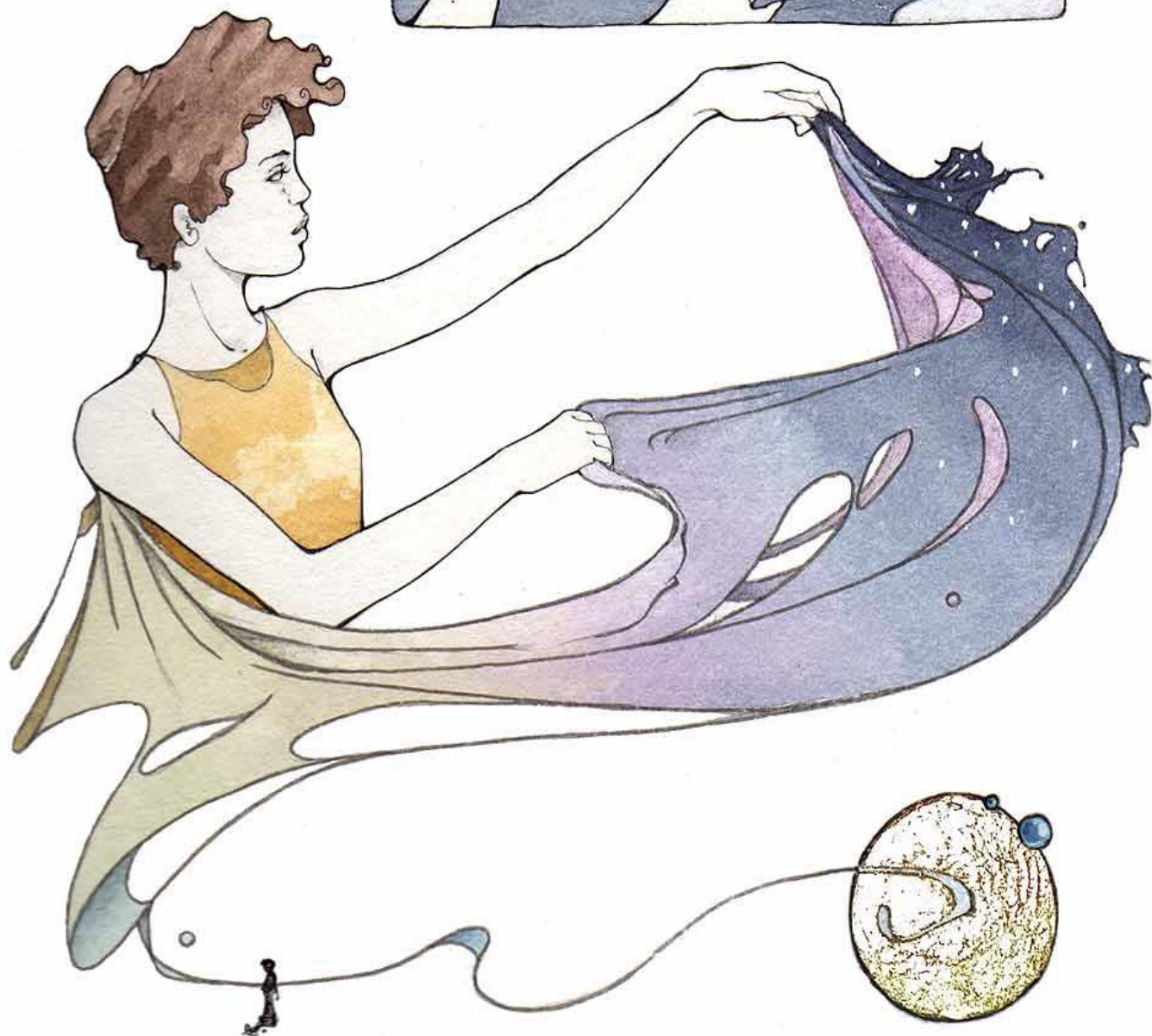
In order to write, I like film soundtracks, background music and progressive rock.
Balkan music and ska, to dance. To savor it, ethnic or African music, Hebrew music and
Flamenco...

3D cinema, yes or not?

No. Films, better in Avenida Cinema in Cádiz, that old one with a red carpet and
uncomfortable seats.

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

It's not a super-power but I would like to be able to read entire books in five
minutes, like that American editor, which name I don't want to remember.



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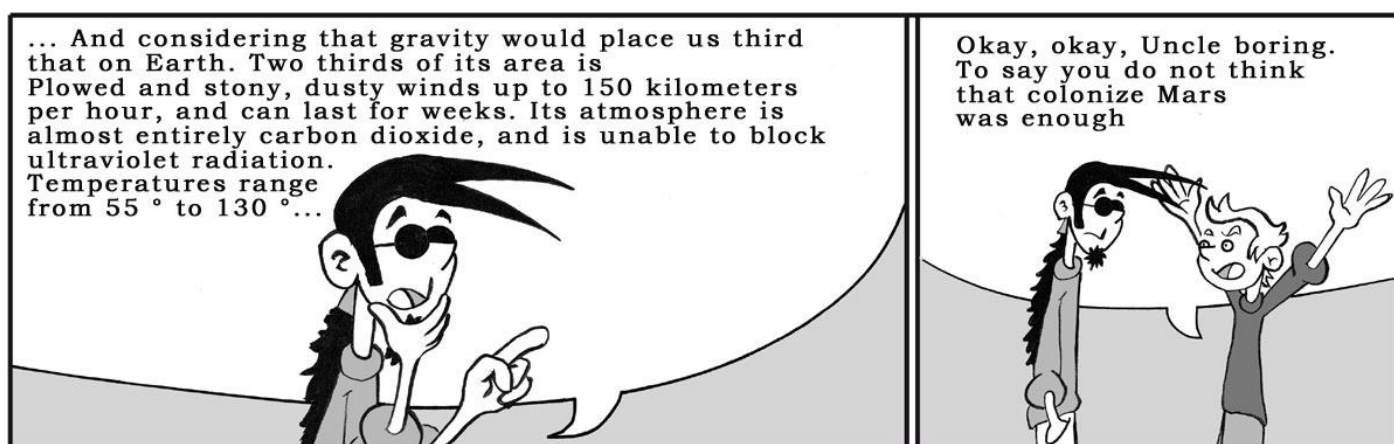
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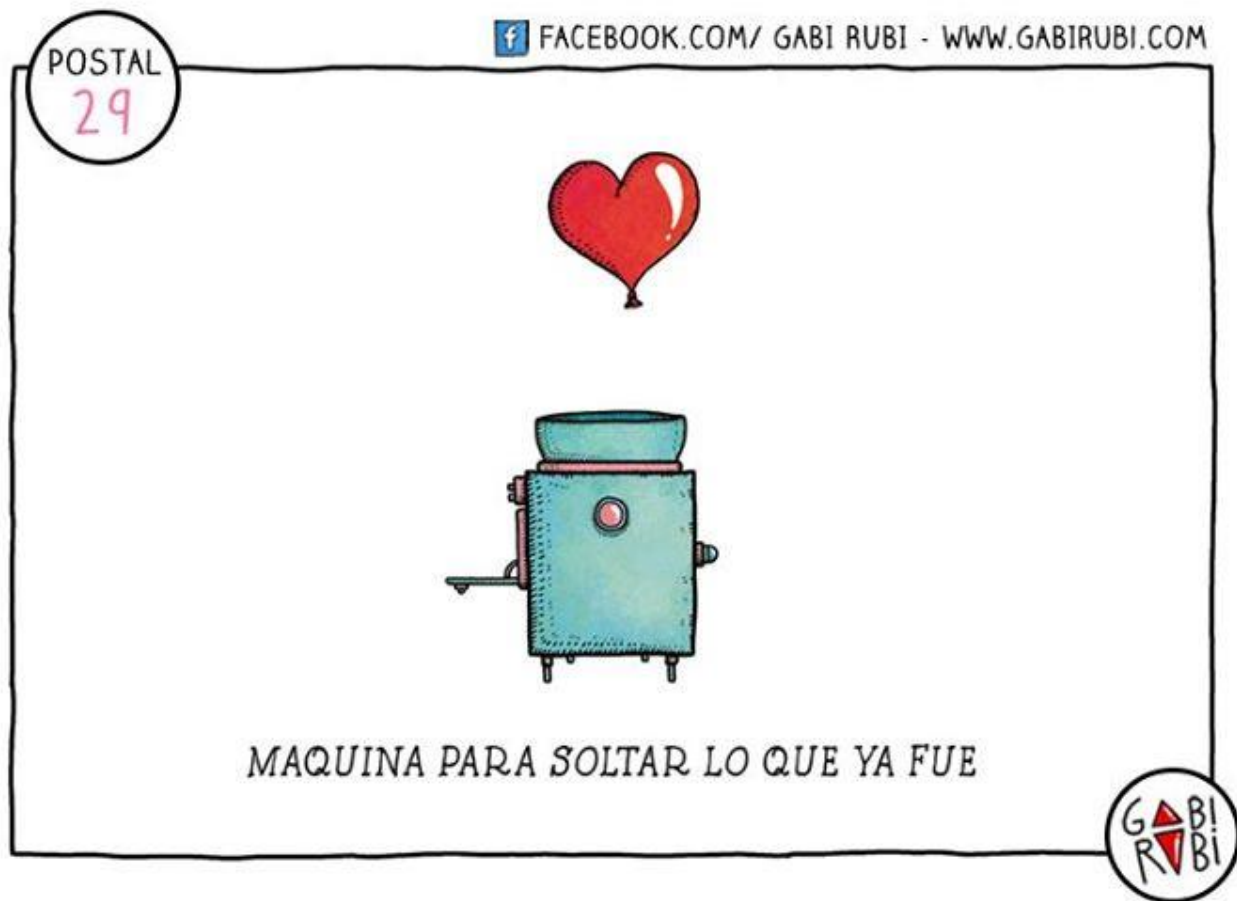
70/ La Biblioteca del Nostromo:
Alambique Revista académica de
ciencia ficción y fantasía (EE.UU.);

Próxima (Argentina); Korad Revista digital de literatura fantástica y ciencia ficción (Cuba); Sci Fi Terror; La Horla (Perú); Mal de ojo; Minúsculo al cubo (Perú); Synco (Ediciones B); Los nombres muertos (Fantascy); Juego de muñecas (ACEN Editorial); Ruinas (minotauro); Elías y los ladrones de magia (Círculo Rojo); Pathfinder (minotauro); Los sueños muertos; Amentia; La cuarta Estrella (Letras Cubanas); Sol Negro: La Guerra sin ti; Los ojos de la divinidad (Muerde Muertos); La Costilla de Dios y otros relatos del final.

86/ About the Writers and Illustrators

100/ About illustrations

101/ Back cover: 14/ *Shingo Matsunuma (Japan)*



The shiny apples of Orion⁴

They had discovered the "Force" in black holes of Orion. The origin of everything was there: in this dark unknown mass swallowing energy and material straight of, with fierce avidity vast and violent. The crew of the ship "Golden Cup II" the second of his series -the first had

⁴ Based on *The golden apples of the sun* (1953) which takes the name of the last verse of the poem by WB Yeats *The Song of Wandering Aengus*.

successfully traveled decades back ago to the sun-, would be responsible to package part of that energy in one of the compartments of the rocket. Their commander, a man excited, hadn't stopped looking toward the black hole since they left Earth. Not even in the beginning, when it was't still visible in the firmament. Now, it was presented in all its glory, his polished eyes seemed bright by a divine hand, and his body was close to trance, so close that he saw his fulfilled dream. They would return to have energy for centuries, due to the "force" which was humanly immeasurable: with only a handful of it –

just which could fit on the special chamber- human will live without flaws of any kind. The machines will not stop: neither transport ways crossed seas, lands and skies of several planets of the solar system, and neither simplest household items. The dream of a world without energy difficulties was possible. The commander enjoin the order to go closer under lightspeed to black hole. The sleek ship did it without difficulty, overcoming the gravitational pull of the huge beast of space, and the chamber was opened and it captured a portion of its energy. It was time to go back and give that gift to Earth.

—Are we back, Commander Bradbury?

Bradbury looked at his co-pilot and nodded. Then he began a dream which was long, eternal as the night of death. And while he moved away and returned to the limbo of things which once existed, remiended the last verses that both loved: “And I will walk among the warm, long and mottled grass, / And I will pluck till the time and times will done / the silver apples of the moon / the golden apples of the sun”.

Francisco José Segovia Ramos (Spain)

Disposable

A Ricardo Bernal

I told to the genetic engineer that this time I wanted a girl. A girl with big, green eyes, defined eyebrows and straight, orange hair. A girl as tall as my father was, a thin lady whose IQ will be higher than the IQ of other crops in process.

Three days later, there it was: a new fetus in the thermoplastic polywomb. It's not surprising anymore how quickly a prospect of human being develops, that's why we pay for hormones synthesized from bovine monomers.

My daughter will be ready in a month or so. She's being constructed with two hearts so she'll love me no matter what, and with a vascular anomaly just in case... The engineer, who never made any ridiculous oath, suggested that a healthy pseudoclon would be worth the bill, but I don't agree: I can always order a new crop, with other attributes (brown eyes, dark and curly hair, long eyelashes that may look fake) if the current one doesn't convince me either.

Jéssica Montaña de Juárez (Mexico)

The Second to Last Night of the World

“What would you do if you knew this was the last night of the world?”

“I don’t know. I’ve never really given it much thought,” she replied. She poked her head around the bathroom door, toothbrush in mouth. “Why?”

“It’s nothing,” he said. “Just a dream, I guess.”

“About the end of the world?”

He nodded. “And the boys at the office. They had it too.”

“The same dream?”

“The same.”

“Nuclear war?”

“Not at all.”

“Unusual weather?”

“Nope.”

“Fracking?”

“No.”

“An alien-induced earthquake that splits North America in half and turns Southwestern Ontario into an enormous inland lake?”

“Not an earthquake.”

“That volcano in Yosemite?”



“Yes! How did you know?”

“I had the same dream.” She turned out the bathroom light and crawled into bed.

“Only it’s not tonight. It’s tomorrow night.”

“Oh thank God,” the man replied. He reached for his wife and cupped her left breast, kissing the spot on her neck that used to make her melt.

“Not tonight, I have a headache,” she whispered. “Maybe we can do something tomorrow night instead.”

Jason E. Rolfe (Canada)

Wiracocha⁵

1

I⁹

am talking to you ... you who are not part of the herd.

You who perhaps were eliminated from the ranks of the pack because you are the odd sheep, the sheep of the sun...

You who sometimes seem to struggle to find your place in the world because you

⁵ English version of Georgina Fernández Jiménez (cuban-american), writer, journalist and translator.

do not have a fixed place, because you are the Wandering Jew, the one who embarks on crazy travels within, or out of yourself. You who never stand still. You who, in one way or another, always manage to be out of the system, any system, because you are difficult to handle, because there is no way to describe you, because you refused the pre-established mold, and where others see plain walls you see doors.

2

The harbingers that were sent are asleep... We await the time when we must cover ourselves with flesh, blood and bones to walk again among men. We are asleep but awake at the same time. We float in a time outside of time, in a space out of space. We are what men have called gods, elves, angels, demons, extraterrestrials...

We are those who go from planet to planet inhabited by rational creatures, there to convey the art of survival and the breath of the Spirit.

We are on Earth and at the same time we are not. Our true self inhabits a subtle plane, but the knots are only undone in

the densest plane, where we have no memory of who we are.

We have lived knowing without knowing, carrying out the mission that was entrusted to us, and only when our physical shell begins to fall apart it is that we go back to the site that is nowhere, where we will stay motionless, levitating in light, placed within a thin sheath where we will await the hour of return, at the moment required of us to tie the end of one cycle to the beginning of another.

3

The last time we had flesh, blood and bones... we arrived by sea to a vast continent in which we walked up and down and right and left. Wherever we went, there were people following us or fighting against us, or listening to us, or trying to kick us out, so that their temporal power would not be diminished. We are not warriors, however, we had to fight many battles.

And I must add that being human is difficult, because flesh, blood and bones have desires that can twist our fate, and dissuade us from the mission entrusted to us by That Most Ancient.

4

All men have a knot within them... They are born with it. And the knot is tightened more and more as they grow. We, the Harbingers, can hardly see in the time during which we float, out of time. We lift our eyelids absent on eyes that are not, and all we perceive is a white prairie, infinite, populated with sudden flashes, white on white, nothingness. But every time a knot is undone on earth, inside a human, we open our eyes in the dream that is not a dream, and we can see them.

I must add that the knot is always larger within the chosen ones, those creatures that are not part of the pack.

5

Once upon a time humans gave us memorable names... They called us Wiracocha, Ku, Kane, Kama, Ilo, Mauri, Ra, Rangi, Papa, Taranga, Kura, Kukara and Hiti, but names do not matter; names are merely temporary designations.

Wiracocha, our elder brother, has been gathering those belonging to his own fold, those who do not quite know what they know and are never sure that everything really started when it did.

To you who are reading these words:
Perhaps we are at a stone throw's distance
from hitting you in the forehead.

Do not insist in seeking us. Do not
check the fog around trying to spot the
Harbingers...

Because we are the ones who will go
find you. We will enter your dreams and
we'll whisper key words that cannot be
disregarded. We'll make you stumble
over and over again, until you decide to
push open the door that suddenly emerges
on a wall that all believe is impenetrable.

We are on the other side of that wall. In
a time without time, in a space that is not
space.

Waiting for you.

Chely Lima (Cuba)

Lethal leisure

We need to constantly be challenging
ourselves in order to strengthen our character
and increase our intelligence.

H. G. WELLS, The time machine

Leisure was never a good
adviser. Philosophy and religion
came first; literature and

movies, later, and all of them abounding
in many types of prevention. Next,
technological advances facilitated the
depopulation of factories and services.
And at this point, robots replaced
handicrafts and professionals so it was no
longer necessary to sweat to earn a living.
Thus, the entertainment industry
flourished thanks to millions of
individuals with nothing to do.
Traditional game consoles could now
integrate sophisticated algorithms never
seen before. But it was not enough. They
added holographic illusions and sensory
features which in the end did not reach
the desired state of the arts. And by
popular demand, scientists transmuted
drugs to arouse collective hallucinations
that were used in role playing games.
Even so, the new craze was short-lived.
The population demanded a higher gamut
of emotions. And finally, they were
offered something innovative: time travel.
Despite the insanity that prevailed in
those days, travel to times past was
banned by law. With a multitude of
tourists overflowing the transfer stations,
there was a great probability of causing a
paradox. But although the penalties were
severe, things took a turn for the worse.

Improvisation, venality, sloth, it was all the same. A party of seven traveled to the past and altered History. When they returned they noticed drastic changes in the planetary environment and few survivors. They were caught in a vortex on the brink of collapse.... Hopeless, they attempted to send a distress signal. They chose to transmit it in the neutral hydrogen frequency; it was the most abundant element in the universe. Would there be intelligent civilizations out there, would they raise their eyes to the heavens, would they have starships... They were not entirely off because a signal of unknown origin was picked up in a tiny blue planet of an equally tiny solar system. It lasted just 72 seconds. And as subsequent tracking attempts failed the episode was known from that time on as the WOW enigma. On the other hand, the

SETI Program's radio telescope was unable to register that at the eastern end of the Sagittarius constellation, a time typhoon had devoured the thrill-seekers aliens.

Pablo Martínez Burkett (Argentina)

The poetic recital of fire

The book challenged from its center the circle of firemen. It seemed to possess a life of its

own —a creepy life, safeguard in its pages of a dark history... Hellish! Like those times in which they were the only source of entertainment, education and information; before the glorious era of mass media and technology. Its title was weird: "The apocalyptic seal of the fourth element."



Whose author was a man named Phoenixandro. Guy Montag couldn't deduce anything from its subject matter. He heard his boss, Captain Beatty, speak: "It's a magic book, a grimoire stuffed with superstitious incantations. Looks as if its wizardry is coded like poetry, for this line in the cover gives off the obscurantist stench of a metaphor," judged the former lover of reading handing the book to Montag, who felt a chill at its touch. It was bound with leather that seemed human to him. When he read the metaphor, his whole body shivered: "In these pages sleep the sound that at the beginning sang like a nightingale, but that will scream like a dragon spitting fire at the end." Montag dropped it like a snake.

—Burn it! —ordained Captain Beatty.

—But sir —protested Montag—, are you sure? I mean... Don't you perceive something strange in it.

—It's a command Montag —retorted Beatty—. Don't worry, you'll see once it's been incinerated, its strangeness will disappear.

Montag and his two coworkers, Stoneman and Black, turn on their

flamethrowers. Since the fire licked it, the book open itself and the pages began to move, loosing ardent, flowing words while a cavernous voice was reciting them. The words shaped the figure of an angel of fire. He spoke: "Yes, at the beginning it was the Word, though in this necromantic end, it won't become flesh but fire. A fire that will burn to ashes the most abominable of all books, The Earth, and her horrible subject matter, called 'human beings'." The angel flapped, and that was enough to completely burn the four firemen. Then, his flames swelled, till his wings wrapped with the ultimate embrace the whole globe.

Odilius Vlak –seud.- (República Dominicana)

Code

The world without books was not worth it. Only six years old, and this was the only thing of which he was convinced. He understood it, although not completely, for his innocence was something that fought at every moment with his inconformity and with his malice, a malice without an axis, incomprehensible in someone so young, inherited from

something very dark in the universe... the same as the code. It was a number which he always knew, which had always been engendered in him. He knew he must never say it, unless he wanted the worst, the very worst for the world... but the world was just not worth it as it was, it was not worth it was not worth it was not worth it, WAS NOT WORTH IT!

He let himself be taken to the depths of his malice, which now was also bottomless, and forgetting even about his own mother's angelical face, like his own, and without suffering, even for a moment, about the suffering of so many people and of so many other beings and of so many other things that were in the world, the world without books, he opened his mouth to pronounce it and without any remorse he really said it... only a whisper. But that was enough.

Three digits.

In another instant, the entire world burst into flames.

Tony Báez Milán (Puerto Rico)

Non Omnis Moriar

Fahrenheit 1400

Wherever they burn books, eventually they will
burn people too.

Heinrich Heine, Almansor

Before his horrified eyes, the barbaric purge continues. Slowly but inexorably, the uniformed men, as released from an unbearable burden, methodically get rid of their past. However there is no joy in their expressionless faces. They simply follow orders. By the end of the recording, he has already taken a decision. He cannot turn his back on his responsibilities.

The New Testament, Don Quixote, Les Misérables, 1984, Brave New World ... One by one they disappear into the incinerator.

First the paper, then CDs and memory sticks. And then each new support until only one left. The most sophisticated and sacred one: the supreme tabernacle. Because they are the last keepers of the word: the only custodians of memory.

And they are not willing to surrender.

Whoever lets burn his past, can only find ashes on his future.

"You will have to hurry, not much time left. They have discovered your identity and soon they will hunt you. "

Guy goes for the last time to the altar and puts his hand on the methacrylate. "The Fireman, Galaxy, 1951", he reads aloud unconsciously. The brothers take his words for a prayer. The yellowed paper, probably the last one left in the world for centuries, it seems a mature skin. The relic instills courage in him. He understands that we are all part of a project, a fabric whose integrity will always be someone willing to defend, an

organism in which he will live on.

He seeks his socket with his forefinger and gives the other end of the wire to his comrade. In a few minutes the transfer will be over. Just a little tingle at the base of the skull and everything his predecessor bequeathed to him one day will be safe. Then he will be ready to the fire.

Salomé Guadalupe Ingelmo (Spain)

At the 445 line

He followed the thread of the story. It was a long list of facts, nothing heroic. He thought something would have those



stories since so many people felt almost childish agitation. He found no interest whatsoever in the first reading and was about to fall asleep. When it seemed that the dream was inevitable, suddenly he had the urge to re-read the stories.

Baskerville characters appeared in the headings, although from the first reading he was sure they did not exist. The story concerned the foundation of a distant city contemporary of Thebes. The people of that town recounted how they learned through the advice of a group of individuals who came from foreign lands beyond the known borders. "From where summers exhaled" they said. Suddenly, the second story appeared. Paragraphs stretched or perished. He could just make out some names of constellations and ink images of vehicles with gray wings. The third story was around the life of a mercenary who surrendered to Platonic philosophy and whose life then became about selling talismans recreated in his workshop. By the way, the workshop was burned for safety reasons. The fourth and final story was translucent and cyclical and could hardly elucidate him. The story spoke of a future of swords and gifts. The funny thing was that when he reached the

line 445, the story changed its subject.

Sometimes there were stories of warriors who exterminated each other, precisely in line 445. Other times, the subject appeared to be about future conquests in Space or love between different genders and realities.

After a month, the stories would disappear once read intensively. At that juncture a random reader would follow their thread. While getting to the designated line, an inevitable hole opens in front of his eyes. After a severe consensus among readers, the singularities of the line 445 were named as Bradbury phenomenon.

Sergio Astorga (Mexico)

Openings



Why I cannot get out?
—asked the boy again and again, as time passed and he grew pale with bluish tint to the skin. While autumns and springs slid behind the boarded window openings.

Silence filled the village crowded with furniture and air poisoned rotten dust and

moisture. But, suddenly, the silence was filled with murmurs of child humming a song as old as him, and the clatter of the stones —that made toy— on the rotting wooden floor, repeating the echo in the high vault adorned cobwebs already resembled lace dresses and lace.

—Why I cannot get out? —repeated.

And the old spider left for a moment his ceaseless work of weaver punctilious and looked with a thousand eyes, multiplying the image of the child who had endorsed a loving picket force, imbued with poison immortality.

You can not, my child, because you do not exist to the outside world. Only this decrepit house makes us real...We're just behind those openings that let you breathe further than we once were ignored.

And the child filled her curiosity until the next time. When he came to get bored of playing with the same shadows as always, and walking the endless mysterious rooms, and to see the faces that were not reflected in the mirrors sometimes look at him with sympathy and other impatiently.

Patricia K. Olivera (Uruguay)

Illustrate

he subtle coloring saw
summer camps Illinois. Tim and
I sweated the last remnants of
the afternoon experiencing
feverish boredom. Out of nowhere, a
figure outlined against the horizon,
something unusual in these parts. A man
came up to us, under the shade of a lone
oak. Said to be a traveler. Placate his
hunger and thirst. In return, we featured a
story. We accept excited. Then, he got rid
of his clothes to our surprise, we had
heard of the Enlightenment, men who
tattooed his body in order to perpetuate
the stories contained in books, which no
longer existed... As in a kaleidoscope,
body images illustrated, is happening
recounting the story of a madman who
fought windmills, seconded by a rough
and illiterate peasant, like us. Upon
completion, the traveler invited us to
contemplate an empty space in the center
of his back. As said, there would find our
destination. Everyone saw his. Then he
confided the address of a place. "In some
years, there you will find the answers they
need", he said in farewell... The images
never faded from our minds... The

following summer, we met other enlightened, forget their names but not their stories... One day, Tim went leaving everyone concerned except me, who suspected his intentions, even if he never entrusted them to me. Three years later, imitated. I went home with uncertain direction, following a hunch. In a town without a name, I found my brother. Together we visited a mysterious woman from the future saying. With it checked a series of illustrations, hundreds, thousands, maybe millions... I took my time and picked one: "The Aeneid". Tim smiled and he, in turn, had chosen "The Iliad". The session lasted all night tattoos, needles stung like wasps, but worth it. When the trial ended, naked, in front of a mirror, I saw my body illustrated, while watching my brother's... In looking for readers with Tim, have gone south, where it never stops raining...

Jaime Magnan Alabarce (Chile)

The journalist



ery happy Michel of the meeting went out with the editor boss. It never imagined that its first article to write

would be related with the marriage Kas.

After Yll K culprit of the murder was declared by the two men's that composed the expedition directed by the captain Nathaniel York, jealousies they hardly arrived to the planet Mars, both went correspondents to the noted asteroid 9677-Bradbury.

The interview to the criminals began telepathically while Michel travelled toward the asteroid; and the romantic feelings of Ylla of K when the expedition of Nathaniel, they are born again. But in this opportunity she is not willing to lose again to their love. And Michel listens something astonishing:

- I have killed my husband and I will escape from the prison; don't come closer more to the asteroid that I will unite with you to escape together to the space.

Michel hardly places in a side of the scale his journalist career initiate, and in the other one the born love telepathically for somebody that has not still seen.

And he should decide quickly, because a Martian has died.

Omar Martínez (Cuba)

Bradbury Mars

In a world gelatinous liquid,
pleasant, sees all stained red. An
unexpected force abduction it, is
on a narrow tube of orange walls
with a finish of white light.

Members restless hunt him to flight, put it
upside down.

Sounds a metallic click. Half-opened
eyes. The hose water and food by dry air
flames, the new world saturated with the
flavor penetrating and noise.

The action of the members, who grab
him, swings it back. He opens his mouth,
nor breathes. A rap on the fret, it trembles
and he counterattacks with a piercing
scream is muffled by a blue mantle, rolled
it.

Friable and firm members are still in the
air, a good hold.

He puts and takes air from the body.

The external force flies you over an
uneven surface of pale peaks and plains.
The trip ends when it lands on a hard
padded. Bawling again, not so much for
the contact but because, without even

asking, they've taken out of the red planet,
that, where he was so happy.

Maybe that was the birth of Ray
Bradbury, perhaps so when released the
reins of his literary imagination, sought
the red planet solar neighborhood.

Juan Guinot (Argentina)

Extra! Extra! Read all about the last Martian Chronicle⁶

"Trying to add up the impact of an author's life,
his impress on others, is very difficult. One
reaches back for memories, and my memory of
Clark Ashton Smith is blended permanently with
a cover painting by Paul for an old issue of
Wonder Stories, October 1932, in which his
story "Master of the Asteroid" appeared."¹

Ray Bradbury

The boy, as if he were a ghost
made out of flesh and bones in a
spiritual world, passed through
several holographic
advertisements infesting the corner of
Duarte street with Paris', in that Santo

⁶ From: *Emperor of Dreams: A Clark Ashton Smith Bibliography*, Donald Sidney-Fryer. Donald M. Grant, 1978.

Domingo of the XXII century. He made a stop and announced with his anachronistic voice: *"Extra! Extra! Read all about the last of the Martian Chronicles based on the settlers' experiences on the Red Planet"*. A man drew near and bought one of the printed newspapers, which only used to read peoples marked with "Atavistic Genes"; paid verifying a card with his genetic sequence in a weird prosthesis the boy got in his left wrist.

—What the hell is "Ylla"? I thought it was a report about the reality of the earthly men in Mars... Not a fucking Fantastic story —complained the man noting by some streaked patterns on the boy's mulatto skin, his status of Non Standard Human. Perhaps some frustrated genetic experiment.

—Of course it's a Fantastic story —replied the exciting boy—. It belonged to the collection "The Martian Chronicles." They were written by Ray Bradbury in the 40s of the twentieth century. You know, I want to go to the Red Planet. There I pretend to make my living writing stories about humans settled in a Mars as those Science Fiction and Fantastic writers imagined it over 200 hundred

years ago. I'm going to publish them on paper; they'll be expensive of course... But that way I'll make easier for miners and scientist to fancy themselves in that imaginary Mars. It'll be a strange escapism, not to another world, but to the same teeming with fantastic creatures and civilizations —different from the hostile Mars of reality. In his teens, Bradbury sold newspapers for a living in L.A. That's the reason I sell his stories in this format, to save money and try to pay my fare in a space wagon —concluded the boy projecting a cubic hologram around his body. Its four visible faces, displayed the cover from October 1932 issue of Wonder Stories: illustration that so many times made Bradbury dreams... The one that has turned him into a dreamer.

Odilius Vlak –seud.- (República Dominicana)

The page

He took, between his thumb and index finger, the fine paper, the words printed in black ink, a millenary ink which even being so old looked fresh. The paper said, the paper told, for it was a paper which spoke, which filtered all the languages of

all beings at the same time, about a land far away, far away, perhaps in another universe. It spoke about the beginning of that other place, inhabited by a transparent people who carried a lot inside, so much inside. And it was a place where everything was alive, even the waters (not only the things that lived in the waters, but the waters themselves), for it was a place where everything that could be touched and even what could not be touched teemed with plentiful life, a place where even the rain and the wind breathed, where the stones felt and thought as if they were people...

He took, with his fingertips, the page which only started to describe that place. He knew well what would happen, old hard-hearted fireman, head of hair intact and 20/20 vision, who would never need spectacles, a man dumb as oxen, a certain Benjamin Franklin, and just like that he put to it the lit match he held with the thumb and index finger of his other hand.

As the page was consumed, that land where everything was alive, perhaps in another universe, at the same time and very silently became undone...

Tony Báez Milán (Puerto Rico)

Road to the colonies

II saw him coming and smiled as only he could, with that irritating and stupid face.

His mannered gestures made clear reference to my failed attempt to get his dismissal. I, a fellow at the kitchen tap, hinted that he had no credibility to anyone. I opened the gate to depressurize the room when I saw that, Anderson was alone. Not bear his look, his voice, his constant irony and, above all, that hogwash, composed of bulbs and roots that did not need light to grow, and who served us, day after day, taken from those immense cauldrons capable of holding a man as he, secretly, exhausted supplies to the Martian colonies and, in most cases, were delicacies packaged very long.

The doctor will call S.E.C. (Syndrome of confined environment), you can even try get some treatment, ultimately to blame for me being here is yours, my colleagues think I freaked out, locking in the cargo area until our arrival at Mars, the authorities may don't know even

bother to give me a trial and I run away, scarcity does not allow the maintenance of prisoners, while I, however, call it liberation.

I was watching him burst eye sockets and all fluids are expelled from the body in the absence of pressure, then watch as it sinks, at lightning speed, in the depths of a dark space capable of swallowing any dispossession us on. The show includes the flight of all the kitchen appliances and tools, including those hated Metal containers, and without content, emit reflections in its twists uncontrollably.

Carmen Rosa Signes U. (Spain)

Fears unfounded

I do not know if I'm getting older, but I have very big concerns about the fate of books and the valuable information stored. I'm a librarian at the State's University and have lived over thirty years surrounded by paper and ink. This place is my life, I love the library and all the books it houses.

The years pass quickly and technology advances faster than the passage of time

itself, I have seen the way in which virtual encyclopedias collections have eliminated more than thirty volumes of information, the Internet has led to the emergence of libraries virtual and my latest disappointment came with e-readers that took the blow to paperbacks or hardbacks. Students hardly come to this sacred shrine of knowledge, all the things that they search are from their portable digital devices that the same universities sell or finance.

My friends tell me: "Irene, do not be obsolete, upgrade you and accept the changing times and its advantages, in addition to this form and not end up with trees, we are supporting the environment." I always wonder if they are right or not, but end up thinking what will happen when the technology moves me and my library to our oblivion. Worse, I worry about the day when future generations want to access to the information that were made by our society and wouldn't decipher or even find any written evidence of our passage through this world. People make fun of my ideas, but I'm determined to continue my fight and I'll come around. I have

decided to start a campaign with the following sentence:

¡Bradbury was right: Fahrenheit 451 is part of the answer!

Two days after starting the distribution of leaflets at the University, came the body of campus security and were supported by the public force to out me of my job and deprived myself of freedom. I am accused of madness and endanger the university community.

M^a del Socorro Candelaria Zarate (Mexico)

Martian sky

The sky was clear and red; there you could see Earth, shining. The store clerk was told by local media that Ray Bradbury died there at the blue planet. He felt the same as many Martians felt: sadness. The only

one who really understood them had just left.

Sarko Medina Hinojosa (Perú)

Burn them all... Bradbury will recognize his own

"Caedite eos. Novit enim Dominus qui sunt eius."

Arnaud Amalric

W

ith expressions showing they were committed to their doom and the loyalty to their

cause distorting their lovely covers of mind-blowing illustrations, the besieged books confessed each other the true: the final hour had come. Through a strange paradox of the laws that ruled that dimension beyond any space-time continuum




where they inhabited, Bradburyopolis, the city where they entrench themselves was named Béziers, and they, The Cathars: the ones who had kept alive the heresy of reading. There were all the creations of the divinity Ray Bradbury, his collections of tales and novels; boasting their marvelous anthropomorphic anatomy: "The Martian Chronicles"; "The Illustrated Man"; "The Golden Apples of the Sun"; "Icarus Montgolfier Wright"; "Dandelion Wine"; "Something Wicked this Way Come"; "The Halloween Tree," etc. To perform the Consolamentum they read each other.

Beyond the fortified walls of the city, await its moment the crusader army, the secular arm of the dystopian system of "Fahrenheit 451", that took by force the reins of power in Bradburyopolis, in spite of the command of "thou shall read each other" that Bradbury said to all the books inhabiting his imaginary dimension. The pages of "Fahrenheit 451" burned with fanaticism. The heretics had caused it a lot of problems that manifested themselves like misprints in its argument. Besides, it got a deep resentment, for several of its characters, including the fireman Guy Montag, Faber and the

traitors "Book-Lovers", joined the heretics. Suddenly, the mercenaries, formed by every kind of technological devices, took hold of one of Béziers' door. The crusader army invaded it. Captain Beatty asked "Fahrenheit 451" how to tell heretic books from others like "1984", "Mein Kampf" or "Justine", to whom the heretics took off their covers just as they did with theirs. As a daemonic incarnation of the Abbot of Cîteaux, Arnaud Amalric, "Fahrenheit 451" replied: "Burn them all; Bradbury will recognize his own!"

Odilius Vlak –seud.- (República Dominicana)

History class in BIO-P 108

he few who escaped from their planet. The other boastful of evolution the captives were maintained without knowing that those would be the first beings of universal creation. - Humans, are the latest in the evolutionary chain. The only remaining. - I explained one of the beings. - All the planets were

created. Each with their natural geophysical characteristics. With its cycles and its beings, feelings, thoughts, laws, liberties. Souls. But something always filter without exception in all the worlds created now desolate orbit around the sun. The wickedness. Earth is the last link in the chain of Revelation. The last tassel that gives a dual meaning to this system. The of hope or the unstoppable decline and end. There is no future on the Moon, or Mars, nor on other planets. Leaving a planet not a trait of intelligence, much less an act of freedom. Their ships and rockets millionaires are only segmented towers of Babel. We built the last couple of our species and would-unlike you-you first feel love to reproduce. I guess in our world hatred surfaced. You, after all have that hope, wasting their fertility conditioned by feelings. Although sometimes the opposite wish to combat the basis of many evils. Have you ever wondered why your eyes inside resembles a sun and whose nucleus called pupil is a voracious black hole for which their souls spy and covet the material world? "

Students in that room dairy acelestados lit by rays of Brhu in fusion with indigo

rays of the southern sun and great Esplate, pressed his temples unison rights. Every pair of eyes on their respective desks project next page of the book "Story of a Friendship" by Charles Albert William Ams-strong. Hero, conqueror Marciano. First man alien executor entries nuclear crisis in late 2100 or abiotic Earth AB-00.

Sebastian Fontanarroza (Argentina)

It figures

So being a Martian on this planet of earthlings had its advantages. After so much running, so much hiding, finally, upon getting all his powers, so suddenly, he had once and for all faced all of those pesky young boys who, from the time he was little, had never let up. They had it coming. He had finished them off, just as he had obliterated half the town, buildings and everything, in his effort to show what he was capable of. And he had just turned only thirteen. Other than encouraged, he felt proud and invincible. It was justified that he felt that way, he began to think.

His thought was interrupted, ruined forever, by the gentle but preoccupied voice of his little sister, a small six-year

old girl who looked a lot like him, also dark, also golden-eyed.

She told him, and his entire existence came crashing down:

“Get ready when Daddy comes home.”

Tony Báez Milán (Puerto Rico)

Fishing day

January 1983

The Martian beach was filled of magnetic shields with waves of rust and salt; at sunset the iron fishes were eating iron's insects.

The magnetic turbulence shuddered at the fish attacks; a little Martian girl was seeing the amazing sea fight. Az-U was on his first fishing day, she brought a little fishing rod – A dad's gift -, equipped with a led light. She threw away the first try and attracted by low frequency vibrations a lot of fish, a huge glass fish swallowed the bait, the fishing rod was returning so fast and the glass fish hit Az-U; She fall while the glass fish broken on the sand too. Az-U looked at the fragments and cried. A voice called, was dad, she picked the stuff, looked by last time the fragments and ran with dad.

Az-U was reprimanded for tardiness, finished to pack and followed Dad to the rocket. With a roar the rocket flew with the last Martians aboard. Through the window of the rocket, the sea looked like a tiny Martian pond. Az-U looked at the sea with nostalgia, for the fish broken and abandoned home. Az-U looked up and in the distance she saw a small dot blue, blue was her favorite color, and made a wish: return to catch a giant glass fish in the seas of Titan.

Sergio F. S. Sixtos (Mexico)

Redeemers Crying Will Come⁷

They burned the last book in the Earth. They burned it outside of violent city. Away from the people and their leaders. The flames devoured its red cover and its gold letters, and its sheets divided by heat and black scrolls become that the wind dragged to the gray and sad skies. Fire man looked its remains without passions, without compassion, without any affect,

⁷ Based on the works *Martian Chronicles* and *Fahrenheit 451*.

and then they swept the ground and covered with sand the tiny ashes of the last dream. There weren't already more books, no more letters, no more desire. Only the cold reality marked in official calendars.

In Mars, where the exiles of government inhabits, prisoners convicted of petty crimes even, religious sects were not affected to the system, someone had another dream.

The child borned without pain, almost without knowing himself martian more than he will live in a free land of fears and flames. And he cried, without anger, with newborn joy overflowing. His mother cradled him in her arms pearly, and his father, with a long metal rod as his own arm, happy he wrote in the sand of the floor of his home the child's name: Ray.

The literature dead on Earth. The hope was reborn on the red planet, with golden letters as sand, shining like the sun.

Francisco José Segovia Ramos (Spain)

Tropical Gardens⁸

he needs some fresh air,”

“S

Rob said placing Bella on the chair, next to his wife. Jill didn't answer. Seated at the edge of the garden she thought about a dream she just had; they were back in Chicago, dinner was ready and they waited for Billy who would never arrive. And she compared the sequence to their present reality as tenants in a Florida retirement community where



⁸ Translated by: N. Beredjiklian

as soon as they arrived, they discovered that “No pets were allowed in Tropical Gardens” and, lest their contract be cancelled they were expected to get rid of theirs. Desolate, they put down the old dog and had her embalmed to keep at home. “Was not enough to have lost a son in combat?” Apparently not, for they now faced an insipid existence in one of Complex B’s garden apartments, alone and trapped year round by the unbearable heat. “What a nice dog!” said a young woman, patting Bella’s big head, and as she did that, the dog would revive, wag her tail and look at her with shiny eyes. That’s pure magic, Jill thought while Rob greeted both the woman and the man with her and learned they were the new tenants who lived at the end of the walkway. “Would you care to come in and have a drink?” he offered, avid for information. The young couple worked for NASA and enjoyed traveling. “We do too! Only I don’t care for museums, no, I prefer Disney, it transports me to other worlds, instantly,” Jill pointed out. “As for myself, I would like to travel in space and explore Mars,” admitted Rob now seeing Bella lying at the woman’s feet. I’m hallucinating, he told himself. All is

possible, the man assured him in a low voice and a strange gaze. So they decided to travel together, the next morning, to Cape Canaveral and Orlando. Later that evening, Rob and Jill entrusted their keys and travel plans to Lorna, the neighbor. “New tenants, you say? Are you sure? And they are young? It’s impossible, no one here is under 65!” But on the following day when the maintenance man found an embalmed dog floating in the swimming pool, Lorna rushed to report to the authorities that Jill and Rob Carney had left early that morning and headed south. She then added that Bella, their dog, was very much alive and riding in the back seat.

Violeta Balián (Argentina)

The Library of Alexandria

The Emperor Julius Caesar entered the Library of Alexandria, the beautiful Hypatia ran to meet him, threatening him.

- Remove your troops from this sacred site. Here is wisdom.

The Roman drew his sword from its sheath and plunged it coolly to the keeper of the library. While dying, he heard his executioner.

- Female, burn the witchcraft and black magic in here.

Hypatia was bleeding, his bust pulled a scroll unrolling to teach algebra equations. Showing.

- There are no magic sciences.

They were his last words of the wise Egyptian. The Emperor ordered his troops with irrational fury.

- Burn it all, burn it. Let there be no trace of this temple of black magic.

Soldiers set up bonfires, where the papyri were thrown. Julius Caesar watched the manuscript with algebraic formulas. And he told himself. I know here is knowledge and wisdom, pearls and priceless treasures of knowledge. But plunge the world into a darkness, in absolute ignorance so more easily dominate them and only give them nothing but Bread and Circus. If you were to do otherwise arise everywhere Spartacus, insurgents rebelling the yoke to which we subject them. He pulled the

papyrus to the flames, watching, his legionaries were loading rolls to throw fire, wisdom and knowledge were lost perhaps forever but his thirst for power and glory was greater than being a benefactor of mankind. Julio cesar oversaw the scrolls were burned , the fire lit up his face cold. The next day, still burned a huge tea , the Library of Alexandria was on fire.

Tomás Pacheco Estrada (México)

Picture of martian girl wearing a hat

I see a flickering light and it promises to leave
us in the dark.

Silvio Rodriguez

The Lola hat casts a dim shadow on the dry ground. We enjoy hearing how the tawny shells crackles on the streets. So we came jumping, paying close attention to the sound like autumnal leaves raked up in piles at the corners by thorough neighbors. The sun is quite different over here, no matter it is further away, giving the impression that embraces the outline of everything leaving little room for

shadows. On Mars it is always in Fall. The Dead City welcomes us as usual with its sepia weather, brown flora and orange little houses .

Lola looked at a flower poking above a terrace. A yellow Santa Rita, she said. And I'm already climbing the trailing plant to reach it.

She gets distracted: something on the ground caught her eye and now she squats holding her hat. I only worry about the structure where I'm treading. A mosaic of very weak diamonds of wood. I manage to climb to the top. I reach a high of twenty feet and my hand still does not touch the flower. I bounce my foot on what it looks like a window and I do jump to a ledge in an unsafe way. I hold myself in one hand and try to balance my weight to reach the flower. At noon, yellow color is full as much as it burns.

Lola bites her lip and shouts something from below. Now she wants me to look, but if I do I would fall. I reach out my hand and I can almost touch the Santa Rita, when I hear her voice shouting again. I think she wants to tell me that other peel covering ground are bones of dead Martians, and the city itself is

nothing but a dry shell of the life as once could have been on this autumnal planet.

I know, I think now when my fingers finally reach a yellow petal in the same moment it vanishes like ashes. The window frame does the same and I absurdly fall upside down. And as I fall down I'm dazzled by the sunshine. The sepia steam rising from the ground suggests that my soft head is about to lie down on a soft stone.

I just hope that when she approaches me to see my broken shell, the shadow of Lola's hat stinging me from the sun's brightness, and let me see her bitten lip for the last time before I forget her forever.

Juan Pablo Cozzi (Argentina)

In Vitro

he cage is filled with blood.
The dismembered bodies,
motionless, are scattered here
and there on the hay. They still
retain the heat as when they were alive.
But that fiction will not last long. The
little Ray contemplates with horror the
monstrous scene.

—Many rodents eat their own offspring at birth. Such is the nature, honey —his mother tries to comfort him.

But he is not willing to accept it. He is not content to abide submissive as most of their fellows do. And then arises in his mind the idea of seeking justice, of avenging those little lives crippled, of perverting the rules so arbitrarily imposed, of shaping another world with which to offset the deficiencies and shortcomings of this one.

Be careful what you wish for. Or you imagine, the voice of his instinct warns in vain.

"For the next trick I'll need a volunteer. And now my assistant and I, before your astonished eyes, will make this elephant disappear. "

"When you grow up you will be a great illusionist" Blackstone congratulates him after the show. "Here, you deserve a gift. Its name is Tilly ". Returning home, with the beautiful white rabbit in his arms, the little Ray realizes that his destiny has finally found him.

In a weak moment, memories of childhood have distracted his attention.

But a chuckle and the muffled sound of the small body crawling on the carpet back him to reality. He still awaits crouched somewhere in the house. As he always do. A father cannot abandon his children, although one day they end up eating him. The writer is weary, for some time now he cannot do without the wheelchair. And yet he goes after him. He knows it will be their last meeting. In this confrontation, can be only one.

Salomé Guadalupe Ingelmo (Spain)

The guided

L

ike children we go walking
his books all of them trails,
the paths pointed by signs-

riddles that rhyme for us the ways.

Risks there are in lines,

cliffs between them,

the eyes always point

to the beyond of the stars.

Feet lift off and return

by the dreams of childhood.

We are they who fly,

fanned towards the future

by a hand, near to centenarian,

of a man who never reached old age,

who in the long run turned out, truly,

from being so human, to be a Martian.

Tony Báez Milán (Puerto Rico)

Ultimate's inform

While it takes a walk for my ward, the alarm turns to sound in the whole city. I watch my wristwatch is 11:55, it is the last notice, must give me hurry in reaching to my house, finish off them prompt news will be rebroadcasted by television, at 12:00 on the dot.

Unfortunately, without giving me account move aside me much of my house, do not know if will give time to arrive.

Cannot go more quick, my legs do not give to but, my heart appears is on the point of explode, watch the clock, 11

again:59, move close is impossible, not not run more, not is of value the punishment.

12:00 on the dot, the siren sounds finally time.

-I am sorry is the law-one of the guards of the General Staff approaches me, and fits me for the arm, immediately afterwards serves your arm and bolts me.

-Ultimate's inform, says the spokesman of the General Staff, today have been executed 123 citizens, that it decided for own will it does not respect the law, that obliges to all citizen, it is priced at 12:00 on the dot in your house, to listen to the last news.

Diego Galán Ruiz (España)

The runaway's story

The Martian travelled from ear to ear, running from the colonising. He arrived amidst the dark fair one day of October. The following thing to do was seeking an illustrated man to tell him his odyssey; but there were not many since

reading was forbidden. As quick as lightning, he crossed every screen in complete silence, until he arrived to a cemetery said that belonged to lunatics.

To his surprise, there were old folk there telling each other forgotten stories to avoid a summer on with they had to bid them farewell. He sat among them under a tree on which the word “witches” was carved. Quicker than the eye it whispered to their brains, not their ears, the memories of the crimes that brought him blindly to that point. He didn’t expect anything else before dying in complete loneliness; finally, he heard. But one of the old men burst into tears as if it was his Creator’s voice and said “you will come back from ashes”.

Candela Robles Abalos (Argentina)

Invasion

Martin and Ducson are good men, they remain sitting, in front of each other. Is time for break at work. They talk about the day, the disadvantages and the assigned tasks. They are laughing and they are trying to integrate in to the conversation two more workmates, to

have a relaxing situation in the little dining room. Martin tries without success, the workmates look at him trust, without words, they even more are away from the big table, which is big enough to occupy the whole room.

-What happens? – asks Martin. Ducson observes the action.

The silence conquers the dining room. Both boys whisper for minutes and then they go to the restroom with a suspicious glance.

-Marrtin, what are they doing?

-I think that they have suspicions.

-Imposible, we have been cautious.

-People is talking about alien invasion.

Few minutes after both boys leave the restroom and go to the kitchen and open the only door of the kitchen cabinet. One of them take an almonds bag, which was opened days ago. They put the bag on the table and when they open it, they realize that the bag is invaded by ants, who are trying to escape.

Martin and Ducson look at each other, they are trying to conserve their instinct and don’t ponce on them, until Martin

displays his sticky tongue and kill the ants in a matter of seconds, while Ducson is covering her mouth with both hands. The boys look at him and escape.

– Sorry! The temptation has been evident.
– Martin shouts while he is licking his lips.

There are no more options; Martin and Ducson say that the invasion has started. The screams are heard in the distance, almost like an echo.

Francisco Manuel Marcos Roldán (Spain)

Stories of Vertexes: The



Vagrant one⁹

he diagnosis had been insomnia for stress post traumatic; Isaac had suffered a terrible accident where he was in coma several days.

When it he returned to the life it was difficult to him to contact the reality, his dreams in slow and dizzy alleys, leading him to eternal trips from which it was more difficult to him to return.

He was afraid to sleep awake to come back of his unusual trips, he wastes the nights awake up drinking coffee and strolling solitarily for bars with the aim

not to come to Morfeo's cavern.

One night he saw a strange beautiful woman; soon they became accomplices of their confessions and ancient fears.

Belle, proposed him to do a regression to past lives, Isaac didn't know of the topic and disturbed by his lack little of rest he acceded.

⁹ Based in the short story *La última noche del mundo*.

Connected of his their hands they
entered situation, Isaac submitted again to
the afraid dream, in condition of abandon
he felt floating for unknown galaxies,
past, present and future was a constant in
the flow of to develop.

There he felt himself an original and
powerful being, but the trip did not have
return; the door of the time had been
closed to turn it into the eternal vagrant
one unfolded in a bottomless galaxy.

Graciela Marta Alfonso (Argentina)

Cosmonaut

A

t dawn I come out to the blue
veldt,

seeing without understanding
my comprehension

that the road is made of timber and
the trees are made of tar.

From the cold and from the gray and
for the remoteness of the Island it seems
another planet, from where sprouts,
like the touch-me-not,
the dandelion through the torn earth.

With the dew and with the sun
the landscape opens whole, it breaks,
and the sky seems a dense sea
and on the soil there lay the stars.
How is it that a little black jibarito
has ended up on Mars?

Tony Báez Milán (Puerto Rico)

The joke

o you see it sure that not passed not
nothing, do not know where
read, that if somebody travelled
to the past, it must interfere in
nothing, since to make it would
bear upon the present.

-D

-It check off so single has been a small
joke, believe that this, be about to occasion a
cataclysm of epic proportions.

John and I were fond of the infancy, always
were very mischievous, but this time was
different. Although in the bottom it had been
so single a small joke, stopping shut in to
José in your own house in order that moved
close late the day of your wedding, was not
so simple, had travelled to the past to make
it, somewhat very fashion in the XXV
century.

-Come return, that it is late and must return to the office.

We introduce us in the machine of the time and we turned to our time. When moving close my preoccupations dissipated, all appeared follow similar. John and I direct to the office. when moving close something attract attention, the manager appeared be attending calls in reception, as was late could not stop me to argue what it passed, in that moment heard the voice of José it appeared call us very annoyed.

-You two, come here, it have again arrived late, remain discharged.

John and I could not get out of our astonishment, who was he to hurl us.

-Hear your who create you that it are,¿the chief?-I said you indignant.

-These of comfortably placed joke it know that it am, or remember that the day that was about to marry me with María, some funny shut in me in my own house, she think that had it stopped planted and broke the report, but watches in any way whatever the things, thanks to this unfortunate event, knew to Carlos, my current spouse whose father was the owner of the undertaking.

I had not just believed it me, the present had changed and my life with it, had just

remained me without employment for blame of a stupid joke.

Diego Galán Ruiz (Spain)

The hanged man tree

The tree started being tattooed from the roots, in the same way the chest's owner in which it was distinguished, used to say about himself he was a man who put his pants on one foot at a time. However, there wasn't any tattooist left since, time before, that woman half gipsy, half artist, all witch, filled the man's skin with stories, changeable like the wind, depending on who was looking at them, telling past, present and future.

After the twisted root, a powerful trunk rose, dark and full of long and leafless branches. It could well be an ash in winter, naked by the season, but the man knew it was a dead tree; he had learnt to intuit his tattoos during its formation

A branch, the longest one, inked itself horizontally under his clavicle, and a rope laid down from it. A dark stain emerged from under. It could Almost be felt swinging meanwhile the man swallowed saliva.

Finally, the blot defined was defined. The man looked at his chest in a mirror and recognized himself, hanged down the tree. The anguish flowed natural: the tattoos never lied, but the closer tree was miles away from there, he just had not to approach to any forest. Drawing a defiant smile, he looked fixedly to the tattoo...

And it accepted the challenge. The corpse under the tree got blurred at a stroke, but the rope stood and raised, still tight, over the branches, climbing on his anatomy. The man, frightened, moved up the mirror to discover a slipknot inking above his neck, gaining a too tangible strength.

The slipknot connected with the rope, connected to the tree as well. And started to squeeze, inexorable despite of the man scratching to bleed his neck's skin.

Pedro López Manzano (Spain)

Declaration of War¹⁰

You already know. We sent an expedition to Mars. And it disappeared without a trace. We

sent a second ship. It disappeared again without further ado. We sent a third one. We also lost it. But before disappearing, they issued an emergency report announcing that all of them had been massacred by the locals. Rest in peace.

We didn't know what we were facing, but we prepare a fleet of war in order to clarify the fate of our boys. Arriving at the red planet, we tried to communicate by radio with someone in charge. No one deigned to answer us. There was no one to declare war! At first, we didn't know how to react. So the Command Center decided to choose a quadrant randomly and annihilate it with rays of photons. It was incredible, they were ignoring us! They were only limited to flee and hide. It seemed that it would be the easiest invasion in history.

A few months later the Martian resistance began. They didn't seem to know what they were doing. We made prisoners. Interrogations were surrealists. They were scared of our presence, but they refused to recognize our existence. One of them had the audacity to claim to soothe us, stating that "we were calm, they knew that we were not more than the psychosomatic manifestation of a disease,

¹⁰ Based in the story *The Earht Men* (*Thrilling Wonder Stories*, august de 1948).

and that they already knew how to fight it, they were going to free their most dangerous madmen. They went to fight evil with evil". It was the beginning of the end. Our troops were wiped out by incomprehensible attacks of boulders that appeared from nowhere, or our war machines were volatilized before our eyes.

Finally, we understood. They believe that we don't exist, planet Earth does not exist. We are only the result of a mental illness. On this planet everybody have telepathic capabilities and madness is manifested in a physical manner. We have wiped out, and I only remained. And I fear for all. I fear for the Earth. They must already have figured out where our planet is. They don't believe in it, but they're going to eradicate.

Francesc Barrio Julio (Spain)

King Bradbury

heard of a fourth Wise Man

H such as Melchior, Gaspar, Balthasar,

who went astray, journey gone awry,

and to the manger could not arrive.

I summarize the story, and differently:

Instead of mounting a camel, he would have ridden a rocket,

and upon seeing the guiding star, enthusiastic he veered off;

distracted, through all of space he traveled.

They say his name was Artaban,

which was only a pseudonym.

Ray Douglas Bradbury, the other Wise Man in fact.

After so much traveling, it is true that late he was.

But, behold!

The worlds he brought us back!

Tony Báez Milán (Puerto Rico)

Nonexistence

And he looked through his helmet the world in which he has landed, and he could prove he was alone. There was no

sign of life. Not even a breath of fresh air.

The astronaut, still staying close to the spacecraft, looked around again until he found a faint shadow, which was similar to a human shadow. He looked at it for some minutes, until the shadow was defined. "They are already here" he said. And before he could say another word, he had in front of him a shiny being. Both looked at each other closely, inspecting themselves with no fear. The astronaut reached his hand out and touched the skin of the being. He shacked when he felt a pleasant feeling. The being smiled and reached his hand too. He touched the helmet and he without breaking, he crossed it and touched his shoulder, then he asked what was he doing there. The astronaut was marvelled when he heard him, he spoke his language. Quickly he answered that he had come to track aliens down. The other smiled and trough his translucent body started to sprout light as intense as the sun. The astronaut closed his eyes, he felt the light trough the helmet and a soft voice telling him: "don't worry, you have already found it. But the moment you will open your eyes you won't remember that you have seen me."

When the light was turned of, the astronaut, who was sitting on the thin sand, raised his head and looked at the dark starry sky. He looked around and asked himself what he was doing there. He went back to the spacecraft and took off to the Earth.

And on Earth they keep on searching ways to find life in other planets, there are not negative about the oblivion of the astronauts. ¿Hallucinations? ¿spatial virus? ¿falsehood? While humans keep behaving with no sense, the alien will be safe. They celebrate it, while humans, in their ignorance, keep searching for human looking aliens.

Francisco Manuel Marcos Roldán (Spain)

Vacations

From: The Martian Interplanetary Company

To: Miss Augusta Plum. El Retirado Building. High Green Area. Eastern Mars

Subject: Dear Miss Plum

R

received your letter in this CIA, in which one raises some questions about your next trip

to the Earth, we guarantee your satisfaction. We also know that you signed a submission to certain standards that are not coercive, but it gives more fluidity to the relationship between the two planets. However, considering that the Earth is in constant tension and it is the duty of the company to ensure the safety of its passengers, we give you the latest recommendations. Moderate your wardrobe and don't abuse of the colors, especially blue or red. We don't know why, but the inhabitants of the Earth they suffer alterations when there are a significant presence of any of them. Choose you neutral tones like beige that goes with everything. Best diluted that to highlight. You must complete your vaccination plan. We don't want an itchy night, right? Add to your luggage a few bottles of purified water and hides them in the room. Even in the best hotels give them a poke for something called gin. Ignore you, as far as possible, the quarrels between the different clients of the hotel, and you remain on the sidelines. If you can't avoid being part of a discussion, please keep you in favor of that best shout, or wear in favor to the opinion of the majority. Be careful not to be the

spotlight. You will visit a calamitous place. Arm yourself with patience and good humor. Finally, about what you call her two vectors sectorial, XXL size, take it easy. We found the equivalent to their age on earth, and nobody will notice of them; indeed, nobody will notice you, if you follow these warnings. To broaden your perception of the trip, we recommend "The Martian silent's manual", which will be very useful during your stay. We hope to have clarified their fears and wish you happy holidays.

Always at your disposal,

The Martian Interplanetary Company

María José Gil Benedicto (Spain)

The end

Today is the end? ¿Potato?-



My 10-years child made this intriguer asks.

-¿to what refer you child?

-to that goes be, to the end of our life, to our death.

Your answer stop me of stone, to coming all this, because it spoke to die with so single 10 years.

-But child who you has this similar barbarism.

-My teacher, it is fertile lowland mister, today in class has spoken us of the life and the death, when finishing has this that were prepared to die.

Your words no single surprised me, descolocaroned, not knew not to speak of, neither was wanted. The Lord Vega burst in in our house by opening the door of a kick, already inside man in armor in a procession with a shotgun it is directed towards us with passing firm, I remain me petrified, my child on the other hand sketch a great smile and said me: "That said you potato today is the fin", the Lord Vega assented with the middlings and tu riddle us to shots, by slanting our lives.

Diego Galán Ruiz (España)

RDB

He thought it was possible, and upon raising his gaze, of eyes like suns, from the new horizon emerged cities of libraries, and large as universes.

Tony Báez Milán (Puerto Rico)

Unexpected ending

Two decades ago the end of the world was predicted. The hecatomb ideas were present in the dreams of the people from Yorak. Night after night they observed the deathly evening sky waiting for the predicted end to come. Peers of the same specie talked about the near end, about the death waiting to them in every corner, that breathing was not possible anymore, just about sighs. The Ungries dream (a specie of tall humans, simian faced and brain capacity greater than humans), was clear. In every sun set, when the sun was falling on the horizon, they studyied the stars movement, specially the Alfa Centauro, which shined like the sun. The astronomical measurements in front of the imminent crash of galaxies were certain. But in the Ungries dreams there was a little aspect that they could not understand. On the other side, God was playing the roulette and He did not succeed in getting the hecatomb box, he only succeeded in imperious reasons.

And the Ungries were living with uncertainty, despite the prophecies written about the future, which had nothing to compare with the reality. They exterminated themselves for other common reasons, when they discussed about unaccomplished prophetic reasons, lost, as they have always been in the universal chaos.

Francisco Manuel Marcos Roldán (Spain)

The Kid, Mr. Electrico and the Moon possibility

She's immortal. She has a son.

Your son, too!

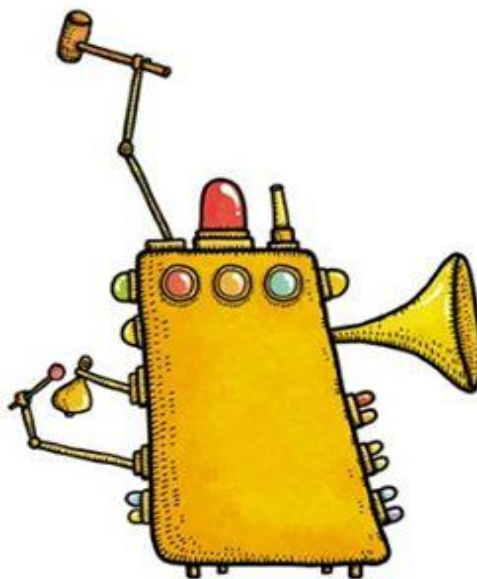
But what father ever really believes it? He carries no burden, he feels no pain. What man, like a woman, lies down in darkness and gets up with a child?

Ray Bradbury – *Something Wicked This Way Comes*.

W

hen he heard that his parents turned off the light, he opened the curtains, and looked at the Moon. It was strange that night, full, blushing yet proud. In a few weeks he would be there, contemplating a crescent Earth. However, at that time, that

f FACEBOOK.COM/ GABI RUBÍ



MAQUINA QUE AVISA CUANDO TE ESTAS POR PERDER
UNA OPORTUNIDAD



thought seemed to him like a profanation. It could not be so easy, a little money, a ticket, several hours traveling and that nocturnal goddess would surrender at his feet. There was something blasphemous in that idea.

He opened the windows and felt the cool and cutting breeze of the dying October. A cloud, thick and dark, covered the Moon for a moment, letting the outside in total darkness. When the milky face of the satellite reappeared, he saw a figure watching him from the street. It was Mr. Electrico. He had promised to take him to the future, to a place where space travel was as frequent as bike rides.

Mr. Electrico terrified him with the same force that attracted him. First he had seen him at the carnival, illuminating his body with the shock of ten billion volts, then he had fascinated him. Later, long after the carnival was gone, he began to see him waiting for him on the street. "I just wanna help you" he had said, and then he had felt the real fear. The kid had closed tightly the windows and the curtains, but at that time Mr. Electrico had begun to appear in his dreams, and it had been even worse.

"Go" he ordered in his mind, and for a moment, the figure of Mr. Electrico seemed to fade. Then he regained his consistency, gave him a wolfish grin and pointed to the sky. "No, I don't believe you", although in truth, he knew he was not lying. Mr. Electrico bowed and walked away, still staring at him.

Up in the sky, the Moon watched them both with a puzzled curiosity. She didn't need Mr. Electrico, he was merely a catalyst, but she longed for the child, their games and their visions, she knew that only through his dreams she got her reality.

Raúl Alejandro López Nevado (Spain)

A strange feeling

ever must occur.

N

In the warm nights of the region of the west, I was accustomed to works out to give long walks to clear my mind. That day, they see and somewhat appeared wake up in me, it could not understand

which felt, and even so, knew that was somewhat special.

It tries to follow the scent of my that strange feeling, but could not, had to him taken possession of my body and of my mind.

My life was converted in a hell, could not stop to think about she, lost the hunger, the sleep, the desires of life, went then when decided give me to the authorities, they would know that it does.

Already is all solved, they recovered, no longer seat nothing, turn to be normal. After a small operation, they eliminated the strange feeling. Born with a genetic malformation in the ADN, that did that it felt love, a feeling, that near all other, was eliminated us, to safeguard our civilization, 1000 years back, in this beautiful planet called GILBUS.

Diego Galán Ruiz (Spain)

For merge

There is nothing full or empty,
only the drip of a sadness
which cannot fill the emptiness.
These small things which fall in

the abyss and leave us hanging on thin threads, as narrow as our lives, are the ones that can be truncated by a complete emptiness. But if you ask someone about this emptiness, they will always answer that they have never felt it, that their lives are full, that their days are full of glory, that there no chance for the emptiness, because they fill their holes with love. And when they are asked about love, they feel this negligible empty and they doubt if it is real or fictitious. God never talked about it, either had he apologised for having created the confusion, the emptiness, the nothing. The chaos of the Universe is then the only. Otherwise who!

Francisco Manuel Marcos Roldán (Spain)

Petrolibros

The pageantry was installed at the roundabout this spring morning Bradbury . recreating polychrome arabesques roses highlight the gardens at the height cuneiform Crossing Boulevard . In macrocollage tripod , near the Arch Columns lined with ivy double helix come to want to remember the DNA molecule , the sun shines advertising the author's literary cast : the core is

Fahrenheit 451 and silver streamers rays
exposing floating Martian Chronicles .
Being retired bust gray mantle in the
middle , you hear cheers and joys .

- Tribute to the master ,living the greatest!
- Applause at the intersection of the park.

In the underworld there are no
coordinates, but it has returned. Hidden in
the niche of his own soul Case peered an
epitaph : " The books burned."

And the wick comprise trifles and evil
ideologies milch -express the writer
thickly.

Bad Ides dragged him into the chasm and
disgrace enveloped him like a gift. Yet he
managed to stay in reserved area ,
separated from the dark fringe border to
hell. On looking for pins tricks situation

could realize their immaterial existence .
He's back. " The books burned." There
impregnable fortress for them . And he,
RB , returns to save them, has been
chosen . Inside your head you hear echoes
arrivals and from there , as if from far
there.

An abundant shower of meteorites on
planet Earth announces . The chronicle
filtered resonates and moves beyond the
rear driving the blood earthquake . In
your brain an ideograph dances to
fruition.

-Sure! That's it! Immortalizer, finally! ,
My own work and that of many –
concludes Moonlight treading its genuine
imagination - : petroglyphs assembled
with petrolibros 'll ride them . The books
are burned , the rocks .

Mari Carmen Alvarez Caballero (Spain)





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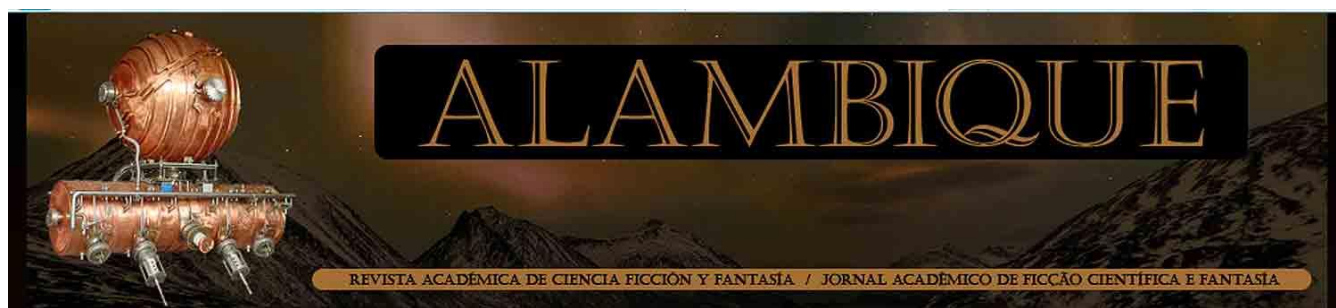
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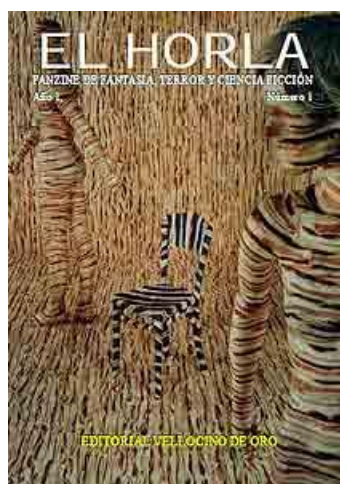
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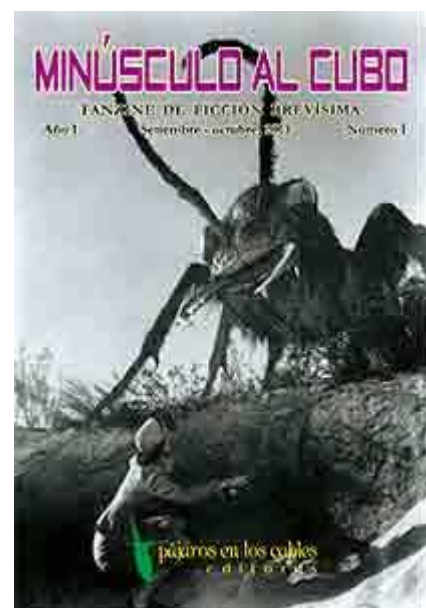
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Román A.



Sinopsis: Chile, 1973.

Augusto Pinochet decide apoyar al gobierno de Salvador Allende y desmantela violentamente el golpe militar en ciernes.

Mientras, algo crece en los subterráneos de La Moneda. El programa Synco intenta crear el primer Estado cibernético de la historia: una red que dotaría de un sistema nervioso eficiente a

la sociedad y la economía chilenas.

Reseñas:

Chile, 1979. Martina Aguablanca regresa al país para las celebraciones por la reelección del compañero Presidente. Se encuentra con un país insólito, una Camelot de la tecnología mundial, una sociedad eufórica que construye el ciberbolivarismo sobre bases ideológicas dementes. Un país alienado, desquiciado, lleno de conspiraciones y secretos oscuros. Mientras

Señales de humo (Alberto Benza)/ Dany

D'oria Rodas

Circo de pulgas (Rony Vásquez Guevara)/

Dany D'oria Rodas

Nota

Fix100, revista hispanoamericana de ficción

breve/ Carlos Saldivar

su vida corre peligro, Martina se pregunta qué precio tuvo que pagar Allende por las llaves del paraíso socialista.

SYNCO, una novela retrofuturista de Jorge Baradit.

...

Título: Los nombres muertos

Autor: Jesús Cañadas

Editorial: Fantasy

Sinopsis: H. P. Lovecraft ha recibido una propuesta imposible: buscar el Necronomicón. Un libro maligno que no existe, y eso Lovecraft lo sabe por una sola razón: porque es su más célebre invención literaria.

En 1919, el escritor americano Howard Phillips Lovecraft escribió el relato “El Sabueso”. En sus páginas se mencionaba por

primera vez el Necronomicón, un tomo de magia negra rodeado de una siniestra leyenda.

Doce años después, la misteriosa viuda de un

multimillonario neoyorquino convence a H. P. Lovecraft de que lidere una expedición para encontrar el supuesto libro maldito.

Acompañado de los escritores Frank Belknap Long (Los perros de Tíndalos) y Robert Erwin Howard (Conan), Lovecraft se embarcará en una búsqueda desde su Providence natal hasta el Londres de la moribunda sociedad Golden Dawn o el Berlín de entreguerras, pasando por mortíferos acantilados portugueses o ruinas enterradas bajo la ciudad de Damasco.

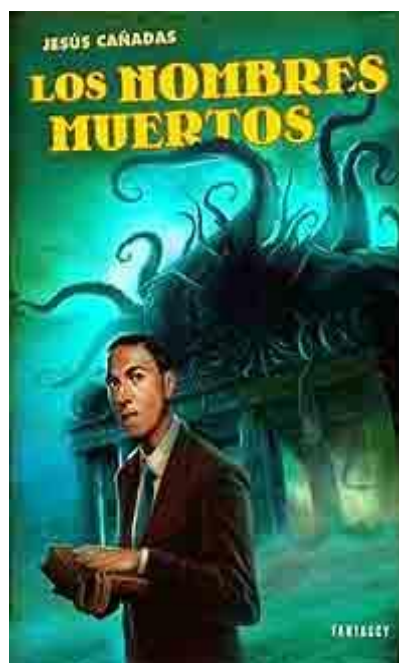
En la telaraña de secretos que rodea el Necronomicón, Lovecraft y sus compañeros se enfrentarán a peligros mortales, sociedades secretas y cultos olvidados dispuestos a matar por averiguar la verdad sobre el libro. Su expedición se convertirá en una trepidante aventura en la que se cruzarán con personajes como Aleister Crowley, Arthur Machen o un joven J.R.R. Tolkien.

...

Título:
Juego de muñecas

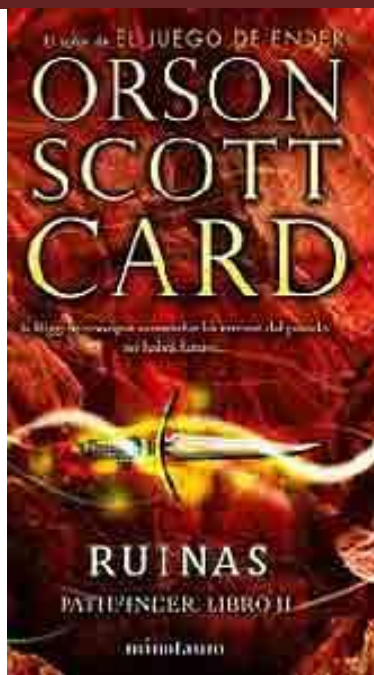
Autor:
Elena Fortanet

Portada:
Tubalmart



Editorial: ACEN Editorial

Sinopsis: es la historia de un pasado terrorífico que se fusiona con el presente, haciendo aflorar los miedos que desde niños nos han atormentado. Un viaje al subconsciente que no deja indiferente y que, al regreso del cual, la forma de mirar a una de esas muñecas de porcelana nunca volverá a ser la misma.



Soy un gran aficionado a la literatura de terror, Stephen King, Arthur Machen, Edgar Allan Poe, y he de decir que absolutamente nada tiene que envidiar esta novela a los escritos de estos grandes maestros del terror y el misterio.

Elena Fortanet ha conseguido, jugando magistralmente con el miedo y la aversión que muchas veces producen estas muñecas de cara dulce y pálida, construir una historia obsesivamente escalofriante y absolutamente recomendable y de lectura obligada para los amantes del buen terror psicológico.

<http://acencastellon.blogspot.com.es/2013/10/juego-de-munecas.html>

Título: Ruinas

Autor: Orson Scott Card

Editorial: minotauro

Sinopsis: Rigg, Umbo y Param han cruzado el Muro que separa el mundo que conocen de un mundo que ni siquiera pueden imaginar. Los tres chicos esperan haber llegado a un lugar seguro, pero los peligros en este nuevo cercado son más difíciles de ver.

Saben que no pueden fiarse del prescindible Vadesh (una máquina con forma humana,

creada para el engaño), pero tampoco pueden confiar ya los unos en los otros. Sin embargo, ésta será su única opción, ya que, aunque Rigg puede ver los rastros del pasado, no puede vislumbrar el horror que les aguarda: una fuerza destructiva con un terrible objetivo está a punto de precipitarse sobre el jardín. Si Rigg, Umbo y Param no consiguen unir sus fuerzas para alterar el pasado no habrá futuro posible.

...

Título:
Elías y los ladrones de magia

Autora:
Cristina Monteoliva



Editorial: Círculo Rojo

Bootrailer:

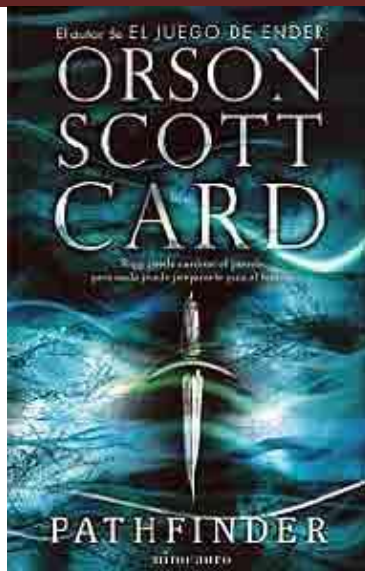
<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=LdsqWJ2nBTY>

Sinopsis: Elías es un niño granadino de once años muy inteligente, pero también muy solitario.

Su madre, Marina, es una escritora de éxito con la que todos quieren estar el día en el que acompaña a su hijo y al resto de los niños del colegio a una excursión a Cazorla, lo que hace que Elías se sienta aún más solo.

De vuelta a Granada, el autobús sufrirá una avería y todos los niños acabarán en una extraña feria ambulante en la que el chico conocerá a un pez parlante que no dudará en contarle la historia de cómo un día dejó de ser humano.

Elías no podrá evitar llevarse el pez a casa, sin saber que en poco tiempo este acabará convirtiéndose en todo un caballero inglés. Con él no solo recorrerá algunos de los lugares más maravillosos de Granada, sino que también descubrirá que los seres mágicos, tanto los buenos como los malos, están por todas partes, y que estos últimos pueden ser muy peligrosos. ¿Conseguirá



Elías detenerlos con ayuda de sus nuevos amigos?

Sobre la autora: Cristina

Monteoliva García nació el 9 de noviembre de 1978 en

Almuñécar, aunque desde hace años vive en Granada, ciudad en la que se licenció en Ciencias Ambientales (2001) y obtuvo el

Master en Medio Ambiente y

Gestión del Agua, entre otros títulos.

Aunque muchos en el mundo de las letras la conocen sobre todo por su labor de reseñista (ha dirigido la web de recomendaciones literarias La Biblioteca Imaginaria durante cinco años y ahora dirige La orilla de las letras), Cristina se siente fundamentalmente escritora.

...

Título: Pathfinder

Autor: Orson Scott Card

Editorial: minotauro

Sinopsis: A Rigg le han enseñado a guardar secretos. Sólo su padre conoce el extraño don que le permite ver los rastros del pasado de las personas. Pero cuando éste muere, Rigg descubre que su propio padre le había ocultado secretos mucho más importantes, secretos acerca del pasado de Rigg, su identidad y su destino. Y cuando Rigg

descubre que no sólo tiene el poder para ver el pasado, sino también para cambiarlo, de repente su futuro se vuelve incierto.

El último deseo de su padre llevará a Rigg a la antigua capital imperial. Allí se verá envuelto en el enfrentamiento entre dos facciones: una que quiere coronarlo y otra que sólo desea matarlo. Rigg tendrá que cuestionarse todo aquello en lo que creía, elegir con cuidado en quién confiar, y poner a prueba su don... o perder el control de su destino.

...

Título: Los sueños muertos

Autor: Francisco J. Segovia Ramos

Sinopsis: El libro llegó a sus manos a través de los siglos. La mansión parecía el lugar adecuado para resolver el enigma e invocar al ser primigenio.

Mientras tanto, alguien vigila agazapado en las sombras, en busca de una presa a la que mutilar.

Con una atmosfera asfixiante, Los sueños muertos nos introduce en un inframundo dominado por el ocultismo, un universo que transita entre reminiscencias de Poe y Lovecraft.



Una obra introspectiva que nos hará reflexionar sobre la necesidad de poder del ser humano y lo caótico de nuestros actos. Casi una disección del comportamiento compulsivo del hombre.

Los sueños muertos es, pues, una alegoría que plantea el problema humano de la falta de plenitud, que se presenta como un deseo insaciable de poseer la sabiduría eterna. Este deseo llevará a los personajes a cometer una

transgresión de sus propios límites con consecuencia nefastas.

Antologías:

Título: Amentia

Sinopsis: "Amentia" nace con la idea de juntar autores noveles de todo el mundo con la finalidad de dar a conocer su talento. Una idea nacida de la simplicidad: que las letras sean las que nos unan. Así, después de una convocatoria donde participaron relatos de autores de países como Argentina, Uruguay, Venezuela, Puerto Rico, España, México y Costa Rica, Amentia se convirtió en una realidad que hoy llega a los lectores de todo el mundo que deseen leer relatos de terror de calidad. Si eres amante del género, si quieres sentir como el miedo trepa por tu columna y se apodera de tu cabeza, si no temes lo que

pueda haber detrás de aquella
puerta al fondo del pasillo, o
debajo de tu cama, entonces no
lo dudes, Amentia ha llegado
para ser parte de tus pesadillas.

Prólogo Juan de Dios Garduño
Cuenca

Horror en Coventown/ Julieta
P. Carrizo

Tic-tac/ Tere Oteo Iglesias

900º/ Tere Oteo Iglesias

Los fantasmas no existen/ Laura Morales
Tejeda

Todas tus mentiras/ Kassfinol

Invitados/ Cintia Ana Morrow

El sonido de la muerte/ Vanesa Vázquez

Posesión/ Carmen de la Cuerda

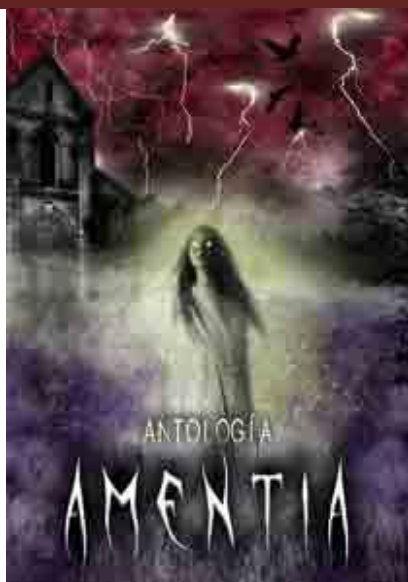
Eppur si muove/ Israel
Santamaría Canales

Bienvenida, hermana/ Laura
López Alfranca

El laberinto/ Angy W. Mhe

Muerte viviente/ Angy W.
Mhe

Tiempo/ Nieves H. Hidalgo



El código Dewey/ Nieves H.
Hidalgo

Ojo por ojo/ José Vicente
García

Agua mansa/ Leonor Ñañez

El cuerpo/ Leonor Ñañez

La uña/ Francisco Escaño
Sánchez

El ángel maldito/ Itsy Pozuelo

Angustia/ Haizea López

El gemelo imperfecto/ Rhodea Blasón

Despierta/ Misha Baker

Solo un juego/ Misha Baker

La enamorada de John Dahmer/ Marcos
Llames

Fase de negación/ Marcos Llames

[http://amentiantologia.wix.com/amentiantol
ogia#!dondeconseguirlo/chgz](http://amentiantologia.wix.com/amentiantologia#!dondeconseguirlo/chgz)

Cuentos:

Título: La cuarta Estrella

Autor: Michel Encinosa Fú

Editorial: Letras Cubanas

Sinopsis: Una vez adquirido
el libro de aquella forma
insospechada me quedaban un



montón de dudas. ¿Qué clase de libro es?

La cuarta Estrella? ¿Es un libro de fantasía?

¿Es infantil? ¿Son también historias de Sotreun?

Y entonces leí

Y resulta que sí, son cuentos de fantasía pero no épica ni ocurren en Sotreun. Y sí, pueden ser leídos por niños pero no son necesariamente cuentos infantiles. Hice el experimento de leerle dos de los cuentos más cortos a mi hijo Arturo de nueve años y les gustaron, pero cuando le pregunté detalles no me pareció que entendiera mucha de la simbología implícita. Pienso entonces que estamos en presencia de uno de esos libros de múltiples lecturas, como El principito de Saint Exupery o la Alicia de Lewis Carroll. Uno de esos libros cargados de magia que pueden disfrutar juntos infantes, jóvenes y adultos.

Seis cuentos integran este volumen y en ellos la prosa fantástica de Michel alcanza las más altas cotas de libertad creativa, porque no se ve restringido por las leyes y regularidades del universo de Sotreun.

Así el lector es testigo de la amistad entre un unicornio preso y un gato y de una sorprendente

transferencia de poderes mágicos en el relato Un dios, un rey. Luego en La cuarta Estrella nos metemos de cabeza por la madriguera del conejo para alucinar con las aventuras de la niña Dorial y Silvarial, un hijo de la luna y la Ciudad Carmesí. En Más allá del desierto vivimos junto a una muchacha que habita dentro de un reloj de torre de la más surrealista de las aventuras, digna de una acuarela de Dalí. En La muerte del dragón encontramos a un dragón inmortal que pide a gritos la muerte y la resurrección para poder renovarse. Luego asistimos a la trágica decisión de unos monjes de encerrar la iluminación entre las paredes de un convento en El erizo y la luz. Luchamos en una épica onírica junto a una muchacha y estatuas que cobran vida en Estatuas y como colofón en La risa y la nada sufrimos la trágica y filosófica soledad de un pingüino que ansía llegar a la felicidad absoluta pasando por la más absoluta tristeza guiado por la máxima

de que solo un extremo puede llegar a otro.

...

Título: Sol Negro: La Guerra sin ti

Autor: Yali, Alto Cronista – seud.-

Sinopsis: Un poderoso mago de la corte que vacila, inseguro, ante



la presencia de una mujer extranjera desnuda; guerreras y brujas otrora poderosas que han visto pasar sus mejores años y se reúnen para reabrir u olvidar viejas rencillas; un soldado que, como el personaje de Stephen Crane, sucumbe ante el miedo en su primera batalla para luego devenir en anónimo héroe salvador de su raza; la relación entre un loco campesino y su deidad protectora; la magia incomprensible de la música de un lalanio; la obsesión de un guerrero por poseer una armadura mágica; la correspondencia entre dos amantes separados por la guerra en una ciudad sitiada; la amistad entre una niña de ojos rojos con un grifo narrador de historias, son algunas de los relatos que nos muestra Yali en este volumen que culmina en una era de Caos para Sotreun. Hasta el mismísimo Alto Cronista ha accedido a presentarse esta vez como un personaje más en uno de los cuentos y tuvo además la gentileza de acompañar el libro con un mapa para los amantes de la geografía fantástica.

Los invito a leer Sol Negro II y disfrutar de estas nuevas leyendas de un mundo singular, narradas por un cronista que se sigue esforzando en eludir los arquetipos y mostrarnos historias que son a un tiempo

escuálidas y descarnadas; poéticas y violentas; ajenas y nuestras; y tan contradictorias como la propia luz del Sol Negro; como la misma vida.

...

Título: Los ojos de la divinidad

Autor: Pablo Martínez Burkett

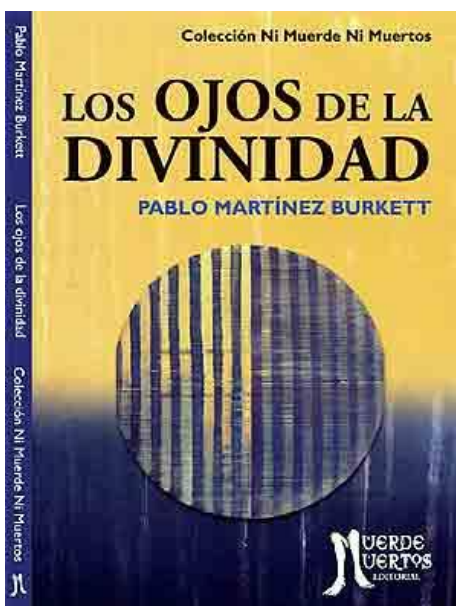
Editorial: Muerte Muertos, 2013

Colección: Ni Muerte Ni Muertos.

Sinopsis: Los ojos de la divinidad, segundo libro de Pablo Martínez Burkett, está compuesto por catorce relatos que abrevan y dialogan con lo mejor de la tradición del fantástico rioplatense, cuyos exponentes más célebres son Jorge Luis Borges y Adolfo Bioy Casares.

Tras su primera incursión con Forjador de penumbras (1º Premio Mundos en Tinieblas 2010), Martínez Burkett vuelve sobre sus

principales obsesiones (el destino, el azar, la divinidad, la soledad, el problema de la percepción) y lo hace con mucha eficiencia. A diferencia de su primer libro de corte más ominoso, aquí lo maravilloso se presenta a partir de repentinos y



trascendentes cambios de enfoque.

En este nuevo conjunto —publicado por Editorial Muerde Muertos—, el autor no descuida el modelo clásico donde conviven dos niveles: el que se nos enuncia y el que subyace y que sólo se revela cuando el primero alcanza su resolución. Sin embargo, no todo descansa sobre este artificio, sino que el lenguaje está puesto en primer lugar, haciendo que los arcaísmos se luzcan en textos como “Mawatin”, o de manera inusual en “Ars militar”, para poner en ridículo el doblaje español de las películas norteamericanas.

La discusión filosófica es otra de las marcas del volumen, con mayor presencia en “El Paraíso” y “Bailando con Schopenhauer”, sobre todo en el primero donde un selecto club de hombres “discute” sobre las principales preocupaciones existenciales. “El Dogo de Burdeos”, “El otro simulacro” o “Sin Amparo” son también piezas que postulan, a su manera, de la necesidad de encontrarle sentido a nuestras vidas.

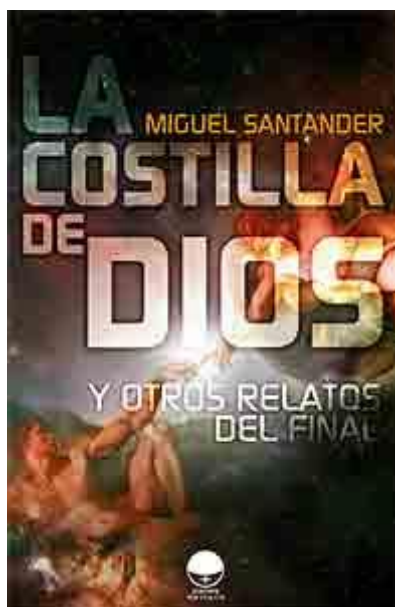
Otra constante son “las historias dentro de otras historias” con textos como “Cuento infantil para tiempos modernos” o “De las deserciones y otros hábitos igualmente

humanos”, donde grandes clásicos aparecen remozados para jóvenes oídos, o como en el cuento da título al volumen, donde la realidad se confunde con los deseos de un joven cineasta.

...

Título: La Costilla de Dios y otros relatos del final

Autor: Miguel Santander



Sinopsis: La Costilla de Dios representa a la perfección lo que yo llamo el Divinepunk. Tiene como protagonista a un dios, evitando mencionar religiones actuales quizás para evitar suspicacias, aunque sospecho que es más bien porque el objetivo es profundizar en los mecanismos de la creencia en seres transcendentales. ¿Hay algo

más fantástico que creer en la existencia de estos seres, estas criaturas con poderes que son capaces de realizar prodigios? Siempre he pensado que el concepto de dios moderno – entidad omnisciente, omnipresente y omnipotente que han popularizado las religiones monoteístas- es lo más fantástico que ha inventado la psique humana. Lo mismo opino de las deidades en los panteones egipcio, griego, romano, nórdico, hindú, etc, pero que, como luchan por

obtener protagonismo en medio del politeísmo en el que habitan, resultan mucho más cercanas a la realidad humana. El dios monoteísta es infinitamente más misterioso y atractivo, como personaje fantástico.

El Divinepunk, y esto es una opinión totalmente intuitiva por mi parte, explora el hecho religioso (por “hecho religioso” entiendo el conjunto formado por la deidad, su comunidad de creyentes, las prácticas religiosas que se efectúan como muestra de adoración, los textos sagrados que recogen dichas prácticas, y la comunidad de especialistas que interpretar dichos textos y oficia los rituales) desde el punto de vista de la fantasía y la ciencia ficción. Y precisamente abordando la religión desde esa perspectiva, el Divinepunk consigue desmontar la deidad como artefacto medular de la fé religiosa, descubriendo y denunciando la función ideológica de las creencias que encarna. A pesar de su nombre, veo al Divinepunk como un sub-género subversivo que cuestiona los mecanismos utilizados por la religión para controlar las masas. Digo “cuestiona” y no “denuncia” porque la gracia está en sugerir sin censurar abiertamente. Y que cada uno crea en lo que quiera.

El dios de esta novela corta encarna la esperanza para el pueblo que lo adora pero, a

diferencia de las divinidades de las religiones existentes en la actualidad, es un ser físico y no metafísico. Su presencia material es esencial para los creyentes que lo veneran y el proceso de generación del cuerpo divino forma parte de la liturgia religiosa. No desvelaré más sobre dicha creación, pero puedo decir que hace un guiño evidente al Frankenstein de Mary Shelley (Cristina Jurado).

About the Writers and Illustrators

Writers:

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.

Astorga, Sergio (Mexico) I'm from Mexico, his city, and thanks to tezontle the stone-red first began rumbling between my eyes and the bell is heard by the four cardinal points. Currently radico in Porto, Portugal.

Bachelor studied Graphic Communication at the National Arts School (Antigua Academia de San Carlos). Drawing workshop I taught for twelve years at UNAM. And study in Hispanic Literature Faculty of Arts of the UNAM (not finished)

I have published in magazines and cultural supplements both text and drawings. I have published a book of poems called Temporal.

<http://astorgaser.blogspot.pt/>

Báez Milan, Tony (Puerto Rico) Internationally published numerous short stories in Spanish and English, in journals including The Critical Point, Yagrumal, Papyrus, Textshop, RE: AL, Clarín, Los

Mejores Cuentos, Lynx Eye, Ariadna, Resonancias, and Axxón.

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

www.tonybaezmilan.com

Balián, Violeta (Argentina) Cursó Historia y Humanidades (SFSU) en los EE.UU. En Washington, D.C. contribuyó como freelance a Washington Woman y por una década fue redactora en jefe para The Violet Gazette, una publicación botánica trimestral. En Buenos Aires y en 2012 publicó la novela de ciencia ficción El Expediente Glasser (Dunken y Amazon Kindle). Integra además el grupo de 28 escritores latinoamericanos que participan en la antología Primeros Exiliados a publicarse en marzo 2013.

<http://violetabalian.blogspot.com>

<http://elexpedienteglasser.blogspot.com>

Barrio Julio, Francesc (España)

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) and stimuli (Savory Snacks III) . shadow Lost (Lots Creative , Literary Diversity) and was Truth (Servings Soul , Literary Diversity also) .

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.

Cozzi , John Paul (Moreno , Buenos Aires , 1980) grew up in Saladillo and educated at the City of Buenos Aires faculty Castilian , and Latin Literature , career who left shortly before the end.

Having begun primarily in drawing and painting, dabbled in music around 2001 as a songwriter with composers Nicholas Blum and Fredy Valdes , until in 2010 dedicated itself exclusively to literature . Stories and yours microarrays have been published in magazines both digital and shameful Community, Scientist, Agora, Another Heaven , as in Next magazine paper and rayon fabric .

As Voz Hispana finalist integrated the eponymous anthology called by the Spanish - Mexican publishing in Bow Mar and also participated in the anthology of fantasy stories in Dark Worlds Galmort edits .

At the end of 2012 earned mention as Digital Planet Award finalist, integrating the anthologyAlte Killer! and other stories.

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

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.

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.

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/COMDARTES, 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/salomeguadalupei ngelmo/>

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

Lima , Chely (Havana , 1957) Storyteller, Poet . Editor , illustrator and playwright . Currently lives in the U.S.

Work: has 25 books published - novel, short story , poetry, children's literature , in Cuba , United States , Mexico , Ecuador , Venezuela and Colombia , among them the novels and Triangles Magical Evening Confessions (Editorial Planeta, 1994) , Isla after flood (Ediciones Malecon, Linkgua USA, 2010) and Lucrezia means perfidy (Centaur Editions , Linkgua USA, 2011) . Texts have been translated into English, French , German , Italian, Russian , Esperanto and Czechoslovak , and numerous selections and anthologies of literature from around the world collect samples of his work.

Theatre & Musicals : His monologues and plays for adults and children have been staged in Cuba and Ecuador . He has received a rock opera - cantata Violente - and - Lord of the Dawn - represented in the National Theatre of Cuba between 1987 and 1990, with the participation of leading figures of theater, music , dance, ballet and opera singing national . Radio , TV, Film : has written numerous programs to cultural and

informative to the radio in Cuba between 1979 and 1991, for Radio Metropolitana, Radio Progreso and Radio Caribbean and has written, produced and hosted for radio in Ecuador - between 1992 and 2001 for the Center Radio Communication Studies for Latin America (CIESPAL), Radio Quito and Radio La Luna .

Since 1987 writes scripts for television, covering about 18 productions, serial, unit and documentaries, and were brought to the screen in Cuba through

Cubavisión National Canal, and in Ecuador with several independent producers and the National Canal - where his unit ECUAVISIA Seven Serpents and Seven Moons and Guitar Solo were awarded in 1996 and 1998 in the Fair Market Media to Latin American audiovisual industry .

In 1989 the Cuban Institute of Cinematic Arts (ICAIC) Spinsters filmed at Sunset, with a script where the writer shares authorship with Alberto Serret - under the direction of Guillermo Torres and advice of renowned Cuban filmmaker Tomas Gutierrez Alea, in 2006 and 2011 respectively, Quiatro Productions, of Ecuador, filmed his film Edge of Love, from the novel, and Blood Sweet, an

adaptation of his play of the same name, under the direction of Jose Zambrano Brito.

López Manzano, Pedro (Murcia, Spain, 1977)

computer engineer, editor and writer, literary is fundamentally a storyteller since first published in the collection Murcia Joven Literatura 05. He has been a regular contributor to various websites, magazines and fanzines (miNatura, NGC 3660, Planetas Prohibidos, Los zombis no saben leer, Sigue al conejo blanco, Melibro, ...) with film reviews, book reviews, articles, stories and gender microrrelatos fantastic, horror or science fiction.

He was a finalist in the First Prize Story Terbi of Fantastic Theme: Mutations in Elèctriques Ovelles IV Award as well as the Cosechaa Eñe 2011 (Magazine Reading), and selected for anthologies Pumpkins in the storage X: Natural Disasters and XIV: Creaturas, Ácronos. Antología Steampunk, Visiones 2012, Amanecer Pulp 2013 and 2099. Anthology of Science Fiction, among others.

<http://creeoquequieras.blogspot.com>

López Nevado, Raúl Alejandro (Mollet, Barcelona, Spain, 1979) graduated in Philosophy in 2002, driven by the same desire for knowledge that sometimes inclined him to speculative fiction.

He was redactor of Total Guitar magazine from 2007 to 2009, where he united his two passions: music and writing. Among other places of hyperspace, is a regular contributor to <http://www.ciencia-ficcion.com>. He has published several tales and microtales in Axxón. He has published Genesis I.O. in SupernovaCF magazine. He was selected in the first literary prize Liter of Terror literature. He has published Fábrica de Poemas in Alfa Eridiani. He was selected finalist in the price for Poetry José María Valverde 2007 (and published in an anthology book), and he won the first prize of Spanish poetry Set Plomes. His story El regalo was selected to be part of the anthology Cuentos para sonreír from the editorial Hipálage.

Magnan Alabarce, Jaime (Santiago de Chile, 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 several times.

Marcos Roldán Francisco Manuel (Spain) has worked in various online publications as miNatura and his writings have appeared in various anthologies.

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

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 Farralque Fayad Jamis (Finalist) Cuba EventFiction 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.

Medina Hinojosa, Sarko (Arequipa, Peru, 32 years old) journalist by profession, a writer of stories from 8 years. Despite being completely new publications on the subject of books, his stories have appeared in magazines intermittently paper and ink: Fantástico, Billiken, Cara de Camión, Valkiria, etc..., as well as magazines and digital blogs Químicamente Impuro, Tanatología; Breves no Tan Breves; Ráfagas, Parpadeos, brief history of micro Microcuentista christmas of International, to

name a few. Winner of the first prize Fantastic Tales magazine in 2004, has been mentioned or finalist in several others.

Currently is about to release his first book of short stories: "10 cuentos Urbanos". It belongs to the Asociación Cultural Minotauro and writes articles for various print media (Ciudad Nueva, Los Andes, etc.). Directs Radio Program Usted Decide.

www.sarkadria.wordpress.com

www.sarkomedina.wordpress.com

www.urbaneando.wordpress.com

Montaño de Juárez, Jéssica (México, 1979)

Translator, proofreader and teacher. In 2010 received an award from the Universidad Autónoma Metropolitana, UAM, for his story Family Crimes (House of Time Award Carlos Montemayor). He has lectured at the Mexican Institute of Youth (The experience of being a blogger) and C. C. H. Naucalpan (Between Hitler and Charles Manson: Antichrist and evil supermen), among others. His last publication was in the anthology Tribute to Sabines Behold we are all together with the text What I lack.

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

Olivera, Patricia K. (Montevideo, Uruguay)

future Proofreader Style and Degree in Linguistics. Post your authoring texts on blogs that manages and participates in others where. He has worked in network Literary Magazines from around the world. Currently working in miNature Digital Magazine of the Short and the fantastic, Revista Literaria Palabras (Uruguayan magazine where he also participates as assistant editor) and El Descensor. Don't have books published but shares space with other authors in several anthologies of short stories and poetry.

<http://mismusascuenteras.blogspot.com>

<http://mismusaslocas.blogspot.com>

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 than 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

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).

Rolfe, Jason E. (Ontario, Canada) writes speculative and absurd fiction. His stories have recently appeared in Sein und Werden and The Ironic Fantastic. His non-fiction has appeared in Wormwood and his debut book, Synthetic Saints, was recently nominated for an independent literature award for best novella. Jason will be guest editing the fourth installment of The Ironic Fantastic in the near future and is currently putting the finishing touches on a collection of absurd short stories.

Robles Abalos, Candela (Argentina) ha participado de la antología de cuentos "Noches de Halloween" del sitio RBC, el libro de microcuentos llevado a cabo por Difusión Literaria llamado "Porciones del alma" y el sexto número de la revista digital literaria "Letras Entrelazadas". Su temática suele girar en torno al terror y la

fantasía oscura. Tiene un blog personal donde publica sus trabajos

(<http://candy002.wordpress.com/>) y

actualmente sigue una novela de ciencia ficción ambientada en el Buenos Aires del 2300:

<http://voces-huecas.blogspot.com.ar/> Por su cuenta ha publicado una antología de cuentos homoeróticos por la red Bubok:

<http://www.bubok.es/libros/225155/Ilusiones>

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).

Segovia Ramos, Francisco José (Granada, Spain, 1962) Law degree from the University of Granada. HE is official. Granada City Council since 1987. He contributes to magazines Kalepesia

knocker and Alkaid, and also writes in various journals.

Honorary member of Maison Naaman pour la Culture, in Beirut, Lebanon (Spanish only so far). Directed and presented the radio show "More Wood" on Radio Maracena (Granada) has published a novel, "The Anniversary" (Hontanar Editions, 2007), and has seen his work published in numerous anthologies and magazines. Among his awards and prizes: 1st Prize at XII Love Letters Competition 2008, organized by the municipality of Lepe, Huelva, Prix d'honneur in Naji Naaman Literary Awards 2007, organized by the Maison Naaman pour la Culture, Beirut, Lebanon honorable mention in the XI's Christmas Story Contest Ampuero, Cantabria, 2007, special Mention in the II Tanatología.org, 2007, convocado por the Spanish and International SCincaociedad Thanatology, SEIT, Tenerife, Spain, 2007, II nd Prize Story Contest in FantásticoGazteleku Sestao, Vizcaya, 2007, III prize in the Contest of Stories Victor Chamorro, Hervas, Cáceres, 2007.

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.

Illustrators:

Pág. 55 Alfonso, Graciela Marta (Buenos Aires, Argentina) *See Writers.*

Pág. 48 Ascúa, Miriam (Argentina) Bachelor of Fine Arts from the University of La Plata.

Researcher representation techniques. Freelance illustrator.

Pág. 67 Burdisio, Alejandro (Córdoba, Argentina) He works professionally as an illustrator for the category of architecture for over twenty years and has his own studio where he works in partnership with a multidisciplinary team covering all major graphics requirements studies.

As a draftsman is engaged to longtime "fantasy art", creating fantastic landscapes and environments with a wide variety of characters, many of them closely linked to the everyday closer. In recent years has also ventured into the humor and the world of comics, published today in the journal "La Murcielaga".

Pág. 10 Carman, Bill (EE.UU.) I've worked as a designer, illustrator, teacher and art director at universities, ad agencies, publishers, and large corporations. Since graduating with a BFA in visual communication/illustration and an MFA in painting. I have always free-lanced and exhibited and have been included in annuals like the Society of Illustrators, Spectrum, 3x3, American Illustration and have even finagled some medals. I

have a decent client list which includes a children's book with Random House.

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

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

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

Pág. 27, 36, 63 Gabi Rubí –seud.–

(Argentina) Illustrator and poet.

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

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

Pág. 101 Matsunuma, Shingo (Yokohama-shi, Kanagawa, Japan) Illustrator.

<http://shichigoro.com/>

Pág. 33 Montero, Edison (Barahona, República Dominicana) 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 COLEACTIVO [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. 44 Pavelec, Jim (San Luis, Misiuri, EE.UU.) ilustrador freelance. Desde hace más de quince años ha estado colaborando en diferentes proyectos que incluyen desde Star Wars, World of Warcraft, Magic: The Gathering, and Dungeons & Dragons y contribuyendo regularmente con Imagine FX magazine.

He escrito e ilustrado cuatro libros para Impact Books. He wrote Hell Beasts, y co-escrito Wreaking Havoc: How to Create Fantasy Warriors y Wicked Weapons and How to Draw Blood-Sucking Monsters and Vampires. Ink bloom marco su debut como escritor de cf en 2010.

Su ultimo art-book es Hymns & Wretched Offerings To The Golden Ones.

A ilustrado diversas portadas para Dark Horse Comics' Eerie y Creepy.

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

Pág. 22 Pozo, Jen Del (España) Illustrator, dreamy and observant of stars. Born in Madrid but adopted by Tenerife, has worked for various

publishers illustrating novels and stories. His work has been exhibited in Tenerife, Madrid, Barcelona and Paraguay. Today, his business is complementing introduced into the world of the graphic novel and comics.

<http://jendelpozajo.wix.com/ilustracionyarte>

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

Pág. 29 Raju, Krishna (Bangalore, India, 1986) Film & VFX, Compositing & Lighting. Worked on rise of the guardians, puss in boots, Madagascar 3, madval (mad world valentine special), spooky stories (shrek world), barnyard tv series, farmkids tv series. Peabody and Sherman release march 2014. Actually work in Dreamworks Animation india

<http://krishnaraju.cghub.com/>

Pág. 01 Russo, Alberto (Montesardo, Puglia, Italy) a creative director and illustrator based in Lausanne, Switzerland. I'm also the founder of the swiss design studio Areadesign. Sting One is the online portfolio of my illustration and typography works.

<http://www.sting-one.com>

<http://stingarea.blogspot.com>

<http://www.areadesign.ch>

Pág. 24, 25 Rubert, Evandro (Brasil, 1973)

Cannot remember much more than the electric train and the mountain of comics from his childhood. Along with Sergio Abad and David Baldeón among others, Comics Otracosa founded about 15 years ago, and has since been heavily involved in the world of comics. Today is

Editor and Chief of Epicenter and Sergio Abad teaches Bullets Comics and Narrative at the

University Jaume I of Castellón. Also painted lead figurines and plays drums with Panic Idols.

Pág. 2, 6 Signes Urrea, Carmen Rosa (España) *See Writers.*

Sobre las ilustraciones:

Pág. 01 Bradbury Universe/ *Alberto Russo (Italy)*; **Pág. 02** FrikiFrases/ *Carmen Rosa Signes Urrea (Spain)*; **Pág. 06** Cartel de VI Certamen Internacional de Poesía Fantástica miNatura 2014/ *Carmen Rosa Signes Urrea (Spain)*; **Pág. 10** Pig Rider/ *Bill Carman (USA)*; **Pág. 22** Despertar/ *Jen Del Pozo, (Spain)*; **Pág. 24** Fear, Lies & China Ink: Of any Mars/ *Rubert (Brazil)*; **Pág. 25** Fear, Lies & China Ink: And considering that.../ *Rubert (Brazil)*; **Pág. 27** Postal 29/ *Gabi Rubí –seud.- (Argentina)*; **Pág. 29** Secret hideoutssssss/ *Raju, Krishna (India)*; **Pág. 33** El recital poético del fuego/ *Edison Montero (Dominican Republic)*; **Pág. 36** Boleto para viajar a donde hay que estar/ *Gabi Rubí –seud.- (Argentina)*; **Pág. 44** St/ *Jim Pavelec (USA)*; **Pág. 48** Bella Transfigurada/ *Miriam Ascúa (Argentina)*; **Pág. 55** Galaxia extrema/ *Graciela Marta Alfonso (Argentina)*; **Pág. 63** Máquina que avisa que estas por perder una oportunidad/ *Gabi Rubí –seud.- (Argentina)*; **Pág. 67** Universo Chatarra/ *Alejandro Burdisio (Argentina)*; **Pág. 101** 14 Shingo *Matsunuma (Japan)*.

