

THE MAGAZINE OF
THE BRIEF AND
THE FANTASTIC

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M I N A T U R A

"Mission Control, please be informed, there is a Santa Claus."

-James Lovell, astronaut, Apollo-8 (1968)



"I want you to find the answers to 2 questions for me. One, who killed JFK? And two, are there UFOs?"

-Bill Clinton, ex-president of USA.



"The number of thoughtful, intelligent, educated people in full possession of their faculties who have "seen something" and described it grows every day... We can... say categorically that mysterious objects have indeed appeared and continue to appear in the sky that surrounds us."

-General Lionel M. Chassin, Commanding General of the French Air Forces and General Air Defense Coordinator of the Allied Air Forces of NATO



"There ARE things out there! There absolutely is!"

-Major Robert White, test pilot X-15 (1962)



"We find ourselves faced by powers which are far stronger than we had hitherto assumed and whose base is at present unknown to us. More I cannot say at present. We are now engaged in entering into closer



contact with those powers. And in 6-or-9 month's time, it may be possible to speak with some precision on the matter."

Dr. Wernher Von Braun (1959)



"We have things in the Nevada desert that are alien to your way of thinking -- far beyond anything you see on Star Trek."

-Bill Gates



"Taking into account the facts that we have gathered from the observers and from the location of their observations, we concluded that there generally can be said to be a material phenomenon behind the observations. In 60% of the cases reported here, the description of this phenomenon is apparently one of a flying machine whose origin and modes of lifting and/or propulsion are totally outside our knowledge."

-Claude Poher, Aerospace Phenomena Study Department (SEPRA)



"What does all this stuff about flying saucers amount to? What can it mean? What is the truth?"

-Prime Minister Winston Churchill asked his air minister Lord Cherwell.

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¿How collaborate miNatura Digital Magazine?

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

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

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

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

We respect the copyright to continuous power of their creators.

Contributions should be sent to:

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Area 51

"We always think that the UFOs are projections of ours. Now it turns out that we are their projections. I am projected by the magic lantern as C. G. Jung. But who manipulates the apparatus?"

C.G. Jung, *Memories, dreams, reflections* (*Erinnerungen Traume Gedanken*, 1961).

If Jung said that the UFO signifies the wholeness of the self: *This circular image represents the wholeness of the psychic ground or, to put it in mythic terms, the divinity incarnate in man...* So Area 51¹ should be his temple on earth.

According to some unofficial spokespersons for the Pentagon corridors runs the legend of the existence of an "Island"-the term is not esencialmente topographic- where some live entities called "famous" by the public: This would justify the constant appearances of Elvis²

¹ Originally a lead and silver mine discovered in 1864.

² Some of the followers of the Conspiracy Theory have blamed the JFK Assassination Elvis and even Lennon.

and that still appear works of many artists officially dead.

The words Island, Dreamland, Watertown Strip, Home Base, Groom Lake, Paradise Ranch, The Farm and The Box (Sandbox) are some of the names by which Area 51³ is known and shared with nearby Yucca Flat, the largest area of U.S. nuclear tests and Yucca Mountain, nuclear waste deposit.

Known for the first time by *Aquatone Project* (1951) who developed the first U-2 turning the place into an inaccessible fortress with one of the best surveillance systems in the world, motivating the most diverse theories as leftover stock spacecraft aliens,⁴ dimensional gates and experimetación field ... a true Galactic Guantánamo.

Maybe this place is nothing more than a smokescreen to hide more terrible and less stellar truths so if it is true that it is not enough with all the declassified material ... we want the truth and this could be in Area 51.

³ According to the CIA its tactical's name is Nevada Test and Training Range (NTTR).

⁴ More specifically speaking of J-ROD inhabitant of Zeta Reticulum (binary star system discovered in the 60) and in other versions it is a traveler from the future.

This number gives us a great interview of Cristina Jurado five hands with Ana María Shua, Susana Sussman, Carmen Cabello, Cristina Macía and Chely Lima. The microstories that appear in this issue are of outstanding quality and is impossible to close this editorial without mentioning the illustrators of this number:

Graciela Marta Alfonso (Argentina); Andrew E –seud.- (Russia); Edvige Faini (Italy); Miguel Gámez Cuevas, (Spain); Andrés Felipe Jaramillo Escobar (Colombia); Paolo Nagase Rotelli (Italy-Japaness); Rubert, Evandro (Brazil); Andrzej Siejeński (Poland); Víctor Emmanuel Vélez Becerra (Mexico).

Thanks for Reading us!

The Editors

Next issue:

VAMPIRES



CONVOCATORIA SELECCIÓN DE TEXTOS TIEMPOS OSCUROS Nº3

La Revista Digital Tiempos Oscuros (Un panorama del Fantástico Internacional) tiene el placer de dar a conocer la convocatoria para confeccionar su tercera entrega, un número dedicado, como en sus dos ediciones anteriores a un país, en esta ocasión el número estará centrado en España.

Es por ello que todos aquellos escritores españoles que deseen participar en la selección de los textos que compondrán el número tres de la revista digital Tiempos Oscuros deberán atenerse a las siguientes bases.

BASES

1. Podrán participar todos aquellos escritores españoles, residentes o no en su país de origen, con obras escritas en castellano.
2. Los textos deberán ser afines al género fantástico, la ciencia ficción o el terror.

3. Los trabajos, cuentos de entre 5 a 10 páginas y poemas (con una extensión no inferior a 50 versos), deben estar libres de derechos o en su defecto se aceptarán obras con la debida autorización del propietario de los derechos de la misma.

4. Los trabajos deberán enviarse en documento adjunto tipo doc (tamaño de papel DinA4, con tres centímetros de margen a cada lado, tipografía Time New Roman puntaje 12 a 1,5 de interlineado). Dicho archivo llevará por nombre título + autor de la obra y junto a él se incluirá en el mismo documento plica que incluirá los siguientes datos: título del cuento, nombre completo, nacionalidad, dirección electrónica, declaración de la autoría que incluya el estado del texto (si es inédito o si ha sido publicado, en este segundo supuesto deberá incluir dónde se puede encontrar y las veces que ha sido editado, tanto si es digital como en papel, y si tiene los derechos comprometidos se deberán incluir los permisos pertinentes). Junto a todos estos datos también pedimos la inclusión de un breve currículum literario que será publicado en la revista y una fotografía del autor si lo desea para el mismo fin.

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

6. La dirección de recepción de originales es:

revistastiempososcuros@yahoo.es

En el asunto deberá indicarse: COLABORACIÓN TIEMPOS OSCUROS N°3

7. Las colaboraciones serán debidamente valoradas con el fin de realizar una selección acorde con los intereses de la publicación.

8. Los editores se comprometen a comunicar a los autores, que envíen sus trabajos, la inclusión o no del texto en la revista. Nos encantaría poder incluirlos todos pero nos hacemos al cargo sobre el volumen de textos que se pueden llegar a recibir.

9. Todos los trabajos recibirán acuse de recibo.

10. La participación supone la total aceptación de las normas.

11. El plazo de admisión comenzará desde la publicación de estas bases y finalizará el 15 de junio de 2014. (No se admitirán trabajos fuera del plazo indicado)

**Five women related
to fantasy talk
about the state
of the genre
in Spain**



Interviewer: Cristina Jurado

Illustrator: Broken Goods/Andrés Felipe Jaramillo Escobar (Colombia)

One translator, three writers and an editor give their opinions about women's contribution to fantasy, science fiction and terror literature

It is remarkable the continuous absence of female SF writers in the genre's best-seller lists. If one includes fantasy in the picture, a handful of female authors appear, a phenomenon well known by the scholars and the fandom.

The problem may be the invisibility of females in SF, as if their literary projects found little support by publishing companies, specialized critics, and the readers. This is the sad conclusion one can deduce by the multiple posts and articles dedicated to this issue. Few months ago **Damien Walter** at [The Guardian](#) acknowledged that, from a total of twenty-nine [Grandmasters of Science Fiction](#) (honor awarded by the Science Fiction and Fantasy Writers of America), only four were women. In another [post](#) **Julie Crisp** from **Tor Books** turned the attention towards the offer: in the 502 submissions to **Tor**, only 32% came from female authors and, most them, cultivated fantasy –epic or urban-, hardly any SF. **Katha Pollitt** pointed out in an article published in [Slate](#) in 2011 the absence of women in the publishing market. **Ian Sales** talked about this in recent [post](#), indicating the existence of a pernicious myth by which it is commonly accepted that women do not write science fiction.

The majority of these conclusions come from a study published in 2012 by **VIDA: Women in Literary Arts**, a North American organization founded 6 years ago to explore critical and cultural perceptions of writing by women. The study revealed that, even though there is almost gender parity in the number of literary works submitted to SF publications, the amount of male reviewers and male authors featured in those publication was significantly

superior to those of female authors and reviewers. The magazine [Strange Horizons](#) did another analysis, arriving to similar conclusions.

There is not comparable data in Spain to confirm this trend, but nothing seems to contradict it either. That's is why we have decided to invite five women –writers, workshop organizers, translators and editors- who work in the Spanish SF and fantasy speaking market to answer few questions for us. We asked them the same five questions to form a sort of international panel, trying to reflect the opinions of women from different geographical locations.

“The relationship between women and science is a recent one”

To the question why do you think there are less females SF, fantasy and terror writers in the Spanish speaking market? **Ana María Shua** (author) answers: *“Are they less? Are we talking about the percentage of published female authors? It's true than there is less women writing science fiction, all over the world and in every language, maybe because the relationship between women and science is a recent one. About “fantasy”, I'm nor sure if you are referring to the imitations of **Tolkien** –in which I'm not very interested- or fantasy literature in general. The last includes terror literature and I believe there are more women dedicated to it than men. In absolute numbers, there are more male than female authors that publish in every genre, because of historical reasons. Among female authors, the percentage of the ones working in fantasy is higher than their male counterparts. I even know about essays by North American feminists trying to explain why women prefer fantasy.”*

Susana Sussman (author and workshop organizer) says: *“the reason is the same why there are less female fans of those genres, less female engineers and women scientists. There is something in our society teaching us that those things are for boys and not for girls. Unfortunately, ladies simply don't consider anything related to technical stuff. It's not a lack of capacity, but of even trying. The same way my grandmother never thought about learning*

to drive a car, the majority of today's women only consider getting married, staying at home, having children and reading romantic novels. Sadly it is a cliché but a true one, because many women live their lives in such a fashion. Why do I read science fiction? Because I tried once, before I was indoctrinated about girls not needing so complex readings. Why I'm a scientist? Because when my father told me that a woman in our days could not have a family and be a scientist at the same time, I was too stubborn to listen to him. Why do I write? Because one day, simply, I tried."

Cristina Macías (translator) believes that *"it's because those are genres in which professional writers started as fans. During many years Spanish fans were predominately men. Today that has changed. Fandom has changed. The growing number of female authors confirms it (except in science fiction, a genre in which we are still behind). It's not only a problem about the genre but also about age of the fans. New generations of authors and readers are much more into **The Lord of the Rings** than into **Ring World**."*

Ana Díaz, Macías' working mate and professional freak, adds: *"there is also the idea of classical science fiction books with only unimpressive or very secondary female characters, which is everything but inspirational. If up to few years ago literature in other countries was structured in genres, imagine in Spain! As a child, I used to go to the bookshop where they recommended me horrible stories with fairies. **The Three Investigators** was about and for boys."* About this, **Macías** comments: *"I agree, but I would like to know if any more were discouraged to read **The Three Investigators** because they were girls. It did not happen to me (and I'm older). Another important topic: in the old times, and I'm afraid in our days too, if you were a woman writing science fiction, fantasy or terror they included you immediately in a panel discussion under the title **The role of women in the genre**. The third time this happens, you start to question your career and began to consider writing historical novels... or fabricating cluster bombs."*

For **Chely Lima** (author): *"To what extent many editors expect female writers to produce love novels or stories where ordinary women play the main role of a mother, wife,*

lover, workers or housewife with small, quotidian conflicts firmly anchored in reality?

Following my personal experience, I believe that there are certain paths whose limits you cannot trespass, if you want to come out of obscurity and have commercial success in big publishing companies. If you walk out the path, maybe you are not what an editor, reader or even the bookshop would like to see in the selves. A very important literary agent told me: 'You have two problems to achieve commercial success: first, your writing deviated a lot from the publishing companies prudish taste; and second, your texts are very masculine. 'What a paradox, isn't it?''

Carmen Cabello (editor) answers: *"Are there really less female writers in the genre? Are we taking into account the women writing urban fantasy, young adult, o paranormal romance with high doses of fantasy? I haven't count the number of manuscripts that **Kelonia** has received, but my guess is that there is parity. Decades ago the genre was dominated by men, but things have changed."*

We asked our interviewees about the women contribution to the genre. **Sussman**: *"women contribute the same way that any other individual. Each of us is the product of our experiences, and the only difference between literature by men or women is the role society assigns us during our early years, and that we often pass on to our own daughters. It's not important if a science fiction or a fantasy story is been written by a man or a woman. The important thing is, whoever the author, that is well written making the characters believable. It's clear that many female authors took advantage to preach feminism, but that is also an individual decision, nothing to do with being a man or a woman."*

Cabello: *"to me, it's the same the contribution of men to romantic literature, for example. Each book is its own world and I don't believe that one gender can add different things than the other. For example, the **Song of Ice and Fire**, could it be written by a woman? And the **Terramar** series, could it be written by a man? Here, I say yes!"*

“I believe they bring whatever an intelligent woman writing in any other literary genre: a different look, sometimes deeper and dramatic than many male authors, female characters more believable and charismatic, and elements that humanize and sexualize the narrative different from the macho joke or from the plastic hero lifeless outside technology or violence,” says **Lima**.

Macías: *“A [woman brings a] different look than a man. Sure. The same way than a woman at twenty has a different look at things as a woman at sixty. The same way that the look of a woman from Cadiz is different than one or from Barcelona. But I bet that, when writing, there are more things in common between a man and a woman twenty years old and living in Cadiz than two women, one from Cadiz and another from Barcelona, with an age difference of forty years. I understand the need to classify, label and organize soccer teams, but I believe it’s a necessity of the marketing director and not of the writer or the critic. Readers shouldn’t be concern about it, that’s for sure.”*

Shua: *“when women imitate **Tolkien**, they try to highlight female characters, their desires, problems and social limitations. When they write high quality fantasy literature, very often it’s impossible to know if the author is male or female. I’ve seen many losing bets in literary competitions in which authors hided behind an alias. In science fiction, we have the wonderful **James Tiptree** to show that good literature belong to no gender.”*

Genre: in crisis or on the rise?

Confronted to the question “How do you see Spanish genre literature?” **Macías** answers: *“More alive than ever. Many peripheral voices are coming in, as well as voices from other genres. The ones emerging from the fandom and becoming professional are more forceful and interesting. There are also appearing many more voices. The new ways of publishing mean that the editing filters are getting lost in many instances (that’s not an advantage, because any shitty book can end up being published in **Amazon**) and often times it*

takes a long time to find something decent. Sometimes, sales don't come along either. The number of readers has not increased that much and, if there were 5 authors for 5,000 readers with a budget of 100,000 euros, now we have 50 authors for the same population and budget. Piracy is the explanation of why authors and editors don't know how to make their numbers work."

Shua talks about the publishing market in general: *"Today, police thrillers dominate the market. But this is subject to fashionable trends: everything passes and comes back. Ten years ago, historical novels dominated. Now, we have **50 shades of Grey** with the revival of erotic literature."*

Cabello: *"We have great male and female writers. I still have hope, and readers are quite loyal, even though foreign authors dominate. Unfortunately many feel that a novel by a foreign author is better than what we do here, and that's far from the truth. Big publishing companies are starting to include genre books in their catalogues -foreign titles still dominate- but there is shift towards Spanish genre. In the other hand, some small and independent publishing companies are emerging with catalogues 100% dedicated to Spanish speaking authors. This, in a time of economic recession, means a lot."*

Lima is more pessimistic: *"Between the need to glorify realistic literature and the fever for historical novels –still dominating the market- genre doesn't live the best of its times. After reading about it in articles, posts and interviews, and after talking with my writer friends I have the feeling that many readers still holds many prejudices about SF, fantasy and terror and those influence editors' choices. It looks like the stories by foreign authors - specially English speaking- dominate the market. Somebody told me just yesterday that it happens a bit like rock music in Spanish."*

Sussman agrees: *"Genre is in low spirits. The same way few women show interest in the genre, fewer fans –male or female- take the decision of becoming writers, so they never*

will discover if they have any talent for it. Therefore, we have only few representative authors. There is a terrible prejudice among mainstream writers about genre literature not being real literature, and so nobody really expects good quality in fantasy. That means that anybody can get self-published without caring for the style and achieving a minimum level of quality. Readers read those terrible books and the prejudice grows stronger. I'm not saying that all authors who chose self-publishing are bad ones –there are some really good self-published books. But it is important to be able to separate the wheat from the chaff. Self-publishing has removed the editor's filtering work, which also eliminated books with little commercial potential as well as the reviewing process."

When we ask about her favorite science fiction, fantasy or terror female writers in Spanish and others languages, **Lima** says: *"after an overdose of genre –lots of books in which there weren't many female authors- I spent several years away from science fiction, fantasy and terror, at least as a reader. Two years ago I came back to the flock and I'm getting updated. I read a lot of **Isak Dinesen's** works during my childhood and youth, but I haven't follow her since. Her majesty **Ursula K. Le Guin** still fascinates me because of the strength of her narrative, the subtlety of her poetic content, her ability to connect with the reader and the way she presents feministic ideas in her SF stories. In a time when I was stuffing myself with soviet SF authors –some were excellent- **Le Guin's** literature seemed to me more progressive than the one from the reds. I looked like a paradox to me, so young, naïve and ignorant. Then we have **Angélica Gorodischer** and **Margaret Atwood**, who still are two of my favorites. Recently I read **Lágrimas en la lluvia** by **Rosa Montero**, and not long ago I learn about **Lola Robles**, **Elia Barceló** and **Laura Gallego García**. The truth is, when I get a book from an unknown author, I normally don't look up the name or the gender. I simply start reading and, if I'm hooked, I continue. If I finish and like it, I try to get more information about the author and his or her writings. But I guess that's the same as everybody else."*

Sussman does not have favorite female writers: *"My favorite writers are all male. Why? I don't know. I guess it's because there is more variety among male authors. Another reason is that some female writers used literature as a feminist pamphlet (I'm allergic to this).*

*But I must mention **Angélica Gorodischer**, who's fantasy I always liked. Her science fiction books are not among my favorites, but **Kalpa Imperial** is one of those novels that stays in my memory. I recently enjoyed the novels by **Gail Carriger**, which is very feminine in her writing but, most of all, is funny and interesting."*

Macías answers: *"Historically speaking, **Elia Barceló**, **Susana Vallejo**, **Pilar Pedraza**, the old guard. Susana is going to kill me for sure. Lately, I really enjoy **Clara Peñalver** or **Concha Perea** and, in the genre's fringe, **Ana Campoy** or **Sofía Rhei** (every one includes into fantasy whoever they want). About the foreign ones, I confess my soft spot for **Tanith Lee** and **Lisa Tuttle**, both inexplicably not enough published in Spain. **Anne McCaffrey**, **JK Rowling**, **Catherine Asaro**, **Connie Willis**... and her majesty, the Argentinian **Angélica Gorodischer**. Glorious!"*

*"My favorite writers are **Susana Vallejo**, **Laura Gallego**, **Anabel Botella** and **Amaya Felices**, who surprised me a lot with **Hipernova**", says **Cabello**, adding: "I have only read a book by **MJ Sánchez** but she has been a great discovery with **Después de ti**: nobody has made me laugh so hard about labeling, because her novel is considered a romantic one, but I prefer her paranormal side with those vampires. Thanks to **Kelonia** I've discovered: **Laura SB**, **Marta Junquera**, **Ana Martínez Castillo**, **Carolina Márquez Rojas**, **Victoria Vílchez**, **Montse N. Ríos** and **Irene Comendador**. I will continue following their carrier. They are authors who write about everything, giving also everything. I have great expectations over **Virginia Pérez de la Puente**. About foreign female authors, I really don't have any favorites because I hardly read any foreign fantasy."*

Shua likes: *"In science fiction, of course **Tiptree** -or **Alice Sheldon**-. I loved stories of the People, told by **Zenna Henderson**. Obviously, I like **Ursula Le Guinn**. In Spanish, **Angélica Gorodischer** is the biggest star, at least based on what I read. In fantasy we have the best female authors in Latin America: **Silvina Ocampo** in Argentina, **Elena Garro** in Mexico... the list is endless. ALL good Latin American female authors have cultivated fantasy (same as men). I must make an exception in fantasy to mention **Liliana Bodoc**, who has a really beautiful prose."*

When we asked the interviewees “what needs to change in the publishing world to achieve parity between men and women in the genre”, **Macías** answers: *“Nothing. Nothing at all. Changes have to come from the reader’s pool, where the authors come from. I don’t believe that anybody can accused publishing companies of discriminating female authors. Maybe, in some instances, there is less promotional support for women.”*

Shua follows the same line of thought: *“Nothing needs to change. On the contrary, the same tendency that we witness must continue: more female authors must get involved, just as it’s happening right now. I admit that many women choose commercial viability, as in romance, but I believe that the same success can be achieved in fantasy, terror or science fiction.”*

“You already know what I think:)”, says **Cabello**, while **Lima** affirms: *“I think it’s a matter of time, of evolution. It’s something nobody can really forced. Surely good quality female authors will prevail. When the presence of women in the culture scene becomes stronger, their works will arrive in greater numbers and in easier ways to the public, whatever the genre they cultivate.”*

For **Sussman**: *“I believe than the origin is not in the publishing companies, even though I admit I could be wrong because I don’t know the market that well. I think there is simply less literature by female than by male authors. Some publishing companies forced themselves to market female writers’ novels to tip the scales in their favor, and end up publishing not very good books because there is a lack of offer. Anyhow, I don’t see the need for gender parity. The most important is good literature excluding gender, genre, sexual identity, sexual preferences, race, country of origin, and abilities or disabilities of the authors.”*

We would like to thank all the participants in this conversation for their time and willingness. Now we know more, directly from the sources.

Biographies



Ana María Shua was born in Buenos Aires in 1951. She published her first poetry book in 1967, **El sol y yo**, obtaining two literary awards. Since then, she has cultivated all genres. In 1980 her novel **Soy Paciente** won editorial Losada's award. Some of her other novels are **Los amores de Laurita** (adapted to the cinema), **El libro de los recuerdos** (Guggenheim scholarship), **La muerte como efecto secundario** (Premio Municipal) and **El peso de la tentación** (2007).

Critics consider her micro-stories as some of the bests in Spanish. Her works in the genre are **La sueñera**, **Casa de Geishas**, **Botánica del caos** and **Temporada de fantasmas** (included in Spain in the book **Cazadores de Letras**) and **Fenómenos de circo** (published in 2011). She has also written short stories anthologies: **Los días de pesca**, **Viajando se conoce gente** and **Como una buena madre**, included in **Que tengas una vida interesante**. She has been honored for her young adult and children's literature in Spain and Latin America. Her writings have been translated into ten languages.

Carmen Cabello was born in Seville in September 1977, although she lives in Meliana (Valencia) since 10 years. Advertising and Public Relations Professional, since a young age she has been a big fan of all aspects of fantasy: literature, cinema, comics, manga and anime. Founder and President of Federación Española de Fantasía Épica, she has participated in the organization of two Hispacons (Mislata 2011 and Urnieta 2012) and in the Festival Fantasía de Fuenlabrada (2013). She currently works in **Kelonia Editorial** with **Sergio R. Alarte** publishing fantasy, science fiction and terror books.





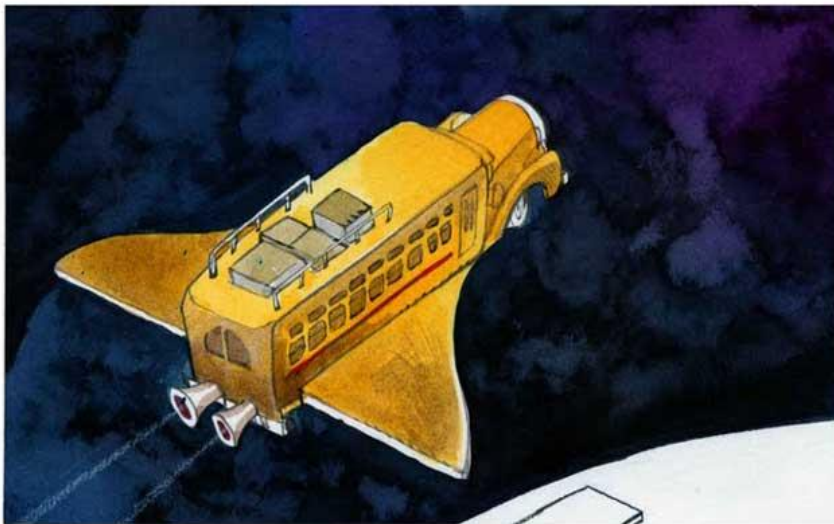
Chely Lima is a storyteller, poetry and theatre author, journalist, photographer, editor, and screenplay writer for TV, radio and cinema. She was born in North America, from Cuban origins. She has published more than 25 books (novels, short stories, poetry and children literature) in USA, Cuba, Mexico, Colombia, Venezuela and Ecuador. From 1992 she has been living in Ecuador, Argentina and USA, where she currently resides.



Susana Sussman is a writers of fantasy and science fiction stories, editor of **Cornices de la Forja**, coordinator of the literary workshop **Los Forjadores**, organizer of **Tertulias Caraqueñas de Ciencia Ficción, Fantasía y Terror**, science fiction activist, super-strings and string theorist, mass analyst, quality auditor, and happy mother and wife.



Cristina Macía (Madrid, 1965) says about herself that she translates fantasy books, lives with a science fiction writer and gets into problems all the time. Her whole live is a genre story. We know that she started Philosophy studies, leaving them to dedicate her life to translation. She began translating comics before fantasy and science fiction novels. She is well known for translating into Spanish **A Song of Ice and Fire** by **GRR Martin** and coordinates **Festival Celsius** in Gijon (Spain).



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Miguel Gámez Cuevas (Spain)

The X File

Area 51

Mulder beheld his breath, amazed by its vitality contrasting his body's exhaustion, after the long way walking on foot through the cold wilderness of Nevada State. Beside him, Scully was checking her GPS: "We're to the north of Tikaboo Valley — we'll go forward in a northwest direction along the edge of the public road leading to Rachel, where we going to arrive before dawn... if..." "Don't worry —broke Mulder—, the bullet did its job... he won't smoke any more, nor to plot his schemes... this time we'll triumph over the government." They observed the silent creature that accompanies them: an alien. According to "X", his informer, it was a clone from the one caught in Roswell back in 1947 and later on taken to the mysterious Area 51 to be analyzed, the same area from which they were now trying to scape.



The sound of a dried branch alerts them. Somebody has step over it. When they look toward its direction, found out with a shudder the figure of the alien Bounty Hunter outlined by the moon's light. He's been following them. "If you give up the creature to me, I'm going to spare your lives —he said—. It doesn't belong to you, terrestrials, but to us from the outer space." "Then, it's not a government's mission?" — asked Mulder. "No" —replied curtly the

hunter stepping forward in their direction. Mulder puffed again; the frozen steam covering his breath reminded him the Cigarette Smoking Man. "Perhaps I didn't kill him... Maybe he sent him after us... Run Scully!" —he cried while shooting at the Bounty Hunter. Then, he heard a weird word: "Cut!"

From a flying saucer there came out several aliens. Mulder and Scully were speechless. "Hello, I'm the filmmaker of this reality —the leader introduced itself—. You're clones that we've recreated from the DNA of your bodies, now extinguished just like the rest of mankind. No, don't rub your eyes... it's not the Dreamland's episode from the Six Season of the television series you starred long ago: The X Files. This is the reality we've designed to have a good time here: the Area 51 of the universe... The Earth."

Odilius Vlak (República Dominicana)

Indiana Jones Returns to Home

The dust floats in the polluted room. Through the space helmet, the explorer glances at the untidy warehouse. The most unlikely objects are stacked haphazardly.

The treasures that once aroused much curiosity, do not interest to anyone anymore. There is no longer anyone who may be interested in them.

For a moment he remembers that old restored film, which he saw during his childhood in the Museum of the Past: one of those rare souvenirs saved from the Old World, something that the first settlers, for some mysterious reason, decided to take with them. Perhaps, indeed, among those decayed boxes is the Ark of the Covenant, although it seems unlikely. They were never able to overcome old grudges. They not even strove to listen, to surmount prejudices and selfish interests: when the first volunteers arrived to warn them that their actions would lead them to the ultimate destruction, humans simply vivisected them. They could have changed everything. They could have changed the course of history of mankind; they could have prevented the disaster and the necessary migration into space. But those who held the reins were unwilling to change or give up their privileges. And instead of averting the danger, they kept it secret. They went ahead with their militaristic and exploitative proceed. No measure or remorse, apparently, no fear of consequences. They just invented

outlandish stories about little green beings arrived from other planets. Stories that keep people satisfied. The public does not want the truth. It would not resist the truth.

As each August 9 explorers deposit some flowers in the laboratory in which many heroes died. More than once, since they were able to master time travel, they tried to contact their distant ancestors to give the alarm. But all their efforts and sacrifices proved useless. The old human race was too foolish, too arrogant, greedy and thoughtless.

Salomé Guadalupe Ingelmo (Spain)

Majestic 12

- Let's leave the new wars to the masons- said the president Harry S. Truman by telephone while the experimental plane was landing on area 51- Let the lodge handle it- reaffirmed. The tremulous descent of the plane, circular and flat, angered him. With a grimace, he got distracted by a particular objet he was holding in his left hand. It was a tiny sphere like a marble ranging in size; in its radial expansion the material didn't cover its entirety but irregular disarmed it

showed the inside luminous aspect. He closed his palm and descended from the plane.

In one of the stretchers of the interior "clinic", as Vannebar Bush liked to call it, lying on a fetal position, there was a being. It looked ancient, fragile, greyish, disproportionate. Harry Truman entered looking each eye of the selected group of twelve, including Bush who was staring at the flashes in the president's left hand.

- Was that your face in the 6 of August Vanny? - Truman said and Bush gulped and turned.

Then the being turned around. His human's eyes didn't matched his enormous head, everyone thought. Now face up they saw an abdominal wound, and beneath it a complex machinery. Truman put the sphere carefully in a tripod. The being reacted.

- The monster shone, from his silver hand the life force expanded- he said with a voice composed of other three.

- Is another one- said Vannebar Bush to the group. Truman ran his index finger over the sphere, its configuration changed. The being rose.



- To Area 51 then- said with his triple diction. The metal of the sphere expanded until it became liquid and acceded the walls and roof. In the room the illumination blinded them but the color wasn't part of human chromatics. The abdominal wound closed. The being pushed a few buttons beside the stretcher. Inside Truman's body a switch moved...

Federico Miguel Aldunate (Argentina)

Secrets

—Jack was a man who in his life put in long hours to research and to inform the population of what was happening in this great nation. Quite a good citizen, a journalist who was born to inform and focused his last years in that noble purpose...

“Noble purpose? My father always lived obsessed with winning a Pulitzer for his research on Dreamland. He ended up abandoning my mother and me, to devote whole years trying to find out the secret that the U.S. government kept after the territorial boundaries of Area 51. I remember at first spoke of military technology powerful, almost straight out of a science fiction novel aircraft , then came the time when the UFO phenomenon made him even madder and in recent years was paranoid, lost in conspiracy theories . But suicide, no, I don't think so; he loved to live and was about to provide a great find after nearly twenty years of research. I'm sure my father was murdered, I think it happened because he crossed the line and were forced to disappear his discoveries ...”

—Mary, his only daughter, is mourning the death of his father in his final resting place. Darling, if you make us a favor and close this ceremony.

Priest takes me out of my thoughts, so without much thought I started to say:

—Thank you all for joining in these hard times, I agree with the Priest Peter, my father was a great man, dedicated to informing the public ... “a white lie is better than finding death as my Dad. From this moment, the secrets that kept Area 51 stay buried forever with him. Turn the page and end of the history.”

M^a del Socorro Candelaria Zárate (Mexico)

Christ

The Immortal walked by his cell while transfiguring incessantly over and over again. He would hit the walls with fists of steel, but these would not yield; his voice resounded with enough power to shake the walls. Vibrations escaped along the hall to the room where the two officers were waiting to interrogate the prisoner. The coffee was shaking in Reeds' cup with each pulsation. Hypnotized he lost himself thinking about his years in the Navy, the endless waves hitting the naval base on the

coast, and the salty taste of the wind against his face.

“It's time” he said to his companion in an almost somber tone.

“Very well” replied his partner, suddenly placing the plastic container on the table with a thwack sound.

The passage stretched to each step meandering as if it was alive; the agents were rapidly aging as they got closer to the immortal.

The grid slid gently until it opened. Two elderly white-bearded men peered through it, observing the different mutations of the specimen. Watery eyes reflected the storm of shapes and colors, the coming and going of the eternal creature projected in their weary eyeballs, behind them was great weight.

“I am agent O'Shaughnessy. This is agent Reeds. You know why we've come.”

“Yes. But it is impossible. Since I came to Area 51, none of you succeeded. Can't you see all the bones around here?” said the immortal lifting a skull without the jaw; he furiously hurled it to the ground, breaking it into pieces “one of yours!”

“We cannot send someone. They’d die instantly. Now we’re coming in.”

“If I only had more time ... I could have the universe in the palm of my hand.”

The injection was prepared, by monitoring the flow; it was perfect. Christ did not resist. The blood from the wounds in his hands were dripping, forming two large puddles on the floor.

Peter Domínguez (Puerto Rico)

Silicon

I’m finishing today for my retirement. It seems like yesterday when I started working in Groom Lakes’ facilities. I am no longer the young man without any experience who came with a CV on one hand and his dissertation about hexacoordinated chrome complexes on the other. I was quickly allocated to 18 Hangar where every day I would receive samples from unknown locations. I learnt quickly not to make any questions and I’ve never said anything improper. I used to spend a lot of time on my own but it was after the fire, when I became a loner.

That day I was preparing samples for some chromatography and mass spectrometry tests, when I was given the

rest of a launching failure. Its crystallographic structure was fascinating. I’ve never seen any superconductor like that one before. It couldn’t obviously come from Houston and I corroborated it when we saw the pilot: a hybrid being. It was similar to human being but instead of being based on carbon, it was based on silicon. It wouldn’t only drive the spaceship, but was part of it. . It was brought down when it got into our atmosphere and they brought it to me expecting a miracle.

The fire destroyed the whole hangar, with me inside. I don’t remember how I made it to the hospital. After two months, I went back home with a wrecked lung and a kidney less. The pilot was there, in my own home, waiting for me. Eventually I learnt how to communicate with it. 18 Hangar closed down without any communication about the loss and I was relocated to a different department.

Tonight it will go back to its planet but it won’t leave before midnight when my only kidney will fail. It knows that I can’t live without it.

María L Castejón (Spain)

Stories of Vortexes: The Traveler

John, member distinguished from the base Edwards, was going to Dreamlad “Area 51”, remote detachment of the Air Force, testing ground and training of Nevada and Groom Lake, in agreement to the Central agency of Intelligence.

There it's the test pilot's school and the

center of investigation of flight Dryden.

That evening John, was doing one of his daring practices of flight, it was the hour of the twilight, the red sky like an infinite band was wrapping the silent and pacific atmosphere.

John was feeling driving his plane that was entering a strange metamorphosis, the wings steels were a prolongation of his body.

He, perceived as a bluish sparkle in the purple sky it absorbed him crossing through the barrier of the time.



Circular lines dragged him towards an immense windows and mother nave was situated near it, several beings with immense eyes contemplated him in a state of rapture, then he did not remember anything.

He, woke up stunned to the dusk near the air base, the plane was intact, from the station of radio, they were looking for it, he listened to his name and remembered the confused episode, _ It is only a dream... he repeated loudly, raised his hand and saw in his palm a strange tattooed sing, observed the sky and a golden light drawing an ellipsis hid itself,

circumscribing in the rarefied air the sign worked like gilfo in his hand, then understood that he was a solitary traveler in a strange vortex foreing...

Graciela Marta Alfonso (Argentina)

The correct place

- Allow them to arrive!

That was the order received by the boss of surveillance from the position of general control after warning on the air approach of several objects.

As he shortened the distance and he could observe better; it determined the quantity in three and in irregular their form.

- Allow them to arrive! - it was repeated the order after the second warning -. Allow that they make earth, they don't shoot them.

Seconds before landing the strange flying entities they were coupled in one alone; that immediately it was surrounded by the whole defence's logistics. Several white lights began to light intermittently during eighty seconds; then a space opened up for where they began to leave very similar beings to the men, but of very low stature.

- We come from another stellar system and we look for help - they were the first words of which seemed to be to the control. Before the silence of people that you received them, it continued -. We are the only ones that we are able to escape from a laboratory in our planet where it is experienced with intelligent beings.

The silence of the hosts continued.

- More or less some a hundred ships organize an escape, but alone we could avoid the tremendous fire that you threw us. We don't know where we are but we request those help.

- And we offer it to him. They arrived to the correct place, they are in the planet Earth and this it is a city-scientific one to they call it A-51.

Omar Martínez (Cuba)

I am a Reptilian

My friend invited me to his apartment, pulled out a white sphere floating in the air, to escape his lock.

- My friend and I have a confession, I'm not human.

Yes, my friend had gone mad, that it is well made famous lecturing on the UFO

phenomenon, Roswell Incident, Area 51, to take out several books. To my disbelief the human skin is pulled to make way for a green scales large, luminous eyes. The area projected images on the wall. My friend explained to me that our planet was safe to forget about climate change. He was a Reptilian and most lived in the depths of the planet. My friend explained that the reptile videos projected, it was time to unite earthlings and reptilians, not fraternity or live in peace and harmony, but that the Earth will suffer an invasion of the Annunaki, ruthless beings who seek to colonize worlds. Asked my support to unite the two races and fight the invaders. I was perplexed; not knowing what to do finally reacted and held out my hand for the reptile man. Imagine the astonishment of the human race to see it a different species. Frightened governments wanted to declare war, as a human I demanded to desist. A different race, war warriors who are exploiters of natural resources, came to our world. Between the two we convinced our species. From the depths intraterrestrial took their technology and we join together, not by fear but by brotherhood. The day came that the Annunaki came , battles are cruel and merciless , the extraterrestrial race had flying vehicles with lasers , were

flying motorcycles and laser burned all thanks to the support and reptilian technology could meet battles and a fight. Not sure how much longer the war, humans are not demoralized but reptilians are perfect for each other. We must fight for the price of losing is to be slaves to the Anunnaki and they take absolute possession of our world.

Tomas Pacheco Estrada (Mexico)

Routine

Specifically, like every morning, the room lights are turned on and a sharp sound, a painful siren simile ends up waking. Desperezo and stand up. Standing in front of one of the surrounding wall mirrors greet my guardians are incognito to the other side, taking note of all my actions.

Then I go to the bathroom, where there is no privacy, and I shower to face a new day, one of many. At the end, I find my breakfast consisting of a pack of pills and water. Nothing solid. Here know my culinary tastes. However, I just that. Then comes the usual routine: two men in white, guarded by a few soldiers each, appear after sliding wall, which acts as a gateway. They take samples of my blood stream, which I understand is different from this



species. After the ritual, another man dressed in white shows up and asks me. I can tell by his tone. As you do not receive responses on my part, is frustrated: he, like his predecessors, will surrender soon. They want a way to communicate with me, but all attempts have failed. My silence does not answer any stubbornness. I still cannot understand this language, I find so primitive. I would answer each of your questions and, in turn, formulate their own, to understand what this is about. However, by the time I left work only. After the interview, lead me out of my habitat elsewhere, always different, to undergo various types of tests: physical strength, x-rays, biopsies, etc. .. I produced this whole ritual curiosity to learn from me. Some hours later, I returned to my cell where I always expected the food, more water pills and then continue with more experiments.

Every seven days rest. No annoying and I do not receive visits. Then spend the day lying on my cot quietly enjoying the extra ration of pills, remembering my planet, so far.

And so, since 1947, takes my life, I've heard this called Area 51...

Jaime Magnan Alabarce (Chile)

Top Secret⁵

Everything is so strange and hermetic in the 51th area that not even they know the origin of the life. To make up the intellectuals incapacibilities, they have sealed the carpet as a "Top secret".

Francisco Manuel Marcos Roldán (Spain)

⁵ Translate by Sara Mesa Marcos & Manel Solé Prades.

Kairós

¡Tu quoque, Brute, fili mi!

Julius Cæsar

The memory is always there in the shape of letters of an unknown language, a brief light at sea, glimmering and always a part of me, deferred and filling me with fear. I even contemplate the notion of having been a victim of child molestation, as the veil of my conscience, in the past victorious, surrenders to the outrage. Although well controlled over the years, the evocation of that nothingness is now a frantic obsession, and it takes me by assault in the shower. The water, slipping away down the drain makes me nauseous while suspicions of an unprecedented horror begin to stab my sanity. Despite my convictions, I undergo psychiatric care. The sessions are as useless as the brain scans. It doesn't surprise me: I have been in good health since I was eight years old. Never got a cold. But for some strange reason, to dive into the depths of my mind triggers what I most dread. And a caravan of images dunks me into exhausting madness: bodies lying on gurneys, the bubbling, green liquid burring their skin, monitors displaying unrecognizable symbols. And gods with

serrated teeth conferring with humans.

They are gods, certainly and they are angry, very angry. Submissive, the men treat them with reverence. And hurriedly, all of them argue before making the final decisions.

There is a vortex of light, and the purr of an invisible engine, the vertigo of falling at increasing speed, drowning and nausea. And once again, the fatal silence.

A tin washbasin falls to the floor.

Amplified, the echo pulls me out of my doze. There are no gods now but men with yellow rubber suits and diving masks. I hear them talking through the microphones' static but I cannot make any sense of what they're saying only scattered words like microbes from deep space, catastrophic infection, suspension of stellar treaties and all joint projects, memory erasure.

Someone warns them I am unexpectedly awake and rushes to give me a sedative. I am immersed in clouds of bliss and oblivion, until the swirling water in my bathtub opens the door I most fear. The radio announces the declassification of secret documents while the government maintains its position: Area 51 is nothing more than a base for spy planes. No, it is not. I know it, for suddenly I remember everything.

Pablo Martinez Burkett (Argentina)

Behind the line

To drive for the dusty highway that was taking Dreamland, it was provoking painful palpitations in his temples. It was known that it had no hope, it had the few hours, but he was a scientist and it had decided to show to the world what they were planning. It had taken him time to design the way, too much, it was impossible to escape to the alertness in which there were remaining those who were employed at the area 51. When it came to the border, where the warning cartel was preventing the revenue to the place, it stopped the march of the van and extinguished the lights. From his position of alertness, two agents were observing the finished immobility in which the vehicle had stayed.

Next to hangars camouflaged, inexplicable traces were appearing on the ground, were going directly to one of the barracks that one was finding opened and of whose interior strange sounds were going out. Behind one of the empty vehicles, parked opposite to the hangar, a man it materialized little by little. With rapidity it doubled something between his arms and left it aside, then it took the video camera that had hung to the shoulder. To

the end, to the end I am doing it, he thought euphoric.

It was so bottled in his target that did not see anything that was creeping on the ground, with amazing slowness but without turning the trajectory away. Without it was noticing it it was raised to his clothes, slid for his warm and palpitating breast, while the video camera kept on recording what he saw. He it felt when it was already getting in his mouth and engulfed in his gullet, making him difficult to breathe. It disappeared, when it recovered the sense one raised and walked like an automaton was doing the place that minutes earlier he was filming.

—Welcome —said a serious voice, from the interior of the hangar —, was time of that you were returning. I believe that already you realized already that is not convenient to betray us ...

The scientist walked up to a transparent capsule located in the middle of the place. Once inside, meanwhile the machine was scanning it between buzzes, his eyes without life were observing the real form of those who were waiting for it out. But it already had no importance...

Patricia K. Olivera (Uruguay)

The body

When it enters the hall, a great emotion appropriate me.

It took all my life hoping this moment, and finally had arrived. Found in the AREA 51, somewhat unthinkable so single made a couple of days, but thanks to a contact of in the base, my sleep was a reality.

-There, as said you, this the stretcher, with the body of that one is wrapped up with a savanna-said my contact by pointing out the stretcher.

bring near me very nervous made in which found to him the stretcher, raises the savanna, and a stranger be that evidently was not of this world, appeared in the presence of me.

Your aspect was very strange, not knows not as you describe it, your dress was very looked like a space dress, a flag with some abbreviations by initials that I had not just understand, call a lot of the attention.

-It pardons, ¿sabrias| say me that it are important thoses abbreviations by initials?

-Cannot, even nobody has can decipher that means N.A.S.A.

Being a pity not knows not your meaning, but it have seen that one be, and can finally affirm, that exists life outside of Venus, it was a great attainment for me.

Diego Galán Ruiz (Spain)

Angels of Death

O'Shaughnessy and Reeds had been living for ten years in Earth, first working in the Navy and then Area 51 with us. Their role consisted primarily in analyzing exotechnology and making sure it was safe for the planet and other systems as well. They had seen many worlds being born — including this one— and despite the difference in their codenames, they were like brothers. Or were they? They studied human culture as much as possible, but I believe there's not an exact concept to describe the connection that was explained to me, that union was neither physical nor mental; something similar to what we humans call Metaphysical: overall a term to pigeonhole what science can't explain. However, among them is that unbreakable, irreversible, incorruptible link. Synesthesia. Yes, that's the term! I do not remember exactly when I was told, but never do I forget their faces when they did. Those humanoids imitated quite well our facial

expressions. However, they have difficulty when showing doubt. Seems like a minor thing, right? Well, maybe. But so strange! Trust abounding no trace of arrogance—at least that were denoted in their speech—robotic certainty of a nonexistent pride.

The day of the accident ... well, it was my fault, of course, I shot the gun. I did not know how powerful it was. I wanted to hurt him, not no more. The blast went through the poor wretch Ackerman, killing him instantly, but it was not so when I shot Reeds. He didn't even flinch. He took the artifact and broke it in half, easy as a wooden stick. It was solid metal: Galactio, indestructible. The day of the trial I saw them standing at the end of the room. Angels of death wrapped in the skin of a man. My last thoughts turned to them and I cannot help it; while the gas increases and my forces leave me, their eyes cross mine. O'Shaughnessy's lips moved trying to tell me something, but of course, I could not hear anything. I wonder if... they'll stay... a few more years.

I see their figures blurred. I'll try to get some sleep...

Peter Domínguez (Puerto Rico)

The 51 square of the alien hopscotch

—Let's see who reach the Silicon Paradise this time —said one of the boys getting ready to toss his electromagnetic



disc into the first square of the hopscotch. Its design was the usual of eight squares crowned by a semicircle that, in this case, instead to symbolize Heaven, stood for the evolutionary goal of the carbon-based human biology in that post-singularity

future in order to cope with the challenges of the outer space. It was drawn on a virtual topography within a module in the area of traditional games of the thematic park Mechanical Myths in Santo Domingo city. Each square, once stepped over, projected a landscape made out by the characteristics of a period or epoch in the evolution of the complex lifeforms on earth—from the Ediacaran and the Cambrian explosion, the Jurassic and Cretaceous till the Pliocene, Pleistocene and Holocene. If the disc landed over one of the lines of a given square or the player lost balance, his turn ended; having to subject himself to a virtual experience of the life in that level with a distortion of his sense of time that made it to seem eternal, thanks to the segregation by the nanobots that administer his metabolism of a drug created after Chew Z, from Philip K. Dick's novel: The Three Stigmata of Palmer Eldritch.

The boy tossed his disc. It seemed to him that it landed in the first square. But when he hopped into it, his right foot landed, strangely, on one leveled like "The Area 51". The square was coated by a reddish glow, signaling the game was over. Then, it stretched out encompassing all his visual field. Suddenly, he found himself tied on cot at the center of a weird laboratory.

Several figures with an alien appearance surrounded him. One of them spoke:

—Congratulations!, you're the first guinea pig for the experimental project "The Philosophical Stone of Silicon." Its goal: transmute the carbon-based organic life into a silicon one. If it works, then we'll apply it in our organism. By the way, you're in the ancient and forgotten Area 51—our headquarters in this planet. So, welcome to the Silicon Paradise of reality.

Odilius Vlak (República Dominicana)

Infiltrates

People talk a lot about remote department of Edwards Air Force of the United States, as better known by humans as "Area 51". It's easy to find essays, books, recordings, documentaries, even video games, which relates about hidden mysteries in the base. We find in all of them experiments travel through time mixing with alien autopsies, or testing taken guns from alien spacecraft. People talk a lot, it's true, and the mind of man can imagine almost anything.

But of course, almost everything is not all.

Because, really, this military base neither does not belong to the United States and, of

course, neither to other country in the world..

Then some years ago since first occupying troops which humans call "Alpha Centauro", we arrived to Earth, staying, next to this huge sandlot. Then, we got out in the most powerfull department of governments around the world, and today we have under control all.

The base is only the point where arriving of our congernes from beyond the stars. And Earth, therefore, our latest and greatest capture.

But, of course, earthman, you will know this only when this statement will be public on the last day of your civilization.

Francisco José Segovia Ramos (Spain)

Green Thumb

The fellow looks at the strange pod with incredulous eyes.

—So you mean that the area hosted indeed alien bodies?

—You are too young, my son—a trace of tenderness briefly erodes the stone face of the colonel—. Many live on the streets, no health coverage, unemployment is spreading, wages are falling... Why do you

think people do not rebel? In fact they seem more resigned every day. We did our job very well. It has been a long task; has required patience and discretion. When we opened the first capsule and saw the... embryos, and when we let them to act and we beheld their *modus operandi*, we realized that the spacecraft had been sent from heaven by God himself to save the blessed United States of America and so that we could lead the rest of the world to light later. Gradually we were sending remittances to our European allies, in order to help them calm their rebellious populations. We also introduced them in the most isolated and secretive countries, now there are units even in North Korea—he winks—. It's just a matter of time and peace under our baton, will be global.

—Did you release an uncontrolled threat in the world?!

—The U.S. Army is not stupid. Before starting the mission, our scientists analyzed them thoroughly. And they found a way to sterilize them: controlled germination. A meticulous plan: precision surgery. We removed preventively or eliminated cancerous tumors. They—he pointed the remains of vegetal aspect—were never a problem, but the solution. That idiot of Siegel almost ruined everything with their

damn movie. Fortunately we got the word out that it was a metaphor for the Cold War and the intellectuals swallowed it. But that's enough talking. There are still hundreds of boxes to check, objects to select and reports to... misplace. Soon they will declassify the files, and so our work must be impeccably finished. All's well that sounds good.

Salomé Guadalupe Ingelmo (Spain)

Exorcism 51

Donaldson Knew that another would occupy his place. The bishop treated by express mandate of the upper Diocese the phenomenon that revolutionized the Area. The bestial experiment of Crosses was out of control. Although the bishop was a request specialist in exorcisms with but of 25 in his historical, in this case confronted to something totally distinct. The life of a woman was in risk. Everything obviously there inside to by experimentation, a chain endless and Donaldson neither well put a foot would know that never it would escape. The camera situated to thirty metres under earth. To the girl had kidnapped it in Mexico and servant during eighteen years in the Area. Afterwards they used his ovules and to these inseminated

them extraterrestrial sperms for later use his belly. By cesarean extracted four specimens. Two considered male of fisonomy similes to the human, whereas the two remaining creatures differed drastically in his morphologies. With of exoskeleton, bad, always together and of structure of conical line with big scarlet eyes. Six years afterwards the copies humanoids gave faithful samples of humanization. Against to the others had to isolate them by murderous behaviors. Seeing separated of the familiar breast, complaining of his existence, after infringers injured to bite in the diverse walls semiology's and preys invoking an entity ignite ?extrademonic? In reprisal against his mother. Donaldson After years to have it tried all, hasted of that reality, the day that removes the life, the youngster loses the ominous, alive, livid yeast of his belly, as also his behaviors and facial shots go back to normalise . For stupor of all the trama of the famous Area 51, those conical beings of enormous scarlet human eyes, of hypnotic and multiples pupils mobile had disappeared without leaving traces. Nevertheless the diocese Vatican appointment to Garcia Calosa, eminence in exorcisms, charismatic Brazilian bishop that celebrate his? Transfer? Giving an

anthological banquet to two streets of a favela.

Sebastián Ariel Fontanarrosa (Argentina)

Infiltrator⁶

Today the climatic change is boosted by the extraction of heat from the center of the Earth, as it appears in the document about the world climate change. What is pretended it is not to unbalance the natural equilibrium but to reveal all the infiltrates who do not belong to this planet, and who produce indeterminately, a scientific and technologic traffic of data just for the profit of their planets, with nor permission neither license. This is produced by the change of the climate, the only way to deal with the issue.

The decision to raise the temperature of the Earth must produce the asphyxia of these beings, who are just able to survive under a determinate temperatures, but not the existing sharp variations. Until now, the symptoms have been just experiences by men, but it is expected that everything will change in a few months or before the poles are melted. This is what the preliminary

⁶ Translate by Sara Mesa Marcos & Manel Solé Prades.

study identifies. And they say that the walk on the correct path. Everything for the human progress, and the benefit for license rights. Soon the sealing was of the aliens will be just history.

Francisco Manuel Marcos Roldan (Spain)

Hollywood

Valdivia and García Péré ran as if they had stuck a finger in the ass. They sat at their desks, and after exchanging a smile, began typing incessantly.

Seconds before Perez Garcia had attended the phone. We're smoking in a backyard.

—Are you the one who writes about aliens? —Unknown voice asked.

—Yes, who is this? - Said the journalist, who on an impulse, put the speaker to listen to his friend.

—No matter who speaks, listen well, tonight will land two UFOs at Universal Studios. They make it look like a special effect, as they always do, but they are actually alien spaceships.

—Where did he get the information? - Valdivia could not resist and asked the question.

—I worked there, I was fired. The ships landed there for eight decades. Hollywood

is Area 51. That place that everyone seeks in the desert, is a bait. The truth is this.

—It is very interesting what you say, but without proof ...

—Look in the science fiction films from Universal. Many of the recordings in alien movies are original footage.

—Something more concrete...

—Johnny Depp 's Alien , though born in the studies. Marlon Brando came from another planet. So I say "stars".

—Do not believe anything ... - and said that last word, cut off communication.

If it was true or not was not important. They ran to write a story about that.

Ernesto Parrilla (Argentina)

That

— Father, why were these men on the farm?

The blond boy looking at his father. The afternoon light illuminates their blond hairs, and his eyes are a symphony of questions.

— They came to pick up something which was from the government.

His father, a farmer with little chance of progress, widowed and full of debt, then he was silent.

—Why didn't you tell them to take about "what" we had in the barn?

The man watches her son, shakes his head uneasily. The sun goes hiding in the horizon, and now the shadows are longer, maybe even thicker..

—"That" will stay here, because it's ours. That fell down on our farm. They can take everything else, but not "that".

The blond boy is silent. He knows that when his father talks grim and distant tone means no chance. And he knows he should keep silent so nobody knows his secret..

While, "that" chew on inside the barn looking for the way to get of the chains and revenge against aliens who had shoot in him there after they picked through the remains in his rugged spacecraft.

Francisco José Segovia Ramos (Spain)

In the Zone

To Andrei Tarkovski

For many years that returned to the stars and behind him, a gift left, incomprehensible to humans that scientists all the world with insistently

have studied

and military, a wall of protective to his
around have raised

You are a Stalker prepared to guide across
of the zone

but this time not carry with guests already
you know the road
and this time the trip is for you and desires
for yours you wished
you know that places you have to avoid and
so returned safe and sound

You avoid the fences and rails of railroad
tracks that alert soldiers
walking you followed your way to avoid at
any cost be detected
avoid rifles, electrified fields, and you walk
in the limits
in that it should not be pierced

Ride in a locomotive and you start the
journey, the vegetation grows in your path
you think of a desert and the fields and
mountains is erode immediately
miss vegetation and a jungle growing at
your feet in thousandths of second
you're thirsty and jungle becomes
immediately swamp

The rails ended and locomotive stops, a
jungle of thick forest
filled with tanks and mortars he has
surrounded you, you have to hollow the

walk way that is the most dangerous and
you should avoid in the zone the steps in
false

walk for hours before being conscious that
and trail for you was created

It was spring an hour ago, winter just
fifteen minutes and for the last three
minutes
returns to summer, you longed the warmth
of your family and your roof
the zone obey your wishes provided they
are well-intentioned thoughts
for your safety and your life do not think
anything bad

Think in an orthodox monastery and one
at your feet has risen
go through its corridors of waterlogged
cold waters, mutant fish filled
know very well now that your mind is not
the architect what this has orchestrated
you have entered in Alien territory, those
who have never played

The tunnel welcomes you
here you know not to come armed
you get the automatic gun in your jacket
and this erodes in metal oxide powder

Advance to the quarter-wishes
know what you want accomplished is made
but the zone could meet the worst for your
desires

and your worst nightmares you would have
materialized

-;I did not come here moved by greed or
resentment!.

A stony silence merely looking at you from
across the room

not many came and never left from
bathroom desires
therefore met what they did not want

And died of shame, remorse or panic
others wanted destroy, alarmed
and the fourth I devour them, without and
effort
for his own self-destruction the travelers
had revealed to them

For nothing can do
against anyone who reads your desires and
thoughts
and type in your soul
its findings and secrets

The guide has a desire, healing as his
mutant daughter
more fear inside the existence of another
secret (hidden desire)
that is imposed on the first
and triggered the disaster unintentionally

Stands up and prepares to do
full of love of his daughter and his wife
inside
and advancing willing to consider the zone

misunderstand what it wanting
and the heart in a fist in the fourth of cruel
miracles is entering

Jorge Zarco Rodríguez (Spain)

Silver ship

It came back to the world, like falling
silver Lothlórien leafs taken by the breeze
to the dessert. But the ship that carried the
light of the Undying Lands was penetrated
by Dark Lord fires and was destroyed,
given to the sciences of the Man and its
corrupt imitations. There will be no other
ship coming from these coasts, we will not
send another one like the one fallen on
Dreamland, Nevada, after the II World
War.

Claudio Leonel Siadore Gut (Argentina)

Atomic projector

With one thousand two hundred
revolutions per minute turns the neutron
projector powered by a generator vertices.
They take days of fruitless test, in which
they don't find the logical answer to have
an idea of the mistake.

—We have enough privileged brains
under key. They can discover our
questions- Claims with routindity the north

zone boss, who is working in experimentation.

—Do you know sir, that we have absolutely forbidden to do movements with the prisoners? They are able to be an object study. May we to claim permission?
- Clarify the assistant.

—If we claim for it, we will be lost. ¿do you know how many glory we should lost? We must not allow. We would not go forward in our social position, not even we would be admired about our congeners. Who want something... we must take a change! — He go and begins to talk about his dreams loudly.

After some minutes, the boss still listens the clear and methodic narration of his dreams. He explains with detail, until he sustains himself on the scorecard, pressing the acceleration button. The assistant tries to avoid his boss but afraid of the consequences he tries not to interrupt him. The boss dreams take shape; his face becomes enlighten, bigger.

The assistant contracts himself because of an intestinal pain because of the tension. Two minutes later the neutron projector launch a light beam that impacts on the boss chest and disintegrate him, Things change rapidly. The assistant astonished

interrupt the projector to later jump happily, because finally he can breathe relieved.

Francisco Manuel Marcos Roldan (Spain)

The man of the future

Norman Dexter didn't know why he had been called from the Central Intelligence, or if his work as a scientist would bear on that mysterious calling. But he hadn't time for further musings because a black car picked up to the door of his house. After a long trip by private jet landed at the base of Groom Lake.

— Area 51! He exclaimed, turning to his silenced accompanists..

Shortly afterwards he was in the underground places of the resort, where a general await him:

— I'm Major George Stevans , and you are here because we depend of your performace in oorder that humaneness survive.

Norman suppressed a surprise shutting, but his face had to reflect the wonder, because the Major continued:

— Fifty years ago we discovered here an inter dimensional hole, that allowed us to peer into the future, —he paused before continuing—. In that future, today, we discovered that you threw the vortex in a few minutes will be created from nothing, and that threaten to swallow the entire known universe. You will throw inside and, at the time, it will disappear and humaneness will be saved from destruction.

—But that has not happened yet.

—Therefore we called you: your presence here, in a manner of speaking, it's inexcusable. You will jump into the void when outbreak. Your sacrifice will save the world.

—What if I don't? —He objected, while several soldiers were approaching him.

Dexter Norman, however, he knew that everything was already written, whatever he did and said, fifty years ago.

Francisco José Segovia Ramos (Spain)

Invasion

The young soldier once again thanked the cramped hull protection amid the chaos smoky and unbreathable gases. He moved heavily, following the footsteps of his fellows, exploring facilities for survivors ,

advocates or anything else that the high command would consider interesting.

That military compound was the most famous of the Earth, an open secret now become a heap of ruins. If he had known, the young soldier would have been - perhaps - interested and curious but as he was ignorant of all the old legends about hidden alien prisoners in hangars and warehouses, all he felt was the familiar boredom of all reconnaissance mission.

Neither he nor his colleagues knew the old stories and none was thus able to see the irony of that occupation, the great cosmic joke of it.

The young soldier and his companions, dressed in extravagant costumes that protected his gray rubbery skin of the Earth's atmosphere , continued, slowly and heavily , with the tedious task of exploring which for them was nothing more than yet another military base destroyed its mission of conquest and, for terrestrial , had been a place full of mystery : Area 51.

Dolores Espinosa Márquez (Spain)

Catalogue

Types of all kinds are crowded in infinity of print papers on the administrative's bureau desk who,

collapsed by the work and the imminent
born or resurgent of strange cases still not
cataloged, writes rapidly, while the writer's
director talks to his boss.

—Consequently and waiting the
resolution, we catalog this case to study—
says with security and looking to his boss
eyes, flattering the administrative— What
do you think about? —he says proudly.

—Excellent! Very good job – exalts the
superior to the commander.

The administrative looks and observes
him with detail and he continues with the
cases according to its urgency, while he
writes on the typewriter the last words.

The boss, convinces with the good job,
leaves the room while the commander
comes near the administrative.

—I knew you would be useful— he says.
—Don't worry, while I am on charge of
you, your eight arms and being Sirian won't
be studied. You get far in this office thanks
to your skills. I will bring you to be looked
up by all the other beings still not
cataloged.

Francisco Manuel Marcos Roldan (Spain)

Under sandlot of nevada

When they began testing air strikes on
sandlot of Groom Lake, in Nevada,
disregarding that they would discover
something they didn't expect: under opened
craters open by bombs tunnels leading into
the ground of world. Long and deep
tunnels, which seemed to be work of
nature.

After a long preparation under the utmost
secrecy, a group of scientists and military
went down by tunnel which was the
considered main. They brought cameras
and measuring instruments. They didn't
know what they were going to find, but
sensors indicated that "something" was
inside.

At the second day happened first
interferences. On the third day, all contact
was lost. While a rescue staff was ready
scanners warned a large group was moving
towards the exit of the tunnel: that was the
rescue team, they went back home. When
they arrived said that they had found
strange underground ruins and unknown
use artifacts, but really anything to alarm.

Weeks later the world was a chaos of violence and death. Scientist and militaries had brought with themselves a strange and mortal virus, which turned human beings into irrational and athirst beasts for blood.

Of course, nobody had the opportunity,—neither audacity—,introduced back again into the tunnels to find out what was the origin of evil, and where came from.

Francisco José Segovia Ramos (Spain)

Lost in abduction

Root your hands tearing skin and nails in the rough walls of the street. Licking his wounds encountering rusty taste of blood. Sunrise wake bustle soon becomes the city in flood of people. The evening starts at noise pollution atmospheric oxygen.

Something in the environment reminds him what happened, maybe that persistent hum of the engines and the stench given off by the sewers. He knows that his experience can change his life. Abandoned in the middle of the city, no one has seen. Anybody seen it? - Asks dully.

Remember how they took it by force, try to understand why they let him drink the sweetness of that civilization, giving him advice , information, and who knows what else , now confused and then dump her , dejected and sad. Feel a great urge to let it out, but a voice advises you not to.

The sun awakens their perception of the everyday. Home avoids questions, she prefers to deal with the answers that afflict him. Convinced that no one will believe it. Because of that state says. No one believes



anymore. Getting the circus. Pictures of your experience together with the procession of geeks and curious.

Why have you ignored the advice? Echoes the question in your head. Think about those new gods on that showed him to wrest paradise rennet. The prayer of a comeback, emerging from the depths of his unconscious desire and emerged from his mouth , the sentence. Laughing and crying, dosed in equal parts, people, people, departs from it . No compassion for the abductee in this world. There is no fault in it. Neither asked to be taken away, or that believe.

Accumulate years as souvenirs. Will never be the same . The assigned the finger, they will laugh in their wake. Few remember the woman who was . A person who disappeared while his confidence dissipated. That woman without trial, torn from the earth, starring in a television foreshow.

Carmen Rosa Signes Urrea (Spain)

Raid in Area 51

Some flying objects appeared in the sky of that Nevada area. Devices came near a group of buildings, which stayed out from desert landscape. They could avoid

alertness, infiltrating Area 51 plants. Once inside, mini-drones were transmitting images to their far controllers. “Paranormal Research” group members were glued to screens, leading mechanic spies movements, infiltrated legend and forbidden zone plants. At last, one mini-spy could enter a room, in which some physicians surround a body resting on a large table. There it was! There should be where they examine aliens which had landed in the area.

After a while, desolation spread between UFO fanatic group members. Over those tables don´t rest aliens, but humans, some tests subjected. Probably it would be interesting exploring what tests they were making at that remote zone. But they arranged the plan in order to uncover aliens which it supposedly landed there.

Few minutes had passed drones gone away, which tour none became aware, when alarm broke. From one room emerged cries, howls and strange noises. Everybody ran to the lounge and helped some sidekicks which tried to hold a viscose bulging eyes monster, which emerged from a human cover. Within seconds they managed to stop it. Later area 51 staff were satisfied. They had achieved methodology to detect aliens which landed

in the region for years and, infiltrated
between humans, weaved to beat us.

Ricardo Manzanaro (Spain)

Autopsy

—We did it on live, Dr. Donovan. When
we examined them they were awared.

—We are scientists, and that was
exceptional topic, Dr. Smithe, like
everything happened in Roswell. We
should convince them about it.

But any of them was able to do anything
more: they were naked and tied on long
tables. And around them, some humanoid
creatures inspect them ignoring their
conversation.

One of them spoke, but his language was
completely unknown to doctors. The others
shook their large heads and they wathed
with their big and dark eyes without
eyelash to earthmans.

Then they began the autopsy ...on live.

Francisco José Segovia Ramos (Spain)

UFO

Emerencio enthusiastically pointed to the
sky and screamed like a madman - A UFO,
a UFO!It's really a UFO - and hopped
waving his arms, trying to get the attention

of every passerby to her on that sunny
street in Roswell.

- Over there! - he shouted - Over there! -
and noted a vague gray shadow in the
distance, moving up, down, giving abrupt
turns and spinning, apparently wild.

Emerencio smiled from ear to ear, with
satisfaction at the sight the magnificent
spectacle, when an elegant gentleman who
seemed British, stood by his side and
exclaimed breathlessly pointing to the
UFO:

- Ah, there's that damn hat! -.

Dolores Espinosa Márquez (Spain)

Owners

-Are these the space ships? – the man in
the gray suit asks.

-Yes, sir, they are – the man in black suit
answers.

-Is it true what they say about them?

-Absolutely. They were built trying to
recreate alien technology.

The man in gray comes forward and
caresses one of the space ships. Its surface
is soft and warm as a woman's body.

-Have they been tested in flight yet?

-Yes. They're elegant as eagles and harmless as butterflies. Pure appearance.

-I imagined that – says the man in gray and keeps walking into the hangar's interior.

The man in black turns on the lights, and before his eyes opens a horizon curldled with small space ships. They are about the size of an F18, and are located with pinpoint precision two meters apart one from another. He counts twenty rows and calculates, with his sampling camera, that there are more than ten thousand space ships for row. In the background, to what must be about two hundred miles of distance, a gigantic star cruiser towers the rest of space ships as a weird volcano about to erupt.

-Is it the mothership? – Says the gray man pointing to the cruiser. The other nods.

-It is hard to believe, I know, but it seems they have been working hard.

-It will be a shame to destroy everything.

-Yes, but those are our orders, it is too dangerous to leave all this here. You have not yet seen the autopsys.

-Were they real?

-These ones are true. It was a pantomime in Roswell, but here we've been caught for real. They opened my brother's belly and they rolled his guts... Damned!

The gray man floats in front of the black man and makes the universal gesture for condolence.

-They'll pay what they've done. The planet will cease to exist in just a moment

Raúl Alejandro López Nevado (Spain)

The Unsuspected Heir

Custom is the great guide of human
David Hume.

At first, parents were always with me and only induced me thoughts about Family and Home. Cycles passed until I was taught that the Hosts existed and they were not like us. Then, Parents told me about our Home's extinction and the troubled journey whose mission was to save me and it's calamitous end. They insisted that I should not worry, because my exoskeleton would

prevent the hosts accessing to me while I was growing up.

It was a revelation when I acquired the ability to enter into the Host's minds as Parents could enter in mine. They were certainly different, not only in appearance, but in the composition of their thought. They feared us. They have considered us a mystery. They use all their rationality to exalt their "emotions": an atavistic remnant of their unfinished evolution. I walked through their minds without leaving a trace, but I started to inquire into their view of existence as they slept. So I learned all of them. They saw us as intruders, not as guests; as prisoners, not as partners. If they could not use us against others, the Hosts would destroy us with no doubt.

Parents told me that I was the great hope of Family, that my skills exceeded those of all my peers and that I should lead the reconstruction of Home in harmony with other inhabitants of the Universe. They said goodbye warning me that the Hosts finally had managed to penetrate their exoskeleton, but they were unable to do it with mine before I ripen.

Today, that I've reached my peak, I will accept my fate. But I've learned a lot from the Hosts to ignore their lessons: There is no peace in this third planet of this system. Hosts will bow before my power and I'll avenge Family, I will make our captors become servants as they do: with violence. Finally we'll leave this piece of desert where they have confined us and will make of this world, the new Home that we deserve.

Carlos Díez (Spain)

Kamikaze

Before turning it on, Steve felt ridiculous within the spaceship. The outer façade was hilarious itself: a shining ball whose only "ornaments" were a couple of triangles on each side, no larger than his forearms. There was a seat inside, and in front of him, the steering wheel. It worked so easily, even an eight year old child would dominate it in a couple of attempts. They promised absolutely invisibility, incredible speeds and shielding almost against any projectile. To Steve it was like taken out from Doctor Who. The screen that was there (instead of the window) turned on as soon as it caught the signal on its receptor. At first it looked like his computer when

the Internet was too slow; then, the silhouettes sharpened and the clearness of the runway was amazing. He almost believed there was nothing between him and the scarce clouds of dust of the desert.

The first flight minutes were awesome. He missed a bit the lack of vibration and the roar of the engines, but he was still fascinated. He made a quick spin around the area as he was told; in spite he thought it was crazy, he made a perfect somersault in the air. He couldn't imagine how on hell that was going to help in a war, but it was fun! When he told the engineers they were going to be rich by selling trips to the tourists, the laughter sounded nervous and fake. He assumed they were biting their nails whilst looking above, so he let them be.

He went higher than before. Then he heard it. He told him he was being disrespectful towards other people's properties. How dared he steal what didn't belong to him in the first place? Steve felt very guilty. He didn't mean to do wrong. He said he was sorry he was only getting his job done. It wasn't enough, they said. He had to give back what was theirs. Of course, Steve said. Sure thing. How he could do that?

So? A commander said. We lost track, they said. He disappeared on the air.

Candela Robles Abalos (Argentina)

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS



Por Mari Carmen Caballero Álvarez (Spain)

Ilustrador: Armagedon/ Paolo Nagase Rotelli (Italo- japonés)



he military, naval and aviation history of the United States, as the past of any nation, has its lights and shadows. It happens, however, illuminate and obscure these more in a town that bears stating iterative and secular patriot and savior of the world spirit. A people, in short , which only forgot to say , if you really did not say it : "I, we, a few owners of the common of mortals." Because they made the world an oligarchy.

While loading in its annals with successes and failures differs in terms of chronic generic any nation where we repair , it is true that fills the nourished percentage of black episodes "classified" . The list is endless. And the description of all creepy since buried under such a canopy – item Rated : Top - Secret , liberty , fraternity and equality course taken and brought as strategically studied by sensational advertising foreground .

Building the Field of Nuclear Tests and Training Area 51, also called Groom Lake , is an Air Force installation west of the United States in the southern region of Nevada .

And, putting the death penalty and, of course, putting it in the package of the Bikini Atoll in the Pacific Marshall Islands, closely related with the issue of nuclear tests at hand is or should be compelled to witness that this nation asked forgiveness itself. Since developing an episode of history that should arise only intended to science fiction, fantasy, horror or all three together. Maybe it had to leave , finally, to the invention of a frame of film or television or

literature. The aforementioned nuclear base underground, the documentation has been recently declassified by the CIA whose custody remains , has done nothing but dust goings and comings and goings of a few deluded , believing themselves gods, they tried to bury forever the ashes of truth.

From colonial tribal civilizations, its stark struggle for independence until the entry into action of the Cold War, the clearly defined aim of the Yankees was to gain hegemony of World Power . The development and upgrading weapons and reach the first nuclear power hand Oppenheimer set the tone rooting for the U.S. to win. Produce and later give birth to NATO, his most loyal vassals "defenders of the fatherland" consolidated equity capitalist monopoly. They won pulse and divided the world into Western - capitalist blocs (United States) and East - Communist (Soviet Union). The target was the UN and the fine pointing laughing last.

Subsequently the USSR conquer space, were the first and rubbed their hands. Little could already do, however, grasped the scepter safekeeping the American people. Well sold the bike or at least tried - people are not silly, making her a frock coat surrounded by faithful and loyal propagandists operated covertly trained on the canopy transparency and democracy.

Although NASA is not taken away , poor things , the continued bitterness of mouth.

Let us not overlook is that while the space agency NASA that rose to man on the moon , your little credibility are indisputable and egregious errors that we will not describe trite and depressing . Neon lights fail to light a few successes buried under the rubble of glaring failures - the operation of the shuttle Columbia or Challenger are just a few examples.

Gradually they discover dropper of bleach wipes . Underhand actions, covert operations and murky intricacies forged behind closed doors by the boss.

Because nothing dies if it stays in the memory. So they are very alive in the collective memory the heinous deaths of Sacco and Vanzetti, electrocuted on August 23, 1927 in Massachusetts. Its obvious political and ideological connotations are a resounding testimony as freedom , equality and fraternity are a lie , a decoy.

And all that has happened in the most powerful and patriotic nation worldwide . Also the little security of its nuclear power plants was denounced by activist Karen Skilwood , deaf had to get to Harrisburg in 1979.

Another example would be Bill Carter Jenkins African American who uncovered in 1968 a fake vaccination campaign supposedly a study of syphilis. It was really an experiment observing the degeneration of the disease; 200 and "volunteers" were killed. The famous Spanish flu originated in Kansas , now we know.

Area 51, as the sinister Japanese unit 731, against which, without being hand executing, the U.S. government knew to look away putting surreptitious state interests that put carpet to the very human life, born and raised in the shadows. Perfectly designed for handling and managing nuclear including its development and use as unique trick. He had to train and would train.

Of course, over the centuries to uncover the Pandora's box that would have made many hidden gladly saw the light. The Crash of 1929 , for example, that if they could not put in the pocket. Although large to illustrate what was intended to hide and we could not Watergate . They said at first that was impossible until he had paid the price: Nixon killed contrite abandon the presidential chair. And certainly was not alone, as he gave the matter much more triggering a cascade of resignations among major . Woodward and Bernstein and inaugurated a new journalistic research discipline. Finally, the government plans conspiracy and there were everywhere. In every corner, in every pot is easily camouflaged camera salary or disperse spies around the world . Faceless steel body and do the dirty work. That 's if it does not backfire . No, they are not alone. But the most abundant and harmful driving global interconnections : they are the masters.

And everything has to be done at the convenience of interests that feed the first place . If we name the Vietnam War be missing pages, cels, magazines and newspapers to tell as about the Nazi concentration camps: to Pearl Harbor did not react. And the reasons were more personal than humanitarian. A Hiroshima and Nagasaki touched them; On 6 and 9 August 1945 a couple of atomic bombs (the thing did not admit fault) returned the compliment. The United States could not consent to such grievance. For god's honor.

The argument of several television series as Futuraza , American Dad and the Zoom Groom Lake between movies and many others have been very aware of this enigmatic secret military base on the theme at hand.

Also some video games took it as an argument: Area 51 , Half -Life , Alien Hominid ... Some UFO conspiracy is the plot. In the novels of Glen Cooper

The Library of the Dead and The Book of Souls space is modified and intended to study UFOs. There is also including a song about Hangar 18 that area in Area 51 , sings a group called Megadeth . Supposedly, there remains the Roswell UFO saved. Even the Desktop, Alienware logo, Area 51 shares a name with.

No, the Americans were not and are not the only ones wrapped in secrecy rugged operations.

In nineteenth-century France Captain Alfred Dreyfus was accused spy amid ideological background: his Jewish origin received the coup de grace . The issue that leads to "Dr. Livingstone, I Presume" takes us to a Victorian Britain who could not or would not prevent such historical chapter currently follow in solfa. Complementing this black and painful chapter in history fifteen thousand Polish soldiers were killed by the troops of Stalin in 1940, ordered his burial in the forest of Katyn. Everyone, including Churchill, denied. So did the death camps of Auschwitz and Dachau when from the inner rows themselves trying to fight the Hitler regime the SS officer, Kurt Gernstein wanted to alert the world of their existence with a full report in 1941 about the development of project nobody listened. Was it too monstrous to be true? Blind eye to in reality, people were afraid to make it explicit. That is not democracy or freedom or equality or fraternity: that's a long applause dystopia. People stopped when he should have spoken. But memory... Alas, persistent memory and survival techniques.

That is as true as the attack on the Twin Towers archinombradas perpetrated by Al Qaeda served to define argument Eastern -Western conflicts unresolved. The thing then came to be between good and bad thus justifying a branched - all - wars began in Afghanistan that should last a sigh , as planned, but that extended in space and time undermining an economy

that already showed signs postulating damn economic crisis and now owns mistress of the world .

Rating to maintain the position of world power means accepting the rules of the game , you can argue that because things have not come easily, that surely have often given them by dragging all the sites above a forced decision , that's true , many fronts that deal . The Chinese are around the heels and although very reverence them, no joke joke.

Only those shady operations at issue in which a handful of satraps

They took away human lives in a cold and calculating . In many of these objectives are described ambiguous and inconclusive.

In the case of the legendary Area 51, located in a restricted area of Nevada salar, everything points to the overthrow of the rival Soviet Union and the staging of unethical practices such as the development of spy planes , in addition to nuclear and armaments reasons already described . The truth is that the region does not appear on any map of the Government. We now know that military airspace is designated R- 4808N.

Cooked the project in the reserved area of the chamber, as the site was never declared secret base, had something to say. The truth as in the case of Nazi concentration camps and Nazis was not horrendous .

The vehicle was circulated of morbid canards unlikely that people accepted by his magnetism and mystery. Psychology or brain washing were two significant aces to consider. Something not credible is accepted by law. If other times had worked why not invent and reinvent folkloric UFO sightings, aliens delirious, surreal visions, espionage and surveillance, conspiracy theories and false civil and military leaks and other raw paranoia sisters. In the investigation of an alien spaceship said to be busy, even with the finding related Roswell claiming that it had been found certified material. Reference was made to a hypothetical underground facilities

Groom Lake , trying to hide their sinister dealings . Legends, lies and propaganda visionary gilding the pill. Denial of the evidence. Craters of nuclear bombs can still be seen nearby. Black Hand and their indelible imprint.

That achieving nuclear hoisted to the United States a world power level , does not mean the nuclear accident at Three Mile Island in Harrisburg a dream. Nor that of Chernobyl or Fukushima, though far from these rows themselves , whether a movie , a book or a pair of tales of terror and mystery.

If true is that time mark distances, the shorter memory .

Times are certain rapture and puffiness. The widespread battered economy rather filling empty minds. Is it therefore time to "declassify" Area 51 without lift blisters? Caution, nothing dies if it stays in the memory ..



Magazines:

Revista: Delirio. Ciencia ficción y fantasía (#11)

Ilustración de cubierta: Roy G. Krenkel

Editorial: La Biblioteca del Laberinto (España, 2013)

Índice de contenidos:

6–7 "No hay parto sin dolor... [Editorial] de Paco Arellano (2013)

10–11 Unas palabras sobre David Drake [Artículo] de Paco Arellano (2013)

12–20 Filas de bronce [Traducción] de Francisco Arellano (2013)

Ranks of Bronze [Relato Corto] de David A. Drake (1975) 1 traducción

21–25 La revolución del Bloomsday [Artículo] de Paco Arellano (2013)

26–40 La revolución del Bloomsday [Traducción] de Francisco Arellano (2013)

The Bloomsday Revolution [Relato Corto] de Ian Watson (1984) 1 traducción

42–43 Sobre Thomas Burnett Swann [Artículo] de Javier Martín Lalanda (2013)

Enciclopedia Galáctica Thomas Burnett Swann (Sobre)

44–45 La dríade [Traducción] de Javier Martín Lalanda (2013)

The Dryad [Artículo] de Thomas Burnett Swann (1969) 1 traducción

46–52 El árbol-dríade [Traducción] de Javier Martín Lalanda (2013)

The Dryad-Tree [Relato Corto] de Thomas Burnett Swann (1960) 1 traducción

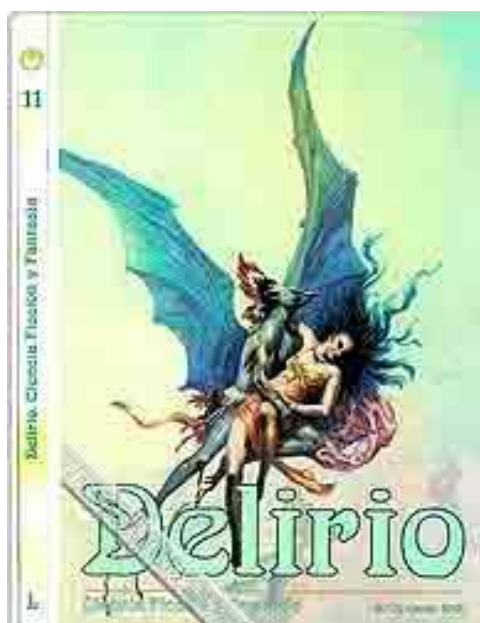
54–60 Nymen Averonvm Sadoqva (El culto de Tsathoggua en la Averoigne

romana y medieval) [Artículo] de Óscar Mariscal (2006)

61–62 El oráculo de Sadoqua [Traducción] de Óscar Mariscal (2013)

The Oracle of Sadoqua [Relato Corto] de Clark Ashton Smith (1979) 2 traducciones

Enciclopedia Galáctica Averoigne (Averoigne) (Serie)



62 La condenación de Azédarac
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The Doom of Azedarac [Relato Corto] de
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Enciclopedia Galáctica Averaigne
(Averaigne) (Serie)

64–75 El oráculo de Sadoqua [Traducción]
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76–86 La condenación de Azéderac
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The Doom of Azedarac [Relato Corto] de
Ron Hilger (1999) 1 traducción

Enciclopedia Galáctica Mitos de Cthulhu
(1995-1999) (Serie)

87–104 La flauta de hueso [Traducción]
de Francisco Arellano (2013)

The Bone Flute [Relato Corto] de Lisa
Tuttle (1981) 1 traducción

Premios 1° Nebula 1982 25° Locus 1982

105–107 Epílogo. El asunto sobre el
Nebula [Traducción] de Francisco Arellano
(2013)

Afterword [The Bone Flute]

[Prólogo/Epílogo] de Lisa Tuttle (2011) 1
traducción

110–116 Animales míticos e imágenes
inclusivas del mundo: "Buffalo gals, won't
you come out tonight", de Ursula K. Le
Guin [Artículo] de Mariano Martín
Rodríguez (2013)

117–140 Chicas bisonte, ¿no vais a salir
esta noche? [Traducción] de Mariano
Martín Rodríguez (2013)

Buffalo Gals, Won't You Come Out
Tonight [Relato] de Ursula K. Le Guin
(1987) 1 traducción

Premios 1° Hugo 1988 1° World Fantasy
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142–144 Prefacio al "Diccionario de
ciencia ficción" [Traducción] de Francisco
Arellano (2013)

Preface [Travelers of Space] [Artículo] de
Samuel Anthony Peeples (1951) 1
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145–156 Diccionario de ciencia ficción
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A Dictionary of Science Fiction [Artículo]
de David A. Kyle Martin H. Greenberg
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traducción

The magazine of the Brief & Fantastic

157–178 El zoológico interestelar
[Traducción] de Francisco Arellano (2013)

The Interstellar Zoo [Relato Corto] de
David A. Kyle (1951) 1 traducción

179–206 La obra de Ramsey Campbell
(en España, especialmente) [Artículo] de
José Luis Torres (2013)

Enciclopedia Galáctica Ramsey Campbell
(Sobre)

...

Revista: Planetas
Prohibidos (#7)

Portada: El despertar de un
Arcano de Juan Miguel
Aguilera

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CÓMICS DE MI TIERNA INFANCIA,
Juanjo Grau Alonso

Relatos

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35/ LA CASA DE LOS
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(ilustración)

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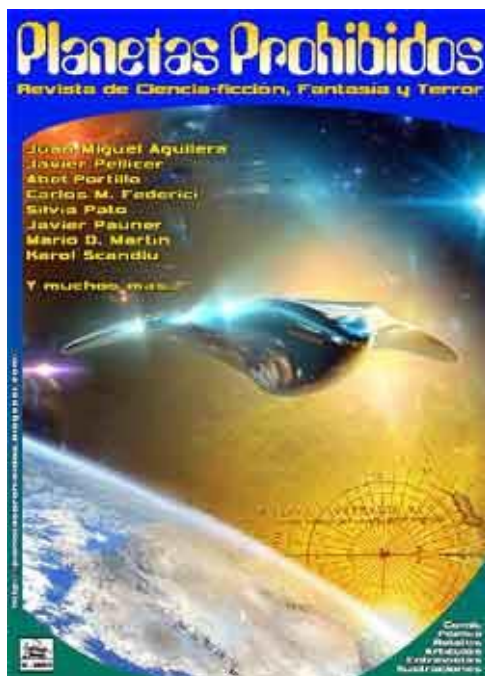
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(ilustración) Leonetti

<http://planetasprohibidos.blogspot.com/2013/11/planetas-prohibidos-7.html>

...



Revista: PROXIMA #20

Portada: Carlos Daniel J. Vázquez / 72

páginas / Diciembre 2013

ISSN 1852-9127

Año 5 – Nro.20 – Diciembre 2013

Dirección: Laura Ponce

Coordinador de Ilustradores: Gabriel

Reynoso

Diseño: Bárbara Din

Cuentos:

Ascensión, de José Luis Carrasco, Ilustrado por Kike Dicierbi

Orilán, de Carlos Pérez Jara, Ilustrado por Gastón A.Gaston Lopez

Radio mal sintonizada, de Hernan Dominguez

Nimo, Ilustrado por Alejandro Artz

La caída de la ciudad hidroespacial, de Héctor Otero, Ilustrado por David Venegas

Más allá de los truenos, de Nico Saraintaris, Ilustrado por Fernando Martínez Ruppel

A través del universo, de Rodolfo Santullo, Ilustrado por Dante Ginevra

Venus transgender, de Maximiliano E.

Gimenez, Ilustrado por el autor

El primer peruano en el espacio, de Daniel Salvo, Ilustrado por Grendel Bellarousse

Tarquín heap, de Nicolás El Negro Viglietti, Ilustrado por Nahus SB

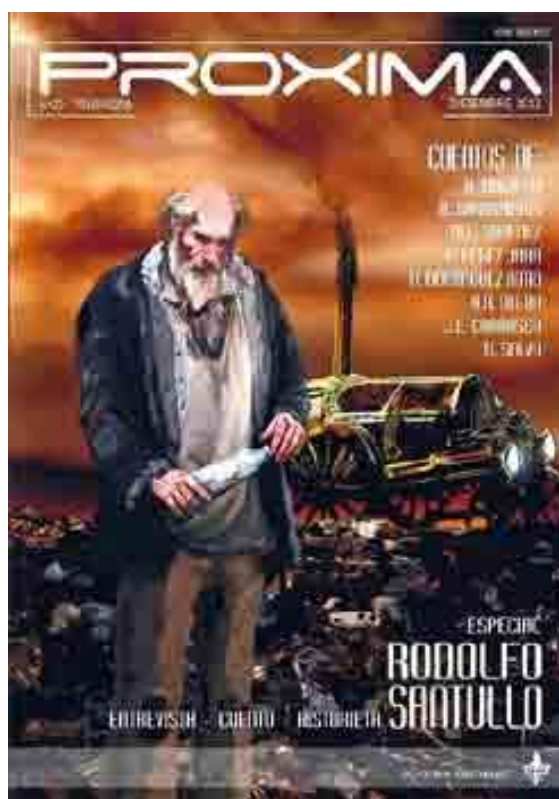
ENTREVISTA A Rodolfo Santullo, por Laura Ponce

HISTORIETA Arca de Noé Guión: Rodolfo Santullo - Dibujos: Leo Sandler

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Blog: <http://revistaproxima-contenidos.blogspot.com.ar/2013/12/proxima-20-primavera.html>

...

Revista: El Buque Maldito #20

Ya está disponible el nuevo número del fanzine El Buque Maldito. Un número que, en esta ocasión, viene compuesto por dos

portadas distintas: una centrada en la película de James Sizemore “The Demon’s Rook” (2013) y una segunda dedicada al film “Descanse en piezas” (1987) y englobada dentro de un pequeño homenaje que hemos realizado al recientemente fallecido director catalán José Ramón Larraz compuesto por una extensa, e inédita, entrevista con él y una feroz contraportada extraída de su film “Vampyres-Las hijas de Drácula” (1974).

ESPECIAL SITGES 2013

Crónica de la edición número 46 del SITGES-Festival Internacional de Cinema Fantàstic de Catalunya que viene acompañada de diversas entrevistas con algunos de sus protagonistas, tales, como los realizadores James Sizemore (“The Demon’s Rook”), Ti West (“The sacrament”, “The house of the devil”), Rodrigo Aragão (“Mar negro”, “A noite do Chupacabras”), Manuel Carballo (“Retornados”, “La posesión de Emma Evans”), Can Evrenol (“Baskin”), Edoardo Margheriti (“The Outsider-II cinema di Antonio Margheriti”), Germán Monzó

(“Magic London”, “Vampire’s mark”), Jairo Pinilla (“La silla satánica”, “27 Horas con la muerte”), Howard J. Ford (“The dead 2: India”) y el actor Simón Andreu (“La novia ensangrentada”, “La noche de los brujos”).

Reportajes

XXIV Semana de Cine Fantástico y de Terror de San Sebastián.

Cryptshow Festival 2013.

Secciones

Monstruos del Fantaterror Español (6ª Parte). Con motivo del cuarenta aniversario del film “La orgía de los muertos” (José Luis Merino, 1973) conversamos con su realizador acerca de la

película; entrevista que viene acompañada de un texto centrado en dicho título.

www.elbuquemaldito.com

...

Revista: El Investigador

País: México (#10, 2014)

Dirección General: N. Inmunsapa

Editor Jefe: Von Marmalade

Diseño Editorial: Mr.
Xpk

Colaboradores: Josué
Ramos, Profesor
Lecumberri; Robber
LeBlancs, Patxi Larrabe;
D. Ainsworth.

...

Revista: INARI N° 2:
TERROR (Octubre 2013)

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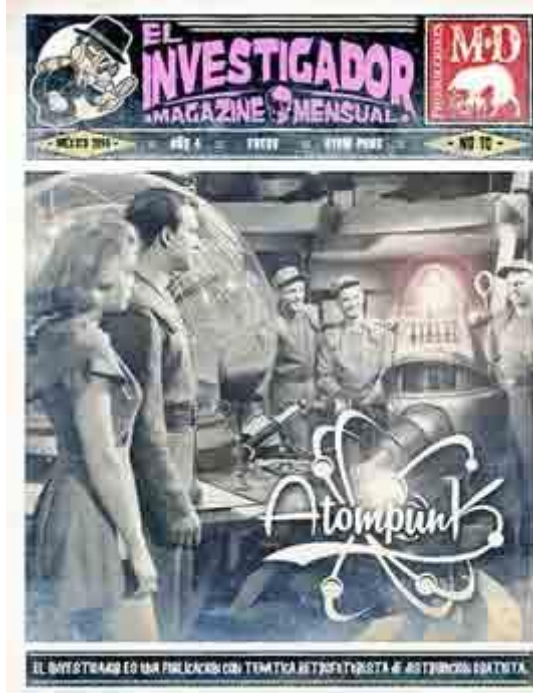
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blog: www.revistainari.blogspot.com

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blog: www.revistainari.blogspot.com

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

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tumblr: revistainari.tumblr.com

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askFM: ask.fm/RevistaInari

...

Revista: Buk Magazín

País: Sevilla, España

El contenido habitual de la revista es el siguiente:

Selector de frecuencias: con reseñas de actualidad en libros, cine, series, música y exposiciones

Agenda Cultural

Páginas centrales: siempre temáticas y normalmente con entrevista a escritores o bloggers.

Crónicas de una madre imperfecta: la maternidad vista con humor ácido.

Detrás del telón: análisis en profundidad de algún autor literario.

El último pasajero del Nostromo: ciencia para tod@s

Poesía: reflexiones sobre poetas y poesía en la actualidad

Off the record: entrevista a algún escritor/a... cualquier parecido con la literatura es pura coincidencia.

Mektres: columna sobre artes en general

Un día iba a pasar esto: reflexiones de humor sobre la política, ese juego de niños malvados.

No es que sea mala, pero...:
recomendaciones atípicas para leer.

Siempre nos estamos actualizando, en cada número hay diferentes colaboraciones.

El enlace para leer la revista online es:

<http://issuu.com/bukm>

Además tenemos:

Web:

www.bukmagazin.com

Facebook:

www.facebook.com/bukmagazin.com

Twitter:

@bukmagazin

Anthologies:

Título: Historia se escribe con Z

Autor: VV.AA.

Portada: Daniel Expósito.

Ilustraciones de interior (una por cada historia): Elinfel.



Prólogo: Manel

Loureiro.

Editorial: Kelonia
Ediciones

Colección: Kelonia
Ficción.

Autores: A.M. Caliani,
Juan Laguna Edroso,
Alfonso Zamora, Marta
Junquera, Javier
Trescuadras, Tony
Jiménez, Víctor Blázquez, Daniel P.
Espinosa, Monste N. Ríos, Sergio R.
Alarte, Julián Sánchez Caramazana, Ángel
Luis Sucasas, Javier Cosnava, Daniel
Gutiérrez, J.E Álamo, Voro Luzzy, Miguel
Aguerralde e Irene Comendador.

Sinopsis: En Historia se
escribe con Z, veremos de
qué manera la figura del
zombi ha sido clave y ha
estado presente en todos y
cada uno de los hechos
importantes de la
humanidad. Desde la
prehistoria hasta nuestros
días, la imagen del no
muerto ha jugado un papel
fundamental en distintos



eventos y épocas,
cambiando así en muchas
ocasiones el devenir de los
acontecimientos. En esta
antología, de la mano de
los mejores autores de
terror del panorama
español, veremos cómo ha
influenciado el Z en el
transcurso de la historia.

Caín y Abel, faraones,
mayas, troyanos,
apóstoles, romanos, samuráis, vaqueros,
Beatles, soldados, nazis, astronautas, etc...
Todos se han topado con el horror a lo
largo de los siglos, y aquí veremos cómo
han sobrevivido hasta hoy.

...



Título: Axis Mundi
Antología de cuentos
cubanos de fantasía

Autores: VV.AA.

Editorial: Gente Nueva,
2012

La caída de Canwe Janga
[Relato] de Erick J. Mota
(2012)

El rey y la hechicera

[Relato] de Eric Flores Taylor Jesús Minsal
Díaz (2012)

La maza y el hacha [Relato] de Yoss
(1995)

Al oeste del sol [Relato] de Yadira
Álvarez Betancourt (2012)

La piedra del mago [Relato] de Jeffrey
López Dueñas (2011)

El canto del Ave-Sueño [Relato] de
Carlos A. Duarte Cano (2012)

La cuarta esposa [Relato] de Duchy Man
Valderá (2012)

Qué no sabes tú... [Relato] de Leonardo
Miguel Gala (2012)

La semilla del shiram [Relato] de Elaine
Vilar Madruga (2012)

Axis mundi [Contenido
sin desglosar] autor
desconocido (2012)

Novels:

Título: Las nieblas de
Huancabamba

Autor: David Villegas
Cabadas

Editorial: Autores Premiados

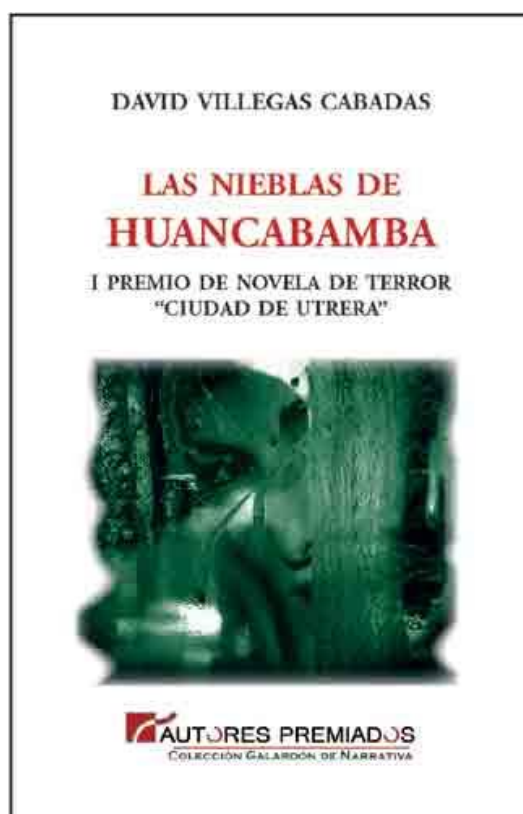
Sinopsis: Una joven pareja española viaja a la selva alta de Perú anhelando compartir una experiencia totalmente distinta a sus escapadas por la vieja Europa. En la ciudad de Oxapampa conocen a Eduardo Weigel, uno de los descendientes de los colonos austriacos y alemanes que en el siglo XIX se asentaron en aquellas tierras, y este les propone hospedarse en una de las casas rurales que regenta en el interior de la selva en la provincia de.

Entusiasmados con la idea de apartarse del mundo civilizado por unos días, los protagonistas deciden viajar hasta allí banalizando las advertencias y revelaciones que un niño Yanesha les hace llegar acerca

de la oscura leyenda que gira en torno a Huancabamba y la maldición de Corarapa: las nieblas que cubren el valle son el refugio de los muertos que en otro tiempo poblaron el lugar.

...

Título: Anima Mundis II:
Los Hijos de Atlantis



Autora: Elia Barceló

Editorial: Destino
Infantil → Juvenil

Sinopsis: Lena, la heroína que nunca quiso serlo, experimenta aquí con sus habilidades recién descubiertas y cuenta, además, con la ayuda de un grupo de yamakasi, para enfrentarse a Karah y su afán por abrir la puerta que puede conectarlos con otra realidad.

¿Hay algo de cierto en las leyendas que dicen que proceden de otro mundo? ¿Qué es el Anima Mundi? Todo es aún más complejo y peligroso de lo que imaginan.

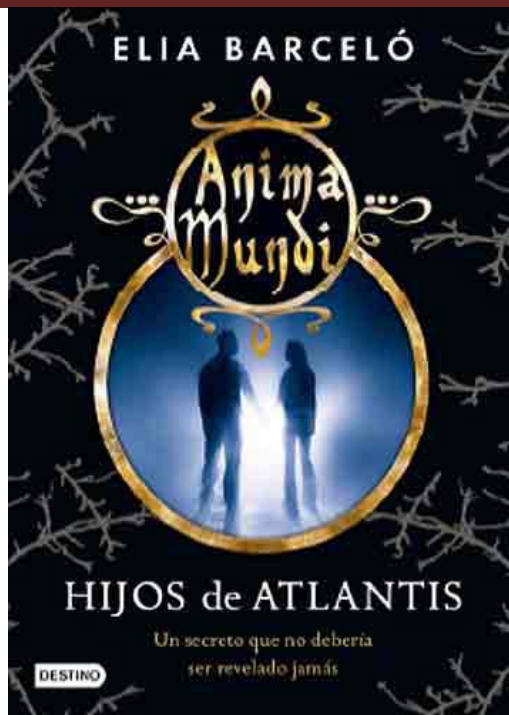
Y Lena, dividida entre dos amores, entre haito y karah, tendrá que tomar una decisión trascendental mientras lucha por su vida y por su mundo, que es el nuestro.

...

Título: Los Ejecutores. Las crónicas de Haven

Autor: Maureen McGowan

Editorial: Oz Editorial



Sinopsis: Glory ayuda a otros mutantes como ella a escapar de la cúpula de Haven mientras finge ser una agente de la Unidad de Ejecución. Su doble vida la mantiene en tensión. Finge estar enamorada de Cal, su compañero ejecutor, pero en realidad ama a Burn, el misterioso mutante que lidera la resistencia fuera

de la cúpula. ¿Cuánto tiempo podrá seguir sin que la descubran?

Blogs:

Título: The Master

Creador: José Cruz Sánchez Sánchez

Site: <http://sabetesenti.blogspot.com.es/>

Soy amante de la literatura, el cine, los cómics, la ciencia. Mi blog nació hace 4 años, casi cinco, se hablaba un poco de todo, pero como digo, el blog se construyó a sí mismo y este último año se transformó en blog literario, y un poco menos a hablar de escepticismo, ciencia, cine y anime-manga.



De las entradas que más me gustan son las de la saga Terminator, La de libros imaginarios (que no existen pero se mencionan en otros libros y/o películas) y las de revistas electrónicas gratuitas de Ciencia-ficción, Fantasía y/o Terror en lengua española.

violencia que arrasa entre el público, ya que es este mismo publico el que decide quien debe morir en el.

<http://patagoniacomics.blogspot.com.ar/search/label/El%20Kromwell%20Show>

Comic:

Título: El Kromwell Show N° 02

Autor: Jorge Villena

Sinopsis: En un futuro gobernado por el crimen y la violencia, un programa de televisión es la única vía de escape para un pueblo que vive oprimido bajo el yugo de los criminales, un Reality Show con una audiencia planetaria, un espectáculo de muerte y



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 Plurescentes", National University of La Plata, Argentina.

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

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

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

Álvarez Caballero, Mari Carmen (Spain) I have published in various paper shortstories to be selected in several competitions: Bioaxioma (Cachitos of Love II, ACEN) , Esmeralda (Savory Snacks II , ACEN) and stimuli (tasty snacks III). Shadow loss (Lots Creative Diversity Literary) and was Truth (Lots Soul also Literary Diversity). Literary Storm is another micro

I sent the contest theme free Pen, Ink and Paper II , complementing selection of the work of the same name , the collective Diversity Literary organizes and promotes.

Several copies of the digital magazine miNatura appear some stories and my articles - Steampa (Steampunk) Scared to Death (Stephen King)

Towards Gaia (Isaac Asimov), endophobia (Phobias) Licantrosapiencia. Viva la Science! (Lycanthropy). No dyes or preservatives (dossier immortality).

In the XI International Competition fantastic micro story of miNatura I finalist with the story The three shades of Diablo. Another selection was the of the competition Fantasti'cs 12 by the slang library, in the book Grim Reaper Beautiful Venus appears my story.

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

Candelaria Zárate, M^a. Del Socorro
(Mexico, 38 years old) Academic Program Coordinator. San Luis de Potosi. He has

worked in various issues of the digital miNatura.

Castejón, María L. (Madrid, Spain, 1973)
literature fan in general, and the erotic and horror in particular.

He has been a finalist in the 2007 story Avalon, erotic poetry Contest II Red Owl, II International Poetry Competition 2010 Fantastic miNatura well as micro story VII International Competition Fantastic miNatura 2009.

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

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

Dominguez, Peter (Mayagüez , Puerto Rico) is a novel writer borinqueño, he was born in Puerto Rico but grew up and lives in Dominican Republic . Perhaps then define their nationality as a Dominican. Studying a Bachelor of Arts at the Autonomous University

of Santo Domingo [UASD] . He began his career publishing in Blogzine , Zothique The Last Continent , where are hung two seasons of his Light Novel Japanese style " Damned Angel : Genesis ' free and fantastic of the Judeo -Christian tradition recreation in a context of Luciferian ambition, wars conquest and religious geopolitics. Right now developed a series of short science fiction stories, some individual and others belonging to the same universe , in which the robotic Space Opera tradition and traditional style are intertwined . Titles like " De biorobotics and moral " ; "From the planet without shadow ," and " Requiem for a dead world " are some who billed . He has also collaborated with several stories for the magazine MiNatura.

Espinosa Márquez, Dolores (España)

Writers. She have many stories and micro stories published.

Faini, Edvige (Milan, Italy) Concept Artist.

Her primary focus is Concept Design, Matte Painting and Environment Design for films, games, commercials and other entertainment media. After she finished her studies at

Gnomon School of Visual Effects, she start to collaborate as a Concept Artist and Matte Painter with productions studios in Hollywood as New Fuel Studio , and the Aaron Sims Company. She's graduated at the European Institute of Design of Milan with a Degree in Visual Communication and Illustration. After the Degree she also studied fine art at the Accademy of Brera in Milan and Photographic Techniques at the Forma Foundation for Photography. She worked for several publishing and magazines as a freelance illustrator and collaborated with Architectural studios as a Visualizer and Renderist and, before moving to Los Angeles, she also worked as an Art Director and Paint Artist in the Advertising field.

Currently she's living in Singapore where she works as a Concept Designer at Ubisoft.

<http://edvigefaini.com/>

Fontanarrosa, 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 (Lleida, Spain, 1973) until the moment have published the novel El fin de Internet with Ediciones Atlantis, [microrrelatos] in the CACHITOS DE AMOR II, PORCIONES DE EL ALMA anthologies, ERASE one time UN MICROCUENTO, BOCADOS SABROSOS III and PLUMA, TINTA and PAPEL, it hang on someone's words publication of the [microrrelato] the headache in the anthology it will spring up of the II declares insolvent International of [mundopalabras] [microrrelatos], Javis editions to published 4 of my stories in your Web page as Diego Ruiz

Martínez my pseudonym : EL EXTRAÑO, LA LIBERTAD, EL ANGEL DE LA GUARDA and EL CASTIGO, have collaborated with some stories in the digital review MiNatura number 125,126,128,129 y131, in the page Lectures d'ailleurs, the EL EXTRAÑO story has been published translated to the French near a small interview, in the number 29 of the NM review has been published my EL ángel de la guarda story, the ESTILO AUREO review published in your section of fist and letter my EL BOTÓN story, in the LA IRA DE MORFEO review have published my LA PRIMERA VEZ story, my persecuted EL story has is selected to be published in the TU MUNDO anthology FANTASTIC, have remained finalist in the ESTOY CONTIGO contest of the Dayrens club with two stories, EL HOMBRE DE NEGRO and EL INTRUSO.

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 2013, 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 Dream villagers children about mechanical dragonflies (Los Cuadernos de las Gaviotas n. 6, CIINOE/COMOARTES, Madrid/México D. F.: 2010), included later in Anthology of Latin American stories in flight (Otra dimensión de la colección Gaviotas de Azogue número extraordinario X, CIINOE/COMOARTES, Madrid/México D. F.: 2011). Or her micro-story The boy and turtle, anthologized in Latin American literature for children. Briefest giant steps. Stories, poems, theatrical monologues,

flash fiction for children (COMOARTES/CIINOE, Madrid/México D. F.: 2010, p. 15). Both included in the Electronic Library of the Instituto Cervantes of Spain. Her text Is the winter migration of the soul: eternal variations on a picture, appeared in "The cranes as a tourist resort in Extremadura", was published by the Department of Tourism of the Regional Government of Extremadura in 2011. Thirteen of her writings were included in Pupils of unicorn, (Anthology of winning stories in the International Short Stories Award "Garzón Céspedes" 2012, Los Cuadernos de las Gaviotas número 89, CIINOE/COMOARTES, Madrid/México D. F.: 2012). Seven more were published in Picoscópico (Anthology of winning writings in the International Contest of Dramaturgical Short Fiction "Garzón Céspedes" 2012, Cuadernos de las Gaviotas número 96, CIINOE/COMOARTES, Madrid/México D. F.: 2012).

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 is also member of the jury for the International Literary Contest Angel Ganivet, organized by the Association of Friends of Helsinki (Finland).

In December 2012 he published 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), *The imperfection of the circle*, and an extensive interview, *The narrative is introspection and revelation: Francisco Garzón Céspedes interviews Salomé Guadalupe Ingelmo*, part of the collection of narrative inquiry *Contemporary of the World*, supervised by the prestigious writer and man of culture Francisco Garzón Céspedes.

His monologue *Alicia looks in the mirror* (Ediciones COMOARTES, Colección Los Libros de las Gaviotas 25, Madrid / México D. F., 2013) is an electronic publication that was accompanied by her interview *Monologue recreates unparalleled intimacy*, in which the

author responds to Francisco Garzón Céspedes on various issues related to dramaturgy. Her digital publication *Chained Medea* and other hyper-short dramaturgical texts (Ediciones COMOARTES, Colección Los Cuadernos de las Gaviotas 97, 2013) collects fifteen monologues and soliloquies, most awarded in international competitions.

She has frequently collaborated with *miNatura*: the magazine of the brief and fantastic since 2009.

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

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 [---

january- february, 2014 #132 Revista Digital miNatura](http://www.ciencia-</p></div><div data-bbox=)

ficcion.com. He has published several tales and microtales in Axxón. He has published Genesis I.Q. 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.

Manzanaro Arana, Ricardo (San Sebastián, Spain, 1966) Medical.

With respect to the C.F. is the current administrator of the Awards Ignotus AEFCFT.

Association President Terbi Basque Science Fiction, Fantasy and Horror.

Assistant usual since its founding 19 years ago of the circle of c. f. Bilbao. He has published more than 30 stories in various media.

Live in Bilbao. Personal blog:

<http://notcf.blogspot.com>

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/>

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has worked in various online publications as

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<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 Noguerras 2004" Literary Contest 2005 Center Farralúque 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.

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

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

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

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

Also tests Lovecraft and Edgar Allan Poe. As a writer, he has two unpublished books in print but whose documents are posted on the Blog: "Bottomless Tombs" and "Plexus Lunaris'.

Poetic prose narratives that constitute their first explorations in search of their own

language and therefore the first stage of his literary career.

They explore the dark side of the imagination in a kind of symbolic fantasy, closer visionary poetry of William Blake that narrative expressions of the fantasy genre as we know [Epic: Tolkien / Sword and Sorcery: Howard]. Just finished his story,

"The Demon of voice", the first of a series entitled, "Tandrel Chronicles" and has begun work on the second, "The dungeons of gravity."

www.zothiqueelultimocontinente.wordpress.com

Olivera, Patricia K. (Montevideo, Uruguay)

future Proofreader Style and Degree in Linguistics. Post 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>

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 A203-winning literary contest 8th festival de la caña that takes place in Córdoba (Veracruz).

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

In 2009, 2010 and 2011 was selected by Publisher Dunker (Argentina) for his anthologies of short stories.

Participated in the three volumes of "Worlds in Darkness" (2008, 2009 and 2010) Galmort Editions (Argentina), receiving an honorable mention in the third contest namesake.

Robles Abalos, Candela (Argentina) has participated in the anthology " Noches de Halloween" RBC site, book microstories conducted by Literary Dissemination called "Porciones del alma" and the sixth in digital literary magazine " Letras Entrelazadas". His subject matter often revolves around horror and dark fantasy. He has a personal blog where he publishes his works (<http://candy002.wordpress.com/>) and currently follows a science fiction novel set in Buenos Aires 2300: <http://voces-huecas.blogspot.com.ar/> on his own he has published an anthology of homoerotic stories by Bubok network:

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

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, convocadopor 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.

Siadore Gut, Claudio Leonel (La Plata, Argentina, 1977) studied visual communication at the Faculty of Fine Arts of the UNLP.

Posted in Heliconia group blogs: Brief not so brief; Chemically impure Gust, blinks. I Finalist Sculpting contest microstories Stories, La Forge of metaphors. Published in Poetics Apple in 2010. Published in the Journal of the International Microcuentista, Christmas 2010 edition.

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.

Zarco Rodríguez, Jorge (Spain, 1973)

From 10 to 11 years has been in love with science fiction, horror and fantasy that always daydreaming allowed at all times and monitor the situation without a rude awakening.

I write from 12 for pure hobby or to get rid of nightmares everyday and reviews published in fanzines on film from 20.

Illustrators:

Pág. 29 Alfonso, Graciela Marta (Buenos Aires, Argentina) *See Writers*

Pág. 36 Andrew E -seud.- (Russia)

illustrator.

<http://master-fish.deviantart.com/>

Pág. 87 Gámez Cuevas, Miguel (Spanish, 44 years olds) author of the children's story "Clara Parrot y el Misterio en el Aeropuerto" (Aena, 2011). Author of the short story "Northern Travelers" award at the Cultural Week Nairn (Scotland, 2012). Author hiperbreve story "Lágrimas" (Diversidad Literaria, 2013). Award-winning author of several works in the field of comics and graphic novels (both scripts and drawings).

Pág. 7, 47 Jaramillo Escobar, Andrés Felipe (Medellin, Colombia) freelance illustrator .

"I'm a man of few words..." is a phrase that says the Colombian illustrator frequently. It was a pretty funny guy and loved to explore ways of painting. Then Andrew began to see that the art / illustration was his whole world , nothing can give you more pleasure in making draw, create , or design either a vehicle or a character. Being located so he started in

artistic trends of the time... and like all started with manga (Japanese comic) that Andrew was as something that boosted but not the style you like best. Andrew had a time that I leave the art and began to study medicine in the area when he began college in the U.S. and saw art as a hobby. When I return to Colombia, his native country he wanted to return to the art world and regain lost time, got the chance to enter to study Graphic Design at the Universidad Pontificia Bolivariana. Now is an illustrato / artist digital art specializing in independent environments and characters concept.

<http://www.gootastic.tumblr.com>

<http://vimeo.com/32244303>

<http://mrg00.blogspot.com/>

<https://vimeo.com/67872638>

Pág. 51 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 COLECTIVO [Multidisciplinary Artists Movement].

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

He has participated in various group exhibitions: Manga and Comic [2007-2011, UASD]; Pavilion Comic [XII International Book Fair in Santo Domingo 2009] Shared Luggage [Gallery Guatíbiri, 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. 53 Nagase Rotelli, Paolo (Italy-Japanese, 1973) freelance concept artist & illustrator.

Involved in the production of such books and games. TCG artists as (freelance), production of the card game, senior concept artist cover magazine, comics, IP game: The Spoils (Supoirusu) . Fantasy Flight Games (Fantasy Fight games), senior concept artist from Dreamslair (Dream Slayer, 2011).

<http://paolonagaserotelli.blogspot.com/>

<http://www.pixiv.net/member.php?id=3715605>

Pág. 21 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. 1 Siejeński, Andrzej (Poland) digital artist and graphic designer.

<http://www.andrzej siejenski.com/>

<https://www.facebook.com/andrzej siejenski>

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

Pág. 19 Vélez Becerra, Víctor Emmanuel (México) Illustrator and cartoonist. Awards:

Carton and Illustration Biennial (Beijing, China).

Honorable Mention (2007), World Press

Cartoon, Editorial Cartoon (Sintra, Portugal),

2nd place (2007) National Journalism Award

(1997); Prize Pagés (1997) .

Publications:

El Universal, El Economista, La Jornada,

Reforma (donde pública actualmente).

Revistas Siempre!, Expansión, L&F, QUO,

Balance.

<http://chubascocaricaturero.blogspot.com/>

Sobre las ilustraciones:

Pág. 01 Area 51/ *Andrzej Siejeński (Poland)*; **Pág. 02** FrikiFrases (cartel)/ *Carmen Rosa Signes U. (Spain)*; **Pág. 07** Broken Goods/*Andrés Felipe Jaramillo Escobar (Colombia)*; **Pág. 19** La Estación (cómic)/ *Víctor Emmanuel Vélez Becerra (Mexico)*; **Pág. 21** Fear, Lies & China Ink: More simple impossible / *Rubert, Evandro (Brazil)*; **Pág. 23** El expediente X área 51/ *Edison Montero (Dominican Republic)*; **Pág. 26** Crash/ *Edvige Faini (Italy)*; **Pág. 29** Alienígenas/ *Graciela Marta Alfonso (Argentina)*; **Pág. 36** UFO/ *Andrew E –seud.- (Russia)*; **Pág. 47** The Arrival/ *Andrés Felipe Jaramillo Escobar (Colombia)*; **Pág. 53** Armaghedon/ *Paolo Nagase Rotelli (Italy- Japaness)*; **Pág. 87** Planeta invierno/ *Miguel Gámez Cuevas (Spain)*.

