

MINATURA

*The Magazine
of the Brief
& Fantastic*



ISSN: 2340-977



Between me and the moonlight
flitted a great bat, coming and
going in great, whirling circles.

Bram Stoker, Chapter 8, *Dracula*



Grandpa: One thing about living in
Santa Carla I never could stomach,
all the damn vampires.

Joel Schumacher (*The Lost Boys*,
1987)



She held her mouth up redly wan,
And burning cold,—I bent and kissed
Such rosy snow as some wild dawn
Makes of a mist.

Madison Julius Cawein (*The Vampire*, 1896)



Armand: I know nothing of God, or the Devil. I have
never seen a vision nor learned a secret that will damn
or save my soul. And as far as I know, after 400 years,
I am the oldest living vampire in the world.

Neil Jordan (*Interview with the vampire: The Vampire
Chronicles*, 1994)



"You are afraid to die?"

Yes, everyone is.'



But to die as lovers may - to die
together, so that they may live
together. Girls are caterpillars
when they live in the world, to be
finally butterflies when the summer
comes; but in the meantime there
are grubs and larvae, don't you see
- each with their peculiar
propensities, necessities and
structures."

Joseph Sheridan Le Fanu
(*Carmilla*)



Count Dracula: This is very old wine. I hope you will
like it.

Renfield: Aren't you drinking?

Count Dracula: I never drink wine.

Tod Browning, Karl Freund -uncredited- (*Dracula*,
1931)



The perfect poise of seasons keep With the tides that
rest at neap. So must be fulfilled the rite That giveth me
the dead year's might; And at dawn I shall arise A spirit,
though with human eyes, A human form and human
face; And where'er I go or stay, There the summer's
perished grace Shall be with me, night and day.

George Parsons Lathrop (*Incantation from the book
Dreams and Days: Poems*, 1892)

march- April, 2014 #133

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

Asociación Cultural miNatura Soterranà

ISSN: 2340-977

Directores: Ricardo Acevedo Esplugas y Carmen Rosa Signes Urrea

Editor: Ricardo Acevedo Esplugas

Main cover: Vampiro/ Rafa Castelló Escrig (Spain)

Back cover: Thirsty again/ Rafater –seud.- (Spain)

Cover design: Carmen Rosa Signes Urrea

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

¿How collaborate miNatura Digital Magazine?

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

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

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

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

We respect the copyright to continuous power of their creators.

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Vampire

The commonest methods of the extirpation of vampires are - (a) beheading the suspected corpse;

(b) taking out the heart; (c) impaling the corpse with a white thorn stake (in Russia an aspen), and (d) burning it. Sometimes more than one or all of these precautions is taken. Instances are on record where the graves of as many as thirty or forty persons have been disturbed during the course of an epidemic of vampirism and their occupants impaled or beheaded.

Antoine Agustín Calmet, *Sur les apparitions des anges, des demons et des esprits, et sup lesrevenans et vampires de Hongyie, de Bohdme, de Moravie et deSildsie* (Paris 1746, and 1751).

In the shadow of Haggerlythe¹ overlooking the River Esk and Bram Stoker Vámbéry Arminius met this ultio was presented as vampire hunter and it was all a lecture on the subject and kept cite *DeMasticatione Tumulis Mortuorum*²

¹ Also known as The Witches Mountain.

² Of the Dead who Masticate in their Graves by the lutheran pastor Michael Rauff.

The magazine of the Brief & Fantastic

in real catauro of night creatures³, and the two conceived the creation of a book to expose the beast the undead (The Un - dead).⁴

Arminius was a member of the Phoenix Society (of which I am part Montague Summers) who did so much to bring Dracula to the theater for dissemination to the public.

No more massive than the vampires, Kings, Popes, and forensic psychiatrists have written on the subject record. At first they were known as destroyers and ironically Alal or were part of the army of God the reasons for his fall from grace is deconcentration but we assume that in the case of his devotion to the blood.

In his Capitularies Charlemagne tells us that the Saxons condemned magicians (Lamia)⁵ to be burned or eaten alive .

Those who do not cast a shadow behind all the blood cults (Egyptians or mezoamericanos) and its power to invoke the darkest forces of nature . For now earn

and the book could discover rests on a shelf under the classification of fiction.

We return for a second time so successful subject and has been a resounding success for collaboration, perhaps expose my writers, and illustrators -a malignant Jauri to but they are perfectly qualified for this event and have a great advantage : Imagination .

As always we thank you for being there : to work or just reading these lines .

Los Directores

Next Issue:



³ Including Peter Plogojowitz in Kisolova (Hungary) A cause of a slaughter that included those who tried to kill a vampire.

⁴ The reasons for late work name was changed to Dracula is ignored.

⁵ It is the translation from Greek to Hebrew Lilith, the first vampire according to the Rabbis.



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:

revistatiempososcuros@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).



**Striking fear into
our hearts: An interview
to Juan de Dios Garduño**

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Por Cristina Jurado

Illustrator: Inspiration/ Naoto Hattor (Japan)

Juan de Dios Garduño is a writer born in Seville thirty something years ago who has built his personal playground from horror literature. He is member of **Nocte** (Spanish Association of Horror Authors), and has published several novels: **El arte sombrío** (which inaugurated the Stoker Collection in Dolmen), **Y pese a todo** (Dolmen), **Apuntes Macabros** (23 Escalones), **El camino de baldosas amarillas** (Tyrannosaurus Books) and **El Caído** (entrelíneas Ed.)

Books have always surrounded him. Since few years he has embarked in the publishing world thanks to the imprint **Palabras de Agua**. Prior to that, he studied to become a Librarian and worked in publishing houses like Planeta. Author of many forewords for numerous literary projects, his short stories populate the pages of some of the most prominent anthologies. He has also acted as jury for numerous literary contests, so one could question if **Garduño** sleeps or, rather like a creature of his own invention, always holds a vigil. We have been very fortunate to contact him when he was just back from a trip to Prague, where an international team is filming a movie based in his novel **Y pese a todo**.

"Fear attracts us, only if we control the situation"

***Cristina Jurado:** The first question is a very direct one. Why are you in love of fear? What is it in something threatening or frightening -something we rather run away from- that attracts and repels us at the same time?*

Juan de Dios Garduño: I believe fear attracts us, only if we control the situation. Nobody would like an assassin to enter his home to try to kill him, even if it fails. Nevertheless we love to "live" those situations through literature, cinema or videogames. I like to feel frighten,

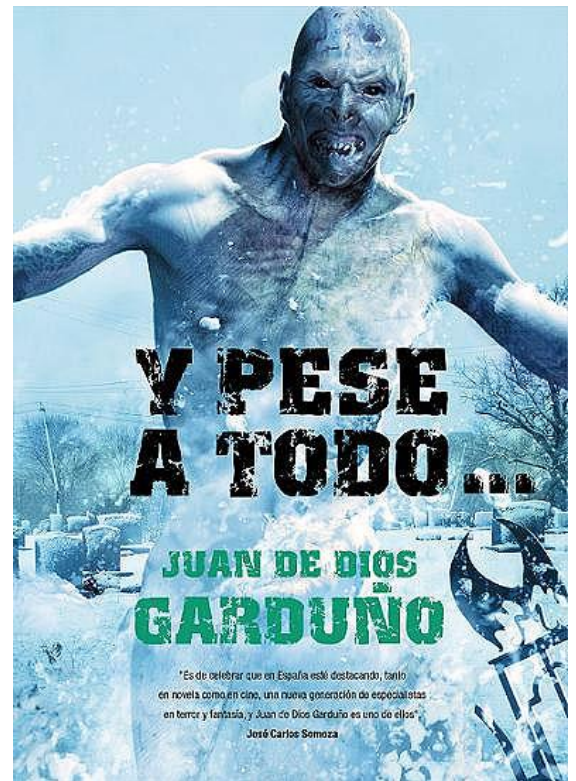
only if fear is “controlled” somehow, if we can close the book and get out from a story that is getting into us, if we can exit the cinema and have a drink or, simply, if we can push a button from our game system and go out to buy bread.

CJ: I’m obsessed in knowing the creative process of all authors I interview for miNatura. How do you shape your stories? Do you have a method?

JDG: I’m the most chaotic writer you can imagine. Sometimes I have an outline. Some others, I don’t. Sometimes I produce a character “bible”. I can write every day for three straight weeks, and then stop for a month. I need total silence or listen to movie soundtracks. I’m a complete chaos!

CJ: Horror literature drinks from the fountain of human frustrations, from the deepest and most shameful desires, from feelings like guilt, and from emotions as the fear of pain and the unknown. What do you think it’s needed to create credible characters in a good horror story?

JDG: The most important thing is for characters to have a personality with well-defined features. You have to be faithful to the character, writing what he or she would likely do and not what you would do. Characters never must be mere puppets, they need to be alive. Many people laugh at this rather obvious statement, but it’s the truth. Characters must surprise even the author who has created them. They must make decisions that the omnipotent and almighty narrator might not see coming.



"Readers are realizing we have as many good quality writers as other markets"

*CJ: In **El Camino de Baldosas Amarillas**, released by Tyrannosaurus Books, musician and writer **Félix Royo** created a soundtrack for the book, so the story can be read with a tailored musical setting. How was this multifaceted project born? Do you believe new formulae are needed to bolster horror in our country?*

JDG: I worked with Félix before in a book-trailer and I thought (and still think) he is a very talented musician. When the novel was finished, I contacted him to see if he was interested in doing an original soundtrack about it.

I believe we need to look for new formulae to boost horror. We are working on it. Anyhow, horror authors are more respected now than when I started.

CJ: In relation to the previous question, I would like to know what do you think about new editorial initiatives (crow funding, co-publishing and self-publishing). Do you think they are beneficial or detrimental for this type of literature?

JDG: I believe everything is respectable. Everyone should be able to publish as he or she wants or can. I took my way and I'm still here. What I don't like is to see people preaching from pulpits, thinking they hold the absolute truth. If you like a particular method to publish, it does not mean it would work for others.

CJ: What do you think about fantasy literature in Spain? Specifically, what's up with horror?

JDG: It's really sad that we are in the midst of a profound crisis, because never before Spanish authors had so many opportunities as now to succeed. Today there are big publishing houses backing up local writers. Not only two or three are getting published and not always the same. Readers are realizing we have as many good quality writers as other markets. We only need to have an opportunity to showcase ourselves. And we are doing it.

CJ: Surely you have been asked many times about which fantasy authors have influenced your work. I personally believe that authors from outside the genre, influencing a given writer, reveal even more. In your case, who are they?

JDG: I hope **Charles Dickens**, **Torcuato Luca de Tena** or **Mark Twain**.

***CJ:** One of your novels, **Y pese a todo**, has been adapted to the big screen and is being filmed as we speak under the title **Welcome to Harmony** with a famous cast. **Mathew Fox (Perdidos)** and **Jeffrey Donovan (J. Edgar, Law & Order)** play the main characters, **Miguel Ángel Vivas (Kidnapped)** directs it, and **Vaca Films** and **Ombra Films** are producing it. What has been the journey of the story from the time you wrote it until the filming was confirmed? Are you involved in the movie?*

JDG: I'm not involved in the movie. I did not write the screenplay. Everything started when **Miguel Ángel Vivas** was looking for his new project and came across my book. He liked it a lot and then spoke to the producers to buy the rights. The production company blindly trusted his judgment, so they called my editors to get the rights. That was at the end of 2010 and, after many ups and downs, they are filming now.

This is the moment I would like to ask you for some quick answers to these questions:

***CJ:** ¿Star Wars or Star Trek?*

JDG: Star Wars.

***CJ:** Fast food or homemade food?*

JDG: I gravitate a lot towards fast food but, luckily, Ana is guiding me well.

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

JDG: I'll be a freak: Frodo.

***CJ:** Can you tell us the worst book you ever read?*

JDG: I'm sorry to say that I was very disappointed with "**Al acecho**" by **Jack Ketchum**, even though I wouldn't say it's the worse I have read.

***CJ:** And the best book you ever read?*

JDG: "I am Legend" by **Richard Matheson**.

***CJ:** Which type of music you like to listen?*

JDG: Mainly, sound tracks.

***CJ:** 3D cinema, yes or not?*

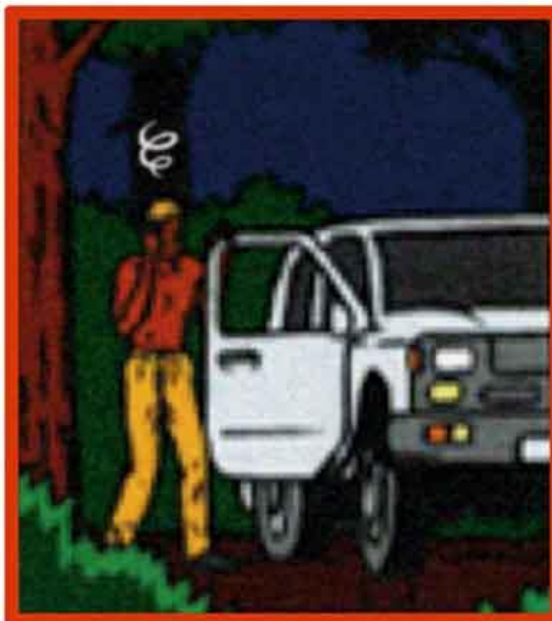
JDG: It depends on the movie, but I usually don't see movies in 3D.

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

JDG: To fly.

We would like to thank **Juande** for agreeing to this interview, even though we know about his hyper-busy schedule. We are sure his future will be brighter than the desolated landscapes he recreates in his stories, and hope he will continue frightening us until we drop dead.







VAMP

A large, stylized, red and yellow comic-style sound effect word "VAMP" with a jagged, starburst background.



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The vampire; a tale⁶

(Fragment)

IT happened that in the midst of the dissipations

attendant upon a London winter, there appeared at the various parties of the leaders of the ton a nobleman, more remarkable for his singularities, than his rank. He gazed upon the mirth around him, as if he could not participate therein.

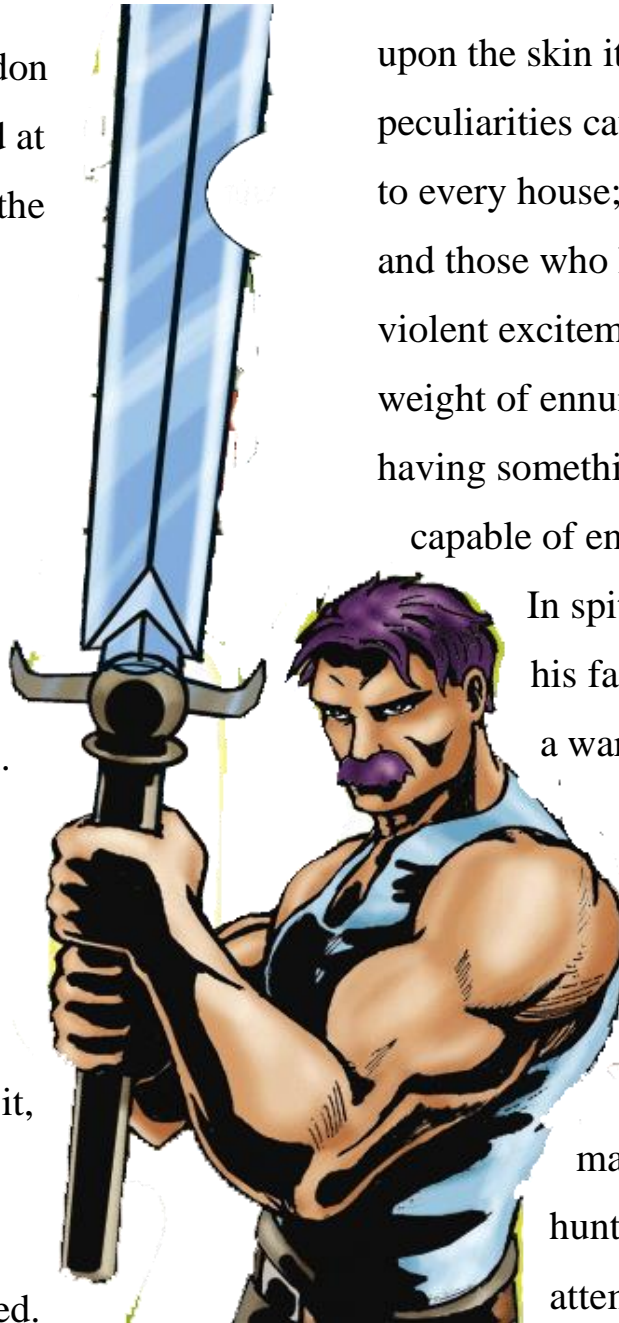
Apparently, the light laughter of the fair only attracted his attention, that he might by a look quell it, and throw fear into those breasts where thoughtlessness reigned.

Those who felt this sensation of awe, could not explain whence it arose: some attributed it to the dead grey eye,

which, fixing upon the object's face, did not seem to penetrate, and at one glance to pierce through to the inward workings of the heart; but fell upon the cheek with a leaden ray that weighed upon the skin it could not pass. His peculiarities caused him to be invited to every house; all wished to see him, and those who had been accustomed to violent excitement, and now felt the weight of ennui, were pleased at having something in their presence capable of engaging their attention.

In spite of the deadly hue of his face, which never gained a warmer tint, either from the blush of modesty, or from the strong emotion of passion, though its form and outline were beautiful, many of the female hunters after notoriety attempted to win his

attentions, and gain, at least, some marks of what they might term affection: Lady Mercer, who had been the mockery of every monster shewn



⁶ The New Monthly Magazine, 1819

in drawing-rooms since her marriage, threw herself in his way, and did all but put on the dress of a mountebank, to attract his notice:—though in vain:—when she stood before him, though his eyes were apparently fixed upon her's, still it seemed as if they were unperceived;—even her unappalled impudence was baffled, and she left the field. But though the common adultress could not influence even the guidance of his eyes, it was not that the female sex was indifferent to him: yet such was the apparent caution with which he spoke to the virtuous wife and innocent daughter, that few knew he ever addressed himself to females. He had, however, the reputation of a winning tongue; and whether it was that it even overcame the dread of his singular character, or that they were moved by his apparent hatred of vice, he was as often among those females who form the boast of their sex from their domestic virtues, as among those who sully it by their vices.

John William Polidori (UK)

Everyone

Count Dracula awakens. Sees Van Helsing with the stake.

- I'm not a vampire!

-Oh, Tyrant, tomorrow we will all say you were.

José Luis Zárate (Mexico)

Beholden to Baroque

The vampire leaves the room of Johann Sebastian Bach satisfied leaving behind a thin trail of ink and a quill pen. The same one he wrote Toccata and Fugue in D Minor.

Ricardo Acevedo E. (Cuba)

Stale aftertaste

The Great Fear: August 4, 1789

Dedicated to all victims of the unbridled greed

Times have greatly changed: now even people of his rank may fall from grace. He looks at the peeling walls of the small apartment. From the former glory he only retains the titles, his foreign accent and his servant, faithful even though he has never taken a salary. He would cry. Not

because of grief, but anger, this insolent world does not nourish respect for anything. Far from reverential fear of former times, they just reserve for him indifference and oblivion. He would cry, but "men never cry," use to say his father. And as he suspects, neither do the monsters. So he drinks to forget, rather than because of true gluttony. Life bores him: time is a prison for those who have nothing with which to fill it.

"Renfield"... he calls as he tends the luxurious goblet, a family keepsake.

The dense liquid leaves the body of the girl. He will take her back to the streets where he found her later, when she no longer has anything to offer. Homeless, drug addicts, prostitutes ... perfectly dispensable people. He realizes it is unwise to act in this way, but these times are not the times for squeamishness.

He thinks of his beloved Tokay and all reputed wines he enjoyed during that other warm life he barely remembers. Of all the things he will never taste again, wine is what he misses more. He would sell his soul in exchange for leaving the disgusting diet to which he is subjected. But he no longer has a

soul to sell. More than five hundred years eating this rubbish, he tells himself unable to repress a grimace. While he observes mesmerized how, in the screen of a television almost as obsolete as he, a colorless woman uncorks a bottle. Everyone toast with unconscious enthusiasm to the new year.

"Enough?" asks his servant confused by the ambiguous expression.

"Yes, enough" he confirms absent. He knows what lies before him: only the red thirst, eternal. A tiny tear, a nearly imperceptible black drop, slides down his dry cheek.

Salomé Guadalupe Ingelmo (Spain)

Mina Harker's Journal⁷

(fragment)



⁷ Dracula, Constable & Robinson Ltd., 1897

The nosferatu do not die like the bee when he sting once. He is only stronger, and being stronger, have yet more power to work evil. This vampire which is amongst us is of himself so strong in person as twenty men, he is of cunning more than mortal, for his cunning be the growth of ages, he have still the aids of necromancy, which is, as his etymology imply, the divination by the dead, and all the dead that he can come nigh to care for him at command, he is brute, and more than brute, he is devil in callous, and the heart of him is not, he can, within his range, direct the elements, the storm, the fog, the thunder, he can command all the meaner things, the rat, and the owl, and the bat, the moth, and the fox, and the wolf, he can grow and become small, and he can at times vanish and come unknown. How then are we to begin our strike to destroy him? How shall we find his where, and having found it, how can we destroy? My friends, this is much, it is a terrible task that we undertake, and there may be consequence to make the brave shudder. For if we fail in this our fight he must surely win, and then where end we? Life is nothings, I heed him not. But to fail here, is not mere life or death.

It is that we become as him, that we henceforward become foul things of the night like him, without heart or conscience, preying on the bodies and the souls of those we love best. To us forever are the gates of heaven shut, for who shall open them to us again?

Bram Stoker (Ireland)

Secret Weapons of The Third Reich

His monstrous bloodlust of living things provides the energy needed to survive during waking hours.

Sheridan Le Fanu - Carmille

Records were deliberately erased. All evidence, discredited. And the existence of the Alpenfestung, the Third Reich's national redoubt in the Bavarian Alps — where gold and secret weapons were stored — denied and its defense entrusted to elite troops. The general consensus had it that this was World War II's best hoax; another trick of Joseph Goebbels. All through the years, they acquiesced the conspiracy theorists would hatch their fables. The truth, however, was quite different. In April 1945, the fortress was found by a Russian patrol. Streaks of

blood stained the rugged topography. They encountered unthinkable horrors and nights filled with cries, shots, tears, and macabre laughter. Their pleas for aid, tanks, artillery and troops exhausted the radio waves for the ferocity of the Waffen Grenadier Division der SS Rumanische led by the SS-Standartenführer from Transylvania was overwhelming. And by all accounts immune to bullets, swords, and bayonets unless the wound was made right into their heart or were decapitated. Thus, we, the attackers desisted and retreated amidst our many dead, victims of fatal bites. Meanwhile, in the nearby village, we tortured anyone not willing to provide us with information. Finally, a shepherd confessed we were facing a band of fanatical volunteers turned recently into vampires as a result of experiments led by Dr. Mengele himself who administered them their commander's bite and made them insatiable monsters. Shipments of Jews, gypsies and prisoners of war served as sustenance. When a comrade from Wallachia gave us a remedy, the chaplain proceeded to turn the contents of all deposits and canteens into holy water. Next, he sanctified steel and ammunition

and, in a hurry, forged crucifixes and other pious symbols. The assault was brutal. The orders were to take as many prisoners as possible. Ever since, I have been in command of a phantom division of the Red Army which has been ignored by all the organization charts. And because our own scientists conducted an abundance of experiments, we have been waiting now for over forty years, ready to extinguish this decadent capitalism, anxious to fill ourselves with their bourgeois blood.

Pablo Martinez Burkett (Argentina)

Mirror

—Mirror, mirror on the wall, who's the fairest of them all?

No answer.

—No way – the Queen thought – Since Count has bitten me, no way...

Carine Mertens (Belgic)

The tapas plate

Inebriated as I was with the pursuit, I sucked so much blood at once, that, unable to swallow, it choked me. I was deliciously smeared. A happy fool! I stopped, took a deep breath; I began to

drink the warm blood to appreciate the subtlety of the vital liquid. I have in my favor a more than keen sense of taste and as such, the ability to distinguish the, say, exotic little nuances in every drop of blood: a taste papaya, cherimoya. A delight! Within the “Quinta Vergara” I carried out a secular ritual. Opened without much difficulty, just used the nails as if they were a simple scalpel through the sternum of the hunting. It raptured me with the smell of the viscera; I picked about a piece of the heart, lungs, liver... At all times during this tour for the pleasures of the flesh I have inside me this constant erotic and magic pleasure, the flavour route is the best part of the trip and each bite is an orgasm. I finished the trip after breaking his skull to delight me with the last snack of the tapas plate: a bit of brain.

Among my kind I am a gourmet constantly passionate by culinary refinement. Most of them stay in the same place for centuries. Those who dare to travel kill for necessity, but are never able to enjoy, as I am, the subtleties that flesh and blood transmit to the palate.

Paulo Brito (Portugal)

Talking with the pillow

Her honeymoon was a painful shudder at the moment her new husband stopped caressing her neck tenderly as he did before their wedding. Her ardent dreams during the long time she leaved without partner (her first husband had died from a sudden stroke) not even attained in the real life the faint glow of the candles lighted in case of power failures. She had agreed to move from her small apartment in the city to the miserable island, where he owned a dilapidated house (a legacy from his first wife, deceased in strange circumstances). Was it not a risk, at the threshold of the fifties to marry again? Despite her disenchantment, she decided to assume that all was fine. He was much younger than her, but in our time differences of age are not a significant obstacle (she guessed). A feeling of solitude started worrying her now that she lived separated from her friends and the worldly noise. Could it be considered a compensation to talk only with the woman who came every other week to help her clean the house? Sometimes (her

husband never knew it), she took a pill to doze herself during the day, sitting there in the porch always invaded by ferns and mosses, there, in front of the waiting river. Each day he went out to work at seven o'clock in the morning and travelled in the collective boat to the river station at Tigre City, and returned just at the hour the mosquitoes lose any discretion. The night her husband fell asleep in the porch because she served wine, she couldn't control her nerves. Lying in bed alone in the dark, she felt that the pillow had the hardness of a stone



and then she remembered that story of the filthy bug hidden in the pillow which sucked the blood of the heroine. She turned the light, look for the scissors, opened the seams and removed the feathers with the blade. Did not find anything unusual, all was a figment of her imagination, and the pillow's silence corroborated the fact. For an instant, she suffered a pang of conscience but could not do anything but go away. So she took what she had to, and at seven o'clock in the morning got on board of the collective boat, without saying good-bye to the man who slept yet in the porch surrounded by ferns and moss. The cleaning lady came next week and entering the porch screamed fruitlessly "Madam!" in front of the husband covered by mold.

Adam Gai (Israel)

Carmilla⁸

(Fragment)

I have many journals, and other papers, written by that remarkable man; the most curious among them is one treating of the visit of which you speak, to Karnstein. The tradition, of course, discolours and

⁸ Magazine The Dark Blue, 1871. Chapter XVI of novella.

distorts a little. He might have been termed a Moravian nobleman, for he had changed his abode to that territory, and was, beside, a noble. But he was, in truth, a native of Upper Styria. It is enough to say that in very early youth he had been a passionate and favoured lover of the beautiful Mircalla, Countess Karnsteia. Her early death plunged him into inconsolable grief. It is the nature of vampires to increase and multiply, but according to an ascertained and ghostly law.

'Assume, at starting, a territory perfectly free from that pest. How does it begin, and how does it multiply itself? I will tell you. A person, more or less wicked, puts an end to himself. A suicide, under certain circumstances, becomes a vampire. That spectre visits living people in their slumbers; they die, and almost invariably, in the grave, develop into vampires. This happened in the case of the beautiful Mircalla, who was haunted by one of those demons. My ancestor, Vordenburg, whose title I still bear, soon discovered this, and in the course of the studies to which he devoted himself, learned a great deal more.

'Among other things, he concluded that suspicion of vampirism would probably fall, sooner or later, upon the dead Countess, who in life had been his idol. He conceived a horror, be she what she might, of her remains being profaned by the outrage of a posthumous execution. He has left a curious paper to prove that the vampire, on its expulsion from its amphibious existence, is projected into a far more horrible life; and he resolved to save his once beloved Mircalla from this.

'He adopted the stratagem of a journey here, a pretended removal of her remains, and a real obliteration of her monument—When age had stolen upon him, and from the vale of years he looked back on the scenes he was leaving, he considered, in a different spirit, what he had done, and a horror took possession of him. He made the tracings and notes which have guided me to the very spot, and drew up a confession of the deception that he had practised. If he had intended any further action in this matter, death prevented him; and the hand of a remote descendant has, too late for many, directed the pursuit to the lair of the beast.

Sheridan le Fanu (Ireland)

Daniela

Nobody is ready to collect the corps of a loved one any longer has lived it and less for the supposed law of life. Alzheimer's made him a stranger. The simplest was to hire someone to take care of him 24 hours a day. I was leaving, that did not remember anything or anyone, I used it as a shield that exonerated me your care. Before closing the bag hugged him. I will never forget her skin so white, almost transparent, and so cold. After a few questions have been surprised to learn that it was not me who looked after him. Daniela I searched everywhere but have not found.

—Check that nothing is missing. —He said police stressing regarding your finances, but nothing was missing. For a moment, I came to Daniela bad think. It hurt to know no more of it.

The postman handed me a summons me to court before the judge at the request of the forensic department.

—His father doesn't die for natural causes. He bled to death. In the neck had two mysterious puncture. He's back to see

the girl who took care of her elderly father? Suspicions point to it.

Back to the floor of my father I went to bed and Daniela. After the nightstand, on of one of its legs, notebook. One found a small gasp of wind, like a shot, distracted me, the body I froze, the paper had disappeared, and although not the first of its pages he was strongly attached to my hand. It began:

** Sighisoara, la 24 septembrie 1754 .
Astăzi m-am întors la viață!!⁹*

Carmen Rosa Signes Urrea (Spain)

Nocturnal Visit

Her skin was soft to the touch, her body a living sculpture. He wanted to stretch out his hand to touch her bare breast but wasn't able to; his tongue seemed stuck to the roof of his mouth, not allowing him to make a sound. Her eyes, of indefinite color, watched him and called him captivating him beyond his limit. She came out of nowhere, he didn't know from where, and sneaked into his bed before his astonished eyes, interrupting his reading of that boring newspaper. She

⁹ Sighisoara * september 24 of 1754 ; Today I return to live!!

controlled his will and that of his body. He closed his eyes, the blood boiling in his veins, and his body seemed a waterfall through which every fluid in his body escaped.

The climax was overwhelmed; it left him exhausted floating on the mattress covered by the inexplicably sticky purple sheets. Before losing consciousness, he saw her hiding in a mist, levitating in front of his eyes with a lewd smile that increased the knowledge of her naked body, her curviness ignited the desire that ultimately doomed him.

“Come... Come here, Lilith” he whispered, stretching his hands out to her gorgeousness ready to give up his life.

She proudly floated to the edge of the bed and, just when she was close enough, he was able to see his own death reflected in her eyes; so the precious blood that dripped from the corner of her mouth, open with a sinister smirk, kept running down to her jaw to finally soak his sinner body.

The next day he was found at rest on his bed, his gaze lost in some point on the ceiling. His skin was already blue and his

face had an eerie expression. He died quenching his low instincts and Lilith went away with the promise of another little succubus in her belly.

Patricia K. Olivera (Uruguay)

The near extinction of the jutias

—Its becoming difficult to feed oneself properly —said signore Veroni—. Curfews, Voluntarios patrolling, every person on edge, wary of strangers... damned war.

—Still sickens you to feed off livestock or poultry? —asked Olivier. The moon, single light in the room, carried the fiery red of the stained-glass window onto his face—. It'll be better with age... in about half a century this won't be a problem for you.

—In the meantime, shall I thrive with pastry, sweets and a serious morsel once in a blue moon? I'll lose my *vitesse de nuit* on that diet. No, I rather leave the country.

George Olivier shifted position in his mahogany and wicker armchair — Joaquín, bring refreshments for two, if

you'd please —uttered, and changed subject.

Three minutes later a young black man came from the inner patio. In one hand he carried a tray with cups and cutlery, in the other a wire cage, and placed both in a coffee table between the gentlemen, without saying a word.

Veroni stopped talking in mid-sentence, his gaze fixed on the two jutias wiggling inside the cage. Olivier opened the trap, grabbed one of the animals, held it head down over a cup, and bled it dry with a knife he took from the tray, not wasting a drop.

—Here, taste —passed the cup.

The Italian did so, slowly and carefully.
—Exquisite —he proclaimed.

Juan Pablo Noroña (Cuba)

Photovampiric demons

The endless corridors of the vertical maze of the Towel of Babel looked rusted, due to the fermentation of the blood of those ancient promethean beings who tried to drill the sky with its top — the same ones who were sacrificed in a

great ritual with which soothed their thirst of blood the loyal angels of Jehovah. An eternal dusk stuck to everything in the mythic monument whose shadows had been sheltering a mortal game for aeons: a hunt in which Darkness tracked the scattered manifestations of light gave off by its essence in former times; hiding themselves in the veins of the pristine angels who gave chase to those who stood by Lucifer in his rebellion: the first one to realize the falsehood of the luminous side of existence.

Kharmiel knew all this very well. He was one of the old angels that after the great feast on the Towel of Babel's shrine stayed in the earth. Now, he's chase just like his comrades by the demons in which became the Fallen Angels. They served Mother Darkness. They were thirsted for the light traveling through the angels' veins to strengthen the gaseous darkness crawling like a heavy fog through theirs. Kharmiel closed his eyes and stepped into the uppermost level of the towel. He wasn't in the mood to run further. He was tired of dwelling in that dirty place —far away from the beautiful girls from Ur and other cities.

A demon was awaiting him on the top. The bristly wings unfolded themselves. Both entities launched the attack without even look each other eyes. The speed of the angel was that of light. The demon's one: the universal omnipresent of darkness. The outcome was clear. Kharmiel felt his light being fragmented in photonic particles that got darker within the demon's veins, while the latter sunk his fangs in his solar plexus. Only in that moment he understood the demons' motto: "From darkness you came and to darkness you'll return."

Odilius Vlak (Dominican Republic)

Blood bank robbery

He stacked the last bag. Spread another layer of ice on top, taking care not to crush the units. He put the lid on the laptop cooler. Then, as in each raid, he put the office in order, carefully closed the doors, left everything just as it was before. With 40 litres less of blood.

Obviously, sooner or later the missing would be noticed. But in the absence of forced doors or locks, the insure of the night watchers that no one had enter, all will end up believing it had been a registry error.

He was about to leave when he heard the noise in the hallway. He stood up, refrigerator in hand, and stuck to the door just to peek. The light of a lantern fluctuating near the waiting room, like a nervous butterfly.

Fuck said inaudibly. The security had awakened too quickly. Or he had been too weak to hypnotize. Too much long since his last meal. Now he had to find a way out without being seen.

He followed the hallway, away from the entrance. Most hospitals have dual circulation, the laboratory should not be different. It was, he discovered as he turned and hallway ended at the X-ray door. Behind, unsafe steps were approaching. He got into the X-ray room and waited.

That waiting was the worst. The man moved slowly, and the weight of the refrigerator, the mental weight of the contents, it became unbearable. The security came into the hallway and he could smell the drops of sweat streaming down his scalp, falling down the skin of his neck, the blood beating underneath. His mouth began to fill with saliva, the fangs trying to break out.

The security stepped into the room and when he pointed the light in his eyes, he attacked and cracked his neck with his hands, avoiding to mark him with his teeth. A small sacrifice to continue living without having to take lives.

Hernán Domínguez Nimo (Argentina)

I am legend¹⁰

(fragment)

My God—Oliver Hardy! Those old two-reelers he'd looked at with his projector. Cortman was almost a dead ringer for the roly-poly comedian. A little less plump, that was all. Even the mustache was there now.

Oliver Hardy flopping on his back under the driving impact of bullets. Oliver Hardy always coming back for more, no matter what happened. Ripped by bullets, punctured by knives, flattened by cars, smashed under collapsing chimneys and boats, submerged in water, flung through pipes. And always returning, patient and bruised.

That was who Ben Cortman was—a hideously malignant Oliver Hardy buffeted and long suffering.

My God, it was hilarious!

He couldn't stop laughing because it was more than laughter; it was release. Tears flooded down his cheeks. The glass in his hand shook so badly, the liquor spilled all over him and made him laugh harder. Then the glass fell thumping on the rug as his body jerked with spasms of uncontrollable amusement and the room was filled with his gasping, nerve-shattered laughter.

Later, he cried.

Richard Matheson (USA)

Camazotz

Archaeologist expedition with his group cut the weeds and looked astonished a Mayan city. Was its discoverer, that there would mysteries. The other men fell scared saying it was the lair of the fearsome vampire god Camazotz, they crossed themselves exclaiming that the city was cursed and was abandoned because there was blood sucks, but the blond archaeologist attacked as ignorant and gullible. Scientists also marveled colleagues. Roamed the bleak, dark ruined Mayan city had forgotten where human bones scattered Good Brad Pitt

¹⁰ Gold Medal Ed., 1954

Smith examined the hieroglyphics there was a huge bat black with a bloody mouth and he could translate. Here Camazotz lives, asking God vampire blood sacrifice and drawings were priests holding the sacrificial stone the victim while sucking them Camazotz biting your blood. The step pyramids were dark, an air of death and desolation breathed. Returning to the shore realized that aides fled leaving belongings. They decided to camp the four explorers, rode tents. Night fell and a temple a huge anthropomorphic black bat flew out and went to the archaeologists, attacked by one the others came out of the tents and terrified they saw the God vampire without stopping bitten others, to approach the blonde Brad, archaeologist took a crucifix hanging from his neck and fled anthropomorphic bat. Dawn and browser only survivor, knees muttering a word: Camazotz.

Tomás Pacheco Estrada (Mexico)

Pyros Bank

The agreement is very simple, and you will understand immediately: we will provide you financial assistance for housing, furniture households, a car, holiday travels, for children careers, and

some other wishes. You, in return, you will pay us monthly a fee which we will set it previously.

Yes, your question is true. That fee can pay for you or any member for your family or friends on your behalf. In addition, you know that part of payment goes for cover interests and one other one for cover capital which we loaned you.

Fifty years are nothing, man. In fact the average life is now approaching ninety, so even you will remain a few years enjoying existence fully. Don't worry about that.

What will happen if I don't pay the loan for two months? Look here, down, on small letters. Review it? Ah, eyestrain! You must take care it and should go to an eye doctor for checking that. I will read it for you, he says:

"In the case that the loan's purchaser hasn't paid to Pyros Bank a monthly fee of five human liters blood -yours or someone who will give in his behalf- his body will evict it, and it will be body ownership, as the rest of mortgaged property. The Bank will can do with it whatever thing is most appropriate. "

But beware, gentleman. That won't happen to you because your will monthly pay the fee. Either is it not going to happen that so? Yes, you should sign here...

Francisco José Segovia Ramos (Spain)

Retirement

Today, after long years of service, I welcome you to retreat.

At this point, I must say, I experience feelings. On one hand, I need a rest, and secondly, not that I'm going to do with my life now that I am old and alone. I'm sure I will miss the lifestyle my lord, an aristocrat who is characterized by disordered and strange habits of life, forcing him to live at night and sleep during the day, with the consequent problem support him every time he goes on a bender. That is, hiding the calamity that leaves behind: removing the entire trail of dead bodies and pools of blood that account for its insatiable appetite, and that in recent years has been on a diet and is more scrupulous in choose your snacks by that of HIV, which also affects their race.

My lord cannot complain about my performance, I have been a faithful and wise servant and a good companion to almost friend, who has shared his eternal endless hours of entertainment, especially in periods when sat down and decided to settle down without their raids. Although I can not say the same for the girls who make up the domestic service, falling surrendered their mortal charms, especially the younger and innocent, whose bodies have swelled the cemetery of the village and whose deaths were attributed to one of the many psychopaths, serial murderers abound these days.

With my Lord I have learned so many things from the past, I have become a sort of scholar and I can show off to the most prestigious historians.

When parting, my lord, grateful for my services, has proposed me to become one of their own, and thus serve for ever and ever. But I rejected his proposal: I do not want to pass the immortality and also cleaning up your mess mine, and all for the same pay!

Jaime Magnan Alabarce (Chile)

Chiron, The Vampire

Desperate, I look behind in the car's back seat. The small girl I had run over minutes earlier is dead; her small legs, crushed. An hour later, I stop at an abandoned shack. Inside, I dig a grave in the floor to bury her. Then, exhausted by the work, I stand by the door and watch the dented car and the burst windshield. When I turn my inside I am taken aback in horror: the little girl is now outside the pit, standing, legs whole. "My name is Maia," she says with intermittent thick, bloody vomiting. "I could not get you to skid and hit against the trees. And they, giving me up for dead and for being female, ran away just as tradition demands. We provoke accidents on specific road curves. We're something like nomadic rural vampires. Our initiation rites force us to cross highways and produce accidents. Many of us die in the intent for not being able to avoid, in a timely manner, the vehicle we want to catch. And those who fail, and are wounded, end up abandoned by the rest. For the others, our spilt blood is poison to

the touch. We do not bite nor show fangs. And only human blood can satisfy our thirst providing relief for our dryness and the burning bitterness of pain. Nor we attack; we lick bodies and any bloody surface. Others opt for herd-robbing and expose themselves to being shot by the ranchers and much worse: mutations as a result of drinking the blood of cattle, horses and pigs. That is why something like a centaur canters through the fields riding with two corpses: its prey. Only the summer sun and mortal wounds to the heart can annihilate them. However, before the hounding, we take refuge inside the shadow that results from the projection of any object proportional to our size. These are portals that connect us with our world. It is an empty trance full of inertia and placidity. It is said our family turned this way after a witches' Sabbath. My grandfather, the cruel centaur, is now coming; I can hear the hoofs drumming. With his fangs he hunts, guts, destroys and drinks the blood of any creature. He did it with a circus elephant. Please, hurt me once more, right here in the center, in the heart, I don't wish to live any longer! And cover yourself with my blood! Immunize

yourself! That way he won't be able to hurt you! Take this shovel! Hit my chest! Deliver us from him!"

Sebastián Ariel Fontanarrosa (Argentina)

In all honesty

It is true that, as the song said, the first water drinker vampire was killed. It is also true that dozens of vampires, first, and hundreds and thousands, after, followed his example and adopted the drinking water. What does not say the song is that the practice did not last. And not because they were unable to tame their bloodthirsty nature, as some human political noted, always blaming others for their shortcomings, but because the growing scarcity of potable water, on one hand, and the further pollution of existing, second, forced the specie back to the old habit, brandishing the traditional slogan "Blood and Death".

Yunieski Betancourt Dipotet (Cuba)

A new perspective

If someone had given her a chance to choose, she would have undoubtedly wished that everything happened like in one of those morbid romantic novels that

young girls love. Yes, she would have loved that "her night" turned out as she had imagined it several years ago; dancing sheathed in a beautiful golden dress, gracefully turning under the moonlight, until falling exhausted in the arms of a pale young man. But, sadly, her everyday life was not the product of the fertile pen of a writer. She was not the most popular girl in school, and neither was the possessor of extraordinary magical abilities. Plain talking, she was nothing but a simple spirit, trying to find a way that would give a little more sense to her existence.

And one day, without even trying, fate reached her in a dark alley. No, she had no chance to scream for help or trying to escape. Ferocious fangs knew how to cleverly find the shortest route to her neck, draining the sweet vital essence off her body in seconds. It just happened that way; without a kiss, or sweet words to serve as a preamble. He did not even have the courtesy to ask for permission! As in so many other occasions, someone had used her as a simple object. This time, what they took away for her it was not just a kiss, or a few minutes of cuddling; her life prior to that moment was

violently stripped away from her. And, even so, still lying in a crimson-colored puddle, she smiled weakly. Those days of walking aimlessly were over. Darkness had finally accepted her as a daughter, filling up her soul with an eternal thirst for blood and revenge against the mortals that destroyed her life up to that day, and at the same time, giving her a reason to continue to exist forever and ever...

Patricia J. Dorantes Ham (Mexico)

The Vampire¹¹

You who, like the stab of a knife,
Entered my plaintive heart;
You who, strong as a herd
Of demons, came, ardent and adorned,
To make your bed and your domain
Of my humiliated mind
— Infamous bitch to whom I'm bound
Like the convict to his chain,
Like the stubborn gambler to the game,
Like the drunkard to his wine,
Like the maggots to the corpse,

¹¹ Translate by William Aggeler, *The Flowers of Evil* (Fresno, CA: Academy Library Guild, 1954). Original *Les Fleurs du mal*, 1857.

— Accurst, accurst be you!
I begged the swift poniard
To gain for me my liberty,
I asked perfidious poison
To give aid to my cowardice.
Alas! both poison and the knife
Contemptuously said to me:
"You do not deserve to be freed
From your accursed slavery,
Fool! — if from her domination
Our efforts could deliver you,
Your kisses would resuscitate
The cadaver of your vampire!"

Charles Baudelaire ()

Lust for blood

Vanity, pride, I don't know what happened but we just laid back. We became lazy. We let mortals think that they have tamed us. They became arrogant before us, their predator. Many of our brothers have ended up in cages where mortals use up their blood to look younger for longer. We have allowed them to be addicted to us, instead of fear us. Maybe we have been just naïve thinking that the government would stop

this denigrating situation but they are nothing but puppets in hands of the Cosmetic Industry.

But everything is over now. Tonight the pain will reign. Rivers of blood is going to rain.

And it won't be ours.

María L Castejón (Spain)

The Prince of Transylvania

A medieval legend tells us that a young Turkish man once found a lamp as he walked the country, and after rubbing it, a genius appeared and said him:

—Tell me what you wish for.

—I wish for a magic carpet to fly where I want, and that my blood were immortal.

The genie gave him the two things, and in one of his travels, the Turkish man went to the limit of Otoman Empire, in Transylvania. There he was attacked by a prince who regularly impaled the invaders and drank their blood. The Turkish man died, because, despite the fact that in his veins circulated the immortal blood, his body could not endure being crossed and wounded by a wood lance. The prince got

the immortality and continued with his habit of drinking blood, but instead the Turkish man, he was cautious to never be crossed by some wooden object.

Luciano Sebastián Doti (Argentina)

The Caron Family

For over 3000 years the Caron family jumped from one hunting area to the next, always in search of better food. Currently its members, only 25, due to premature deaths of other family members being caused by several events, lived in an old existing building on the “Rua da Palha” in Barcelos, Portugal .

This family values its secular traditions. The first in line was just that. And so were all that followed him. The same happened with his father, his father's father and everything was prepared for his son, Ieuan Caron, to be it as well. It was the tradition and the tradition was not a matter of debate in the family.

The son of Antono Caron at the age of 15 was already able to choose the best hunting location, the most appetizing part of the hunting. Also with closed eyes could easily win any tournament Blood Types tasting. Distinguish between type

B- and B+ is not for everyone. The blood types have very similar patterns. What characterizes it is the flavor of the antibodies against the antigen A, the B+ kind had a sweeter taste .

However, the twenty-first century was becoming a nightmare for the Caron family; unquestionable a gourmet vampires Family. Water is not drank directly from rivers or from the tap anymore. The slogans were "green", "organic products", "biodegradable". The human population was growing sicker. The blood was contaminated by chemicals known as medicines. Everything had its politically correct .

It was in this "green" wave that Ieuan Caron said to his father Antonio that he would only drink human blood certified with the "Organic Blood" seal. Antonio Caron staring at the fact that his child was a vegan vampire combusted spontaneously - they were now only 24 members.

Paulo Brito (Portugal)

A bloody breath

While he lay down helpless beholding the planet Azabaky's blackish landscape

—an exoplanet whose compound was made up of carbon in more than 90%—, Alpheo thought that adaptation likes to push the evolution through really monstrous ways. He was the last prey hunted for the surviving's sake of the human colony that had been mining diamonds from Azabaky's substratum for more than 500 years. The earthly authorities never bothered themselves terraforming it with an oxygenated atmosphere. The respiratory system of the settlers became useless with time and was completely absent in the last generations of native humans. But their lungs were still there just like their hearts and, above all —their blood.

From the overpopulated earth there were sent each year to Azabaky one million humans, picked up from the scums that constituted the dead burden of the population. They could have done it with animals, but the most part of them were extinguished while the former were a plague. Their function: to feed with their blood full of oxygen the azabakian's lungs in case they wouldn't be able to survive the hunt for a day returning to their spaceship. The azabakian's organism was endowed with a type of

recipient blood more universal than the AB+ and a biological mechanism that could extract oxygen from Hemoglobin and store it in artificial lungs capable to cool it, so the oxygenation of the body could be done in tiny doses.

An azabakian leaned down, took off the paralyzing dart from Alpheo's body and the oxygen equipment he carried on: "You have lost the game and your life human's scraps" —he said—. "It's what you deserve for threw away the opportunity to live on earth. Your spacecraft will depart in an hour... without you. In Azabaky, the phrase 'fresh blood' is more than a metaphor: it means the satisfaction to breathe it while we suck it... Now, let me pierce your veins with my tongue... Exhale me your life!."

Odilius Vlak (Dominican Republic)

A Fistful of Perpetuity

When I left the car, the vampire still threatened to bite the girl or throw her from the fourth floor of the Saint Barrens hospital. Yet another maniac in Hereafter Central. My companion, the automaton

twenty-seven, analyzed the situation with frigidity: those gears that formed part of the locomotion of his brain increased dramatically their infinite rotation: accelerated spins to process over more quickly any situation beyond human limits. Within a minute I proposed four different ways to save the hostages, neutralizing the captor. I opted for a scenario where I could rescue them both. I am a fool.

"Viktor, I know what you want" I said through the megaphone. "She has nothing to do with it, let her go."

"You're not going to get into my head, Crossfield; I'll let her fall, as my hopes and dreams to be normal when I got bitten". He showed me the nasty latent wound in his right hand. "The hospital will not give me more than a drop above the regular ration, but I need more, you know? No, no; you cannot understand. Drinking directly from the eternal source. The nights, those figures drag me to the freezing Tartar! I do not want to die and be chained. I'll kill her if I have to, it doesn't matter to me anymore.

With caution I slipped my hand into the pocket of the trench coat, finding my way

into the .357 Magnum inside it. I had less than five seconds to shoot the solar projectile.

I failed. The flash was enough to startle him, making her slip from his arms; precipitating she produced a dreadful sound, an infamous scream that only stopped at the encounter with the pavement. My fingers struggled grasping the match to light the cigar; the mechanical noise of my colleague played the sad melody of our career on the force. A man too old to grieve and an android unable to understand.

The girl stood up and looked at his father. There is no food for the immortals.

Peter Domínguez (Puerto Rico)

Oil and Blood

IN tombs of gold and lapis lazuli
Bodies of holy men and women exude
Miraculous oil, odour of violet.
But under heavy loads of trampled clay
Lie bodies of the vampires full of blood;
Their shrouds are bloody and their lips
are wet.

William Butler Yeats (Ireland)

The Tepes family's little girl's doll¹²

—Even at the age of six years old —
Dracula's Mom told —little Vlad used to
bite his sister's dolls necks.

Walker that goes through Transilvania,
beware of the old clothed dolls. Vampires
are not only former humans.

Daniel Frini (Argentina)

Change

Among crucifixes, ropes, stakes and
daily light, the new vampires have
evolved to suck without being discovered
at midnight hours, the only stamp they
leave is a spot on the skin. The aftermath
has turned insignificant because the men
have turned to be autoimmune. There is
no possibility anymore of transformation
if it is not specifically requested, and of
mutual agreement. In case that someone
wants to change his life it is asked to fill
out a form, leave on the bedside before
going to bed and waiting for the arrival.
The agreement can only be signed
seconds before the bite (with copy for

¹² Translate by Maximiliano Frini

each of them to avoid future possible issues). Lots of them have gone to the other side to avoid paying taxes, as they turn to be the lived-in-dead. At the present moment, the number of people affected for it has increased considerably. The government has intervened on the issue, because there is a lack of law, they do not want to loose track, and neither the lived-in-dead as their life expectancy is eternal. They see here a fortune, and they will not let it leave.

Francisco Manuel Marcos Roldan (Spain)

Necessary potion

Almost to the entrance of the forest four witches they prepared the boiler to cook the potion that would make them invulnerable to the attack of anyone of the paranormal creatures that there lived. All or almost all the ingredients were ready already.

The four witchdoctors looked at themselves being

interrogated among them in search of the solution: it lacked blood of a newly born vampire to begin to beat the boiler. Alone they could wait the night.

Of course they didn't imagine that the night it was also expected by some mothers of vampires that needed urgently to find any type of blood for their children, these they should drink until the satiety to get rid of a damned charm with which they had been born.

When it dawned and the other witches arrived in search of their potion they didn't find those in charge of preparing it. Alone they saw burnt wooden pieces.

Yes got them the attention what

seemed to be a party of vampires to few kilometers of there.

Omar Martínez (Cuba)

Timeless Tales: The Shipwreck

From the depths of the sea, Axel was lying mouth arrives,



lichens and algae were playing with his nacreous and beautiful figure.

A few fishermen who were sailing to the late afternoon discovered a young corpse that was refloating as a sleepy sculpture.

-He is a dead man! One of the crew members shouted, soon they lowered the nets and raised the tangled body; they contemplated it upset and took it to the basement of the ship momentarily, up to coming to destiny.

The night was approaching, the stars were tearing the sky with the constellations, the wind for the interstices of the cliffs was howling furiously.

Soon the inebriated fishermen went to rest.

In the basement a beam of moon filtered through the dusty transom illuminating the silhouette of the unfortunate shipwrecked person, the moon amplified its light guiding strangers night beings who were beating his wings in circle surrounding Axel's body, the mutation began; the arms in rigor mortis started rising as wings veined, the glassy and frightfully opened eyes blinked and charged a supernatural shenn, the vampires were transformed in humans

bodies and profaned Axel litany, who resigning his condition of immortally he had fallen in love with a deathly young woman, but he had been reached by the creatures of the darkness to return to the eternal wandering without love.

Graciela Marta Alfonso (Argentina)

The Ataman of Gypsies

Să mă ierți sfinția-ta

Eu n-am venit aici dă voia mea!¹³

ION BUDAI-DELEANU

Țiganiada sau Tabăra țiganilor

Cracking the whip, the Slovaks arrive in two stagecoaches. And from an upper window someone, desperately, starts yelling at them. He's the same guest, the Gaydé who has tried to communicate with us in the past. He's lost his marbles. On one occasion, he dropped some letters and a gold coin wrapped in a handkerchief. I picked up the wrapper, gave the papers to the Master, but kept the coin. But now

¹³ "Forgive me, Your Grace / I did not come here of my own will". Ion Budai-Deleanu - Gypsy stuff or The Gypsy Camp.

he's yelling again, so I go out to see what's going on while everybody turns to me and points to the lunatic. I tell them that this little bird is ready to become an eagle, courtesy of the sweet horror of the Night. They all laugh at my wit while the Slovaks start to unload the empty boxes in the Castle's courtyard. Weird people. They silently align the coffins next to the stairs. As soon as the work is complete, I pay them as agreed. And then, for good luck, they spit on the money. Well, luck was what we all had when I, as the gypsies' Ataman, decided to render our services to the Master and settle in this Transylvanian region. We make a living, for sure. And sometimes, I even witness prodigies. For instance, when with my very own eyes and from one of the battlements, I saw the Master lift a hand to invoke the Forces of Darkness. And just as a chorus from Hades, he was answered by the howls that came from a pack of wolves. Another gesture from the Master and an unfortunate woman is devoured, greedily by the ferocious beasts. The poor soul had lost her mind while demanding the return of her little son. It was better that way. The Master had ordered me to kidnap an infant to

feed the three ghostly women who share his bed. But, enough, I'm not a gossip. We're about to travel. And soon. Everything is set and ready. As for myself, I am now in charge of managing the Master's coffin. I have never seen him this close. He looks like a youth with vigorous dark hair and rosy skin. His mouth is redder than usual and it would appear he's smiling while fresh blood drips from a corner of his chin onto the neck. It could be said he sleeps with the happiness of a satisfied snake. I have now finished nailing the coffin's top and tying the casket with ropes. The Count is safe. London, here we come!

Pablo Martínez Burkett (Argentina)

The True History of Bram Stoker

Bram Stoker's daily book: July 25, 18..

I don't sleep well last night. I had a dream ... or rather, a nightmare. I hardly remember it well, but a strange man appeared. I have repose more. Maybe a trip to the countryside could be good.

Bram Stoker's daily book: August 2, 18..

Nightmares repeats! Always the same. But it isn't going to the dark forgotten world, but it remains in my brain. The man, tall and with black dressed, he is getting closer to me, as he wants tell me something. I wait and fear him at the same time. I shouldn't obsess about it, but I can't avoid it. Maybe I should advice with my personal doctor that happens to me.

Dr. Morgan Steward's consultation daily book: August 7, 18..

My patient, Mr. Stoker, he has visited me. More than a doctor's visit has seemed a religious confession. Why have I see him different? He doesn't look like him. He is so obsessed with those nightmares that he has stopped writing. His life is focussing in that fictitious person. I have advised him to repose.

Bram Stoker's daily book: August 25, 18.. In english countryside.

I've staying from several days ago in a small hostel, in the middle of nothingness. I don't suffer anymore devilish nightmares. Now I'm writing a novel under dictation from a high and black dress man who accompanies me in my room, and he came my room at the same

moment I arrived this place. He only asks to change for this art master story that I lie occasionally ... and then I lend out my neck.

Francisco José Segovia Ramos (Spain)

Heretic

Even before the Supreme Council of the "People", the defendant Galil dared to declare that he was right. He was not repented even when he was subjected to being without food for several months, weathering, enduring sunburn and holy water. Not even trembled at the threat to kill him to the old fashioned way, on a wooden cross, until life is scape drop wise. He did not. And when them finally carried out his threat, and let him dry out on the cross, persisted in his heretical and disparaging statement that originally the "People" was only a parasitic species living at the expense of the blood of another species much more numerous, driven to extinction due to dietary excesses, a species that also had the gift of reason, and called themselves "humanity".

Yunieski Betancourt Dipotet (Cuba)

The Profane

Comedy

Methusael was walking along the walls of the house to reach the outside window on the second floor of a quiet bedroom covered in the shadows of the night. There she was, sound asleep. The son of Judas was overwhelmed with sorrow from that heavy black hole he dragged in his chest. How many more people would he give the kiss of death to, prolonging his needy existence, and succumbing to the bitter affliction of his curse? Sentenced amongst nightwalkers, rejected by his own brothers and abandoned to existential oxide: slow fragmentation of his desire to live as a parasite, enduring the cold eternal tomb during warm summer nights.

The window opened. Deeper shadows than darkness itself slipped through the opening to become the vampire. Sobbing, he stroked the girl's face tenderly. He closed his eyes as his fingers move toward the knot holding the nightgown, decorating the little girl in her lethargy; he pulled it, discovering her chest. She

had the marks on her body: the three X's that tormented him all his life as well. He took out a silver necklace around his neck, and placed it on the nightstand.

"Dad" she whispered waking up and rubbing her eyes. "I know why you're here." The specter of the night observed those children's eyes redden in the dark, examining him now with a steely gaze. He knew what he must do to be free, and looked away, silence wrapping his lips. Blood Tears escaped his eyes. Both hands gripped the stake he had hidden on the right sleeve of his coat, and with sad resignation stabbed the heart of the only daughter he had.

"I'm sorry. It was the only way to achieve peace, the tranquility of sweet death" he sobbed muttering. "It's time to sleep now, little one."

"There is no salvation for you" she responded while gently caressing his face.

Peter Domínguez (Puerto Rico)

Satiate the thirst

I woke up thirsty. So sick of throat dryness. There was a necessity, it was an

emergency. Pain distanced me from reality.

I was thirsty, very thirsty. I walked the walls clawing my way, I was throwing everything that stood in my way to the bathroom. I knocked the door with a single blow.

I threw myself on the toilet and I succumbed to the desire to satisfy the void, without stopping in rationality. I buried my mouth and swallowed water. Wild puffs, insane person.

I swallowed and swallowed, until I realized that I was drowning. I took the head from the water and fell back to the ground, howling throat pain.

The water had not quenched the thirst, in contrast, had lit a stove. And now the heat rose to smash my head in pain.

I rolled from side to side, unable even to mourn. Praying that all the pain was gone. When I could avail myself of arms, I grabbed the sink and sat up.

My legs were shaking, as if dying.

I ran the bath, I ran away from home and the evening found me running down the street.

I could not scream, I could not ask for help, just run and run, with feet sores, throat dying and panic to rage in my mind.

Until I found the answer. With the truth that tormented me, maybe much earlier. I found a young woman waiting for a taxi in a dimly lit corner of the square.

I found it in her soft and sensual skin, so white and full of life. In this neck. So calm and beautiful, whose blood fed me until I know deep in my soul, a human being had ceased to be.

Ernesto Parrilla (Argentina)

Stretching

There is not providence, not even a spasm in front of the fall of the Roman empire. The vampires celebrate amply. They have the freeway. They are the elongation of the eternity. At least they don't died by the cross, by the way.

Francisco Manuel Marcos Roldan (Spain)

Nightlife

Today marks six months that Mike came to this place, I still remember to him riding on his black motorcycle, breaking the quiet of the night with the roar engine,

while he was driving across the main street until to the old house which is located at the edge of the town. Cautiously I looked out the window and saw him walk past my house like a specter come from beyond, lit by the green fluorescent lamplight of his motorcycle and dressed all in black. I thought the problems had arrived, because nobody in the town used to be away from home after ten in the evening and it was unthinkable that anyone could make a riot at middle of the night.

This guy used goes outside until the sunset, ride his motorcycle and finish all nights drinking at the bar. It soon became a popular young man amongst the ladies, he was very handsome, despite his extreme pallor, I believed the reason was because he never gets the sun. His way of life seemed extravagant like the tattoos all over on his body. The old house where he lived had been abandoned for twenty years and everyone said it was haunted.

Then easily, he attracted boys who also started living at night. When the boys were not together with Mike at the bar, were in the old house making tremendous scandal, with loud music and parties that extended almost until dawn. After, they

sleep until the sunset when the night begins to fall. All boys and girls behaved strangely.

Now I have confirmed my suspicions and after months of research and conclusions, I have decided that at first light of the morning, with all the necessary discretion and caution required to avoid attention, I'll get my three small children, my wife, my few belongings, and we'll go away from here. Mike is a vampire and has already control all young people, soon the whole town will be on his orders and all together will live at night. This place will never be what it was.

M^a del Socorro Candelaria Zarate (México)

Inside

Stroll inside was falling into a well, the darkness invaded, it went down so fast that I could only see sinking more and more, in a dizzying race to.

He came down and when he thought it would explode against the ground, a strange force stopped him.

Stepped on the earthy bed, there were other vampires were there.

They seemed strange. I was not afraid, did not feel nothing but emptiness.

He stepped.

He stood before a wall of glass and saw his reflection.

I was without clothes, and with hair pulled back.

His pale face revealed his prominent canines.

He felt desire to bite. He saw a being on his back, a few steps away.

He approached.

Without hesitation he nailed his teeth into the neck of the man.

A compulsive movement made to open eyes was on her bed.

In his house.

In his life felt something warm running on your neck skin, it touched, it was blood.

Viviana E. Palevsky (Argentina)

Literature class¹⁴

—The real issues of Dracula, by Stoker, are unrequited love, loneliness, rage... —

¹⁴ Translate by Maximiliano Frini.

said professor Allman to Betty, his disciple, while she, separated from any literary analysis, thirsty sipped her teacher's jugular.

Daniel Frini (Argentina)

I, Vampire

It's always difficult to be the new kid in a small town and it doesn't get better when you have an unknown disease and a very strange family.

When we moved to Fonsagrada, an isolated village in the northeast of Spain, I thought this time could be different, but I was wrong again.

We just wanted some quiet place in which to rest, with low temperatures and hooding heaven which allow us walk in the streets at any time of the day without that terrifying photophobia will damage our eyes and his inseparable partner photosensitivity fill our skin of painful blisters.

However, rumors, as always happened until then, in all those other places where before we had tried to build a home, soon arrive to us.

If I should be completely honest, I suppose that the fact that our arrival

coincide with the strange disappearances that plagued the increasingly less prolific neighborhood didn't helped our social integration.

The hearsay always was the same. People don't have so much imagination. My family and I captured the helpless victim and we used his blood to do satanic rituals.

Now, while I gather the meager belongings of this nearly empty room and I prepare myself to move on to another destination, I hope more benevolent, I look askance the bleeding body hovering under my bed and I can't help but wonder if the thirst will always be as overwhelming or I have a truce to live this non-life.

Azahara Olmeda Erena (Spain)

The shadowless light of the Caribbean

—By my humiliated blood!... This Dominican sun burns even more than the fires of that hell where we'll never set foot thanks to our predatory immortality —complained Levi, an Hebrew vampire

sent to the zone of Concentration Camps of the Caribbean after being captured.

—I choose to burn in the red-blood fire promised to the mortars than to be tortured by this sickening blue sky and this sun... If it were only a huge blood cell —replied Ferdinand, a German vampire recently transferred from “Erythrocyte”, a concentration camp placed in the outskirts of Havana city to the “Leukocyte” in Santo Domingo. He sipped with delight his daily ration of earthly blood from a synthetized coconut cultivated solely to that end.

—Last night I received a telepathic message from Vladok —added Giuseppe—. He informed me that the situation in the Puerto Rican's concentration camp, “Platelet”, isn't better than the one here. At least once by month they turn off the light in the night: the only way in which our psychic power can work. But that's the nature of the System...

So, tuned in that melancholic resignation pricked by the Caribbean sun, the three vampires went on with their conversation. Feeling homesick for a past in which the awful technology that finds

out their real and supernatural blood group, didn't exist. Without the damned system of the "Leprous Blood" mortals who hunted and packed them to the concentration camps of the Caribbean; where they were exploited doing a work as exhausting as their immortality itself: suck the highly radioactive blood from a captive alien beings; change its molecular pattern through their blood vessels; expel it again already transformed in a powerful hallucinatory liquor, which effects induced the timeless illusion of immortality to the light made humans. The dark immortality that even defeated, always will be the absolute sole right of the vampires.

Odilius Vlak (Dominican Republic)

The Gypsy's Mirror

"I'm not a vampire" I said as I wiped the blood from my mouth with my mother's embodied canvas. There was no way I could be. My fingers had touched my boring and normal tusks, tightened around any crucifix, and were washed with the most pure and blessed water the Cathedral of Seville could offer. However, there I was again in front of the bleeding corpse of another victim. When the frenzy was

taking control of my faculties, I needed to spray my face with the scarlet liquid and satisfy the need for the primitive feeding. The thick iron taste in my palate was the most wonderful and intimate feeling with the slaves that I could have, yes; my soldiers of the underworld who would love me as their queen. The bite should turn them into pawns bound to the will of their mistress, but they refused to obey. I would shake them, pouring essence in eyes and lips, but they slept the dark and deep dream of Hades. When worms claimed them, I would withdraw the fatidic enterprise.

Ego sum occulto in sanguine Christi. The night was not my shelter, as the myth said; it was daylight the biggest accomplice of my crimes. I could hear the beating of the veins of any human, the vital substance flowing like a river of energy, calling me. Seducing me. I sought help. I confessed my sins and took the straitjacket; between the beatings and the rapes, I had no choice but to escape: wander the streets in search of human preys. If I did it with my feet, or my wings, I'm not sure, I'm not sure, I'm not sure...

I tied the belt of my dress with the best knot I could do on my weakened state. I checked my potions and spells, counted and saved in a glass box all the materials for the ritual. Suddenly, I had a hand full of antipsychotic pills. The blood does not invoke my madness, but my madness invokes the blood. Nothing is more difficult than to convince the lunatic that he's nuts. I needed to see me before sleeping forever. I lifted the mirror of my mother, and it was empty. I let go of the medicine bottle, dropping to the floor.

Peter Domínguez (Puerto Rico)

Identity

Under the suspicion of a new era, the vampire thinks on how he can turn his hard life into something pleasant. He knows it will not be easy. The doctrines and stereotypes are better not to be changed, just on case.

Francisco Manuel Marcos Roldan (Spain)

Care

For centuries, the matter of personal care was a real problem for vampires. The futility of mirrors was almost an insult to

individuals so concerned that every strand of hair was in its proper place. The visualization we have of Lord Dracula, slathered in hair gel to achieve a hairstyle that looks sculpted is just a sketch of the actual anxiety that vampires oversee the neatness of their appearance, and the subterfuges they apply to preening.

The old tradition was combing against a light wall, illuminated from behind with several candles, so that the shadows betray the presence of unruly strands or miss folded coat collars. But the shadow of vampires rarely calms down and follows his own long enough, so the conventional system had its flaws.

The wealthy vampires began hiring doubles. They were forced to dress simply, the face powdered to reflect the paleness of their masters. At grooming hour, they stood in front of them and doubles had to replay its movements quietly, precisely, including the sloppiness in hair or clothing. These domestics served just a few centuries, as later they chose to display their art on the streets rather than be faced with the unpredictable haemophilic hunger of their masters.

Modern times brought the solution. It is fortunate that the vampires can be filmed (of course, otherwise, we would not have seen so many vampire movies), so now webcams and wall mounted led screens act as mirror. Although we are in an era where dishevelled is fashion and her slicked hair is an anachronism.

Hernán Domínguez Nimo (Argentina)

Good night, lovers

The bed is messed-up, after the storm. Clothes lie broken as cast snake skin. The weight of his body is printed on the sheets. But she hadn't stayed, Lorena is gone. City waits for her.

She leaves Gustave in his new loneliness, at the room of that dull motel. She leaves him in the silence. In darkness. Empty and inert. Gustave doesn't smile no more. Gustave doesn't cry no more. Gustave doesn't say anything no more. Gustave is gone making much noise, but in the end he said goodbye with a smile in his mouth.

A mist floats to the roof. A not so holy smoke that comes after the final breath. The ghost that never goes away, prisoner of this room for an eternity. And Lorena

is gone. Lorena returns to the night to continue her hunt.

Felipe Manuel Ortega Cecilio (Spain)

Rust

It was the last party of the year and he, strangely enough, invited me. Throughout this year he never approached me to ask me anything or to know if I was fine. I doubt it is a joke in poor taste.

On my way to the party I was dubious, but I eventually got there. I entered his house and all the eyes were fixed on me. As I made my way through the people, murmur was becoming lower until it finally faded away. I got to where Fedor, the owner of the house, was. He invited me to take sit at the table. I greeted the rest and sat down. I was not feeling comfortable: the skirt which I was wearing was too short, and those who were at the table were looking me up and down with a smile planted in their faces. We drank from a strange bottle which was in the middle of the table; I think it was absinthe.

After a while, I was completely drunk: the faces of the people at the table changed their shapes as if I were

hallucinating. Among those unreal perspectives I realized that Fedor's friends were getting closer: their jaws were similar to those of the beasts. I was not even able to shout: a hand had already covered my mouth. I was dragged by my legs to the upper floor and the stairs took interest in knocking me unconscious in each bang...in each step.

Water fell on my face, and in a sudden spasm I saw the Dantesque scene that was waiting for me. The illusions were but the harsh reality. Men's eyeteeth were true; they were like thirsty beasts. Bound hand and foot, I was only able to give a piercing scream. One of the men began his cruel job. An enormous nail went right through the instep of my left foot, clouding my sight. Then, he continued with my other foot, my hands and my knees. Another beast showed a container with my blood and began to offer it to the others while saying something impossible to understand.

Fedor came closer with all his face stained with blood, and in my ear he whispered that it was the end. He hammered the nail into my mouth, going through the back of my neck. The crimson dripping began to make itself

audible. Before losing track of my own life, I was not able to scream, or even to close my mouth. They continued their ritual and I, losing consciousness on their table, did not know whether the rust taste was the result of the metal or my own blood...his blood.

Esteban Di Lorenzo (Argentina)

The Victim

He is walking impassive like a beast by his personal jungle. He looks two possible preys approached him. He decides to spare their lives, they aren't worthy of their gullets. Something catches his eye, sharpens the sense of smell. There she is, approaching with slight steps, she doesn't know what awaits her. He leave the girl pass in front of him and he gently take up her sweet scent. She smells that special way. He pursue her a few steps away, he won't the girl suspect about his presence, if the attack is unexpected it's more exciting. When they arrive at the alley he knows it's his time. A few quick moves and she doesn't know how is behind the dumpster, she will think that she hit the head, maybe she doesn't have time to think nothing. Once he has the girl against the wall and is about to nail her fangs in

her neck feels the hardness of the wood in his own chest. This time the victim has been he.

Azahara Olmeda (Spain)

When planets bleed

It took me more than thirty thousand years to reach the main artery of the living world. The starbeings are the oldest form of intelligent life. Some go up to one billion years old. In the past, hundreds roamed each galaxy of the Virgo supercluster. Today there are less than fifty throughout the universe.

I started climbing the fleshy skin, my claws embedded with ambition, twisting violently. It had cost me a father, a wife and a brother to get here. I could feel the elixir of youth climbing up simultaneously with me by the venous canals that vibrate at its flow. Almost there. It was impossible not to laugh at the situation frantically. Exiled from Nova Inferno by Grand Master Värkolak, I was sentenced to a life without feeding. However, I was a short walk away to quench my thirst forever. We had harvested all living beings in the Local Group, transforming them into powerful armies of servants. Vampire tyranny

spread like a plague, blackening every civilization.

I can already see the artery. It is beautiful, huge, and deeply organic. The family of the house of Varlokung ended with me. I remember the last human alive in captivity. There was no horror in his eyes, only acceptance. Resignation. He never spoke, except one time. "Have you felt the cold of the night?" was the question that he asked suddenly. No. I have never felt it since I turned, eons ago. Why think about this now?

Finally my fangs were buried, initiating the feast. Under my feet the Titan withered, wailing in a language that was not made for any ear. The shaking was violent, but resistance was futile. Being more tenuous than ever, eagerness for blood finally stopped. I tried to levitate, but only rolled on the floor. I was taking great gulps of oxygen in this now rarefied atmosphere. My skin began to acquire color, and a trembling invaded my body. I was cold.

Peter Domínguez (Puerto Rico)

Write today

Write today to your representative in Congress, because our future is in danger. In real danger. We cannot afford to forget that a hundred years ago the vampires infested the country, and using us like cattle. We cannot afford to forget one hundred years we have been fighting for every inch of land, leaving the soul to expulse these beasts.

And now that we're winning they want a truce? Peaceful coexistence? Fuck. Only a fool can believe that them will consume artificial blood, which waive use us for food.

They say that science can make it possible. Please, we are not crazy. They want to cheat us, wait to surprise us off guard. And the worst is not they try, the worst thing is that there are morons who have been persuaded. They believe.

They naively have forgotten what you and I know well: the only good vampire is one that was staked, cut head and exposed to the sun. The rest is crap. So, write it to your representative today, and make those statements are considered attacks to national security, because as we know,

human stupidity is infinite and contagious.

Yunieski Betancourt Dipotet (Cuba)

Stellar vampire

He tried to calm down. The hunt had been exciting since all those decades of repression, and he wouldn't want to frighten away his prey. The vampire looked at the candidate with curiosity, ignoring his primeval impulse. He decided to omit those absurd warnings about avoid human contact. The Age of Isolation had been obliterated some instincts and seeing a man alive, only caused to remember them. The beat of his heart and the throbbing of his carotid were an intensive calling.

They named them Nosferatu. The chronicles had been said that the name came from the old legends, but almost nothing had to be with their real origins in the experimental laboratories of xenobiology, or with the expansion of their race through the stellar system. Still, the name remained cause of their tendency to violence, the unbearable photophobia and their long-lived existence. The designer's wouldn't be able to replicate that last characteristics in

humans. Only a primordial Nosferatu could make that transition.

They were hunters. Predators covered with a shell of immortality, unable to feel more than their instincts, fighting against their intellect. The unsuccessful experiment of long-lived was too much for the mankind, so the ones that still remained, were confined in that prison-planet, dark and cold. Humans decided to leave them alone. Only that, once in a while, something unusual would happen: someone appears. A sailor from the stars, thirsty for immortality, a human being with extravagant curiosity. Centuries had been passed away since humans had kept silence.

The vampire had doubts, nevertheless, he accepted the transition. He drained his blood with avidity, until the heart of his prey stopped. He fulfilled with his human emotions and memories, but then his fear changed for triumph. Then, the vampire felt the heaviness of the ages, the centuries, passing through his entrails. Now, he was a captive of his new mortality and understood, too late, that this being had been designed to kill him.

Julieta Moreyra (Mexico)

Misfortune

Three hours after the vampire check in front of the mirror that he doesn't exists, that his life is just an illusion, that there is nothing to hide, and that what he sees in the mirror is the hollow, the nothingness. Never before, a frustration brought him to such unclean feelings. He turns crazy, falls through the window falling on a slow car driving on a driveway. Here is when the misfortune arrives, it is the distributor of foods packed full of garlic.

Now he wanders among the bushes in the park and sucks the blood of cats and dogs of the street, because his smell reveals his truth among humans.

Francisco Manuel Marcos Roldan (Spain)

Red fog

—Gooooaaal!

The shout from the bleachers break the harmony of the night. The red fog emanated from every pore of the blue crowd rejoins gaining strength and consistence making a delta resulting into the twister surrounding player number twenty-two from the local team. The striker, after hugging his mates, covers his

left eye, then, as if it was a beam, a red fog stream shoots out of his left eye towards the official box. There, between shadows from other men, the club president settles in, hit on the eye sockets, inhales deeply, fills his lungs and veins with the red fog spilled in his suit and swells up like a fat tick.

The crowd hugs, sits, murmurs. The president laughs gutturally out loud, covers his right eye for a second and shakes his suit to await the next goal.

Claudio Leonel Siadore Gut (Argentina)

Beats from far heart

Far. They are far away. Far the beating hearts, the rejuvenating blood. Trees shakes with the night wind, and the moon shines more than ever.

He walks alone. He discovers trails what nobody walks. The city is off as the eyes of the dead. Without a light, without a sound, without a breath. Only the absence of beating hearts.

Perhaps is that punishment and not any other? The grave replies him with fully enigmas challenges, and wasted letters of his name doesn't remind him anyone recognizes him. The wind comes more

colder, but he doesn't feel it. He gets used frozer periods, that monster is called desolation.

In the distance a wolf howls. Perhaps the shadow of an owlet goes across the cracked pavement. The night grabs its body as a killer ivy. Desolation. Desolation long for absent hearts.

Finally, he sits on bench of the park. Broken wood creaks under his weight. Silence. A crow caws something like "never again." If I could cry, I will do it. But he hasn't tears to shed. As he hasn't blood to drink.

The desolation of the vampire in a desolate planet without human life is the most of the desolation. And more terrible still are craving to calm. Because without blood there isn't break, without break infinite torture will remain only, or the terrible end under a alone and bitter dawn.

And human hearts remain absent and distant.

Francisco José Segovia Ramos (Spain)

Sick person

-Other new sacrifices, already go twelve single this month, all sick persons of

AIDS- in the news not speech of nothing else.

I extinguish the television set, it has already gotten dark, must go me.

While it takes a walk for the dark side streets of my city, go me crossing nevertheless type of characters of it more curious and atypical, nothing to feel strange by treating of so inopportune hours, even so nobody attracts my attention. Finally encounters which search for, my smell not deceives me, nor neither my instinct. Without giving you time to react pounce upon he, by biting you hard in the neck, by sucking you all your blood, by removing your vital force, by dispossessing you of your life.

-Good, already key sacrifices it number thirteen, say, while go me of there, by leaving the body without life of that son of a bitch, has to appreciate that killed you, your illness were already very advanced, have removed you an unnecessary suffering.

It is a vampire, suffer a strange illness, that single permits me, drink blood infected of the AIDS virus.

Diego Galán Ruiz (Spain)

Thirst¹⁵

Blod, please!

We're still here, centuries after the last living being's death, and there's only androids on Earth. It's horrible being a vampire, if the only thing we can drink is hydraulic transmission's oil.

Daniel Frini (Argentina)

Mister Vamp

Mister's Vamp voyage had not been senseless. He ride for decades through inhospitable forests looking for a sortilege which bring him a different set of physical features. The pass of lustrums and his own ineffectiveness made him breaking his SOS voice and with it, some hope. He never gave up the search; he knew he was able to change his destiny. He knew he had born without a piece of bread to feed himself.

In one of his trips he reminded the autumn's morning when he turned himself into a vampire. He went to purchase the old lamp in one of these itinerant markets. It barely cost two coins,

¹⁵ Translate by Maximiliano Frini

used coins, the only ones he had in the pocket of the frayed pants.

He wanted to change his life, be different, escape from the misery. When he arrived at the bedroom, he brushed it to polish it until it shines. A dense smoke occupied the room, and the spectrum who granted him with a wish appeared. “I want to be Mr. Vamp” (a hero from the comics), he said. Desire conceded. And the spectrum vanished without leaving any sign. Mr. Vamp look himself carefully, he was a real hero, able to destroy the evil.

After some days, the experience, and the unpleasant situations he had to face, he proved that all that he had wished crumbled. “A super hero’s life is also full of misery”, he said to himself.

Now he just overvalues the city on full moon nights, and he howls on top of the hill. He photographs himself with the tourists, and works as a statue in the town’s avenues. He invests the money he earns in good actions. His life has turned again, and who knows if tomorrow he will marry the Mayor’s daughter. He will

not stop until he finds the spectrum to him a lesson.

Francisco Manuel Marcos Roldan (Spain)

Damn Bugs

A decade of war and death, was the price of survival since they reveal their existence. Lovers of blood were as they were described in the cruelest legends. Many times we had to kill our own friends and relatives perverted by these disgusting creatures. But our worst nightmare, the horror that frightened us to the bone, is now real. The final sentence is already written .

Vampire war command contacted us, asking for a solution, even offered their unconditional surrender. No way out, we do not have a solution and our days are numbered. What happened had to happen, the natural selection has been working for millions years, testing mutations and discarding cruelly the failed experiments. The vampire prion mutated and evolved many different forms. The new prion kills both human and vampire, and making no transformations. The trouble is that the

transfer vector was unexpectedly modified.

A small blue explosion lit Colonel Santiago León. Ultraviolet light still worked but would only go for a couple of hours. The creature had no chance, but outside in the garden were thousands and thousands of damn vampires mosquitoes waiting to enter and taste blood once more.

Carlos Feinstein (Argentina)

To be a vampire

It is not as simple as waiting for hours, hiding behind a lonely corner and pounce on prey. If it were that simple anyone could be a vampire. No. To be a authentic vampire several things are required which I list them then:

First: You had to be bitten by a trusted person. Nothing manwolves or bifid hell bites. Beware a authentic vampire bite you.

Second: Don't overwhelmed yourself. This immediate need to drink blood is similar to the thirst, or the hunger. That is going not kill immediately to you, althought is annoying. You must be

patient. You must stoically endure the crave and convince yourself soon that you will satisfy your thirst.

Third: Never go out before sunset mooring . Yes , I know it's an irremediable loss don't see the light of day, but if not you will turn dust and cinders. When night comes , yes, the world is for your. Comfort yourself with that.

Fourth: Lie in wait yours victims in dark places away from overfall human, and appropriate in case of danger faslty scape. No jumping through the open windows, or attack in the middle of a traffic. Those are babay mistakes which are not benefits and then cause a professional killing vampires appears.

Fifth: Choose a young, healthy , strong, man o women, or both , if you don't have any preferences in this sense. Then you must bite the neck strongly and determination , and suck the blood, sprout slowly, and not blasting, that thinsgs happen only on films.

Sixth: And the last one. You must come back quickly your coffin. Close any openings which could bring to light to you, and sleep deeply all day. You won't

have any dream, that is veted for vampires , but atleast you won't suffer nightmares. It's something.

The next lesson, gentlemen, next week. At the same time and place. Please give me your blood-fee before leaving. Good night.

Francisco José Segovia Ramos (Spain)

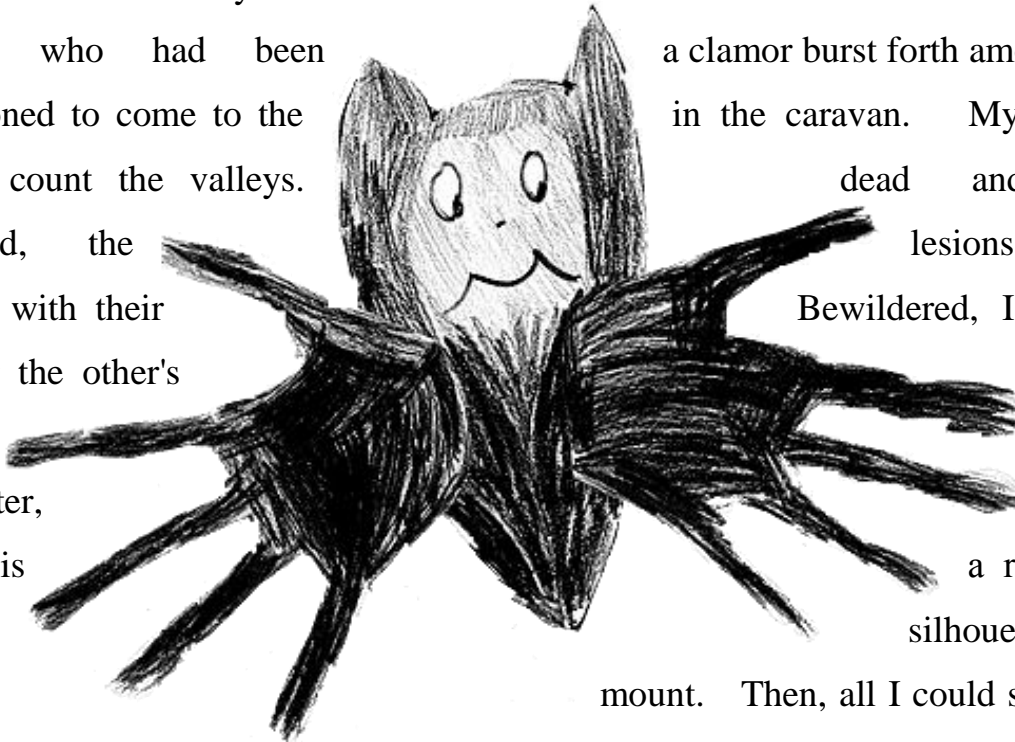
Dachnavar, the Armenian vampire

In Chronicles of a journey through the
Caucasus - Barón Hugo von Röhrbeck
Longmans, Green, and Co. (Londres 1881)

Soon after disembarking in Samsoun, and as I was about to start my topographical reconnoitering into Armenian lands, I contracted a guide and joined a caravan travelling south. One night when we camped in the open field, I noticed some travelers approach the fire one by one and throw garlic bulbs in it to shoo away the evil spirits. As I was not familiar with the local customs and superstitions, I consulted with my guide. He told me about Dachnavar, the vampire, a winged creature who for times immemorial resided in a cavern imbedded into Mount Ararat, and who'd overfly the region marking his lordship over the deep



valleys of Hayastan. Weary of intruders, he decreed that whoever dared penetrate his realm and reveal the secret number of valleys in it, would suffer mortal punishment. It should be noted the type of death was peculiar as this vampire attacked his victims by sucking the soles of their feet. The fact is Dachnavar endured the passing of time until one day he was outsmarted by two astute foreigners who had been commissioned to come to the land and count the valleys. Forewarned, the men slept with their feet under the other's head. Hours later, feeling his way in the darkness, Dachnavar touched a head. He did the same at the opposite side looking for the feet, but found a head there also. Humiliated, he protested: "Well, well, I have gone across these mountains and its 366 valleys, drunk all types of blood and I've never encountered a creature with no feet and two heads!" Much dishonored, he ran from the valley



and was never heard from again. "And now, it's because of him that we know the secret number of valleys," added the guide while stirring the fire. I then asked him what certainty was there of his departure. "None, sir. There are rumors he's taken refuge at the cavern while others swear to have seen him melancholic, and traveling across the desert and the flat lands." At dawn, a clamor burst forth among the men in the caravan. My guide was dead and showed lesions in his feet. Bewildered, I looked up and at the distance made out a rider's black silhouette and mount. Then, all I could see was dust and right after, not even that.

Violeta Balián (Argentina)

Vampires¹⁶

There is an eerie silence. I am left alone. It is night and I can't sleep. I decide to start writing. Something makes me

¹⁶ Drawing by his son Iván Suarez García

decentralize. It was like a little breeze that entered the room. How strange! Everything is closed. I check anyway. I hear a noise in the kitchen, a vessel falls, and I think it was misplaced. I go back to bed, I lie down. I close my eyes and trying to sleep. I feel a presence that touches my body. A mist falls on my neck. Strange, I suddenly feel ticklish, looks like a drug because it can't stop laughing. I hear a door slam. I wake up dizzy. I watch my neighbor's cat who turned to home sneak. I look in the mirror, but I don't see myself.

Rosa María García Suárez (Spain)

Vampire?

While he was waiting for the lift, he looked over what his contact had told him: that guy was living in the flat for over ninety years and nobody had ever seen him. Bills and rents were paid. No Social Security number, no pictures... Enough to rise a young journalist's curiosity, hungry for glory. Which was mister Floriant's secret?

He had to use the stairs, as the elevator didn't have access to the attic. Then he discovered a corridor with only one door

and he knocked unconvinced, to no avail. He was about to turn around when the door opened quietly. He dazed. Mesmerized by a perfect face, not to mention the unnatural violet eyes. «My name is Marcos Almeida, journalist. Would you be so kind as to answering some questions?», he said in a thin voice. The man ushered him inside without a word. It was an open loft, about two hundred square meters, light flooding through large windows. Floriant sat at a magnificent desk. Marcos thought his editor didn't have such a luxury at his office. «What can I do for you?», inquired with a tone that worried the young visitor.

Marcos told him that some documents he was investigating were a bit dodgy. «I am sure there's an explanation...», he made a pause, a silent invitation for the other to tell his story. «Do you know that only a small part of the brain is used?», Floriant replied as he was playfully levitating some small objects in the air. Temperature fell down with violence, Marcos was paralyzed, blood stuck in his veins. His feelings deepened when, without any apparent movement, his host appeared by his side, as he was floating over the floor. Floriant draw a friendly

smile and continued: «Several lives are needed to reach the uttermost power. Time is the key ...», he made a theatrical pause and added: «Feeding is essential ... No, I don't drink blood.. To tell you the truth I feed from emotions and... your fear seems delicious ...».

Pedro P. de Andrés (Spain)

Tenebras Post Mortem

"Lasciate ogne speranza, voi ch'intrate".

Divina Commedia – Inferno, Canto I.

You can't remember me because I was only a child when you diagnosed my mother an incurable madness and you condemned her to confinement in that coffin of souls.

She just needed support to overcome the death of my sister, but you, the brilliant and newbie doctor that were avid to get famous did not want to waste your time with a pauper whose treatment would not cause any impact.

I remember it was on the day of my tenth birthday, when we visited the asylum, they told us that she had suffered a terrible "accident". I got rid of the

watchman and reached that miserable cell to see the one who gave me life lying in pool of blood with their veins opened to the eternity.

For two decades I visited her daily in the cemetery. It was my persistence what made one of mine to notice me and opened to me the doors of death into life, of this night without sunrises. When I managed to tame my thirst for blood, I found a new reason to walk through this cursed existence: you. My heart stopped for good, but the beat of hate was multiplied.

And since then until now, I've been ripping your happiness. It was me who caused the accidents of your parents and your first wife. It was me and not a common thief, the one who placed the body of your brother for you to find it. It was me who caused the suicide of your daughter and who made your second wife and your firstborn fell into madness. The hellish visions they claimed to suffer were from the one who is speaking to you. I wanted your signature to send them to the asylum, and once there, It was me who bled them.

Now, miserable and depressed elderly, in the name of my mother, I will throw you to the worst of fates. Maybe you think you can avoid it bathing in sunlight or burning in fire, but you underestimate the power of Thirst and the infinite pleasure that you'll get by the blood. You will crawl forever crying your dead ones. Welcome to my hell.

Carlos Díez (Spain)

Dracula's mom...¹⁷

... tired of having Little Vlad's fangs being nailed in her tits every time she breastfed him, she took him to the dentist whom, years later, would be the first impaled orthodontist.

The Earl's fangs are false.

Daniel Frini (Argentina)

New vision

It is not necessary anymore to bite on the neck, a straw is enough. The bloody tomatoes have been invented, able to satisfy the alimentary needs of the vampires. Until then the amount of disappeared kids has reduced considerably. Facing now an excess, the

governments have thought about solving the problem. The final decision has been clear; turn them into slaves, because they know they represent the future of the human existence. The excellence of the results will promote a good coexistence between the blood-suckers and the mortals.

Francisco Manuel Marcos Roldan (Spain)

On your grave

I did, darling, because I love you more than anything in the world. I didn't can it, or I didn't want loosing you. So I traveled beyond the last of the sunsets. And I accord with him, I sold my soul to him and I promised him in exchange for his task, unpleasant but necessary.

So, I did bring in him till here, I did bring him into our house and I went up through stairs to our bedroom. I asked him one last time if I was determined to condemn my soul and yours. And I said yes. All in exchange for not losing you.

Then, without further ado, he bites your neck and he kills you. But that means for the rest of the world, because he and I knew that you were going stand up on the third day from your grave, and you'd be

¹⁷ Translate by Maximiliano Frini

one more vampire during nights. But you will be with me, alive, passionate as I knew you in life.

Now I wait sitting next to your coffin. It's already open. Your delicate and white hand pokes out. You push away the top coffin and you get up slowly. You looks like floating in the air. You're so white, Mary. So white...

And I know that you need my blood. I offer my neck and I feel your hot breath on it. Your lips, your tongue, nousey and bold. Your tusks, newly borned. Then, in a last breath, we become in one.

Night is for us, my dear. Until the end of time.

Francisco José Segovia Ramos (Spain)

A chalk pokes

As projected from beyond sloppy monstrosity that acquires Vitality strengthened inconceivable dimensions. Surprised and frightened the boy gives a step back, dropping the tiled floor of the portfolios arabesques notes school. On the front wall, on a black background on white wall something moves.

His resonate with cranial vessel gurgling viscous distillate myocardium. the Siege

bloody in the corners of his lips purple represents the jaws of a cat predator. Thick Blood Falls glide across the dark waxed surface. The boy stumbled back, vision is blurred. Alone, the class ended, he back of the library to write notes. Not nearly had persecution a dimensional vampire with such deep levels of evil, affordable only for those beings from their places, the Board becomes mauve, sinister, there is a shade of red trimmed, it perceives a heartbeat of terror.

It's a drawing, just a chalk drawing on the blackboard. It cannot be shaken mused.

Professor Shrew, as they call the sophomores, had designed. Daniel, then, think of your grandfather.

-I sent him, it is to take, he is sweating - shouts from hell, sure. Plummets, it is not simple fainting. How to avoid a hard reality in every pore of his skin, parasitic incubating the deepest recesses of your body and soul

Maybe, Grandpa, undertaker lifetime, he was telling the grandson hand in cemetery stories of dead and resurrected; vampires and spirits, broken bones and empty graves shaded by cypress trees

when the boy was eight or ten years. His father, Luis Ros, coffin maker wholesale, gave continuity. So Dani began to pry into the occult delving into its ramifications with obsessive interests.

In the classroom the institute 's degree , when the silence takes a turn, some say volatile appreciate backseamed shade of red.

Mari Carmen Álvarez Caballero (Spain)

Psalmus 56¹⁸

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He entered through the large window, like the breeze coming from the Danube. Firm and silent steps. The smell of maiden's blood made his lips tremble. He tightly clenched his fangs and crossed the room, illuminated only by the moon's reflection. Behind the door, a fireplace dominated an enormous library; a young woman was in the corner. He stared at her. The quivering of her nightgown was all he sensed as an answer. Drawn by the sweet flavor of blood, he went towards her, but something broke the fascination

and the woman fled through a hallway. Following the steps of his prey, he entered a big lounge; she was in the center and, with her glow, illuminated the mirrors covering the walls. "... Deum altissimum Deum qui benefecit mihi ..." was already reciting the maiden, no longer in fear. The vampire realized it was a trap. From the quicksilvers, there rose angels reciting "... meam de medio catulorum leonum dormivi conturbatus filii hominum dentes ..."; the words were spikes in his ears. He clenched his fists, preparing his claws. The battle would be bloody.

Luis Héctor Gerbaldo (Argentina)

Wild and helpless

He still has not born and yet is all desire. His mother, the one who will be, is crouched over him. She looks him tenderly. She tangled her hands in his hair. She caresses his body as if he were some wild and helpless animal. She knows that beneath that fragile skin, has begun to beat a creature that maybe one day will devour her.

Suddenly, she rises as if something had alerted her. His movement is so fast that, for a moment, the image of the crouching

¹⁸ TP Mariángeles Abelli Bonardi

woman and the image of the one standing like a goddess are juxtaposed in my retina. I remain silent. I do not even breathe. Her violet eyes turn to me and stare at me. They do not see me. She sniffs the air, and holds her face so close to mine that I could kiss her lips just by moving mine. She moves away. She has not found anything. The trick has worked.

Now, without the fear of being discovered, I contemplate her and I take pleasure in the forms defined by her peplum. That woman, now sinking into undeath, one day lay in my arms. She was my wife. We had a lifetime ahead. The Fates seemed to have decided that the skein of our destiny was a peaceful journey. We were as happy as a man and a woman can be without falling into hubris.

Then he came. He seduced her with his ways of god, he used her and then let Juno punish her, turning her into a monster without hope. She is a lamia. Just I can save her, just through the death I can grant her peace. However, now that I have her in front of me, my decision has disappeared. I see the woman I loved, not the demon that has supplanted her.

Elizabeth rips one of her wrists with her nails. The blood is a very red flower that rushes to the lips of the dead one. Before understanding nothing, I see myself lunging toward her, taking her hand, letting her blood to flow through my throat. She looks at me tenderly, her hands tangled in my hair, she brings her lips close to my ear and whispers: "I always knew you were in there."

Raúl A. López Nevado (Spain)

Sweet drop of blood

for Poppy Z. Britte

Under the neon lights
the concert has begun
creating in the public expectation
and you willingly put of

Is a version of the great classic gothic
stale claims and punks have surrounded
the music stars playing
and she goes on stage

Bloodflowers of Robert Smith she starts
singing
away for her face her red tousled hair

the people still seduced music
by a well-rehearsed rhythm

There are others like you in the local
ready to drink and be loved
the night has just begun
and local non closes early

Your eyes meet
crush is the instantaneous
she is in "shock" a few seconds
before continuing singing

Falls to his knees in the climax
the song is over
the music stops
the public starts their applause

Flames moments after his dressing room
it open up and you immediately smile
-My name is Zed- you answer
-My name is Sara- you answered

Kisses and caresses have begun
the love and affection is immediately
music sounds out of another group
Bauhaus sing a nostalgic exercise

You kiss your neck soft to the touch
notes throbbing blood bubbling
your fangs fall in erection
and you sink your love in her throat,
drinking down his blood in love

Sing out "Bela Lugosi is dead" from
Peter Murphy
a topic you danced when you were still
human
causing you painful longing
when you could still move under the
burning summer light

You've stopped drinking
pale as wax she has been
but know that will not die
and soon you'll fell accompanied

Sweet was is blood
as the carmine of her lips
you will take with you
to wake up within a day by your side

There are others like you in the local
by drinking the blood of the unwary
the owner knows be limited to more
silence
and for his life to remain silent, terrified

They are the twelve o'clock
time when deads and resurrected
they can relive desperate love
without guilt or remorse.

Jorge Zarco Rodríguez (Spain)

Little Vlad's sexual awakening¹⁹

—Hey, ma'am Dracula —said the tire shop employee —, tell your son not to bite the inflatable doll's neck anymore. There's no more room for patches.

Daniel Frini (Spain)

Torture

The Spectre emitted a high whimper, mirroring fearful torture he was suffering. He was shouldering that conviction for a while, but last weeks incredible virulence assaults whip him persistently and mercilessly. And was while he was carrying out his evil works when that relentless and obstinate enemy emerged to disturb him, impeding o hindering appropriate accomplishment of them. That day, just when he was drilling

victim's neck, a fire wave invaded his body, extending from fangs tip to almost feet fingers.

Commenting on a similar, known for several centuries, misery afflicts him, the other revealed he also suffered it short time ago, and he managed to overcome it.

After he discovered which was the method used, the vampire decided to go where they carried out it

Some days after, vampire leaved happy dentist office, after treated severe gingivitis, with satisfactory results, and also secured in place that incisor which dance around as a result of so many

years sinking it in many epidermis. Meanwhile, professional, once he said goodbye to costumer, realized it was dawning. After he closed office, he appreciates again new client's acquisition strategy. He had to night shift worked, but treating frequently dental diseases of



¹⁹ Translate by Maximiliano Frini

vampires, werewolves and other spectres was a lucrative business.

Ricardo Manzanaro (Spain)

Until the end, there is life

The woman, already advanced in years, was on the bed, covered up his head, sweating profusely and radiating faint delirium of fever. On the headboard of his bed has a crucifix which a Christ, who appeared to tilt the head downward in a gesture of contemplative piety. Around the bed; husband, children and neighbors praying, rosary in hand, for the salvation of your life, or at least, that of his soul.

A hurried knock on the door interrupted their prayers. Before them a man dress of black, tall, pale and a thin face, with a look of fierce severity in his eyes. Angry raised his hand of sharp nails, and began to shout, to order immediately they throw out those rosaries and pull out away the crucifix from the wall, not leaving her neither the nail that held it .

Terrified by the strange priest who repudiated the symbols of Christ, those poor Italian immigrants met the orders

and left the room, leaving him haggard and angry man alone with the helpless dying. He was about to clog the door when an iron hand prevented it.

-Il dottore! Il Dottore è arrivato!

The doctor entered the room, forcing her out of the pastor. The family breathed a sigh of relief, their prayers seemed to be heard, the man was carrying at least hope. The doctor closed the door, came determined to delusional woman without diagnosis, was prepared to apply the usual remedy: indented. Made a cut on the hand, and collected the blood from the wound in a glass jar. He had what he wanted, he did not care to the health of the ill woman.

Raúl S. Vindel (Spain)

Network

The evolution has meant the production of cyber vampires which go through the net, and through the screen suck the energy from the humans out. The world has paled in the face of this new invasion of the humanity, while the pharmaceutical companies enrich themselves, by the increase of the new vampire disease.

Francisco Manuel Marcos Roldan (Spain)

Justice always comes

So many hours of escape have emptying me all energy reserves. My legs don't answer, knees bent without permission and my face bumps against ground. They will catch me, I must continue. I sit up and run toward that house my eyes can't focus.

The door is open. Someone has left it hurry. I climb the stairs and I came down when I entered in a room. I find it hard to get up this time, even my arms refuse to help me. I managed to get to the dressing. My heart whimpers, every heart beat brings me an unbearable burning. I try to mark the rhythm of breathing.... Silent disappears when far voices arrive.

I smell those monsters proximity, I imagine them gloating, laughing, their eyes blushed...The want to torture me, kill me... ¡Damned!

They keep making noise, shouting my name, but I don't have strength to escape, I'll continue hidden, without moving, almost breathless... perhaps they pass by, perhaps they don't see me, perhaps...they want my blood!

They are coming. Climb upstairs to the room, they seem three, overmuch for this

tired and wounded body, perhaps I can beat someone but I'll succumb killing

- We're hereeee, Frank! This time you'll not escaaaape.

Vermins! They fell winners perceiving their prey cornered.

I open the door and go out to meet them. Three lanterns lighted

me and I pounce on them screaming:

-You don't nail me the sticks!

José Cascales Vázquez (Spain)

Va, pensiero

I had to read the text message again just to convince myself my eyes weren't lying to me. I couldn't believe she had gotten



those seats for the last performance of Nabucco. For years I did want to give something like this to my wife, silent suffering of my last minute calls, always putting our plans off to turn them into a dinner reheated in the microwave oven for me, as she fell asleep in front of the TV set, unable to wait longer for my arrival.

This time it would be different. I had anticipated any possible mishap, making alternative reports, including variables Mr. Cifuentes had said he wouldn't need. I had taken in account any possible eventuality.

—Tell me, Mr. Cifuentes —I

answered the phone shakily. Despite my anticipation, a surprise wasn't impossible—. Yes, the report is ready and ... Sorry? If it includes the influence of the Japanese balance of payments? Well, that's not what... yes, Mr. Cifuentes, I'm just saying... Yes, for today, as you command.

I tried to put my hand over the mouse, but I couldn't find it. Cold sweat covered my forehead, and I felt my heartbeat presaged a new attack. In desperation, I took a pencil from the drawer and introduced it into the automatic sharpener.

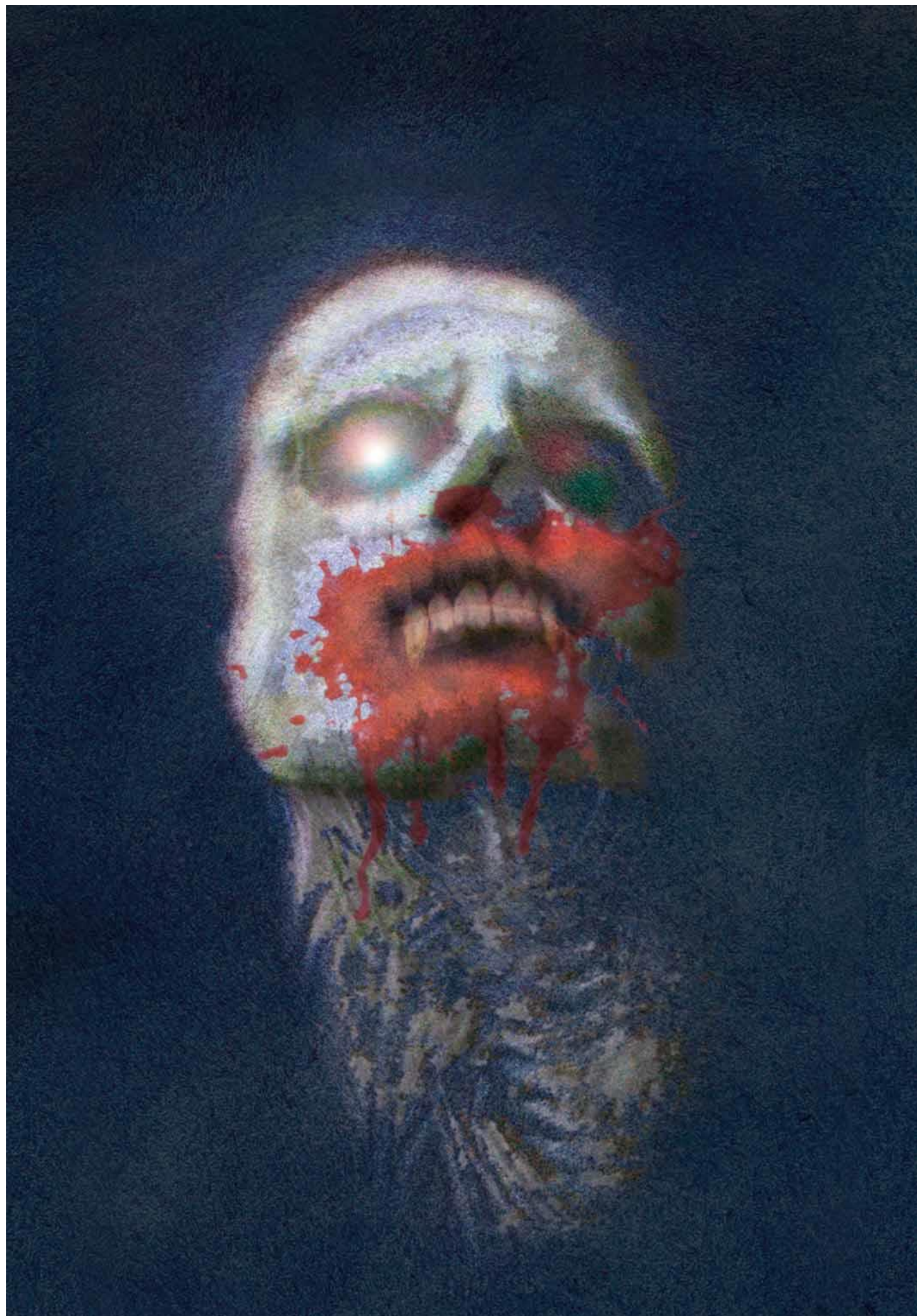
—Yes? Oh, Pelaez, it's you! —I was received by the deputy director, sitting in

his sophisticated armchair of Italian design.

While the pen deepened in his heart, I knew his long years of sucking my blood had come to an end. It is said there is nothing like a good wooden stake to terminate those from his class.

Juan José Tapia Urbano
(Spain)







Revistas:

Revista: NM *La nueva literatura fantástica hispanoamericana*

Director: Santiago Oviedo

País: Argentina (#31, 2014)

Maquetación Barbara Din

Corrección: Cristina Chiesa

Portada: La tentación de la nereida/
Sebastián Giacobino.

<http://www.revistanm.com.ar/>

Índice:

La grilla/ Héctor H. Otero.

El vampiro de Nîmes/ Alberto Triana.

Un mundo perfecto/ E. Verónica
Figueirido.

Las escogidas/ Daniel González.

El pasaje/ Lelia Torboli.

Círculo/ Carlos Morales.

Una agradable mujer alta, con un vestido
negro/ Ricardo G. Giorno.

El investigador/ Carlos Rangel Santos.

El juego de luces sobre la Tierra/ Mila Saarinen).

La sombra/ Patricia K. Olivera.

Matar formaba parte de la naturaleza de Laura/ Nanim Rekacz.

El peregrino y el ánfora divina/ Daniel Flores.



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Se la puede leer en línea o descargarla gratuitamente desde "La hemeroteca"

<http://www.revistanm.com.ar/content/hemero.html>

...

Revista: Korad

País: La Habana, Cuba (oct.-dic., 2013 #15)

Editor: Raúl Aguiar

Co-Editores: Elaine Vilar Madruga,
Jeffrey López Dueñas y Carlos A.
Duarte

Corrección: Zullín Elejalde Macías,
Victoria Isabel Pérez Plana y Sunay
Rodríguez Andrade

Colaboradores: Claudio del
Castillo, Daína Chaviano, Rinaldo
Acosta, Yoss

Diseño y composición: Raúl Aguiar

Sección Poesía: Elaine Vilar
Madruga

Ilustración de portada: JD
Santibáñez (Ecuador)

Ilustración de contraportada:
Jesús Minsal y Vladimir García



Ilustraciones de interior: Guillermo Vidal, JD Santibáñez, Jesús Minsal, Komixmaster, M.C.Carper, Raúl Aguiar, Vladimir García

Proyecto Editorial sin fines de lucro, patrocinado por el Taller de Fantasía y CF Espacio Abierto y el Centro de Formación

e-mail: revistakorad@yahoo.com

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Esas pequeñas cosas. (Cuento). Laura Ponce /45

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Reseñas: Hijos de Korad: Antología del taller Espacio Abierto/Próximos pero lejanos: el
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...

Revista: INARI #4

Portada: Sara Cuervo

blog: www.revistainari.blogspot.com

twitter: @revistaInari

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

The magazine of the Brief & Fantastic

tumblr: revistainari.tumblr.com

askFM: ask.fm/RevistaInari

Sinopsis: Como va siendo tradición cada dos meses, hoy os traemos el nuevo número de la revista bajo una temática, que al parecer os encantó: Ciencia ficción.

En esta ocasión tenemos como portada una ilustración realizada por Sara Cuervo, a la que también hemos entrevistado y nos enseña como realiza sus páginas de Seven Souls. También entrevistamos a los espectaculares Raúl Arnáiz y Óscar Herrero, autores del cómic Home, y al fotógrafo que todos los cosplayers quieren: AOJ.



Este número también cuenta con críticas al cómic de Henar Torinos, Mala estrella, al webcómic Der Ideal y al libro Dorian Stark de Alexis B. Delgado. Sin olvidarnos de los fanzines más interesantes sobre ciencia ficción, el aclamado videojuego Portal, la serie Dollhouse o el estilo de rol Cyberpunk; así como un pequeño reportaje a Expocomic 2013, un dating sim de palomas y la primera parte de un tutorial que os vendrá genial para esas pelucas extrañas de vuestros cosplays.

Como siempre, y con la magnífica ayuda de nuestros lectores, este número de la revista viene repleto de ilustraciones y emocionantes relatos que no podéis dejar pasar.

...

Revista: Pifano

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

Enunciado o texto informativo: "Revista digital gratuita" (como el contenido es tan variado, no me atrevo a encasillarla en



ninguna materia).

...

Revista: Wheird Tales de Lhork *La Revista del Fantástico*

País: España (#36, 2014)

Portada: José Baixauli

Dirección: Eugenio Fraile La Ossa

Edición y maquetación: Mario Moreno Cortina

Correo: alferezdelostercios@gmail.com

Descarga:

http://circulodelhork.nixiweb.com/wt_de_lhork_36.pdf

Sumario:

Editorial

Bárbaros y hecheros hispanos: la espada y brujería en los bolsilibros pulp. Eugenio Fraile La Ossa

Espadas en la frontera. Eugenio Fraile La Ossa

El Conde de Saint Germain. ¿Estafador, vividor o iluminado inmortal? José Francisco Sastre García

El Aterrador Tacto de la Muerte. Robert E. Howard

Fantasmas del mar. José Francisco Sastre García

Dos metros de tierra flamenca. Antonio Villegas González

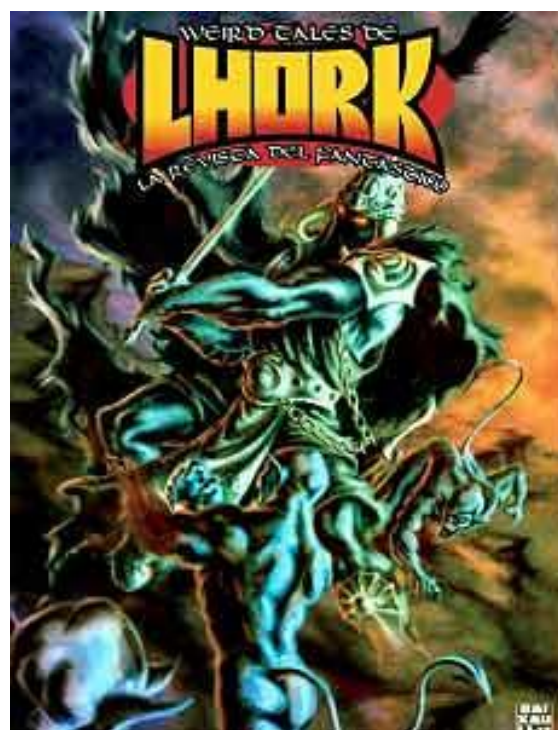
Hammer films: fascinados por los vampiros. David Bardisa

Harry Potter: Magia para todas las edades (2ª parte). Eva Sastre García

Kirowan y Conrad: detectives de lo oculto. Javier Jiménez

“Delirio” Premio Ignotus 2013 a la mejor revista. Eugenio Fraile La Ossa

Libros recomendados y novedades editoriales. Eugenio Fraile La Ossa



Cuentos:

Título: El vuelo del ilirith

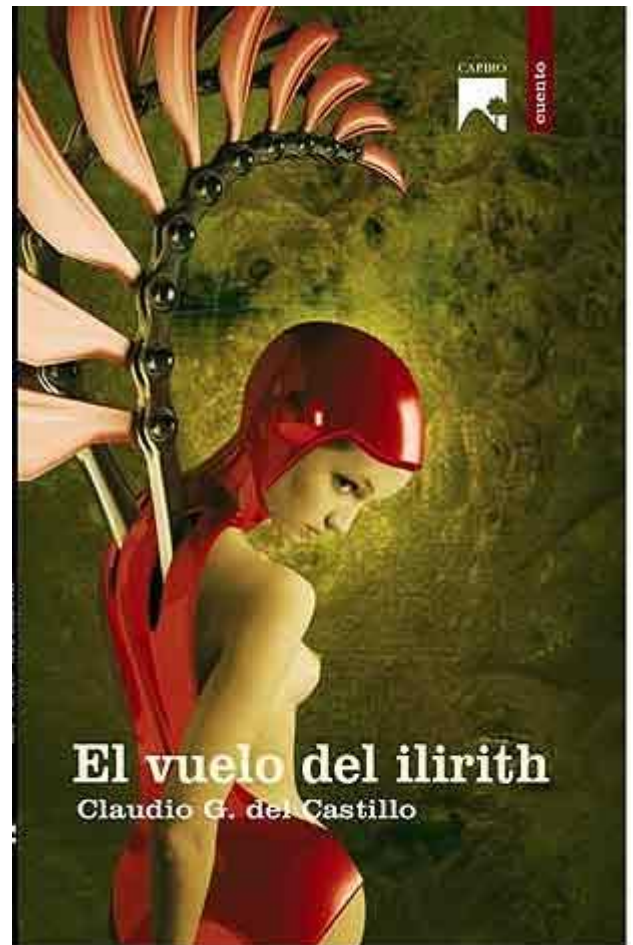
Autor: Claudio G. del Castillo

Editorial: Capiro

Sinopsis: El ilirith es un animal extraterrestre, hermoso como una mariposa e igual de inofensi... ¡CUIDADO! no todo es lo que parece; tiene amigos terribles...

Tampoco todo lo que se considera subliteratura en las serias academias es superficial o desdeñable. Como hebras en un tejido, ciencia-ficción, fantasía, terror y humor ¡todos los subgéneros del fantástico! se entrelazan armónicamente en estos diez cuentos con tres denominadores comunes: originalidad, ingenio y calidad escritural.

Claudio Guillermo del Castillo, como buen trabajador del aeropuerto de Santa Clara, podrá tener la cabeza en las nubes... pero también los pies muy firmes sobre la tierra. Y en este su primer libro está tan dispuesto a demostrarlo como a satisfacer la primera expectativa que toda obra de arte debería cumplir con su público: entretener.



Vuela entonces, lector, junto con el ilirith, por encima de las aguas del infierno. Piensa azul, quítate el traje gris, no dejes que tus patrones de conducta te conviertan en un cuadrado, y tal vez cuando recibas tu certificado de aptitud como lector de fantasía, descubras que tus sueños ya están aquí...

Sobre el Autor:

Claudio G. del Castillo (Santa Clara, 1976). Ingeniero en Telecomunicaciones y Electrónica, con diplomado en Gerencia Empresarial de la Aviación. Es miembro de los talleres literarios

Espacio Abierto y Carlos Loveira. Formó parte del comité organizador del “II Encuentro de literatura y arte fantásticos, Villaficción 2013”.

Cuentos suyos aparecen en antologías, revistas y publicaciones digitales, entre las que destacan: Tiempo Cero (Editora Abril), Hijos de Korad (Editora Abril), Juventud Técnica (Editora Abril), Próxima (Ediciones Ayarmanot, Argentina), Nagari Magazine (EEUU), miNatura (España), Axxón (Argentina), La Jiribilla, Guamo, Isliada, Qubit y Korad.

Es autor del libro de cuentos “El vuelo del ilirith” (Editorial Capiro, 2013).

Novelas:

Título: Los Endemoniados de Yaguaramas

Autor Víctor Hugo Pérez Gallo

Editorial Abril 2013

Sinopsis: A través de un dialogo intertextual entre un manuscrito a modo de diario y fragmentos de un libro de historia, hallados por casualidad, se construye una historia ucrónica que se edifica sobre la derrota del dominio español en Cuba por parte del Mayor Ignacio Agramonte, y la construcción de un país cuya energía es el vapor y se convierte en el siglo XXI en un Estado altamente desarrollado, que explota a países subdesarrollados y gobernado por partidos represivos, como el de los Anarquistas Primitivos y el de los Verdes. ES una narración que nos insta a reflexionar sobre la marginalidad, las carencias económicas, la lealtad a un ideal y la supervivencia



Premio Hydra, 2013, de novela fantástica.

...

Título: Iris

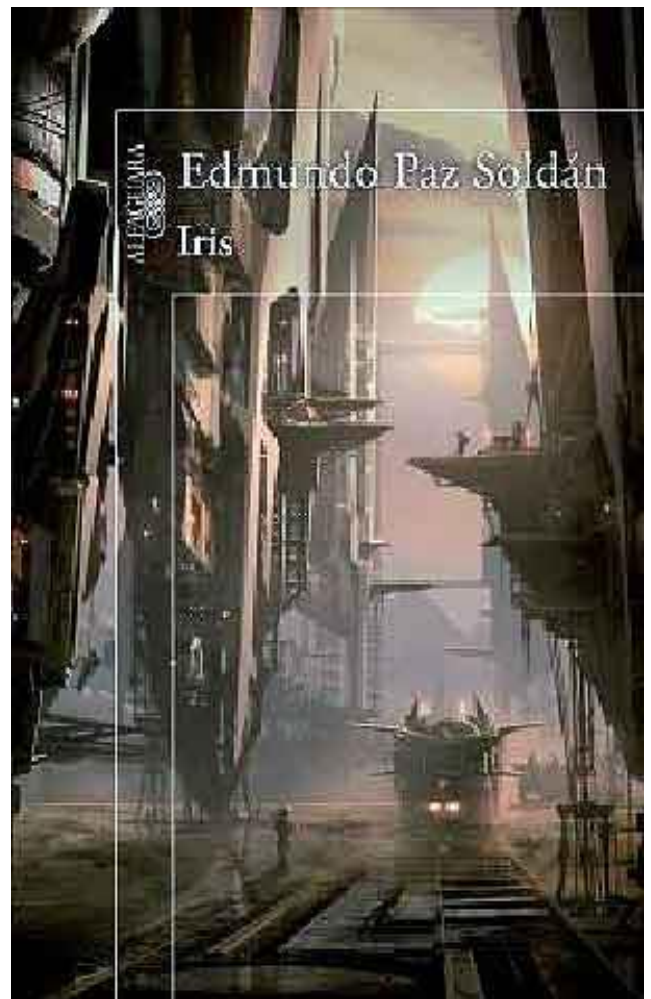
Autor: Edmundo Paz Soldán

Editorial: Alfaguara

Sinopsis: En un futuro no muy lejano, en una región tóxica llamada Iris, se encuentra el Perímetro, territorio de las fuerzas colonizadoras. En el Perímetro viven Xavier, un soldado que debe lidiar con una traumática herida de combate, y el capitán Reynolds y su unidad, que, cansados ante las victorias de los irisinos liderados por Orlewen, deciden emprender su guerra particular. El Perímetro es también el hogar de Yaz, una enfermera que se encuentra allí en busca del jün, planta sagrada que ofrece visiones psicotrópicas y trascendencia.

Pero el combate no sólo se libra en la capital. La lucha se traslada a Malhado, un valle florido donde -cuentan las leyendas irisinas- vive el temible Malacosa, y a Megara, centro de la explotación minera y de los mitos en torno a Xlött, el dios demoníaco en nombre del cual se inicia la batalla final por la independencia de Iris.

Iris es una novela de gran originalidad, un paso adelante en la trayectoria de Edmundo Paz Soldán. Desde la primera página, transporta a los lectores a un mundo tenebroso y los somete a su lógica, a su delirio, a su violencia y angustia. Iris es una distopía arrolladora e hipnótica sobre la forma en que se reinventan los individuos en tiempos de guerra, una fábula desoladora sobre los excesos del poder, y, al final, un relato esperanzador sobre la lucha por la libertad.



Sobre el Autor:

Edmundo Paz Soldán nació en 1967 en Cochabamba, Bolivia. En 1997 se doctoró en Literatura Hispanoamericana en la Universidad de California, Berkeley, y desde ese mismo año es profesor de Literatura Latinoamericana en la Universidad de Cornell. Es autor, entre otras, de las novelas Río fugitivo (1998), La materia del deseo (2001), Sueños Digitales

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(2001), El delirio de Turing (2003), Palacio Quemado (2006), Los vivos y los muertos (2009) y Norte (2011); y de libros de cuentos como Las máscaras de la nada (1990), Desapariciones (1994) y Amores imperfectos (1998). Ha coeditado los libros Se habla español (2000) y Bolaño salvaje (2008). Sus obras han sido traducidas a nueve idiomas, y ha sido galardonado con el premio Juan Rulfo por el cuento "Dochera" (1997) y con el Nacional de Novela en Bolivia (2002). Ha recibido la beca de la fundación Guggenheim (2006). En la actualidad, colabora en diversos medios, entre ellos los periódicos El País, La Tercera y El Deber, y las revistas Etiqueta Negra, Qué Pasa (Chile) y Letras Libres.

...

Título: El legado de Prometeo

Autor: Miguel Santander García

Editorial: Letras Apócrifas

Sinopsis: ¿Quién se embarcaría en un viaje de 45 años al espacio profundo sin garantía alguna de retorno?

Finales del s. XXI. La Tierra ha sido devastada por los efectos del cambio climático, mientras gobiernos y corporaciones luchan en la sombra por hacerse con el poder. El proyecto Prometeo para extraer energía de Némesis, un agujero negro vecino del Sol, es el punto de partida de una trama de conspiraciones y espionaje que se extenderá más allá de las fronteras del Sistema Solar. Los 500 tripulantes de la Éxodo se enfrentan al desamparo del vacío interestelar, en un desesperado sacrificio para resolver la peor crisis energética de la historia de la humanidad.

El Legado de Prometeo lleva a sus límites la situación sociopolítica actual, sumergiendo al lector en una verosímil narración de ciencia-



ficción con elementos psicológicos y de intriga, en la línea de clásicos como Arthur C. Clarke o Larry Niven.

...

Título: *Ánima*

Autor: Wajdi Mouawad

Editorial: Destino

Sinopsis: Wahhch Debch descubre el cuerpo de su mujer, brutalmente violada y asesinada, en el salón de su casa. . En pleno estado de shock tiene una epifanía: necesita ver el rostro del asesino, no por venganza... sino por pura supervivencia. Tras conocer los datos del principal sospechoso, Wahhch emprende una brutal persecución del supuesto criminal, que más parece la caza sin tregua de una presa. Para ello, deberá abandonar su vida, las certidumbres sobre sí mismo y los suyos, y al hacerlo empieza a cernirse sobre sí mismo una duda de orden personal. Dos búsquedas: por un lado, la persecución del criminal que asesinó a su esposa y, por otro, la de su propia identidad. Solo y sin esperanza, se embarca en una odisea furiosa a través de la frontera entre Estados Unidos y Canadá (Quebéc), una región poblada por asentamientos y reservas indias donde el desarraigo, la violencia y la belleza se mezclan en un brebaje mortal.



Los animales son los testigos de esta desesperada búsqueda del monstruo y narran los hechos sin sentido de los hombres. Cuando los humanos se abandonan a la violencia incapaces de narrar su propia bestialidad, el autor cede la voz a los perros, pájaros, insectos y reptiles quienes poseen el lenguaje para explicar lo inexplicable. Son las bestias no humanas las que narran esta historia y despiertan en el lector la más amplia gama de emociones: del miedo al placer a través de la tristeza y la indignación.

Pero más allá de la road novel donde se da caza al asesino, Wahnch deberá afrontar una búsqueda íntima en su pasado, y tejer el hilo del recuerdo para recuperar su identidad, su vida y su humanidad. En un segundo plano, la novela nos acerca al hombre desarraigado por el dolor, los recuerdos de Wahnch han sido extirpados con el bisturí de la necesidad de borrar todo aquello que es demasiado doloroso para ser recordado. La brutalidad vivida en la toma de Sabra y Chatila en 1982 por parte de las milicias cristianas libanesas es volcada sin anestesia al final de la historia del personaje.

Ánima es una novela mayor, de una trascendencia poco común: la singular perspectiva narrativa arroja una luz contundente y brutal sobre la conducta humana.

Sobre el Autor:

Wajdi Mouawad (Beirut, Líbano, 16 de octubre de 1968) es un escritor, actor y director de teatro de nacionalidad canadiense, nacido en el seno de una familia cristiano-maronita. Sus padres huyeron de Líbano a París, Francia, en 1977 a causa de los conflictos civiles que asolaron el país hasta los años noventa del siglo XX. Cinco años más tarde, en 1983, se establecieron en Quebec.

Es diplomado en 1991 por la Escuela Nacional de Teatro de Canadá. De 2000 a 2004, dirige el Teatro de Quat'Sous de Montreal y en 2005, funda las compañías de creación "Au carré de l'hypoténuse", en Francia, y "Abé carré cé carré" en Montreal con Emmanuel Schwartz.

Alcanzó renombre internacional tras el éxito de su tetralogía Le sang des promesses (Forêts, Littoral, Incendies, Ciel), escrita y dirigida por él.

...

Título: Un Minuto Antes de la Oscuridad

Autor: Ismael Martínez Biurrun

Editorial: Fantascy

Sinopsis: Tras una serie de colapsos y revueltas, Madrid se ha replegado sobre sí misma y ha dejado de ser una ciudad segura más allá de la M-30. Las autoridades han cortado todos los suministros a los barrios del exterior, donde la policía ya hace tiempo que no patrulla. Cada día, familias como la de Ciro, Sole y su hijo se encierran en casa y cuentan los minutos hasta el anochecer, cuando una extraña multitud silenciosa toma las calles. En medio de esta

atmósfera irrespirable, Ciro deberá elegir entre huir con los suyos o luchar contra el avance de la barbarie: un dilema que partirá por la mitad

Sobre el Autor:

Ismael Martínez Biurrun (Pamplona, 1972) es uno de los autores más reconocidos del nuevo género fantástico español. Especializado en el desarrollo de guiones cinematográficos, comenzó a publicar novelas en 2006. Después de rendir un homenaje a Lovecraft con *Infierno nevado* (Transversal), decidió llevar el terror a un escenario cotidiano con *Rojo alma, negro sombra* (451 Editores), novela que le mereció su primer Premio Celsius a la mejor obra fantástica del

año, así como el premio Noche de la Asociación Española de Escritores de Terror. La editorial Salto de Página publicó sus dos siguientes títulos: el thriller oscuro *Mujer abrazada a un cuervo*, de nuevo ganador del premio Celsius, y *El escondite de Grisha*, aplaudido por *El Cultural* como “una buena, original y desasosegante historia de almas trastornadas”. Dos veces finalista del premio Ignotus, también ha participado en diversas antologías de relatos. Vive con su familia en Madrid.



...

Título: Gravity Grave

Autor: Alexis Brito Delgado

Portada: Daniel Expósito Zafra

Editorial: Palabras de agua

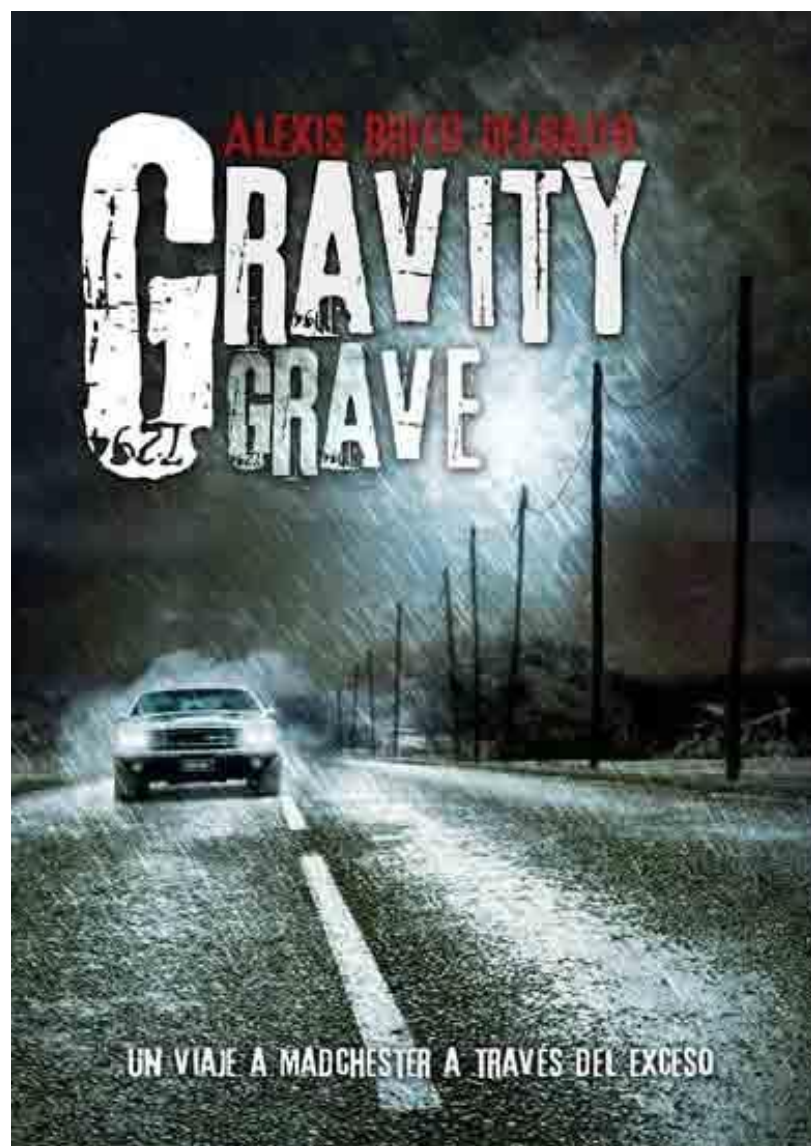
Colección: Colección Manhattan N°3

Sinopsis: La Movida Madchester da sus últimos coletazos de vida. El Segundo Verano del Amor ha pasado a la historia y los supervivientes de aquel movimiento musical tienen que apañárselas del mejor modo posible para encontrar un poco de diversión. A través de los ojos del narrador anónimo del libro, conocemos las peripecias de un grupo de amigos durante una

noche de juerga: éxtasis, alcohol, marihuana, sexo, música, raves; todos los ingredientes imprescindibles para que no decaiga la fiesta.

Sobre el Autor:

Alexis Brito Delgado nació en Tenerife en 1980. Es autor de las novelas “Melancolía” (Ediciones MUZA Inc., 2010), “Dorian Stark” (Ediciones Babylon, 2011), “Wolfgang Stark: el último templario” (Editorial Seleer, 2012), “Asesino a sueldo” (Editorial Pelicano, 2012) y



“Soldado de fortuna: las aventuras de Konrad Stark” (Dlocean Ediciones, 2013).

Sus cuentos y poemas aparecen publicados en I Antología Crepúsculo Soñado, I Antología Monstruos de La Razón, I Concurso de Relato Fantástico A.C. Forjadores, I Premio Grup Lobher de Relato Temático, I Antología Action Tales Pulp, Selección Poesía Erótica Canaria 2013, Steam Tales: Antología Steampunk, Action Tales: Antología Pulp y Blue Bayou y otros relatos negros.

Mantiene su página web en:

<http://www.alexisbrito.com>

...

Título: La guerra de los hambrientos. Tormenta

Autor: Alfredo Álamo.

Portada: Daniel Expósito

Editorial: Kelonia

Colección: Kelonia Ficción.

Sinopsis: Los hambrientos han comenzado su cacería, necesitan llenar el vacío que les consume el alma y las tripas. Diana sabe bien lo peligrosos que son y que no irían detrás de Ángel si no fuera por alguna razón muy especial; pero, según las leyes del Concilio, no puede ayudarle... aunque ella nunca ha sido muy buena siguiendo las normas.

¿Tendrá algo que ver con los grafitis que Ángel pinta a escondidas y que firma con sangre? ¿O será por alguna de las obras de arte que ha vendido en secreto por eBay? Ni siquiera Toni, su mejor amigo, conoce la verdad.

¿Has visto la preventa que hemos preparado?

...

Título: Antes del primer día

Autor: Raúl A. López Nevado

Editorial: Espiral Ciencia Ficción, nº 54

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

Sinopsis: Ángel se dispone a ser el primer hombre en orbitar Júpiter.

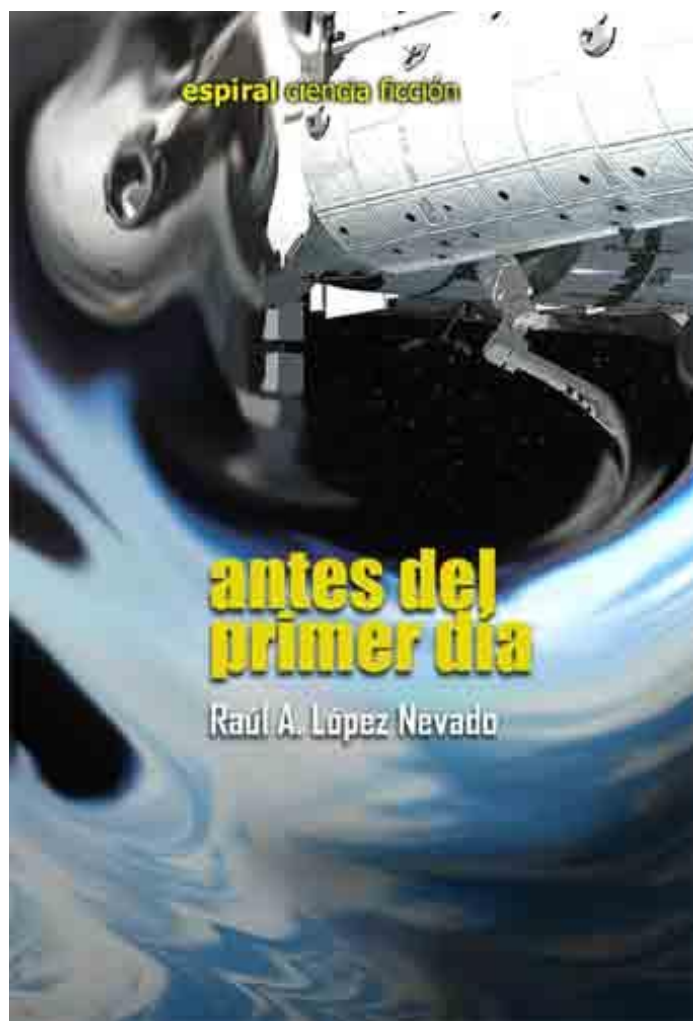
No es una misión suicida, pero implica pasar más de quince años fuera de la Tierra, en la soledad absoluta del espacio.



Lo envían al satélite Europa, para que examine lo que las sondas artificiales ya han comprobado hasta la saciedad: la existencia o inexistencia de vida bajo sus hielos sempiternos.

En realidad todo es una maniobra de propaganda para su empresa; pero a él no le importa.

Él anhela la soledad del espacio, y la aventura de la conquista. No hay nada que lo ate a la Tierra, o al menos, así lo cree él.



Sobre el Autor:

Raúl A. López Nevado nació en Mollet (Barcelona) en 1979. Se licenció en filosofía en 2002, guiado por el mismo afán de conocimiento que lo inclina a la ficción especulativa. Fue redactor de la revista Guitarra Total del 2007 al 2009, donde aunaba sus dos pasiones: la música y la escritura. Es colaborador habitual del SITIO de Ciencia Ficción. Ha publicado varios relatos y microrrelatos en Axxón, algunos de ellos han sido traducidos al inglés y al francés. Ha publicado también Génesis 1.0. en el primer número de la revista SupernovaCF. Fue seleccionado en el primer premio literario Liter de literatura de Terror. Ha publicado varios poemas en Alfa

Eridiani. Ha participado en el especial Universo Bradbury de la revista miNatura con el relato El niño, el Señor Eléctrico y la posibilidad de la Luna. Fue finalista del premio de Poesía José M^a Valverde 2007, y ganó el primer premio de poesía castellana Set Plomes, ciudad de Mollet (la primera vez en los quince años que llevaba celebrándose el certamen, en que el premio se quedó en casa). Su relato El regalo fue seleccionado para formar parte de la antología Cuentos para sonreír de la editorial Hipálage. Ha sido finalista del concurso de cuento fantástico 2013, organizado por el blog dedicado al género Sobre Literatura Fantástica. En enero de 2014 ha

publicado su relato El paseo en la antología Saborea la locura de la editorial Chiado, realizada con la selección de los mejores relatos presentados al concurso MADterrorsFest 2013.

Antologías:

Título: Acrónos 1 Antología steampunk

Autor: VV:AA.

Editorial: Tyrannosaurus Books

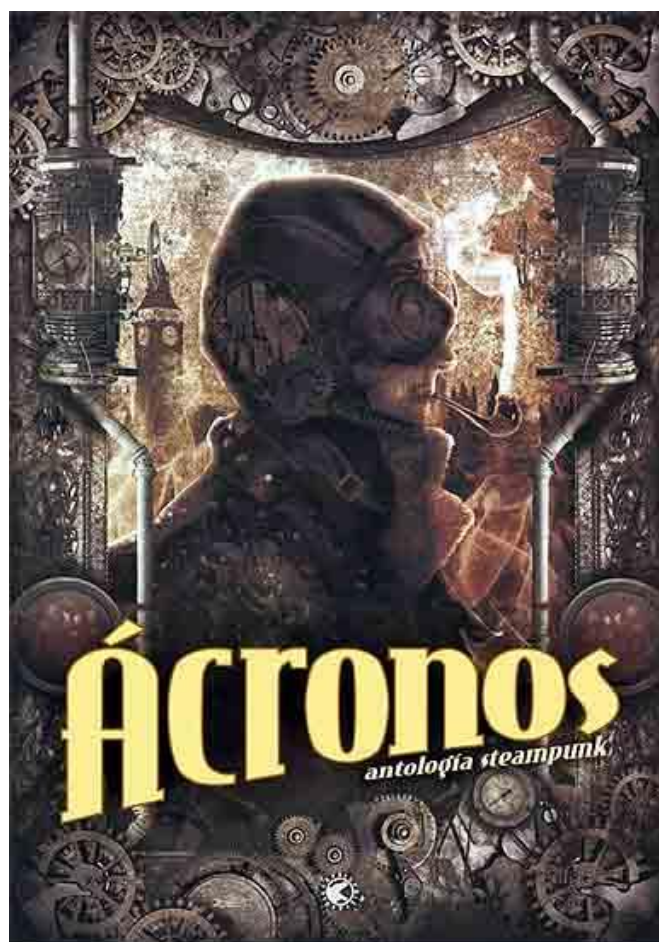
En octubre de 2011, de una charla entre dos autores de ficción surge la idea de tratar de darle un impulso a la literatura Steampunk en español mediante la creación de una antología retrofuturista escrita íntegramente por aficionados al movimiento, tanto autores profesionales como noveles. Aquella idea se extiende por España y América, crece más allá de lo esperado y termina por convertirse en el libro que ahora tienes en tus manos, una recopilación de relatos a la que hemos decidido llamar Ácronos, por su espíritu intemporal y por sus historias ambientadas fuera de cualquier corriente temporal.

Así, catorce autores se han unido para, sin dejar de mirar hacia el futuro, recuperar con nostalgia el Romanticismo ya perdido del siglo XIX, combinando lo mejor de dos mundos y dándoles cada uno su particular vuelta de tuerca...

Esto es Ácronos. ¡Esto es Steampunk!

Los autores:

Janacek Jadehierro; José Ramón Vázquez; Josué Ramos; Rafael González; Laura López Alfranca; Miguel Aguerralde; Ángel Luis Sucasas; Guillem López; Jesús Cañadas; Pedro



López Manzano; Víctor Conde; Paulo César Ramírez Villaseñor; Robber LeBlancS; Luis Guallar Luján.

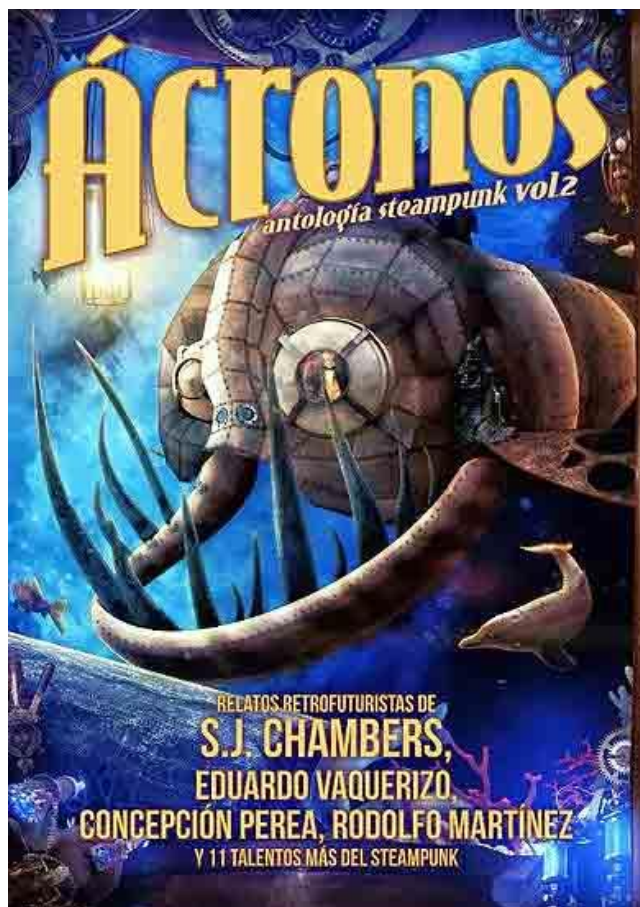
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Título: Acrónos 2 Antología steampunk

Autor: VV:AA.

Coordinación: Josué Ramos. Prólogo de Pablo Begué.

Editorial: Tyrannosaurus Books



Una excelente representación de la actualidad del género. Quince fantásticos relatos de autores internacionales de la talla de Eduardo Vaquerizo (La última noche de Hipatia), Concepción Perea (La corte de los espejos), Rodolfo Martínez (Los sicarios del cielo), Josué Ramos (Lendaria), y Rafael González (El secreto de los dioses olvidados) junto a Héctor Gómez Herrero, Paulo César Ramírez, Gloria T. Dauden, Ángeles Mora, Cristina Puig, Pedro Moscatel, Luis Carbajales, Laura López Alfranca y José Ramón Vázquez, apadrinados todos ellos por la gran dama del steampunk. S.J. Chambers (La Biblia Steampunk), cuyo relato inédito La Venus de Great Neck abre el presente volumen:

La Venus de Great Neck (S.J. Chambers)

Las hermosas Jaradalias (Gloria T. Dauden)

De cómo perdí la cabeza de mi padre (Eduardo Vaquerizo)

El silencio de Edith (Ángeles Mora)

Bajo la linterna (Héctor Gómez Herrero)

¿Estás ahí? (Cristina Puig)

Disparos en la niebla (Pedro Moscatel)

Laya (Josué Ramos)

Un residuo de humanidad (Luis Carbajales)

Jinetes de fuego (Laura López Alfranca)

Elección envenenada (Rafael González)

La revolución de los hermanos Serdán (Paulo César Ramírez)

Quattromilla Miglia (José Ramón Vázquez)

Retrópolis (Concepción Perea)

Te hemos seguido (Rodolfo Martínez)

...

Título: Horrendos amores

Autores: VV.AA.

Grupo Letras De Terror

Portada: Aylen Musumano

<http://www.bubok.es/libros/231537/Horrendos-amores>

Autores:

Nina Benedetta; Malena Cid; Santiago Repetto;

Rain Cross; Monika Mejia; Marc Sabate; Francesc Barrio Julio; Roberto del Sol; Carmen Rosa Signes Urrea; Patricia O.; Daniel de Culla; Leez McCormick; Carlos Enrique Saldivar; Sergio Gaut.



About Writers & Illustrators:

Writers:

Acevedo Esplugas, Ricardo (La Habana, Cuba, 1969) Editor of the online magazine miNatura and Tiempos Oscuros.

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

Thesis performed, "Poetics of Book Art and Book Object". Artist Book xylographic of unique copy with illustrated poems.

Publications: Book of Poems "The Silence of the Fire." Selected and published in the Call: Poetry and Short Story Anthology, organized by "Passion of Writers". Argentina.

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

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

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

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

Andres, Pedro P. (Bilbao, Spain, 1967)

Degree in Law.

anthologies:

Pintar la Niebla. (In line Plot, Alfa Workshop Bilbao 2013.) La gente que brilla (Once upon a time ... a micro story, Literary Diversity 2013).

Awards:

D.Mónica. Finalist in the Contest "Stories for a city holiday" Anthology of Stories of the First International Competition of Bilbao Great Week 2013.

Resistance. Second Prize Essay Contest II Dark Horse Short Story. 2013.

Digital Publications: Curiosidad. "The Fridge. Ebook of the literary blog The 2013 Snow.

Microscopic Beauty. Magazine # 7. Basque Association of Science Fiction-Terbi.

Blog From my branch:

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

Baudelaire, Charles (France)

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Charles_Baudelaire

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

Member of the World Network of Writers in Spanish (REMES) Reside in Havana.

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

In 2012 and in Buenos Aires she published El Expediente Glasser (The Glasser Dossier) a science fiction novel with Editorial Dunken and its digital version through Amazon.com. Balián is also one of the 28 Latin American writers

participating in Primeros Exiliados (First Exiles) a ci-fi anthology to be published in Argentina in March 2013.

<http://violetabalian.blogspot.com>

<http://elexpedienteglasser.blogspot.com>

Brito, Paulo (Barcelos, Portugal) writes poetry and short stories from his 15 years by a need for mental health. In 2013 he decided to release their stories.

Butler Yeats, William (Ireland)

[http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/W. B. Yeats](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/W._B._Yeats)

Caballero Álvarez, 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.

Cascales Vázquez, José (España) writer.

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/>

Castrillón, Thanya (Asturias, Spain)

illustrator specializing in fantasy and eroticism. As a child he began to be attracted to painting and film genre "Sword and Sorcery". While he was studying Illustration and Graphic Design in Art School Oviedo, and worked in a medical study and editorial illustration in the same city. Since then he has continued to develop their career for various

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individuals and publishers like Ars Epica, Nosolorol, La Marca del Este, Editorial Babylon and Ballistic Publishing.

<http://thanyacastrillonart.com/>

Di Lorenzo, Esteban (Argentina) When the letter came to Esteban immediately dedicated to publish sublog "El blog del Dilo" Then he began to write for the magazine "Corazón literario", participating in both stories and poetry and then warming to the reviews and, until today no longer participate. It has its own section in the magazine "Panorama urbano" Argentina is a regional magazine dedicated to advertising and general interest, here begins his way through the paper publication. Will shortly be published in the magazine "FanZine", participating with a tribute to Lovecraft. Now part of the "Journal Minatura" and expects several projects in which it is shipped to materialize.

Personal Facebook:

<https://www.facebook.com/esteban.dilorenzo>

Facebook Blog:

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

Blog Page:

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

Díez, Carlos (León, España, 31 años) He has been published in two editions of "Libertad bajo palabras", edited by Fundación de los Derechos Civiles" and winner the first prize of IV concurso de Cartas de Amor de Caudete. Has published in the magazine "A viva voz" of Caudete and issue 10 and 13 of "Estadea".

Colaborate in web sites Austrolibera Who Framed Roger Rabbitles.com and Clases Medias de Aragón and literary magazine Alborada-Goizialdia.

Live actually in Madrid.

Domínguez Nimo, Hernán (Argentina) has stories and articles published in magazines and anthologies in Argentina, Spain, Colombia, Greece and Japan (Anthology Axxón, Ediciones de la Gente, Editorial Andrómeda, Cuásar, Próxima; 2001, Artifex, Libro Andrómeda, Editorial Mandrágora, Letra Sudaca, Ediciones LEA, La Mujer De Mi Vida; Revista Boulevard; Universe Pathways; Lunatic3.0) and online journals Argentina, Spain, France and Venezuela (Alfa Erídano, Axxón, Bem, Infini, La

Idea Fija, Necronomicón, NGC 3660, NM, Sinergia, Nadie Quiere Morir, Marcha, 8 y 8).

He was a finalist in the 2001 Terraignota (Mexico), Coyllur 2005 (Peru), Axxón 2006 (Argentina) and Premio Internacional de Ediciones Electrónicas 2008 (Spain), where his story *La araña tiene patas cortas* was second runner-up prize competitions. His story *Moneda común* win the currency Competition Fobos (Chile 2003) and published in anthology *Panorama Interzona* (Argentina 2012).

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.

Dorantes Ham, Patricia J. (Ciudad de México, México, 1989) his short stories was published in many e-zines and anthologies from Spain and Mexico. Work as freelance translate.

Doti, Luciano (Buenos Aires, Argentina, 1977) Author of short-stories and poems. He has published in anthologies, fanzines and blogs since 2003. He won the Inspiration Kapasulino Award 2009, the Sexto Continente of Erotic Story Award 2011 and the Scary Flash-Fiction Award 2013.

Feinstein, Carlos (La Plata, Argentina) Dr. in Astronomy, professor at the UNLP, researcher CONICET (Argentina) and Director Planetary City of La Plata.

He has published stories in Minatura magazines, and Axson texts can be found in Quimicamente Impuro and blogs Breve y no tan breve.

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.

Frini, Daniel (Berriedale, Cordoba, Argentina, 1963) Mechanical and Electrical Engineering. He was editor and columnist in humorous magazines.

Contributes to various blogs, digital and paper publications. Are a class member and coordinator of Heliconia Literary Literary Workshop "Virtual Machines and Monkeys" magazine "New Scientist". He won several awards (Dinosaurio 2009 Black Sheep 2009,

Garzón Céspedes 2009, The impatient lectotra 2011). Integrated several anthologies of poems and short stories. In 2000 he published in book "Adriana Poems". Soon, the publisher Andromeda publish his book of short stories "The Flood and other special effects." He was sworn in various literary competitions. In 2012, his short story "Cry of a fallen" was selected as one of the "Big microstories of 2011" by the readers of the "International Microcuentista"

Gai, Adam (Buenos Aires, Argentina, 1941)

Bachelor of Arts from the University of Buenos Aires and a Ph.D. in Literature from the Hebrew University of Jerusalem (living there since 1972). He taught American literature at the Hebrew University and Spanish at various institutions. His thesis (UBA, 1970) was on Anderson Imbert narrative (by then called

Valentine Gaivironsky) and Ph.D. (Hebrew University), on Rulfo's narrative (1980). He wrote articles about Hispanic narrators as Carpentier, Bianco, Bioy Casares, Borges, Cortázar. Published on some digital magazines: "Duets", which was a finalist in the magazine's Axolotl, "Borges Kill," which appeared in the journal The Dialogue of the Dogs No. 15 and New Scientist among others. His stories have appeared in various magazines and anthologies Digital Tablets (Editions from people, Buenos Aires, 2007), The Monstrua: Narratives of the nameless (Vavelia, Mexico, 2008) and other looks (Editions from people, Buenos Aires 2008). Your comments and articles on film can be read online journals filmsdefrance.com and cinecritic.biz.

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], Javisa 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.

García Suárez, Rosa Maria (Gran Canaria, Spain, 1972) social worker. She has always

loved writing, and I usually wear a pad to catch me short stories, poems or drawing create thoughts. I have published more than ten micro-stories and poems in various anthologies. Second prize in the Poetry Competition "El Almendro en Flor" Hall of Tejada. I've done theater and I like telling stories. I keep a weekly radio show on a local station and collaborate with a monthly section "Pastillas de Poesía" on Salitre Cultural Magazine. In addition, I have several blogs, although my eldest is: dibujandounpensamiento.blogspot.com (since it can be linked to others).

Gerbaldo, Luis Hector (Córdoba, Argentina, 55 years olds) Honored with Special Award for International Traveling Chair Iberoamericana Storytelling Stage (Ciinoe) of Garzón Céspedes, 2008 edition, in the form "Monólogo teatralizado hiperbreve". Anthologized by Marcela Filippi Plaza to Editorial Giorni, the first bilingual anthology (Spanish- Italian) of Latin American writers "Buena Letra". I direct a Creative Writing Workshop Canto Rodado, since 2009. Public

blog CANASTA DE LETRAS. Contributions to magazines in digital and paper.

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 Aljarafesa...

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,

CIINDE/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, CIINDE/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/CIINDE, 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, CIINDE/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, CIINDE/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,

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supervised by the prestigious writer and man of culture Francisco Garzón Céspedes.

His monologue Alicia looks in the mirror (Ediciones COMDARTES, 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 COMDARTES, 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/salomeguadalup
eingelmo/](http://sites.google.com/site/salomeguadalupeingelmo/)

Le Fanu, Sheridan (Irish)

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Sheridan_Le_Fanu

López Nevado, Raúl Alejandro (Mollet, Barcelona, Spain, 1979) graduated in Philosophy in 2002, driven by the same desire for knowledge that sometimes inclined him to speculative fiction. He was redactor of Total Guitar magazine from 2007 to 2009, where he united his two passions: music and writing. Among other places of hyperspace, is a regular contributor to <http://www.ciencia-ficcion.com>. He has published several tales and microtales in Axxón. He has published Genesis I.O. in SupernovaCF magazine. He was selected in the first literary prize Liter of Terror literature. He has published Fábrica de Poemas in Alfa Eridiani. He was selected finalist in the price for Poetry José María Valverde 2007 (and published in an anthology book), and he won the first prize of Spanish poetry Set Plomes. His story El regalo was selected to be part of the anthology Cuentos para sonreír from the editorial Hipálage.

Magnan Alabarce, Jaime (Santiago de Chile, Chile, 1967) Narrator. Geographer by

profession. Since 1998 lives in Lebu. His interest lies in CF television serials of the '70s and '80s. In fantasy literature, is the work of Brian Anderson Elantris and Orson Scott Card. He was a finalist in the seventh Andromeda Award Speculative Fiction, Mataró, Barcelona in 2011, Grave robbers and the III Terbi Award Thematic Story Space travel without return, Basque Association of Science Fiction, Fantasy and Horror, Bilbao, with Guinea pig. He has collaborated on several occasions in Minatura Digital Magazine and in recent time, the Chilean magazine of Science Fiction, Fantasy and Horror Tales Ominous.

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.

<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/>

Martínez Burkett, Pablo (Santa Fe, Argentina, 1965) Since 1990 lives in the city of Buenos Aires. Writer by vocation and a lawyer by profession, is teaching graduate universities in the country and abroad. He has won over a dozen awards in literary competitions in Argentina and Spain. In 2010 he received the 2nd prize in the National Competition Tales Bioy Casares and 1st prize in the National Literature and Fantastic Horror "dark world". He has published stories and poems in ten anthologies. Regularly collaborates magazines and sites devoted to fantasy literature, horror and science fiction. He recently presented "Penumbra Smith" (Ediciones Galmort, 2010), a book of stories that give the reader a unique account of joint portrait and disclosure anomalous every day. It also is preparing a book of fairy tales

forthcoming where groups all stories published in the magazine miNatura. Some of their stories can be read in the.

www.eleclipsedegyllenedraken.blogspot.com

Martínez González, Omar (Centro Habana, Cuba, 41 years old) Has participated in the following competitions: Provincial Competition "Eliezer Lazo", Matanzas, 1998, 99, 2000 (Distinction), 2001; Municipal Varadero "Basilio Alfonso", 1997, 98 (Distinction), 99 (1st Mention), 2002; Competition Provincial Municipality Martí 1999, 2000 (Distinction) Territorial Competition "Candil Fray", Matanzas, 1999, 2000, (Distinction) National Competition Alejo Carpentier 1999 CF National Contest Juventud Técnica 2002, 03; National Competition Ernest Hemingway, Havana 2003 Literary Contest Extramuros Promotion Centre "Luis Rogelio Noguera 2004" Literary Contest 2005 Center Farralque Fayad Jamis (Finalist) Cuba EventFiction 2003 Award "Rationale "2005 Alejo Carpentier Foundation, International Competition" The Revelation ", Spain, 2008-9 (Finalist), 2009-10 (Finalist) International Competition" Wave Polygon ",

Spain, 2009, Finalist; monthly Contest website QueLibroLeo, Spain, 2008-9; Microstories monthly Contest on Lawyers, Spain, 2009.

Matheson, Richard (USA)

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Richard_Matheson

Mertens, Carine (Belgium) writer.

Moreyra García, Julieta (Mexico) Degree in Health Sciences. Bibliophile, budding novelist and faithful follower of fantasy literature, addiction that led her to travel the Creative Writing Program at the University of the Cloister of Sor Juana. Experiment with pen for several years, writing stories inserted into the genre, more to herself than to be read.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Poetic prose narratives that constitute their first explorations in search of their own language and therefore the first stage of his literary career.

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

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

www.zothiqueelultimocontinente.wordpress.com

Olivera, Patricia K. (Montevideo, Uruguay) future Proofreader Style and Degree in Linguistics. Post 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>

Olmeda Erena, Azahara (Spain , 28 years)

senior in psychology course . Regarding writing I have not yet been able to publish anything as sole author, but I have been fortunate to participate in several books of short stories edited with more authors and created as a result of participation in competitions or in various workshops writing .

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

Ortega Cecilio, Felipe Manuel (Cáceres, Extremadura, Spain, 33 years)

Author micro "Goodbye Cruel World" (appeared in # 119 of Minatura); Writer cartoon " San Lobo: el santo, la bruja y el diablo " (published in # 2 fanzine HARTO! of the Asociación de Amigos del Cómic de Extremadura; Finalist Fantasy X International Contest Minatura by micro story ...Y después

cenizas "; otherwise, I embark on various projects that develop very sparingly (and often conquers me this evil called procrastination, that sounds like something else), but hopefully get to see the light gradually.

Pacheco Estrada, Tomás (Córdoba, Veracruz, Mexico, 34 years old) Take a short film and video online this is called Ana Claudia de los Santos in Youtube. Besides having two accounts online. In addition to a story called El ultimo hombre sobre la Tierra in miNatura virtual magazine (# 98). Work on the film in the trailer are Ceroni you had. Besides participating in the television series of Ramon Valdez A2D3-winning literary contest 8th festival de la caña that takes place in Córdoba (Veracruz).

Palevsky, Viviana E. (Buenos Aires, Argentina) Writer.

Participant in the Luciana Mello narrative workshop (literary criticism page 12). Columnist digital diary Redcolonía (R. East of Uruguay). Driving literary program "A different reading" radio 90.3 UNDAV Avellaneda University.

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

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

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

Polidori John William, (UK)

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/John_William_Polidori

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.

Stoker, Bram (Irish)

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Bram_Stoker

Tapia, Juan José (Nueva Carteya, Córdoba, Spain, 1975) is an industrial engineer, and studied at the Conservatory of Music in Seville. He began writing in 2004, moving quickly from short stories to the novel, offering the possibility to develop in them their stories more freely. Like venturing into different genres, including works of terror, police, suspense, of classical Rome, west, and of course, science fiction. He combines his technical and literary work with his musical side, as a member of a rock band. His stories appear in several anthologies, and has published the novels "Enarmonia" (Publishing C & M), selected from the finalists Premio Planeta of Novel in 2007, and "El tercer final" (Editorial Galeonbooks).

Vindel Raúl S., (Spain) writer.

Zárate, José Luis (Mexico) People a live and duck on social networks. Write in Mexico. Novels, short stories, mini short, and takes 356 pages nanocuento white sheets, he insists, are molecular stories. His twitter @joseluiszarate

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:

Pag. 44 Alfonso, Graciela Marta (Buenos Aires, Argentina) *See Writers.*

Pag. 64 Ascúa, Miriam (Argentina)
Bachelor of Fine Arts from the University of La Plata.

Researcher representation techniques.
Freelance illustrator.

Pag. 01 Castelló Escrig, Rafa (Castellón de La Plana, Spain, 1969) Graduate School of

Arts and Crafts in Castellón specializing in Graphic Design (1993). Poster designer, illustrator and artist, currently combines his work in local government in a small municipality in the province of Castellón with their creative work. He recently participated in the exhibition of his drawings and paintings in the First Mostra Traditional Sant Joan de Moro (Castellón) and at the 16th edition of the Art Fair Pasearte in Castellón de la Plana.

Blog: <http://lafabricaonirica.blogspot.com/>

Pag. 73 Castrillón, Thanya (Asturias, Spain) illustrator specializing in fantasy and eroticism. As a child he began to be attracted to painting and film genre "Sword and Sorcery". While he was studying Illustration and Graphic Design in Art School Oviedo, and worked in a medical study and editorial illustration in the same city. Since then he has continued to develop their career for various individuals and publishers like Ars Epica, Nosolorol, La Marca del Este, Editorial Babylon and Ballistic Publishing.

<http://thanyacastrillonart.com/>

Pag. 22 Diaz Caballero, Yury (Havana, Cuba, 1978) is an illustrator, cartoonist, caricaturist and Cuban entertainer.

He worked in the department cartoon ICRT and collaborated with ICAIC . He has published illustrations in magazines Zunzún, We are Young and miNatura (digital) . Editorial published with Pablo de la Torriente Between Two Worlds, his latest comic book science fiction . He is currently working on the second part of this fascinating story. It takes about ten years as a technical illustrator in the magazine Youth Abril Publishing House, and among his awards , won for best illustration in the III International Prize for Electronic Publishing, 2010. As a member of New Strokes (which also includes renowned Cuban illustrators Jesús Rodríguez , Héctor Saroal , Angel Hernandez, Angel Velasco, Joel Pernas), participated in 2011 at the project coordinated by the cartoonist Maikel Garcia Humboldt in black and white a biography of the famous scientist Alexander von Humboldt patterned Cuban cartoonists and illustrators . He is a

member of the Union of Journalists of Cuba (UPEC).

Pag. 13, 77 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).

Pag. 07 Hattori, Naoto (Yokohama, Japan, 1975) studied Graphic Design in Tokyo before moving to New York to study in the School of Visual Arts. In the year 2000 he received a BFA in illustration from the School of Visual Arts. He has received Awards from the Society of Illustrators, the New York Directors Club, Communication Arts and also he has won numerous award from many art competitions and has been published in many art magazines. Of his work, He says: "My vision is like a dream, whether it's a sweet dream, a nightmare, or just a trippy dream. I try to see

what's really going on in my mind, and that's a practice to increase my awareness in stream-of-consciousness creativity. I try not to label or think about what is supposed to be, just take it in as it is and paint whatever I see in my mind with no compromise. That way, I create my own vision."

<http://naotohattori.com/home.html>

Pag. 76 Hwa Choe, Heon (Seul, South Korea) freelance illustrator.

<http://kilart.tumblr.com/>

Pag. 24 Ortiz Ballester, Margarita (Spain) Illustrator.

I started drawing at an early age and has always been with me an interest in everything related to creativity and imagination. After finishing art school, I studied a module of graphic design in sweep Design School, but it was not until after finishing the race of Fine Arts and pursue postgraduate professional illustration at the School of Art and Technology of Valencia (ESAT), I decided to be a freelance illustrator. Although preference is traditional illustration, sometimes I also defend with digital illustration.

In my work mixed use traditional techniques: from graffiti to watercolors, chalks, pastels, crayons, inks, etc.. Sometimes I also use other unconventional materials.

I've also done comics, graphic design and animation.

Pag. 116 Rafater -seud.- (Spain) Illustrator.

Has been collaborate with: Norma Editorial, Applibot, Ballistic publishing, Ediciones Babylon, Dibbuku, Bimbo.

Libros: Nightmare Dark Gods (Norma Editorial, 2014); EROS. The sexiest art of Rafater (Ediciones Babylon, 2013); EROS.EdicionesBabylon.es; EXOTIQUE 4 (Ballistic Publishing, 2008); Midnight (Editorial Dibbuku, 2011).

<http://www.rafater.com>

<http://rafater.cgsociety.org>

<http://rafaelteruelcaceres.blogspot.com>

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

Pag. 20 Rubert, Evandro (Brazil, 1973)

Cannot remember much more than the electric train and the mountain of comics from his childhood. Along with Sergio Abad and

David Baldeón among others, Comics Otracosa founded about 15 years ago, and has since been heavily involved in the world of comics. Today is

Editor and Chief of Epicenter and Sergio Abad teaches Bullets Comics and Narrative at the University Jaume I of Castellón. Also painted lead figurines and plays drums with Panic Idols.

Pag. 02 Signes Urrea, Carmen Rosa
(Spain) *See Writers.*

Pag. 28 Wickedman –seud.- (Girona , Catalunya, Spain) Being even amateur, I've been studying art at an academy , Paco Morgado in Salt, Girona, Catalunya, since age 11.

Currently I am also a student of the current Rafater professional illustrator, author of "Eros" Ediciones Babylon.

It all started when I suffered a small blow to the chin that made me stay in the hospital a few days to two years. My father taught me to draw roughly sharks on pape, and from then until now, I have not stopped drawing at age 21

Based on above all in whom I consider the best illustrators and mangaka/comic book artists , I try to devote the Japanese comic art, which give that touch yours as dynamic and give more importance to the drawing, it truly is my passion .

In my library of influences, you would find a Caravaggio, Goya, Mike Mignola , Fran Frazetta, Takehiko Inoue, Yoshitaka Amano, Hirohiko Araki, Tetsuo Hara, Ayami Kojima, Yoji Shinkawa , Yoshihiro Togashi and Yusuke Nakano .

Currently I 'm under the project Fanzine Ghouls & Dragons.

About illustration:

Pag. 01 Vampiro/ Rafa Castelló Escrig (Spain); **Pag. 02** FrikiFrases/ Carmen Rosa Signes Urrea (Spain); **Pag. 07** Inspiration/ Naoto Hattori (Japan); **Pag. 13** Vamp/ Miguel Gámez Cuevas, (Spain); **Pag. 20** Fear, Lies & China Ink: Take Stake!/ Evandro Rubert (Brazil); **Pag. 22** St./ Yury Diaz Caballero (Cuba); **Pag. 24** Vampiro 00/ Margarita Ortiz Ballester (Spain); **Pag 28** Amante nocturno/ Wickedman –seud.– (Spain); **Pag. 44** Enigma/ Graciela Marta Alfonso (Argentina); **Pag. 64** Dachnavar/ Miriam Ascúa (Argentina); **Pag 65** Vampiros/ Iván (Spain); **Pag 73** Nosferatu II/ Thanya Castrillón (Spain); **Pag. 75** Vampiro BN/ Rafa Castelló Escrig (Spain); **Pag. 76** St./ Heon Hwa Choe (South Korea); **Pag. 77** Saturno/ Miguel Gámez Cuevas, (Spain); **Pag. 116** Thirsty again (Ediciones Babylon <http://www.edicionesbabylon.es/>) / Rafater –seud.– (Spain).

