

### The Magazine of the Brief & Fantastic

When a spy sells something entirely new, all he needs to do is recount something you could find in any second-hand book stall.

Umberto Eco, *The Prague Cemetery*.



Like a black hole, NSA pulls in every signal that comes near, but no electron is ever allowed to escape.

James Bamford, *The Shadow* 

Factory: The Ultra-Secret NSA from 9/11 to the Eavesdropping on America.



Espionage is the world's second oldest profession.

Vejas Gabriel Liulevicius, *Espionage and Covert*\*\*Department of Covert Operations: A Global History.



Spying is waiting.

John le Carré. *The Russia House*.



Out in the field, any connection with home just makes you weaker. It reminds you that you were once civilized, soft; and that can get you killed faster than a bullet through the head.

Henry Mosquera, Sleeper's Run.





All field agents have some cowboy in them – even the ones from New York.

Tom Clancy, *The Cardinal of the*Kremlin.



He was learning to live on several planes at once. The art of it was to forget everything except the ground you stood on and the face you spoke from at that moment."

John le Carré, A Perfect Spy.



Hence the use of spies, of whom there are five classes: Local spies; inward spies; converted spies; doomed spies; surviving spies.

Sun Tzu. *The art of war*.



We are all impostors and spies, right?

John Banville



Every night I kneel down and pray at my bed: I thank my God for having been able to finish another day without getting caught.

Samuel Butler.

### Spv-Fi

James Bond: Forgive me, Father, for I have sinned.

Q: [in disguise as the priest] That's putting it mildly, 007!

For Your Eyes Only (John Glen, 1981)

bastard utilitarian¹ philosopher
Jeremy Bentham eighteenth
century a convenient and cleanly presents
the basics of total surveillance: Panopticon
(inspired by the Greek myth of the giant
guardian Panoptes of Thousand Eyes)
construction in order to induce in the
detainee a conscious and permanent
visibility state that guarantees the automatic
functioning of power, but that power is
exercising effectively at all times, because

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¿Cómo colaborar en la Revista Digital miNatura?

Para colaborar con nosotros sólo tiene que enviar un cuento (hasta 25 líneas), poema (hasta 50 versos) o artículo (entre 3 y 6 páginas)

Time New Román 12, formato A4 (tres centímetros de margen a cada lado).

Los trabajos deben responder a los monográficos (terror, fantasía o ciencia ficción) que tratamos.

Enviar una breve biografía literaria (en caso de poseerlo).

Respetamos el copyright que continua en poder de sus creadores.

Las colaboraciones deben ser enviadas a: minaturacu@yahoo.es

Pueden seguir nuestra publicación a través:

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

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http://www.facebook.com/groups/126601580699605/?fref=ts

La Biblioteca del Nostromo:

http://bibliotecadelnostromominatura.blogspot.com.e s/

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> It is an ethical theory that assumes the following three proposals: what is intrinsically valuable for individuals, the best state of affairs is one in which the sum of what is valuable is as high as possible, and what we should do is what gets the best state of things according to this.

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the prisoner can not know when you will watch and when not. <sup>2</sup>

Something like this already exists and controls us under the premise of safety searching our conversations are tracked keywords or we just become spies neighbor.

About 20 years ago for information sodium pentothal and a long list of questions was necessary ... now you just have to open an account in Facebook. Now the spy is a man tormented by his fake alter egos or playboy jet set ... may be a camera in a public building or just our metro ticket.

Terms such as Top Secret and Eyes Only
For ypour disfilan encrypted
before our eyes, but if this were
the whole truth: I'd have to kill
you.

With this new challenge to our digital magazine reviewers

Minatura us a wide range of possibilities with amazing literary topic as fascinating as the espionage.

Add to this a very good interview with the writer Pilar Pedraza and have a true visual feast.

We no items to novel treatments of the topic and missing from the cinematic or literary point of view. All this peppered with humor Evandro Rubert.

Do not close this note without desire to thank the illustrators:

Joe Webster (USA); Nelleke Schoemaker – seud.- (Holland); Rubert Evandro (Brazil); Miriam Ascúa (Argentina); Graciela Marta Alonso (Argentina); Francisco Arteaga (Spain); José Manuel Puyana Domínguez (Spain); Simon Weaner (Canada).



<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Surveillance & Punishment (1975) Michel Foucault.

### Convocatoria selección de textos para la revista Tiempos Oscuros nº4

La Revista Digital Tiempos Oscuros (Un panorama del Fantástico Internacional) tiene el placer de dar a conocer la convocatoria para confeccionar su cuarta entrega, un número dedicado, al contrario de otras ediciones, en esta ocasión estará centrado en **República Dominicana y Puerto Rico**.

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

#### **BASES**

- 1. Podrán participar todos aquellos escritores dominicanos y puertorriqueños, 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, 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.

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- 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 Nº4

- 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 podemos 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 1º de noviembre de 2014**. (No se admitirán trabajos fuera del plazo indicado).

Ricardo Acevedo Esplugas

Carmen Rosa Signes Urrea



Por Carmen Rosa Signes Urrea (España)

Illustrate by Nelleke Schoemaker —seud.— (Holland)/ Dark queen

Hello Pilar, thank you for accepting our offer! It is a pleasure to have you in our publication.

We learned about to you thanks to a friend who presented us with the novel *Lucifer Circus* (Valdemar, 2012; *Nocte* Fantasy Award 2013) and we also will have the honor of having one of your stories for our online magazine *Tiempos Oscuros* dedicated, in this its third issue, to Spain, with a great and magnificent representation of fantasy literature in the Iberian Peninsula.

**Digital magazine miNatura:** To start, we would like you to introduce yourself, to tell us who is Pilar Pedraza and what are your aspirations as a writer, if there is something you haven not achieve yet.

**Pilar Pedraza:** I've always been a writer, more by vocation than by profession. I have never made a living out of my writings or have written for money. I have a PhD in History and I am a professor of History of Art and Film at the University of Valencia (Spain) since I finished my degree in the late 70s. I have tried to combine both aspects and I've achieved it by joining both my carriers as a sort of Siamese twins. They are a little uncomfortable at times but they have reported me great satisfaction.

Digital magazine miNatura: When did you become interested in literature and why?

**Pilar Pedraza:** It was so long ago that I cannot remember how and why, just that it was in the early summers of my life, when I was on vacation and plundered the library of my grandfather. Since an early age I was reading *The Iliad*, the *Complete Works of Zola*, *Flaubert* ... all things not very suitable for a girl. My method was simple: I skipped what I did understand, which did not stop me from keep on reading.

**Digital magazine Minatura:** In a cultural environment in constant change, it is increasingly difficult to make a name, due to the proliferation of writers who, encouraged by new technologies, are competing for a place among publishers. The market, how do you feel your works are integrated in the current literary scenario?

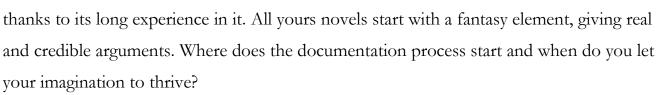
**Pilar Pedraza:** It's perfectly integrated since many years in *Valdemar*, number one Fantasy publishing company in Spain and highly regarded in Latin America. With such a guarantee, I can work very relaxed without worrying about competition, which is a concern

totally unrelated to my way of considering literature: a personal enjoyment and not an object of trade.

**Digital magazine miNatura:** Your work moves between horror and non-fiction. Where do you feel more comfortable?

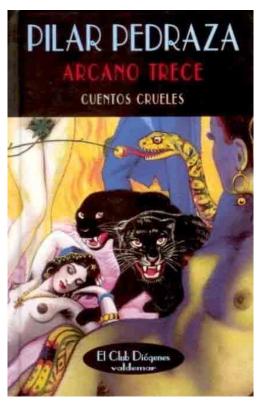
**Pilar Pedraza:** Both. In fact, I alternate between without a problem. All of them are for my culture, my culture, and that's all I care about.

**Digital magazine miNatura:** Our journal is dedicated to fantasy, a genre in which you are comfortable



**Pilar Pedraza:** Everything starts simultaneously, if it's well thought. When it's not good, doubts, schemes and corrections start. Obviously, fantasy literature needs more documentation than any other thing, and also some deep dives in the author's own

"In fact, fantasy shines more in short stories than in novels."



unconscious. All this has a natural rhythm, like a chorus of voices singing together.

**Digital magazine miNatura:** Where do you feel most comfortable, writing novels or short stories?

**Pilar Pedraza:** I prefer novels because it allows the development of a long action and the creation of several atmospheres, but I really like short stories too. In fact, fantasy shines more in short stories than in novels.

**Digital magazine miNatura:** Our publications are strong advocates of short stories as a "looked down" genre, which is worth to be rescue for the readers. Many think it is just a genre full of fairy tales for children. As a short story writer, what do you think this type of literature needs to gain the place it deserves, and not only in a commercial sense?

**Pilar Pedraza:** The short story, as a genre, doesn't need anything. Everything was invented by the Greek, and had a long and rich history and a splendid 20<sup>th</sup> century. The reader is what it needs to be groomed. We need to educate short story readers. We need to encourage boys and girls to read fantasy tales and not children's literature. I don't believe in children's literature. If I started reading *The Iliad*, others may do the same, and if everything is left in the hands of the market, then, as the Spaniards say, "Forget about it!"

"I don't believe in children's literature. If I started reading *The Iliad*, others may do the same"

**Digital magazine miNatura:** When you discuss feminism you use the expression *Sadian feminism* to define it in a very specific and special framework. Can you explain us this particular definition?

**Pilar Pedraza:** The word comes from <u>Angela Carter</u>, who sees in the works of the Marquis de Sade female characters as Julliette that are treated as equals by the libertines: they are like them, free and liberated, and travel the world alone; they don't embrace the female

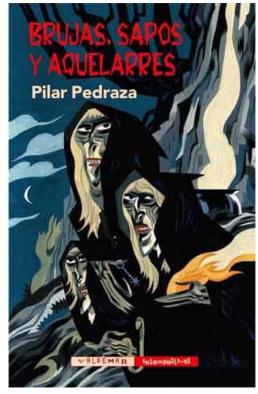
"This is the feminism I want, the one of equality, not of difference, not the socialist feminism and feminist feminism that excludes the male."

archetypes of society; and are the ultimately feminist *avant la lettre*. This is the feminism I want, the one of equality, not of difference, not the socialist feminism and feminist feminism that excludes the male. There is no need to exclude. We must join forces, shoulder to shoulder, men and women together in virtue, and even in vice. That means the *Sadian feminism*.

Digital magazine miNatura: We have in our

hands your latest book *Brujas, sapos y aquelarres (Editorial Valdemar, 2014)*, a rather appealing title for the followers of the strangest traditions and customs. Such is the case for any given fantasy writer, who cannot deny the importance of this work. How does the Historian in Pilar Pedraza influence the fiction writer Pilar Pedraza? What is born first, the idea or the studies and research? And most importantly for the more faithful readers of Pilar Pedraza, can this book be the starting point for another witchcraft novel?

**Pilar Pedraza:** First, I will answer the second question, if I may. Indeed, this non-fiction title has



pushed me to write a new novel, the one I'm writing today based on the witchcraft in the Roman Empire. Those witches, you see, were very rare, as the stereotype of the witch is Christian and belongs to the Middle Age. Old witches have no devil, and that's what interests me the most. As for the second question, for me as a writer, fantasy and research come together, so much so that I cannot tell if it was first the idea or the theme or if everything came from a story or an image, a suggestion from a firm or a data point from a conference.

Digital magazine miNatura: When the next novel?

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**Pilar Pedraza:** Very soon. At this time, ideas and images come to me at an unusual speed, and the task of correcting, shaping, assembling and other more formal chores cost me no effort, although I get tired. It is not easy to explain. It is a matter of enthusiasm.

Thank you, Pilar, for sharing your words with us. It has been a pleasure. And now, our usual quiz, with short questions and answers:

### Witches of Eastwick or The Witches of Zugarramurdi?

The Witches of Salem, both in reality and in the theater and cinema.

#### Fast Food or Homemade?

Quick food homemade with products from the market. I cannot cook like my grandmother or my mother, but I like to take care of my health as them or even more.

#### Tea or coffee?

Natural lemon water. I don't drink alcohol or stimulants drinks.

### If a historical figure, which one would you be?

Miss Annie Bessant

### Can you tell us the title of the worst book you've read?

I threw it out the window before checking its title.

### What is the best book you read?

Goethe's Faust, the Superbook.

### What kind of music do you listening?

None. It bothers me when I work because music distracts me from the musicality of what I write. Otherwise, I like all types of world music, and my favorite singer is Manu Chao.

### Cats or dogs?

Leopards, but I have cats because they are easier to take care.

#### 3D Cinema, yes or no?

Sometimes, but not necessarily. The film is a two-dimensional medium.

### If you had a superpower, which would you choose?

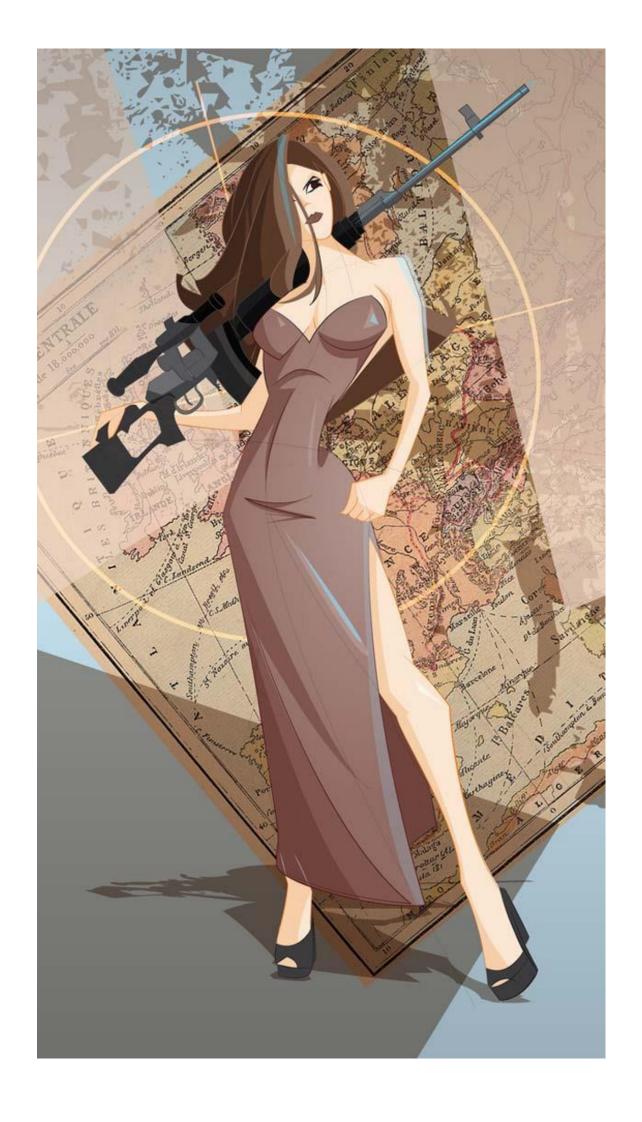
Invisibility.

#### **About the Writer:**

Pilar Pedraza Martínez (Toledo, October 12, 1951) she is a writer and professor of Spanish university. His work has two main aspects: the narrative of terror and essay.

The stories and novels of Pilar Pedraza represent characters and environments, where the ominous presence of the supernatural (dead returning to life, demons, and enchanted objects) is associated with madness, death and sadomasochistic pleasure. This theme, which dominates his first novel, The Jewels of the serpent (1984), undergoes a gradual stylization in subsequent deliveries. Alexandria On The Bitch (2003) Pedraza offers us a unique version of the story of Hypatia (Melanta, in the novel), which presents as a victim of the confrontation between the cult of Dionysus and Christ, led by Bishop Clench (transcript of Cyril of Alexandria).

https://es.wikipedia.org/wiki/Pilar Pedraza



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### Cold War

### Scourging Tango

Caught in the fury of a bitter tango, Smiley spun and swung, trying his best to wear out, punish his partner, a tall, solid, strong stepping woman.

"Why?" he whispered, breathless from both passion and exhaustion, "Why did you order Haydon to sleep with Ann?"

She refused Smiley's advance and drove him back at least ten feet, so violently that other couples had no time to get out of their way.

"You deserved it" As the woman spoke, Adam's apple peeked from the neck lacing. "Told you to wait, I would leave my fatherland for you, and you go and marry that aristocratic tramp"

"I sent you a letter" Smiley's voice cracked. "I explained"

"Speak no more!" Karla pressed on, bending Smiley's torso, twisted like sedge under steppe winds. Only a pale, sinewy hand held Smiley's vanquished waist in place. "Speak no more, we'll never meet again... for now, just dance"

Juan Pablo Noroña Lamas (Cuba)

### Following orders

Despite my reluctance, I had to do it. Not only for obligation from my superiors, but rather for patriotism.

The agency knew that our enemies were building a powerful source of cosmic radiation on one of the moons of Mars. If they will get functioning of it so they would might to mitigate energy deficiencies of humankind for all eternity...or while human species is remaining. That would end the dependence of fossil fuels, pollution and climate change, as the scientists concerned for the project said it

I arrived at the orbital station in small one of the military shuttles called "Hermes". I got evade his warning systems, and get in surreptitiously on its base. Once inside, I installed several nuclear explosives of half power. After I activated it, I walked away from there at the same way had arrived.

The station exploded like a silent and spectacular exhibition of color, which was also a symphony of death and destruction. I had accomplished the mission. Nobody will have that strange energy source that threatened the interests of my country and of course, of the multinational companies

of oil from behind by most of parliamentarians and senators, and the president himself.

I felt a prick of regret thinking how our world would be if that invention had had been launched... but I told myself that my flag, my anthem, my homeland, were more important than anything else...

Francisco José Segovia Ramos (Spain)

# Secret agent Homo Igneus

—What's your name mortal? — thundered the almighty Zeus, ruler of the Olympus, while in his right hand was taking form a thunderbolt out of the eddy of Electromagnetic energy inside the Cyclops' Sphere, placed at the center of the Hall: the matrix where such Titans gathered the raw material to forge the lethal weapon for the Olympic chief. It was plain that he meant to turn the grotesque creature into ashes.

—Igneus, Homo Igneus —answered defiantly the hominid belonging to the Homo Erectus, holding in his right hand another thunderbolt, but already condensed. His tiny brain came up very fast with a decision, as bold as the one that

inspired him to ascend to the Olympus in order to steal the fire from the gods for his species' sake. So, in two large leaps that amazed even Zeus, he reached one of the Olympus' outer windows, and dived into emptiness.

During his fall, he reviewed his adventure: the impotence of depend on a fire produced in natural form; the endless vigil to keep it alive; the exhausting quests for others sources of the new allied of the evolution, that protected the species from the beasts, the coldness and transformed its diet; the friction technique to generate it artificially that put him beside himself rounding times after times a stick in the hole of a piece of wood... Finally, he decided to pay attention to the legend about a place near the heaven where inhabited the furious lights that created the fire. His infiltration in such place disguised like a Faun sent there by the god Pan like an apprentice of the Cyclops; his learning of the technology to forge the thunderbolt; his theft of one; his... At last, he felt the earth under his feet; he was alive. He uttered an arrogant grunt. His legend will survive, altered of course. In the future, he won't be the secret agent Homo Igneus but Prometheus. His features will be endowed

with the best of the Greek canon of beauty, far from the primitive physical of wide cheek bones and narrow forehead that he got at the moment. Triumphantly he brandished the thunderbolt, and scalded himself.

Odilius Vlak (Dominican Republic)

# Bringing back Dennis Martin

Thus, only a brilliant ruler or a wise general, who can use the most intelligent for espionage, can be sure of victory.

Sun Tzu, The Art of War

I had never imagined I would end up meeting him. He is my father's age and I have always admired him. Moreover, I think it is very easy to be a spy these days. Everything is set on with satellites, computers and a nerd who makes magic with some gizmo. That said, and with my old school sorcery, I conclude the imminent catastrophe's modus operandi is similar to one of his most famous missions. My superiors, desperate, commission me to get his help. And he, surrounded by his paintings, a garden of yellow roses and an

old wolf smile, welcomes me at his house in the Dublin suburbs. I do not know if I can take in the fact that he is an old man. Heroes should never get old. In any case, his mischievous blue eyes blaze while I present him with abundant details on the stolen missiles and I, overcome by emotion can hardly speak. Suddenly, he stands up and looks for a smoke. I take the opportunity to look at the pictures on the grand piano and, for a moment, forget the fatal virus stalking us from the warheads. Here he is, very young, as a member of the Binh -Xuyen, Indochina's warrior sect, squatting on a sampan, where he learned to throw knives. In the next one, he wears the uniform of the French Foreign Legion. And then, in this other one, he is wearing jungle camouflage. I quickly recall he was a mercenary in the Belgian Congo. In the last picture, he is laughing with a paratrooper. I recognize Colonel Henri Jordan from the Deuxieme Bureau. A cigar's exhilarating aroma brings me back to reality. He pours an Irish whiskey. I want to ask him about Grace Henrichsen or Katrin von Eitzen, however, a gentleman does not keep memories, and we have, at hand, the urgency of the situation, so I return to the latest satellite data. As we review images of

the terrorist, he goes deep in thought as if trying to grab the echoes of some elusive remembrance. He needs to make a phone call; he says and leaves me alone once again. I pay attention to another photograph. In it, I see the former head of MI5, the dapper Sir Charles Caldwell Hopkins, watching a karate class. But now Dennis Martin comes back with a name, handwritten in a paper which shows, at the bottom, some geographical coordinates. I send precise instructions to Central and from now on, it's up to the geeks and their witchcraft. I look at him, with gratitude. He refills the glasses and we toast for the old spies. I guess I now have the guts to ask him about the Danish beauty

Pablo Martínez Burkett (Argentina)

# Fisherman's dream of Kyushu

Yoko knows something. Often avoids my questions, by the way. If you insist, I answered evasively. "No what you mean" Then, filled with doubts and I must control myself. I'm not a violent guy, but sometimes, something inside me tells me that I am not a simple fisherman of

Kyushu, a secluded island in the Sea of Japan. Nor am originally from this place, the color of my skin betrays it. Yoko explains that have always lived here, but I have no memories to contradict. Apparently I suffer from amnesia as a result of a nasty blow to the head ... The questions with which I lashed to my wife, I rise on a recurring dream, somewhat fragmented, but I remember details, and merges with images visit my mind, when I'm awake. In it, personified as a secret agent in the service of the English crown. As such, I am working with a number weapons and skilled fighter. The technology does not keep secrets from me and thanks to my cunning I could ruin the plans of mad scientists, despots and tyrants, especially of a terrorist organization called SPECTRE, who seeks world domination. Among the most dramatic missions in which I have been involved, is one in a space shuttle, something very absurd, as all you dream, because here in Kyushu, those things are completely unknown. My wife having fun with all this. However, forgive, especially when diving naked, to collect pearls: her sculptural body would breath to anyone and would be blissful for this blessing. However, in the solitude of my

hopes, after I missed the nets overboard, become segments of that dream, a real puzzle, materializing in fiery women of all races, parading by my bed, in a suite of estate, with the intention of preventing my tasks or simply to love. I blush, especially when my mind evokes the figure of a naked woman drenched in gold ... Although this dream that haunts me every night, cannot deny it: I'm happy.

Jaime Magnan Alabarce (Chile)

# The oculi organization: see and not be seen

I'm not the most notorious spy in the world, nor do I intend to be. And the truth is that when a secret agent is more well-known than Lady Gaga's lingerie, he no longer benefits from the first characteristic of being a good spy: secrecy. That's why I don't understand 007 secret agent's behavior – the supreme example of a bad professional; a shame for me and my colleagues.

There are many spies like me, anonymous but extremely effective: the last paladins, the unwavering defenders of secrets. Always paying attention, almost transparent, with a chameleon's training, we are perfectly dissimulated, and nobody notices our obstinate presence. The innocence in the appearance is another of our unique specialties. The truth is that we are here, there and everywhere. You know that you are being spied and you can't figure out how – oh, yes!

Nobody can remember the first time a spy like me has appeared. I know that the first written reports to test our highly camouflaged espionage and observation capacity appeared in 1325. Fifty years later we were seen as the best option to secretly collect information – disguise was and is the watchword. From that time onwards we have been improving at all levels. Nowadays we go by unnoticed in any environment, in any country. We don't have linguistic limitations, moral problems, idiosyncrasies, mental or physical problems – the word fatigue doesn't exist in our vocabulary.

We feel messianic.

I've had my analogue version, last year I've suffered a technological improvement; I'm now totally digital: owner of a 3.5" color screen TFT, with a 170 degrees angle, with an internal memory up to 100 pictures, able to record both time and date.

I'm proud of being an anonymous and well-disguised magical eye.

Paulo Brito (Portugal)

# Dirty hands

Thief washing your hands in a foam-filled Pike. On the other side the detective traps it between theirs for every one of the tracks. Lather ends with dirty hands.

Francisco Manuel Marcos Roldan

# The Spy Who Disappeared

Gaia used a neurosynaptic device that read her sensory network in order to activate the interface system that allowed her particles to hide in subspace, making her essentially an invisible woman. Her task was to hunt down the most dangerous fugitives in the galaxy. She had participated in many operations, and in each of them it became more difficult to escape back into reality, as if her very essence was lost a little each time she made the jump. Humanity did not reappear completely in her, being

trapped between the cracks separating the universes.

One day she woke up and realized that it was not her. Now she was another. She went from being an individual to a weapon wielded by different governments, pointing her to their enemies, and firing. She was effective, mechanical and cold. Each of her eyes observed into a different existence.

But now she could see without them. A bit blood was slipping from the right side of her mouth. The spy vanished. She walked among entailed threads, each one forming different continuities, tied in a vacuum as a chaotic network of infinite possibilities that are self-complementary to sustain a complex spectrum consolidated into an immortal mind: God, Creator, Almighty and king supreme. But he did not see her. Gaia had the opportunity to perform the impossible. She wanted to untangle the mess that shameless insolent had created, but she could not kill him from the other side of the river; to murder that which does not exist was unfeasible. However, now they were walking in the same plane, as she had crossed to where the gods were hiding. She found him playing in the sand with a bucket and shovel. All desire to exterminate him

escaped her then; it was just a little boy with no idea what he was doing. And then, at that time, she became aware of the fact that she no longer existed as well.

Peter Domínguez (Puerto Rico)

# The Arbatel's jihad

The winds of a coming war howled wild from the Middle East —thickening like coagulated blood in the frozen intellect of the Nordic men. This time, after a short cold war season, the souls from the deserts lunched an open challenged to the snowy spirits. The former scattered cells were reunited under the leadership of Arbatel, who could managed them without being signaled by any prophesy. For some whim of destiny —now that we speak about warfare capacity— the world's eyes weren't this time looking at China, Russia or North Korea, like someday they were set on Germany —regimes whose fanaticism made them unworthy to be ranked among the civilized people—, but on the men from the wilderness.

—How a powerful technology ended up in such a hands? And we fancied ourselves

to have controlled those suicide minded people —told General Clark to the Minister of Defense, while taking a cup of coffee to his mouth—. That damned Arbatel have stolen the sleeping time from us; fight for so long with madmen only to see the power be taken by the uncivilized, we have underestimated him.

—Many call him the new Mahomet! commented the Minister of Defense—. I think that he deserve our credit even if his actions terrorized us. We know that he has been an unpredictable phenomenon. Who would have imagined all the Islamic cults gathered like one body around a single leader? That son of the half-moon! Nobody can say for sure how he could infiltrate his people in ultra-secrets operations. Now he possessed the technic of the fission of hydrogen and the satellite control without have ever put one up there. He has developed, as far as our information goes, a kind of exoskeletons capable to endow an army with a more than human force; needless to mention his lethal missiles. The world has never been in a danger like this. The paradise displayed on the horizon is not a Western one!

> Morgan Vicconius Zariah.-seud.- (República Dominicana)

# A spy in love...

"You will survive, but you'd wish no having done so."

Gul Dukat, Kardasian Union.

Restless, I walked the corridors in the Deep Space 9 toward the Quark Bar where I was to meet with Gul Dukat, the Kardasian, who recruited me, years ago, in Bahor. The now high officer had come, incognito, to congratulate me on the

assassination of two leaders in Section 31, a clandestine intelligence organization monitored by the United Planetary
Federation. Kardasia awaits you, he said, teasingly. Then, not minding the other people at the bar he added: Ardos, the agent of the year, who would have thought it! Somewhat later, dazzled by all the attention, I dared mention I was courting Zora Dunes, a terrestrial. We are in love and want to get married, I explained. We know, said Dukat. However, the girl has



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Klingon connections, and the marriage is unacceptable. Worse, she is unaware of your real identity. As soon as she finds out, there is no way back; it's Kardasia or nothing. Your call, Ardos. Right there and then I understood that for the Dominion, I was less than a Jem'hadar. After the meeting and with the medal in my pocket, I returned and told Zora everything. Got orders to move on, to Kardasia, we'll be indoctrinated, and only time will tell. But Ardos, don't you see it? Sooner or later, they'll kill us, we're expendable, she repeated. I believed we were safe; I was part of the team preparing for the next mission. Until someone warned me: Dukat had contacted the Federation and denounced me. They had already issued an order of arrest against me. We were in trouble. We needed to act. Zora announced she was pregnant and would return to Earth, to her family. Dukat did not interfere. I guessed he had something up his sleeve. Dear Ardos, my brother is dying, please come help me, wrote Zora. With Dukat on my back, I returned to DS 9 where Zora and I got married. That evening, I contacted Chief Odo. He proceeded to send an encrypted message: A Dominion agent entered the Alpha

Quadrant and has surrendered. Thus, I ended my career as a spy and assassin

Violeta Balián (Argentina)

### Persecution

The inspector Vanhaus Henry had been working about ten years pursuing to the evil Dr. James Krugger. For five years, adopted the identity of a sailor of the Armed Forces and Vanhaus lost his track when he was about to catch it. Kruger was very skilled hiding among the people and adopting many personalities. The next two years, the famous researcher, used all the technologies at their disposal to discover the identity of the new Dr. Krugger and end once and with the plans of this evil man, pretending to subdue the world under his rule, using the most advanced lethal weapons built by himself, as the controller and disposer minds of the enemies.

Henry Vanhaus gave no credit to the report received by the government in which he indicated that Krugger now lived in a small town and served as an elementary school teacher in the town. Flew his small jet piloted by him and assumed the personality of a coach of women's basketball school. Krugger was recognized,

now with a new image: bald, overweight, short, with glasses and a mustache that covered part of his upper lip. Now Vanhaus was not willing to fail. He had already developed a good plan; Krugger had shown that it was not infallible; they found him because the director of the elementary school informed to the authorities that the third-grade students complained about the teacher when he despaired with the group pulled out a gun and froze their students for couple of hours. The School's authorities could not prove anything and concluded that the children had a very active imagination.

The next three years, Krugger was careful and he didn't make mistakes, Vanhaus saw an opportunity to launch their plan. He brought at the school an attractive woman, who was responsible for seducing Krugger. He fell in love, and began to lose the control. When he asked her to marry him and she refused his proposal, in an act of violence, Kruger immediately show off the controller cleared minds and when he was about to use it, he was caught by Vanhaus.

Mª. del Socorro Candelaria Zárate (México)

# The machine of wind

For Diego Córdova war was a struggle for mere survival, either between two men or between two nations, as was this occasion.

England and Spain were at war several years, since the execution of Mary Stuart by Elizabeth I. Felipe II hasn't forget his preceding fiancé, and a few years before he had sent a large armada to invade the British Isles, without any success. Shortly after the famous "against Navy force" happened the same so Drake and Norreys returned to London with the most part destroyed.

But then it was different: Engineers of Elizabeth I had invented a machine able to move boats without rowers or wind. They called it "The machine of wind", and that was a high state secret which had been discovered by Hispanic secret services. Diego Córdova was sent to England on a secret mission. After landing on a deserted beach, he moved to shipyards of London where the machine was being installed in warships.

For some time, Diego had noted data and names thanks to knowledge of the language and customs, and also of his physiognomy –red haired and blue eyes—. When he had all data, executed his plan.

To destroy the plans of the invention and kill its creators was all one, and it was relatively easy, because they weren't prevent for as brutal and fast attack. Firing shipyards where the armed vessels were guarding was more difficult. Only when the flames from the great fire lighting up the skies of London, Diego Córdova knew that he had fulfilled his mission perfectly.

As the fire claimed all "machines of wind" and their metal bodies twisted and melted inside an hell of flames, nor Diego Córdova, nor anyone else knew that two hundred years should come even to other inventors return to discover what they called "steam engine". But that, it was another story.

Francisco José Segovia Ramos (Spain)

# Psychic logout 3.D

Psyghost was making his way through the virtual infrastructure of Subatomic Babel headquarters, with the usual ease in such a familiar alternative reality; with the

confident and swiftness of the psychic ghost that he really was —symbolized in the code name as a spy for the new American program of Remote Viewing: Virtuagaze Project. Its infallible method was the virtual recreation of the place to be spy by the "viewer", whether a military hangar or a whole section of a city, after being properly radiographed with satellite. Then, they infiltrate the spy disguised with an avatar of one of the real workers of the place, in order to strengthen his psychic powers to get the desire secret information.

As if he were a soothsayer of Alien radiations, he found the hidden place of the particles accelerator that, the data said, had been built in Iran by the Asian geopolitical block, formed by China-Russia-India-Iran, with the goal to experiment with subatomic particles from unknown elements on Earth. While he went on, he greeted the others avatars of the hypothetic team of real scientists who work on the project, including the Chinese quantum physicist, Wong Chian. Yes, it was good to incarnate a respected scientist thought Psyghost, just when his psychic clairvoyance and his virtual experience got higher thanks to the shooting of electrical current at the gamma

wave band in his frontal lobe by the AI in charged of his spying module.

He was startled to find at the very threshold of the laboratory entrance, an Alien being. Its eyes projected a radiation that began to undo the virtual recreation. The AI log out Psyghost in time. Several days latter, the Asian block accused the western one to steal valuable memories — they forget everything about the last project. Inside a flying saucer somewhere in the Solar System, an alien thought aloud: "Ufff... Only for a breath westerners didn't get the information about the subparticles —those fucking humans are a headache!"

Odilius Vlak (Dominican Republic)

# Original matter

The cloudy day overshadowed the city that stretched lengthwise. The nazis were coming to Moscow. It was to protect the great discovery of your country, in your dermis was the information about the original matter. He took his weapon and went out through the back door. As a spy, I knew the way to escape.

The original matter revealed the unfolding, the immaterial and material, the

force initial. His body contained formulas which could wipe out the known universe.

They were found in the forest, on the border with Finland. Sergey, without saying anything delivered the envelope, the other man shook his head and returned to his car, both disappeared in different directions.

At home, Fyodor opened the envelope and read - I take your picture with me forever - burned envelope and its contents, outside shots sounded, someone was forcing the door, he took the gun and shot in his head. The nazis had arrived.

Sergey came to the right place. In the midst of the whiteness of the snow began digging with their hands to touch the metal, opened the heavy gates and turned on the lights. The huge spaceship which had worked years and years the scientists shone in the stay. He began pressing buttons and levers. The ship issued sounds and released jets of steam. Installed on the central seat of the ship, he looked at the map of the stars on the screen.

The ship crossed the sky while, below, bullets illuminated the night.

Andrés Hernán Tobar Muñoz (Chile)

### **Stories of Vortexes:**

# The Secret of the Templar

Mimicking between the shades his

slender figure was reproducing mirror-like in the fog, Alex "The Templar" complied with the secret mission "Burana Codex". The last encrypted revelation that might untie a nuclear warfare worldwide, silent and expansive.

The counselor of the plan was a

distinguished scientist, who with his knowledge of alchemy had created a secret code with anagrams and calligraphic medieval labyrinths.

The device in the shape of codex was on the verge of being activated by the "Hexagram Members", a sect that was conspiring against the real intention of the scientific purposes and to use it as tool of the evil.

Only infiltrating into the sect, Alex might mess up the infamous plan; the members

belonged to a high social elite who were called lovers of the art and the poetics of the Medioevo. Every month they were meeting in a strange site that it was simulated to be a library of manuscripts and grimoires ancient; secret, since investigative scholars were waiting the day indicated to untie



as a cold war the "Hebdomades Plan".

Alex simulated to be an investigator

Pythagorean to enter the sect, his long and wavy hair was rocking in the soft breeze of the small large window and his pale face was inclining on the book trying to find the

track of the lethal codex. The members of the sect were for finishing the meeting with a toast, Alex discovered between the dark shelves a passage and as a labyrinth led it to the final destiny of his mission "Burana Codex", there it was resting in the semidarkness the lethal weapon with form of codex, the lights ignited and there appeared a voluminous figure who rushed against Alex, the members of the sect already they were warned, "The Templar", silently exterminated his rival took the lethal codex and fled between the shades of the profaned labyrinth, the members did not find tracks, only the grotesque corpse with the widespread hand trying to seize the non-existent manuscript...

Graciela Marta Alfonso (Argentina)

# The betrayal of the appearance

You can move the head by tipping it right into an act of wanting to watch carefully what happens in front of you. You look at the macabre movement of a corpulent man, who runs after a desperate girl.

Tomas air, you must not let yourself go in the middle of the crowd, you have to keep in strict confidentiality. Strides she gives

van shrinking to the extent that they approach you, look at you and smiles. The flame with good words, somewhat tense. His tone of voice sounds. Stops drawn, it denotes low lung capacity, it is not used to run. He lifts his head and look away is the girl. "A detective like you should not spend one", while you regret it retrieves some forces and resumed the race. Passes on your shooting hand, leaving behind of a resembling of a wandering star trail. It is here where your retention capacity overflows, and rises without further ADO from transformation in the hero who all crave. You look to your around, you get the bushes, you enfundas in latex costume, and salts become a Superman with authority. You look at you feet, and you see that you're not going conjoined, you forgot the sneakers in your black suit. It is the least important thing... you take career and sales soared in search of the poor girl who flees yet werecat. Reach it in seconds surrounding it. To see you smile again. He Faints, or does it. You're not sure. Doubts. Take it to the flight, it would not be chivalrous that you stamp, and even that could tell you if they do not see you acting as the hero that everyone admire. He comes back, with your right foot beams

tripping the man who haunts her. "I am the only Superman," you say swelling.

Exhausted the guy looks up, frowns, takes off the mask, observes your stiff face and says; "son of a bitch, knew me you had double work. And without the pension your daughters insolvent." It dropped with aplomb the girl fading his neatness in efficiency. The best kept secret finally beat the border of uncertainty. The earth ends up swallow.

Francisco Manuel Marcos Roldan (Spain)

### The lord of mirrors

In the purple dawn of a mature planet, orbiting around a red dwarf in the outskirts of the Milky Way, thrives a humanoid type civilization named the Elzvete. The differences between the two main races have been smoothed after the long war of fifty years, whose aftermath faded the beauty of the sunrise for two years. From the cities' debris rose up again the Elzvetian souls, splendid and radiant, and rebuilt their civilization from the point it has fell down. The two dominant races signed a treaty of peace. Nature was healed. Again rivers and springs of the planet Wllx ran with magic grace, cleaning out the remnants of the Dark Age.

Elkar Tuv was born toward the end of the war, astronomer, poet, psychologist and inventor, who once grown up, designed a weird device. During the war, all kind of magic and divination arts were banned. Much of the old lore was burnt up and children with potential psychic abilities were slayed —others were put to work in the spying agencies. Though magic was forbidden by emperors and the technological civilization, Elzvetian weren't an antireligious people. They got a mystic devotion for the Cosmos, whose outer expression was a little hanging mirror.

Elkar, like any other Elzvetian, felt a strong fascination for mirrors; they shared a belief about a personal Ego that looked through them. A sort of Oneself from a parallel universe. But Elkar's obsession was much deeper —a spell that bounded him from the very childhood. One night, when the two moons of Wllx shone over the Nothz Valley, he shot cosmic rays — captured by his device from a distant binary system— at his mirrors. His body split in shining particles that disappeared into his five mirrors. From that night on, the technology of the southerner land has

evolved, and in every city of Wllx, people rumored that Elkar, Lord of Mirrors, spied in silent from the bottom of their souls.

Morgan Vicconius Zariah – seud.- (Dominican Republic)

### In the silence

—No casualties among us, the balance of the mission was positive. But please, do I have to start again with the story? Ladies and gentlemen, I refer to the reports that line the tables from their desk. I have not done enough already! Years entered their ranks... I have not earned rest, to return to my life?

Commander Sademich simply wish to ratify the rebels through its counterintelligence work. Risky work that has culminated in success. I have to congratulate you because I knew unnoticed.

—It was not easy, the links will become inevitable. Please note personal involvement, the consequences that now I spend bill.

Thank you Commander, henceforth we can continue without you. Beforehand, we transmit him the respect that society owes. The debt is unpayable. We promise that their acts are honored as they deserve to be

remembered always. Do not forget your medication. Go with God.

Sademich urgently pulled the room, they began to have a respiratory crisis. The bubble sealed sterile preserving both its integrity as the rest of citizens, could not long remain disconnected, the batteries powered by solar generators not guarantee internal and external protection in case of exhaustion.

Fighting insurgents using bacteriological contaminated silently to all who joined in plots and intrigues, had again paid off.

Regarded as the best secret agents, with very few volunteers, as Sademich commander spread to his comrades in the struggle, the collateral damage was insignificant in comparison with an efficiency of 100%.

Alarms silenced as global danger away. The bubble was disconnected before reaching the street. The latter seditious contaminated had been annihilated.

Carmen Rosa Signes Urrea (Spain)

# The case of the woman cabaret

She worked in a cabaret in the east, near the port. He appeared in the dock, he bled and sliced breasts. They had been used for that purpose a LZ500 a new personal defense weapon, which advertised on digital tv.

Amenábar accepted the case because he had two months' rent. Seeing her face on the news, he knew she was a pretty woman. That night he dreamed of her. She wanted to say something, but at the very moment she approached her naked body to him, a flash broke, waking. That was dreamlike intimacy better than any "induced travel" than he had taken in the past two years.

Toured the neighborhood during the morning and spoke with some contacts, but did not trust anyone. His watch vibrated. Reluctantly answered the call, but this time it was not a telemarketer. The breasts of the girl, had appeared nailed to the entrance of a church.

On site, the photojournalists were already sending information online. The world had already heard. Amenábar was careful not to be seen by the police. He watched carefully. Everything was there. Every answer, every error murderer, leaving their tracks to be discovered. Noted all.

As soon as the police left, proceeded to remove traces. For nightfall, the city was a luminous landscape and his client was safe. Nothing was difficult for Amenábar, although he wanted to leave his profession. Spying for the dark side, did not like, but paid well.

That night, he would dream of the girl. Always occurred when the victims were beautiful women. He kept his client LZ500 near the bed. It was the last thing he had touched the girl. Somehow, he might feel about this woman. Even if it were in a dream.

Ernesto Parrilla (Argentina)

# Into the Crow's Nest

Berennor had infiltrated the shire of New Winter several months ago. In this bleak place, necromancers diligently developed the Black Death without rest. They had a team of chained alchemists, forced to work on enhancing the plague day and night. The explosives the priest had infiltrated and placed in the laboratory could only distract the Black Guard for a few moments, so he

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had to rush if he were to ambush the Grand Master.

He sprinkled holy water on the huge gate of the Invisible Tower, and with an invocation to the Lord of all the suns, he managed to bring the horrid and accursed building towards our earthly dimension. Once inside, he took on the task of climbing the spiral staircase up to a large hall where a young adept and his familiar were patrolling. He moved stealthily towards them, quickly pushing the undead out the window and then slaughtering the learner with the retractable knife inside the crucifix he carried. He threw the body into the infernal abyss and proceeded to continue the raid.

Soon he was in the main hall. He concealed his face in the dark hood he was wearing and allowed to lose himself in the crowd of demons and sorcerers. The

entrance to the lair of the Grand Master was guarded heavily. Not the skylight, though. He slunk through it into the other side when nobody was paying attention. The sorcerer was busy reading his book of spells, while a succubus played with his gray hair. Berennor fired a silver arrow with the crossbow he carried under his sleeve, killing the creature immediately. Before the old man screamed for help, he pierced his throat, listening to sounds his blood gargling made. Someone sounded the alarm anyway.

There was only one way to escape: if he jumped through the glass of the observatory and clung to one of the winged satyrs that flew nearby, maybe he could get far enough away to return to the portal. The patrol approached. A cleric did all he could in this case: to take a leap of faith.

Peter Domínguez (Puerto Rico)

### Soul traffickers<sup>3</sup>

For a short time the inmigrants waves have been more noticeable. Not only in a matter of number, also in unimaginable ways of outwitting the frontier watch.

From the other shore the lack of resources.

the forever waiting months accumulated anxiety, the growing restlessness of being deported and the lack of drinking water, had turned into a kind of conflictivity. The sophisticated technology makes toys into a bet for freedom, that denotes desperation. Among these ones the MDGH 1968, popularly called Aspirin rocket, because

of the use of a pill, as reactive for the takeoff. Similar to the AXA, which is still traded in the black market to treat headaches. Proliferating sickness thanks to

wine consumption, which is necessary to control the levels of electromagnetism.

The bulky boxes contain endless amounts of pieces to build the one passenger spaceship. The smily, pierced child face is glimpsed out of the spacesuit and points with his forefinger to the moon

as playful request. Sheets of flameproof material, according to instructions indications, protect from the terrible solar radiations that singe anything over 14 uranium knots. That way, they try to overcome the distance between both peninsulas. Facing them, the water strip polluted by radioactive waste, starts to filtrate

through the semidesertic Mitruria comming from the warmed and fertile Celesmon.

I write this report for the security committee. After several months, living as any other pariah, I have experienced such amount of self-refuting feelings, that I don't recognize me anymore as the



<sup>3</sup> Translate by Aníbal y Marcos Ibáñez Gordillo

infiltrated agent I was once... I remember how, in the takeoff, they put their thumbs up before being suddenly lost into the dense darkness and, after the shortest delay for hope, they see the terrible death flash. On the other side, the soul traffickers wait for the already accorded sign to confirm the addressee, that his whish had been achieved. Human torches, the whim of a birthday's evening.

Pedro Luis Ibáñez Lérida (Spain)

# The last mission of Bond, James Bond

They have given you a few hours of life, James. Unless a final of Forest Hill championship tennis happens. Almost nothing. A sigh. You are full of tubes, and the probe provides you food and liquids. You don't even have chance to drink one last Martini vodka, shaken, not stirred. It would be fate full for you, doctors already warn you. It doesn't matters to you right now!

Long time ago your moments of glory was, your adventures in all parts of the globe, even in space. Your lovers, plenty of them, who betrayed you or saved your life,

they were always behind your shadow. Behind luxury vehicles was left too, the Monte Carlo hotels or casinos in Las Vegas. You are going to fight never against with gold guns, or criminals are feverish conquests the world. Anything of that is still remaining. You hardly recognize yourself like this man is agonizing of full aged in his mansion outside of London.

But you're still 007 Agent, and you will die being. Nobody inherit your number, at least MI6 said you that. A few people receive that honory, in addition the Queen of England awarded you a medal a few days ago.

Now you are alone. Then you see to appear her between the shadows. She comes to you, determined, quiet but with firm step. You know who she is. She should also know you, however she asks:

—Who you are?

It's a rhetorical question, which seeks your accomplice answer. You smile and answer:

—Bond, James Bond.

And Death picks up you on his arms and she takes you to where dreams are perpetuated for eternity, and where you could fight back against unimaginable ills. With a Martini vodka in your hand. Shaken, of course, not stirred.

Francisco José Segovia Ramos (Spain)

# Offspring

Dear Child,

If you are reading this letter, it means that I'm already dead and you're no longer safe. They have found us. Together with these words, you'll find a key. It's from a locker in the Sector Fifth Bus station. It's the number thirteen A. There you'll get everything you would need to start over. You'd better leave now, leave everything behind. Don't tell anyone. Maybe I should have told you this before but how could I if you were so happy here? We had a life, an almost normal one or at least, as normal as they let us be.

We're not like them and you've always known it, not only because of the hunger, but also because of the strength and the fight. We are warriors, from a forgotten breed, but we were told different. We are not the rebellious, but the pure ones. We broke the shackles with our own hands and were through with the ones who wanted enslaving us. But they got the number and the support from above.

Trust no one. They pretend to get closer to uncover us. You know our code and you'll find more like us, but until then, don't stay in one place longer that one harvest season.

They want to kill us all because they are afraid. Never forget that.

Cain would be very proud of you, Your father.

María L. Castejón (Spain)

# Heroin

After the dining room curtain hides the best kept secret of Lucie. Next the lights led, that adorn the window, lies a barely perceptible switch, which transforms the sofa into a touching him three times entry to another cabin, of small dimensions, the unfold diverse contraption. Gloves of latex, leather whips, lush breasts of silicone, porcelain nail, boots heels thumping, bodices of WaSP waist, carmines of all colors, blond wigs, and some nice girl costume. Enter your secret corner at three in the afternoon, light the computer waiting to hear the warning signal and radar alert you of the exact location where the crime has been committed. Go with greed, uses his skills of heroin, and displays its arts. He

knows that he is born to restore justice, divine order that man breaks continually. It does not weigh him. It assumes it naturally. It exalts him. There is no one who can not resist an exuberant chest, silky hair, and slender legs. Men succumb to these banalities, surrendering at his feet, admire, desire, levitan by fall between his arms. The sexual icon perfect crumbles them to see after that costume there is someone willing to settle youth suffered injustices. Just for this reason, Lucie any effort is little.

Francisco Manuel Marcos Roldan (Spain)

# James Unbound

To the always caustic Paolo Migone

"My name is Bond, James Bond. Agent in the service of His Majesty, trained to endure torture without revealing any information. My name is Bond ..."

"I've understood. But tell me which Chicken Menu do you want or stay away from the queue. You are hindering the orders and customers begin to look at you with malice."

A giant chicken leads Bond to the door. At the threshold, it gives him a pat on the shoulder. Its condescendence does not deceive the spy; it must be a mutant of SPECTRE. Bond is confused. He has a vague feeling of having suffered a mishap. Although, in addition to his trusty tuxedo, tattered, he lacks clues.

He wakes up with a start and a hangover. Moneypenny has used him again as guinea pig to test a new serum. Just for a laugh. The hologram of their boss looks at him with more pity than reproof. As he jumps out of bed, still wearing his crease-resistant tuxedo, the boss details the mission to him. On the street awaits his smart self-driving two-seater car, responsible for his knee implants. The impellers take him to the French Riviera in the twinkling of an eye the one he did not lose in the explosion of his pen grenade launcher. He locates the yacht. His natural elegance allows him to sneak into the bustling party. He slips away and he finds the propulsion backpack he has to steal. But shortly after the takeoff, he loses control and falls. With so many gadgets appeared in last years, the business has become too complicated. Who is he trying to kid? Even it cost him to learn how to change his Facebook profile. He takes the ultra-compact umbrella-parachute out of the inner pocket of his coat and entrusts himself to Mary Poppins... He does not

remember the cold sea or fishermen who rescued him, nor the days he has been roaming the streets. He only knows one thing: he is Bond, James Bond.

"What a shame," the mutant chicken mutters, more to himself than to those who listen from the Head Office. "One should be able to retire on time: it's no job for old men. At his age I hope to be settled down, earning a living through some respectable employment."

Salomé Guadalupe Ingelmo (Spain)

# Disproportionate response

—With this gadget I will run the world.

Muahahahaha ... What do you think? – Said
Mr. Train.

—Hmmm, I don't know, It's not too convincing – Blondefatalle said –. Let's see, you can try so, side face... No, wait – she lowered the blinds –. Check out now – Mr. Train did –. Nothing, it really seemed much easier in that tutorial... Anyway, do it again this time I'm recording it as it comes out.

After recording, Blondefatalle pulled the SD memory, placed it in a teddy bear

shaped card reader and sent his threat of annihilation to the world.

—And now, what do we do? – Said Mr. Train after few minutes.

—Now we have to wait for the answer. Let's see, I'll refresh the page, just in case it has been frozen... Then no, I do not know, perhaps no one is connected because is noon.

—Maybe we should start planning our next step.

—Oh, boy! You're such a workaholik.

Relax, take a break. Look how interesting this message seems —he said, pointing to a corner of the screen— "woman of sixty looks like thirty. Doctors hate her."

After several minutes absorbed with the lady's rejuvenating techniques, they go back to the page where they had shared the video. They had two messages.

Blondefatalle moved the cursor over the red little circle which indicated them and a list was displayed. The first message said: "Dr. No likes your link." The second one indi-cated: "James Bond commented on your status." To see the comment they needed to click on it. They did, with sweaty forehead and trembling hands.

"After this I will no longer be your bro: I'll never give you a "like" in anything that you share... Not even to the kittens' videos."

The two supervillains looked themselves with horror. They had heard about the dispro-portion used for Bond to fighting crime, but that aggressiveness was nightmarish. "Not even the kittens' videos" Blondefatalle murmured with a shudder.

Raúl A. López Nevado (Spain)

# The racing

The racing car emerges from the windows of a huge building, and the thunderous noise of engine makes lifting look to passers-by. They are stunned to see it plummet. There are those who have not resisted the onrushing exciting event, and remain with their eyes closed, shrunk, waiting for a fatal outcome. Others kneeling astonished contemplated a new way of salvation. Offenders and criminals won't escape. The world will emerge from the darkness. There will be no nothing to miss. Hallelujah!, Alleluia!. A deafening humming sound startles a few meters from the ground, and the fabulous racing car displays wings which again tracing...

explains Matencio in his talks to the guys that go to see him at the residence. And Modano Baker each morning in the sale of bread. As Pili the hairdresser when it comes to sculpting the long, silky heads... and so many others admired the new direction of the world into a chaotic abyss. The different reactions do not cease during the passing of the days. The tabloid press shines with joy the event. The society lives in the delight, still surprised by everything that has happened since that day in August, the car came out of nowhere, and a being seemingly harmless finally show its meandering invincible figure. Since that first day, in which his appearance caused glare between men, the world follows its course, but one thing has changed. They are no longer important to the filth. What is relevant for the present is to know who manufactured the inexhaustible and monstrous racing car, and how the individual was formed in its battle against corruption.

Francisco Manuel Marcos Roldan (Spain)

# Operation: "Hot"

He fell extra work, Pal - the hitman mutters Mugre ejecting spit on T-Buddy Moss strategist. An unusual dependence flash lights.

In the recess of the corridor leading to the observatory, the "Bosses" smokes with appetite.

—We watch a fucking blow, Corllegam
—pronounce Freisere standing in front of
the circular window of space-supercápsula
Xpcial 22Gos I usurped the armored code;
20-4 & S, reports: "Hounds extensive
perimeter patrol" explains stretching his
steely face.

Within a pipe elbow spout a middle-aged, integral maintenance sector, was found dead while repairing. The stiff seal his mouth was an unmistakable sign of torture: "An unfortunate accident, no doubt," writes the double agent "Bosses" outlining the triumph in his sharp smile. He knew too much, he thinks, the decrypted message. Ayusa, sexy assistant, winks.

About quarter past eight, alarms have jumped: emergency alertleaks. Some point to the operator responsible for the Positroncoscópica probe as "the mole". At the counter, on the shield of the cab all served cold coffee without sugar. "Hot" Operation not supported error. Born was supported by a ceremony unlimited avarice

monopolize the energy of both terrestrial nuclei. This advanced technology is available and staff "highly qualified": philosophers, chemists, geophysicists, scientists, astronomers, computer engineers, cartographers, volcanologists, church "Jesus" and even gangsters secretly enlisted in the ranks "of the illustrious philanthropists entrepreneurs. "In space, interconnected with ground units," maniobraremos with impunity. " But "something" does not work. Espionage and counterespionage circulating at home in the internal regime of macro-organization.

—Treason They are fucking furious barks Corllegam with biznaga between her lips.

Thanks to "Bosses" Mobile Unit 799bb avoided demographic and ecological catastrophe. Before the Earth burn the whole crazy project was aborted.

Mari Carmen Álvarez Caballero (Spain)

# A unpublished script film

A script film for Hollywood movie about spies...

The current world. An American protagonist, if possible handsome and chunky. A bad man with foreign accent,

either Russian, either Arabic, or either South American. A history of atomic uranium threat because of some of the extinct Soviet republics. A U.S. handsome president, intelligent, he knows how reasoning things and knows what do and say, and some foolish advisors, bad handlers and involved in a black frame, of which only a military-preferably black-disassembling everything is saved and informs his dear head of state.

Let's add a good dose of special effects, sophisticated army, destruction bulk, shot at close range, a few beautiful women in the development of the plot, a loud but catchy music, and a fast end when the good man wins and the bad man is destroyed in the most spectacular way.

Right. For me, I'm not American, nor ugly, nor chunky. I have my own language, no accents of any kind. I know nothing about atomic energy, and I don't have mind if the president of USA white or color, or he gets it himself to the cigarette paper. I have not advisors, except my boss, hidden behind of an office table. Special effects, the time, which might affect my mission. Music, the silence, when it is around I listen and work much better and hear clarity approaching of danger. And

goods, goods, goods sometimes are not winning... or winners hasn't always have to right. In many cases they are unidentifiable.

By the way, my name is Aisha, I'm a secret agent of the Palestinian intelligence service and when I have free time, I write poems or performed watercolors of the landscapes of my homeland. My enemies, however, called as N-21, no more nicknames or trifles.

This story is then the story won't ever screenplay by Hollywood.

Francisco José Segovia Ramos (Spain)

# **Obsolete**

The two spies entered the body of the spacecraft android thereupon enter them and close the gate. Spacesuits are removed, the youngest apropos hit the android with his laser gun, turning it into ash, the other watches him without saying anything, but too many words, the expression on his face betrays him, for nothing agrees so you just do your partner.

—What is it? Was just a metal be without soul, a ruthless murderer, do you know anything bad death? - Ask the youngest.

—Not your death, is your way of acting, is a cowardice on your part, shooting someone or something that is unconscious, I never would, replied with indignant tone.

—To you that you care, it's your last mission, when we get to headquarters, the head will grant medal rigor, give a great speech praising and thanking your years of service, and you retire, believe me, you're a dinosaur these obsolete, old fashioned.

As if it were a judge, his partner just sentence him to retreat to oblivion, you know you're right, its glory days passed, James Bond, the myth, the super spy, has died.

Diego Galán Ruiz (Spain)

# Collection

1. The office of the secretary of "M". 11 a.m.

MISS MONEYPENNY, she's looking inside a showcase. She hears footsteps and she turns, smiling, toward the open door.

MM: James, how long! I'm afraid that "M" is not here. Or, you wanted to see me?

BOND ignores her and goes to the office of "M". He open the door, pries and then, close the door.

B: (stunned) how strange! I could have sworn see Miss Nell heading this way.

MM: (blinking) Is she high, nice one, pneumatics? Aha?

BOND nods and repeats "aha" while still looking around.

MM: You know what? Oh, James, I'm afraid all your women are equal. So I told you this but, actually, I have not seen her. I have not seen anyone all morning.

B: (Sits). Another girl who let me planted. Dear Penny, I'll be losing powers?

MM: Times change, James. Your girls look for other things. Is that a gray hair?

BOND goes to the showcase to trim the hair up and check out some little bottles.

B: So, you collect perfumes. (Smiles slyly and heads for the exit).

MM: It's a recent hobby. Now, you already know what you can gift to me after a mission. (Mumbling) Maybe if you stay with Miss Marple, she wouldn't you let planted.

B: (Already in the hallway) I've heard you!

2. Herself office fifteen minutes before. Come in LAURA NELL.

LN: Would you please tell me where I can find Mr. James Bond?

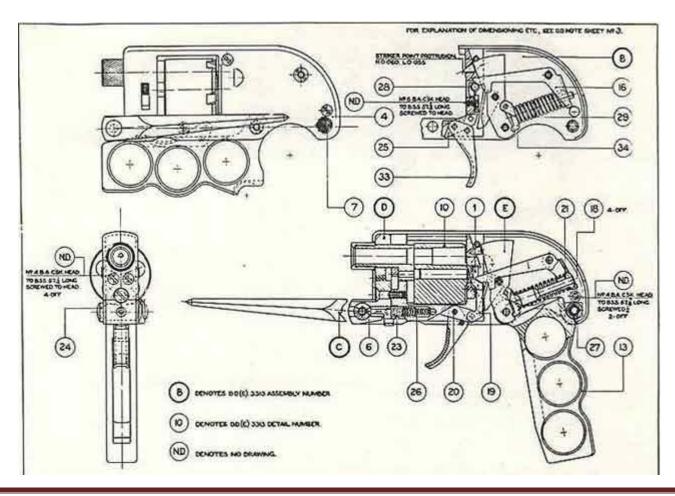
MM: I locate him. Meanwhile, would you like to see my miniatures collection?

LAURA NELL, her back, staring at the showcase. You hear a hiss and LAURA disappears. MISS MONEYPENNY approaches and picks something up and introduces it into a little bottle. Places it in

the showcase and then hits it with the index. The camera focuses on the thumbnail. Inside the bottle, LAURA tries in vain bracear to keep from sinking.

MISS MONEYPENNY saved in her suspender an "reducer gun" still smoking.

María José Gil Benedicto, (Spain)







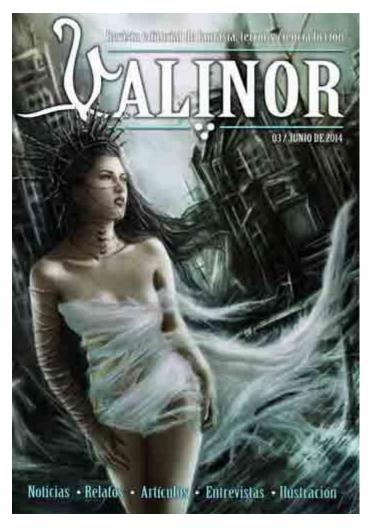
#### **Revistas:**

**Título**: Valinor (junio #3, 2014)

El número del mes de junio de la Revista Valinor se encuentra disponible para su descarga gratuita a través de la Web de Editorial Valinor: <a href="www.editorialvalinor.com">www.editorialvalinor.com</a>

Editorial Valinor comienza su andadura con el lanzamiento de su revista editorial de nombre homónimo en el mes de abril de 2014, siendo editada desde entonces de manera mensual, digital y gratuita el día 13 de cada mes. Entre sus páginas se pueden encontrar relatos de terror, fantasía y ciencia ficción, así como entrevistas, artículos especiales, crónicas de eventos, noticias y reseñas literarias.

Esta tercera entrega del magazine electrónico cuenta con 39 páginas a todo color, entre las cuales se hallan interesantes noticias del mundo editorial y literario, así como varias curiosidades. Además, el escritor Arthur Charlan nos habla sobre el pensamiento crítico en el artículo especial



de este mes, siendo también el encargado de ofrecernos el relato de terror "La casa de Bradford Abbey". Asimismo, la fantasía épica correrá de la mano de G. Escribano con el barbarismo de "Garcan" y de Isabel Cisneros con "A través del bosque rojo". "El alumno nuevo" de Javier Mariscal será el relato de ciencia ficción de esta entrega.

Al mismo tiempo, entrevistamos al equipo de Tierra Quebrada, quienes nos explican en qué consiste su interesante "Proyecto Golem" y en el Imaginarium presentamos a Yuly Alejo, la

artista que protagoniza nuestra portada del número de junio. Por último, tenemos la tercera entrega del relato por fascículos de las aventuras de "Christall" de Geraldine de Janelle, así como la tira cómica con el pequeño y peculiar perro "Otto" creado por Boebaert, quien continúa con su vida en pleno apocalipsis zombie.

Colaboración: revista@editorialvalinor.com

Descarga gratuita: <a href="http://www.editorialvalinor.com/wp-content/uploads/2014/06/Revista Valinor 003.pdf">http://www.editorialvalinor.com/wp-content/uploads/2014/06/Revista Valinor 003.pdf</a>

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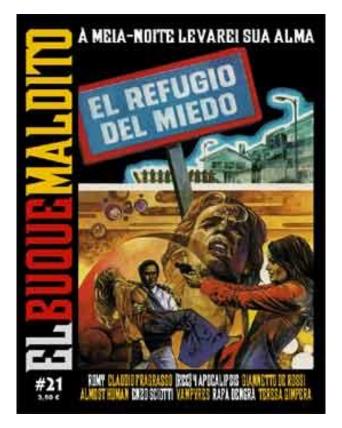
Título: El buque maldito #21

Entrevistas:

Claudio Fragrasso. Repasamos con uno de los reyes del exploitation italiano su larga carrera como director y guionista al lado de Bruno Mattei, Joe D'Amato o Lucio Fulci.

Curtis Garland. Uno de los nombres más representativos de los famosos bolsilibros nos relata su larga trayectoria en el mundo del horror.

Enzo Sciotti. ¿Quién no recuerda los carteles de Demons o Antropophagus? Su dibujante, el cartelista Sciotti, no introduce en su obra.



Giannetto de Rossi. El maestro de los maquillajes, su trabajo en Nueva York bajo el terror de los zombi o No profanar el sueño de los muertos lo avalan, revisa su oficio.

Jaume Balagueró. ¡La tan esperada [REC] 4 Apocalipsis ya está aquí! En la siguiente entrevista en exclusiva con el realizador catalán nos adentra en los acontecimientos que nos esperan...

Joe Begos. Su opera prima Almost Human ha sido todo un descubrimiento para los fans que han tenido oportunidad de verla en los diversos festivales donde se ha proyectado.

José Mojica Marins. El MAESTRO del cine de terror brasileño analiza sus inicios y la actual situación del cine de género en su país. Sin olvidar su nuevo trabajo, O saci, segmento de la película colectiva As fábulas negras.

Rafa Dengrá. Cortometrajista y alma máter del festival Fantosfreak nos relata su experiencia en ambas áreas.

Teresa Gimpera. Actriz en mayúscula de nuestra cinematografía, repasa su extensa carrera al lado de Aranda, Grau, Larraz o Erice, entre otros.

Artículos:

Yo, Claudio. Los entresijos de la explotación italiana comandados por Fragasso.

Resucitando a Las hijas de Drácula: En el rodaje de Vampyres. Accedemos al rodaje del remake del film de José Ramón Larraz.

À meia-noite levarei sua alma: 50 anos de terror brasileiro. Medio siglo de un film de culto a nivel mundial.

Almost Human: Slasher alienígena. Analizamos los mecanismos y las influencias de tan magno debut.

¿Quién era Curtis Garland? Desenmascaramos a Juan Gallardo Muñoz.

Secciones:

Monstruos del Fantaterror Español (7ª Parte).

Con motivo del cuarenta aniversario de El refugio del miedo entrevistamos a su realizador, José Ulloa, analizamos la cinta, y centramos la portada del nuevo número en el cartel original de la película.

Entrevista con la actriz Romy acerca de su trabajo en La rebelión de las muertas; acompañada de un texto sobre la película de León Klimovsky.

En total 58 páginas.

El próximo sábado 5 de julio, y dentro del marco del Cryptshow Festival 2014, presentamos el nuevo número del fanzine a las 12h en la cafetería Michelle's, ubicada en la calle Sant Pere número 4 de la ciudad de Badalona.

#### www.elbuquemaldito.com

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Título: Penumbria (julio #20, 2014)

Dirección, Diseño y edición: Miguel Antonio Lupián Soto

Portada: Alejandra Elena Gámez Pándura

Selección: Ana Paula Rumualdo Flores; Adrián "Pok" Manero; Manuel Barroso Chávez;

Miguel Antonio Lupián Soto

#### Índice:

Torre de Johan Rudisbroeck / editorial

Tienda de antigüedades del perverso Mefisto / cuentos

Caballo azul / Erika Mergruen

El anfitrión / Enrique Urbina

La última noche / Andrés Galindo

Phantasm / Nelly Geraldine García-Rosas

Pic Pic / Yazman Pulido

El que se esconde bajo la cama / Edgar Hernández

Pacto con los monstruos / Bernardo Monroy

DelToritos / Ana Paula Rumualdo

Mamá / Miguel Lupián

Cuentacuentos / Ángel Linares

Hasta que las letras se hagan ceniza / Ian C. Roditi

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La trilogía de la oscuridad / Carlos Báez

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Autómatas / equipo editorial

#### **Novelas:**

Título: No serás nadie

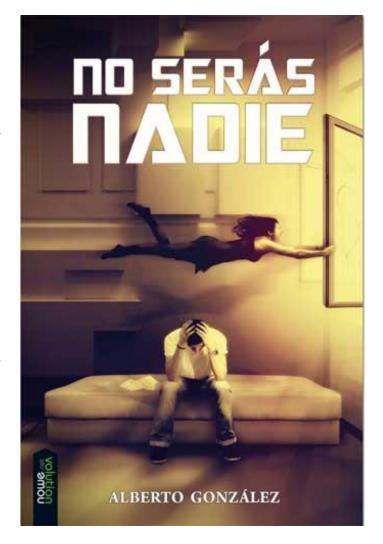
Autor: Alberto González Ortiz

Editorial: Nowevolution

Colección: Volution

Sinopsis: ¿Cómo es la sociedad occidental actual? ¿Cómo será? ¿Estamos capacitados como individuos para soportar nuestra derrota?

En el presente los políticos piden voluntarios para trabajar en las bibliotecas. Pronto desparecerán. En el presente dormimos para olvidar. Pronto dormiremos para trabajar. No serás nadie cabalga entre dos historias paralelas, una actual y otra cercana. Ambas crónicas de una derrota en la que el sueño y el control son ingredientes de un plato llamado futuro.



«La voz narrativa es poderosa. Alberto ha conseguido algo de lo que se habla mucho: originalidad». —José Carlos Somoza

«Impresionante la capacidad de Alberto González para representar las distintas fases que podemos encontrar ante el descubrimiento de una mala noticia: estupor, ansiedad, miedo, tristeza extrema, agresividad...». —Francisco Javier Illescas, www.fantasymundo.com

Sobre la novela:

Pecamos de ser imprecisos cuando hablamos del futuro. La razón principal es tan evidente

que hiere: lo que creemos imposible ya se está llevando a cabo. En todos los campos.

No serás nadie narra dos realidades que se tocan, que forman parte del mismo escenario,

pero en puntos cardinales opuestos. Está ese futuro impreciso del que hemos hablado. En él,

nuestros descendientes no conocerán otra realidad diferente a la de realizar compras virtuales

mientras duermen. Una noche, en vez del consumo feroz, Ignacio se levanta siendo una chica,

lo que será solo el principio de su particular viaje a los avernos. En la contraria, y en la época

actual, una bibliotecaria es expulsada de su trabajo, dejándola en la más absoluta de las

miserias.

No serás nadie es un tratado novelado sobre la explotación y la aceptación descarnada de

ciertas mentiras. Contiene, también, una aproximación final al descalabro social y emocional al

que, según el autor, ya estamos condenados. Es una advertencia literaria, un penúltimo aviso y

una conversación pendiente con el peor de los optimistas.

Sobre el autor:

De adolescente ganó varios premios literarios con una serie de cuentos de los que no se

acuerda. Más mayor, no mucho, publicó El amargo despertar, una obra desgarradora que

cosechó palabras amables allá por donde fue: Semana Negra de Gijón, Feria del Libro de

Valencia, bibliotecas, presentaciones, noches en Tribunal, museos siderúrgicos, internet,

amigos y desconocidos. También le hicieron muchas preguntas que no supo contestar.

Maestro y escritor, escritor sin maestría: <a href="http://www.albertoalez.com">http://www.albertoalez.com</a>

**Título**: El absurdo fin de la realidad

**Autor**: Pedro Pujante

Editorial: Irreverente

Sinopsis: Cuenta la inminente llegada de un ovni a un pueblo mediterráneo y la preparación de sus habitantes para recibir a los visitantes alienígenas. El narrador relata cómo prepara un discurso de bienvenida para los extraterrestres, salpicando anécdotas, reflexiones sobre literatura, filosofía, cine, humor, necrofilia romántica y chascarrillos vecinales a partes iguales. Pero a medida que el día de la llegada del platillo se acerca, las cosas se complican. Fenómenos extraños comienzan a ocurrir en el pueblo: saltos en el tiempo, aparición de misteriosas puertas que comunican con otras dimensiones, visiones estrambóticas y un final

delirante e inesperado que dará un giro a toda la novela hasta convencernos de que la realidad no es más que un espejismo, un teatro del absurdo. ¿Una sátira de Bienvenido, Mister Marshall en la España de un futuro probable que sigue siendo la misma? Algo de ello hay. Metaliteratura con Camus, Dostoievski, Kafka, Quentin Tarantino, Keats, Coleridge, Shelley, Byron y muchos más genios de la pluma que conforman el universo paranoico de nuestro protagonista. El absurdo fin de la realidad es la obra ganadora del I Premio 451 de Novela de Ciencia Ficción.

Pedro Pujante (Murcia, 1976). Ha publicado los libros "Hijos de un dios extraño, Espejos



y otras orillas", "Déja-vu" —Premio Latin Heritage Foundation 2011— y ha participado en diversas antologías. Actualmente escribe una columna en el periódico La opinión de Murcia y ejerce la crítica literaria. Entre sus premios cabe destacar: I Premio Internacional de relato Marcelino Menéndez; Finalista I Premio de Relato corto Ciudad de Torrevieja; Finalista I Concurso Microrrelatos Acen 2011.

Irreverentes <a href="http://www.edicionesirreverentes.com/2099/cifi.html">http://www.edicionesirreverentes.com/2099/cifi.html</a>

## Antologías:

**Título**: Frankenstein. Diseccionando el mito.

**Autores**: VV.AA.

Antología coordinada y prologada por J.E. Álamo y Voro Luzzy

Portada: Karol Scandiu

Editorial: Kelonia Ediciones

Sinopsis: Sus autores: Víctor Blázquez, Carlos J. Lluch, Fernando López Guisado, Marta Junquera, David Rozas, Javier Trescuadras, José Javier Zamora, Juan Antonio Román, Laura López Alfranca, Francis Novoa, Manuel Martín, Rubén Pozo y Liliana Galvanny.

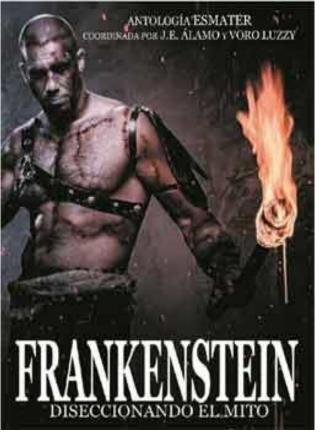
Sus ilustradores: Karol Scandiu, CalaveraDiablo, Daniel Medina, Gema García Ingelmo, Alexis Pujol y Begoña Fumero.

Epílogo de Alfonso Zamora.

Mary Shelley ansiaba la inmortalidad. La autora emuló a Prometeo y arrebató la chispa divina para inocular vida a la muerte.

Ella es inmortal, Victor Frankenstein es inmortal y la Criatura, que ni siquiera mereció un nombre, es una pesadilla a la que todos volvemos una y otra vez.

Mary y Victor fallecieron hace mucho, pero la Criatura no. No puede. El fuego que prendió su vida ha pasado a otros autores; creadores de historias que retoman la figura torturada del ser repudiado. Relatos donde se perpetúa la maldición de un ser que deambula por el tiempo y el espacio sin que nadie lo libere de su destino oscuro, porque es justo lo que deseamos contemplar en nuestras pesadillas.



Bienvenidos al infierno del que no tiene nombre, contemplad su dolor y rezad para que vuestro sueño no se vea perturbado... en exceso.

. . .

Título: El último Borbón

Autores: VV.AA.

**Editorial**: Ediciones Irreverentes

Sinopsis: Ediciones Irreverentes invitó a destacados autores de ciencia ficción y a otros más dados a la sátira, a imaginar que el actual rey de España, Juan Carlos de Borbón, es el último Borbón de la historia de España. En estas páginas están las consecuencias.

En esta antología de ucronías se especula sobre realidades alternativas ficticias, desde la familia de Aznar convertida en familia real, hasta la recuperación en un futuro lejano del cerebro del monarca, crionizado siglos atrás, pasando por una trama paralela del Golpe de Estado del 23-F o un tiempo futuro en que España estará colonizada por Alemania, entre otros futuros posibles.

Como afirma Peña en el prólogo, se medita, con

Antología

Edición literaria de Miguel Ángel de Rus y Francisco J. Peña Rodríguez

El último Borbón

más información y reflexión que respeto, sobre esos Borbones de "caras tan poco agraciadas; con su querencia desenfrenada a la caza de todo lo que se moviese; con su derecho de pernada sobre toda dama, damisela, moza o mozuela que se le pusiese por delante; con su manía de meterse en todo lo que, políticamente, podían hacer mejor otros". Y de esa meditación han salido relatos tan deliciosos como un café caliente tomado sobre las ruinas del Apocalipsis.

Los valientes autores que se han atrevido con el tema son Félix Díaz, Nelson Verástegui, David J.Skinner, Teresa Domingo Catalá, Francisco José Segovia Ramos, Raymond Mora Espinosa, Pedro Pujante, Francisco J. Peña Rodríguez y Miguel Ángel de Rus, los dos últimos, además, editores literarios de este arriesgado libro.

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Título: Mañana todavía: Doce distopías para el siglo XXI

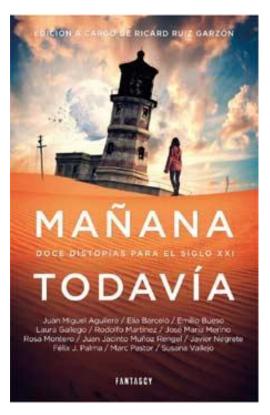
Antologador: Ricardo Ruíz Garzón

Autores: VV. AA.

Editorial: Fantascy

**Sinopsis**: Doce destacados autores españoles ante el género fantástico más en boga: las distopías o antiutopías.

Como en los clásicos del género (1984 de George Orwell, Un mundo feliz de Aldous Huxley, Farenheit 451 de Ray Bradbury) y como en sus manifestaciones más recientes (sobre todo Los Juegos del Hambre de Suzanne Collins), Mañana todavía contiene doce relatos que representan otras tantas maneras de imaginar literariamente qué puede ir mal en nuestro futuro: la dependencia de los móviles o internet, los peligros de las



redes sociales, las catástrofes naturales, el problema de los recursos energéticos, las derivas políticas radicales o los riesgos del progreso científico en materias de reproducción, genética y salud son algunos de los que tienen mayor protagonismo en este volumen, que cuenta con autores de reconocido prestigio dentro y fuera del género.

### **Cuentos:**

Título: Viajero de todos los tiempos

Autor: Francisco J. Segovia Ramos

Editorial: Irreverentes (Madrid, España, 2014)

Sinopsis: El ansia de ir más allá de lo rutinario nos lleva a descubrir todos los futuros posibles e, incluso a vislumbrar qué pasados alternativos perdimos al tomar una decisión como raza.

Además de ser un homenaje a autores como Asimov, Clarke, Philip K. Dick, Stanislaw Lem o Bradbury, estos relatos giran alrededor de las eternas inquietudes humanas -el amor, la vida y la muerte-, enmarcadas en las constantes preguntas de ¿quiénes somos?, ¿a dónde vamos? ¿de dónde venimos?, que la ciencia intenta responder, aunque, como sucede en estos relatos, abriendo más interrogantes.



#### **About Writers & Illustrators:**

Writers.

Alfonso, Graciela Marta (Buenos Aires,

Argentina) Professor of Fine Arts in Painting and Printmaking Orientation of Fine Arts
Prilidiano Pueyrredón National School and Bachelor of Visual Arts with orientation
Engraving Institute of Art "IUNA". He made the Thesis, Poetics of Book Art and Book Object.
Book single original woodblock artist with illustrated poems.

http://hilodeariadnagrace.blogspot.com

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

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

http://violetabalian.blogspot.com

http://elexpedienteglasser.blogspot.co

**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.

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

writers participating in Primeros Exiliados

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.e

Candelaria Zárate, Mª. Del Socorro
(Mexico, 38 years old) Academic Program
Coordinator. San Luis de Potosi. He has
worked in various issues of the digital
miNatura.

Castejón, Mary L. (Madrid, Spain, 1973) literature fan in general, and the erotic and horror in particular. He has been a finalist in the 2007 story

Avalon, erotic poetry Contest II Red Owl, II

International Poetry Competition 2010

Fantastic miNatura well as micro story VII

International Competition Fantastic miNatura
2009.

His work has appeared in various publications online and in print journals in both Spanish and English.

Currently working on her first novel, and a haiku poems with Mar del Valle Seoane illustrator. He lives in Dublin, Ireland.

### http://stiletto.crisopeya.eu/

# 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.

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 Doyrens club with two stories, EL HOMBRE DE NEGRO and EL INTRUSO.

Gil Benedicto, María José (Spain) I write stories, poems and children's stories. I have participated in some numbers in this digital magazine as well as in their contests. Was included one of my micro stories in the Blog "Lectures d'ailleurs". I have worked in some "chained stories" of Opticks Magazine. The

magazine "TerBi" has published another of my stories.

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/COMDARTES, Madrid/México D. F.: 2010), included later in Anthology of Latin American stories in flight (Otra dimensión de la colección Gaviotas de Azoque número extraordinario X, CIINOE/COMOARTES, Madrid/México D. F.: 2011). Or her micro-story The boy and turtle, anthologized in Latin American literature for children. Briefest giant steps. Stories, poems, theatrical monologues, flash fiction for children (COMOARTES/CIINDE. Madrid/Méjico D. F.: 2010, p. 15). Both included in the Electronic Library of the Instituto Cervantes of Spain. Her text Is the winter migration of the soul: eternal variations on a picture, appeared in "The cranes as a tourist resort in Extremadura", was published by the Department of Tourism of the Regional Government of Extremadura in 2011. Thirteen of her writings were included in Pupils of unicorn, (Anthology of winning stories in the International Short Stories Award "Garzón" Céspedes" 2012, Los Cuadernos de las Gaviotas número 89, CIINOE/COMOARTES. Madrid/México D. F.: 2012). Seven more were published in Picoscópico (Anthology of winning

writings in the International Contest of
Dramaturgical Short Fiction "Garzón
Céspedes" 2012, Cuadernos de las Gaviotas
número 96, CIINOE/COMOARTES,
Madrid/México D. F.: 2012).

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

In December 2012 he published her first digital anthology of short stories (thirteen tales: eleven winners of various literary prizes and previously published in joint anthologies of multiple authors and two other, head and close, unpublished), The imperfection of the circle, and an extensive interview, The narrative is introspection and revelation: Francisco Garzón Céspedes interviews Salomé Guadalupe Ingelmo, part of the collection of

narrative inquiry Contemporary of the World, supervised by the prestigious writer and man of culture Francisco Garzón Céspedes.

His monologue Alicia looks in the mirror
(Ediciones 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/salomeguadalupeingelmo/

Ibáñez Lérida, Pedro Luis (Seville. Spain)

poet. Columnist, literary critic and commentarist in several communication media. Member of the Asociación Colegial de Escritores de Andalucía -ACE-Andalucía- and manager of this entity in the province of Seville. He belongs to the Asociación Andaluza de Escritores y Críticos Literarios -AAEC-. Vicepresident of the Asociación Internacional Humanismo Solidario (AIHS). Member of the Writing council Nueva Grecia, revista estacional de literatura and coeditor of Ediciones En Huida. Belonging also to the Centro Andaluz de la Letras -CAL-. Coordinator for literary and solidary project Miradas sin fronteras and for International Festival Grito de Mujer in Seville. Coordinator and presenter in Seville of the cycle Poesía nadadora. Coordinator, presenter and moderator of the I Jornadas de Narrativa ACE-Andalucía.

Among his poem books can be found Retazos

– I "Plumier de Versos" Award-, Ed. Nuño

2.005, Seville. Con voz propia Ed. Nuño 2.007,

Seville. Recived the I Award of the III Certamen

Creadores por la paz y la libertad in the

modality Poetry due to his work Desde la raíz de hondura secreta. Recently published, El milagro y la herida Ed. Voces de Tinta 2.009, Seville.

He is also part of the anthology Poetas en Bicicleta, Homenaje a la Bicicleta a través de la Poesía, Ed. Nuño 2007 as well as anthology El Aljarafe y el vino, Ed. Aconcagua 2008, La caricia del agua, Emasesa, 2009, which publication and prologue were made by Francisco Vélez Nieto: Poéticos maullidos feline anthology, Ed. Los Libros de Umsaloua 2.009., Homenaje a la Velada en honor a Juan Ramón Jiménez, realised on the Ateneo de Sevilla in March 1912. Ateneo de Sevilla. 2.009: Para Miguel centenario del poeta Miguel Hernández, Atrapasueños Editorial 2010; Anthology Chilango Andaluz, Ultramarina Cartonera 2011; Anthology El vino en la poesía. Selection and prologue by Francisco Vélez Nieto, Guadalturia Ediciones, 2011; La poesía es un arma cargada de Celaya. Centenario de Gabriel Celaya 1911-2011, Ed. Atrapasueños.

**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.cienciaficcion.com. He has published several tales and microtales in Axxón. He has published Genesis 1.D. 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, 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.

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

"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 "Penumbras 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

Morgan Vicconius Zariah -seud.- (Baní,
República Dominicana), writer, philosopher,
musician and manager. He began his poetic
wanderings in the spiritual and philosophical
circles of his native Bani influence
subsequently screened at the literary world.
Later he became involved in the literary group
of bohemian and subversive movement
erranticista court where he met people in the
cultural field and music. Was contributor to
the literary group the cold wind as some

others. He has organized some cultural events and poetry readings and many others have participated.

http://zothiqueelultimocontinente.wordpress
.com

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.c

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.

## 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: Ist 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.

**Tobar Muñoz, Andrés Hernán (Santiago de Chile, Chile, 51 years old)** Professor of

Philosophy, MA in political philosophy.

Just as I have been interested since childhood philosophy, I also have been

interested in history and art in general.

Literature is something special. I love
everything about fantasy, science fiction and
horror, whether in film, literature and art in
general.

I write so amateur, I have never published anything officially, generally write poems and short stories, although I have written a novel of fantasy and horror that I hope to finish someday.

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 codirects with her husband Ricardo Acevedo, a

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

#### Illustrators:

Pág. 30 Alfonso, Graciela Marta (Argentina) *See Writers*.

Pág. 36 Arteaga, Francisco (Spain)
illustrator.

## Pág. 25 Miriam Ascúa (Argentina)

Bachelor of Fine Arts from the University of La Plata.

Researcher representation techniques. Freelance illustrator.

**Pág. 07 Nelleke Schoemaker — seud.— (Holland, 1990)** self-taught traditional artist from Holland.

She mostly works in a traditional style, but she draws in different styles too: real life paintings, manga,... She also makes handpainted violins and designs jewels adorned with her artwork.

http://hollow-moon-art.deviantart.com/

**Pág. 46 Puyana Domínguez, José Manuel** (España) *See Writers*.

## Pág. 16 Rubert, Evandro (Brazil, 1973)

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

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

Pág. 02 Signes Urrea, Carmen Rosa (España) *See Writers*.

## Pág. 70 Weaner, Simon (Canada) Concept

artist, Matte-painter currently working at

VOLTA in Quebec Canada.

http://simonweaner.daportfolio.com/

http://www.simonweaner.deviantart.com

http://simonweaner.tumblr.com/

http://www.flickr.com/photos/simonweaner

Pág. 01, 14 Webster, Joe (USA) comic book artist.

http://ankhammentu.com/

#### **About illustrations:**

Pag. 01 Valley of kings/ Joe Webster (USA); Pag. 02 FrikiFrases (cartel)/ Carmen Rosa Signes U. (Spain); Pag. 07 Dark queen/ Nelleke Schoemaker—seud.- (Holland); Pag. 14 The spy who drew me/ Joe Webster (USA); Pag. 16 Fear, Lies & China Ink: Etiquette/ Rubert Evandro (Brazil); Pag. 25 El espía enamorado/ Miriam Ascúa (Argentina); Pag. 30 Templario/ Graciela Marta Alonso (Argentina); Pag. 36 Traficante de almas/ Francisco Arteaga (Spain); Pag. 46 Comic: The Spy/ José Manuel (Spain); Pag. 70 Lady/ Simon Weaner (Canada).

