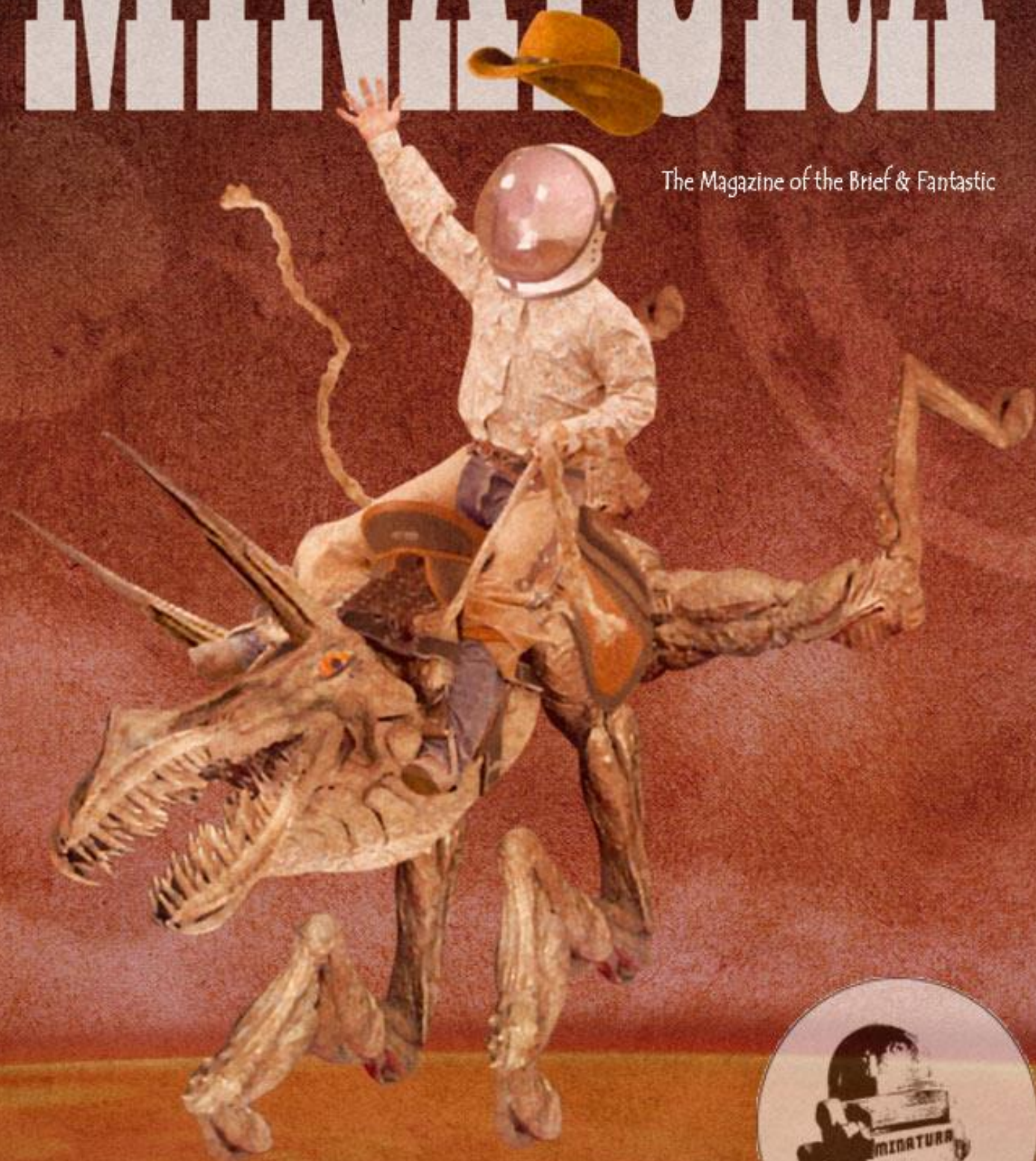


# MINATURA

The Magazine of the Brief & Fantastic



ISSN: 2340-977



What you say foolish ... on the planet Asturias there are no women!

Acción Mutante (Álex de la Iglesia, 1993)



Chief Supervisor: We aren't dealing with ordinary machines here. These are highly complicated pieces of equipment. Almost as complicated as living organisms. In some cases, they have been designed by other computers. We don't know exactly how they work.

*Westworld* (Michael Crichton, 1973)



Toady: Greetings from The Humungus! The Lord Humungus! The Warrior of the Wasteland! The Ayatollah of Rock and Rolla! He is a large, muscular man with a hockey mask to hide his disfigured face.

*Mad Max 2, The road warrior* (George Miller, 1981)



[*Ponda Baba gives Luke a rough shove and starts yelling at Luke in an alien language which Luke doesn't understand*]

Dr. Evazan: [explaining] He doesn't like you.

Luke Skywalker: Sorry.



Dr. Evazan: [grabbing Luke] \*I\* don't like you either. You just watch yourself. We're wanted men. I have the death sentence on twelve systems.

Luke Skywalker: I'll be careful.

Dr. Evazan: You'll be dead!

Ben Obi-Wan Kenobi: [intervening] This little one's not worth the effort. Come, let me get you something.

[Dr. Evazan shoves Luke across the room and pulls out a blaster]

Bartender: No blasters! No blasters!

[*Obi-Wan ignites his lightsaber, killing Dr. Evazan and severing Ponda Baba's arm*]

*Star Wars IV The last hope* (George Lucas, 1977)



Davidge: You know something, Jerry? Your great Shismar ain't shit!

Jerry: [angry] Earthman, your Mickey Mouse is one big stupid dope!

[*Davidge tries not to laugh*]

*Enemy mine* (Wolfgang Petersen, 1985)

## Space Western

“Few western wonders are more inspiring than the beauties of an Arizona moonlit landscape; the silvered mountains in the distance, the strange lights and shadows upon hog back and arroyo, and the grotesque details of the stiff, yet beautiful cacti form a picture at once enchanting and inspiring; as though one were catching for the first time a glimpse of some dead and forgotten world, so different is it from the aspect of any other spot upon our earth.”

Edgar Rice Burroughs, *A Princess of Mars*.

The Space Western is the rebellious son of the hard cf, preferred to simply create their own rules and simply transfer all dreams of freedom to red plains of Mars (ignoring that on Mars there meadows), took the classic pioneer prospector and the young farmer dreamer and gave them new reasons

january- february, 2015 # 140

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

Asociación Cultural miNatura Soterrania

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**Directors:** Ricardo Acevedo Esplugas y Carmen Rosa Signes Urrea

**Editor:** Ricardo Acevedo Esplugas

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**Cover design:** Carmen Rosa Signes Urrea

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### ¿How collaborate miNatura Digital Magazine?

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

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

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

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

We respect the copyright to continuous power of their creators.

Contributions should be sent to:

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

to keep going, Colt .45 for lethal blaster and bison by the drogonte (very similar to the first but with wings and thirty tons more), a breeding ground emerged in the years thirties, when CL Moore (pseudonym of Catherine Lucille Moore) created the character of Northwest Smith<sup>1</sup> subsequently influenced in Flash Gordon and Buck Rogers.

So ignore the *Galaxy Science Fiction* magazine promised that this issue will never appear in its pages and leave a feel of credits in the canteen of Joe trying to flirt with that incredible Venusian winking flirtatiously us her twelve eyes.

In this special interview also enjoy the great illustrator and cartoonist Cuban Orestes Suarez of the original stories that develop around the subject and the work of our illustrators who always appreciate:

Glenn Fabry (UK)

Elena Fortanet (Spain)

Miguel Gámez Cuevas (Spain)

Genesis Vandrake -seud.- (Spain)

Park, John J. (USA)

José Manuel Puyana Dominguez (Spain)

Evandro Rubert (Brazil)

Wickedman –seud.- (Spain)

E. S. Wynn (USA)

We wish you a pleasant reading.

The Directors

Next issue:

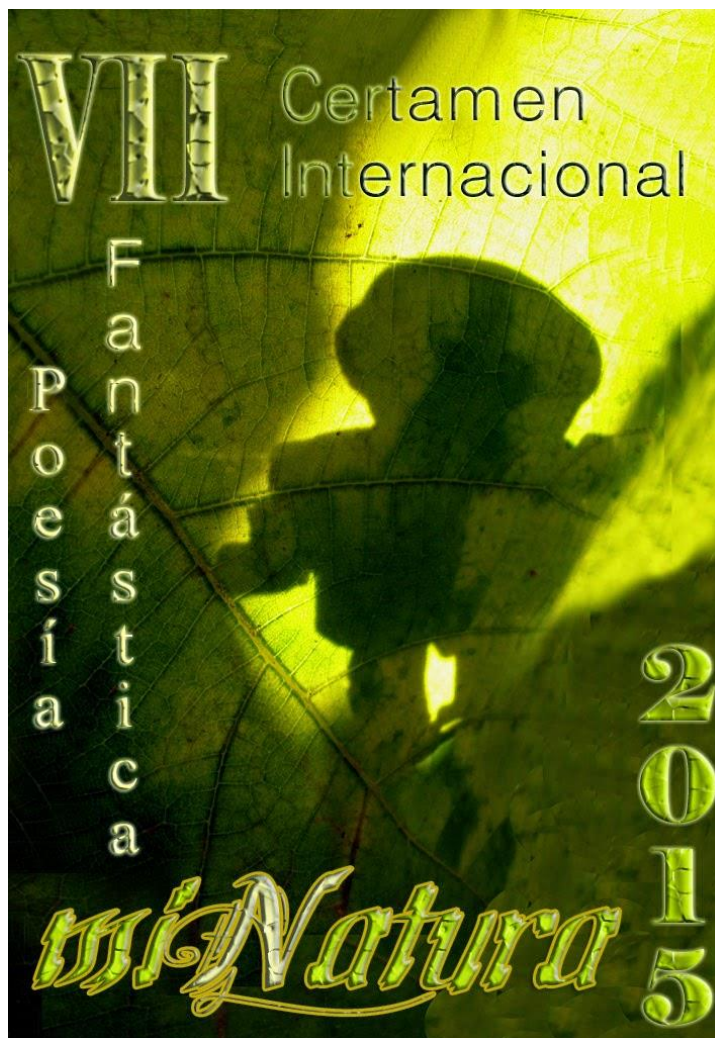
**COSMOGONIES**

**Deadline:** February 25

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<sup>1</sup> It first appeared in *Shamblau (Weird Tales)*, November, 1933) where it travels to Mars to rescue a girl mafia place.

BASES DEL VII CERTAMEN INTERNACIONAL DE POESÍA FANTÁSTICA  
MINATURA 2015



La Revista Digital miNatura convoca el VII Certamen Internacional De Poesía Fantástica  
miNatura 2015

BASES DEL CERTAMEN

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

3. Los originales tienen que enviarse a la siguiente dirección:

[revistadigitalminatura.certamenesliterarios@blogger.com](mailto:revistadigitalminatura.certamenesliterarios@blogger.com)

4. Los trabajos deberán ir precedidos de la firma que incluirá los siguientes datos: seudónimo (que aparecerá publicado junto al poema para su evaluación), nombre completo, nacionalidad, edad, dirección postal (calle, número, código postal, ciudad, país), e-mail de contacto (importante su inclusión puesto que no queda reflejada en el correo recibido), y un breve currículum literario en caso de poseerlo (estos datos no serán publicados). A aquellos trabajos que lleguen sin seudónimo se les aplicará, como tal, el título del poema; en el caso de que éste falte se entenderá que el poema lleva por título el primer verso y así será reflejado.

5. Se aceptará un único poema por participante. La publicación del mismo en las horas posteriores al envío dentro del blog Certámenes Literarios miNatura

<http://certamenesliterariosminatura.blogspot.com.es/> previa moderación, hará las veces de acuse de recibo, porque la cuenta de correo dispuesta para el recibo de las mismas no ofrece la posibilidad de mantener correspondencia con los participantes.

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

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

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

8. Aquellos poemas que no cumplan con las bases no serán etiquetados como ADMITIDO A CONCURSO. Los poemas no etiquetados de esta forma dispondrán de una única oportunidad,



dentro del plazo de recepción, para modificar su envío y que su texto pueda entrar a concurso (NOTA: se ruega a los participantes que revisen el blog del certamen en los dos días posteriores al envío para certificar la perfecta recepción del poema, de no encontrarlo escriban a la dirección indicada en el punto 6 de estas bases indicando título del poema y seudónimo).

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

10. En el asunto deberá indicarse: “VII Certamen Internacional De Poesía Fantástica miNatura 2015” (no se abrirán los trabajos recibidos con otro asunto).

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

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

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

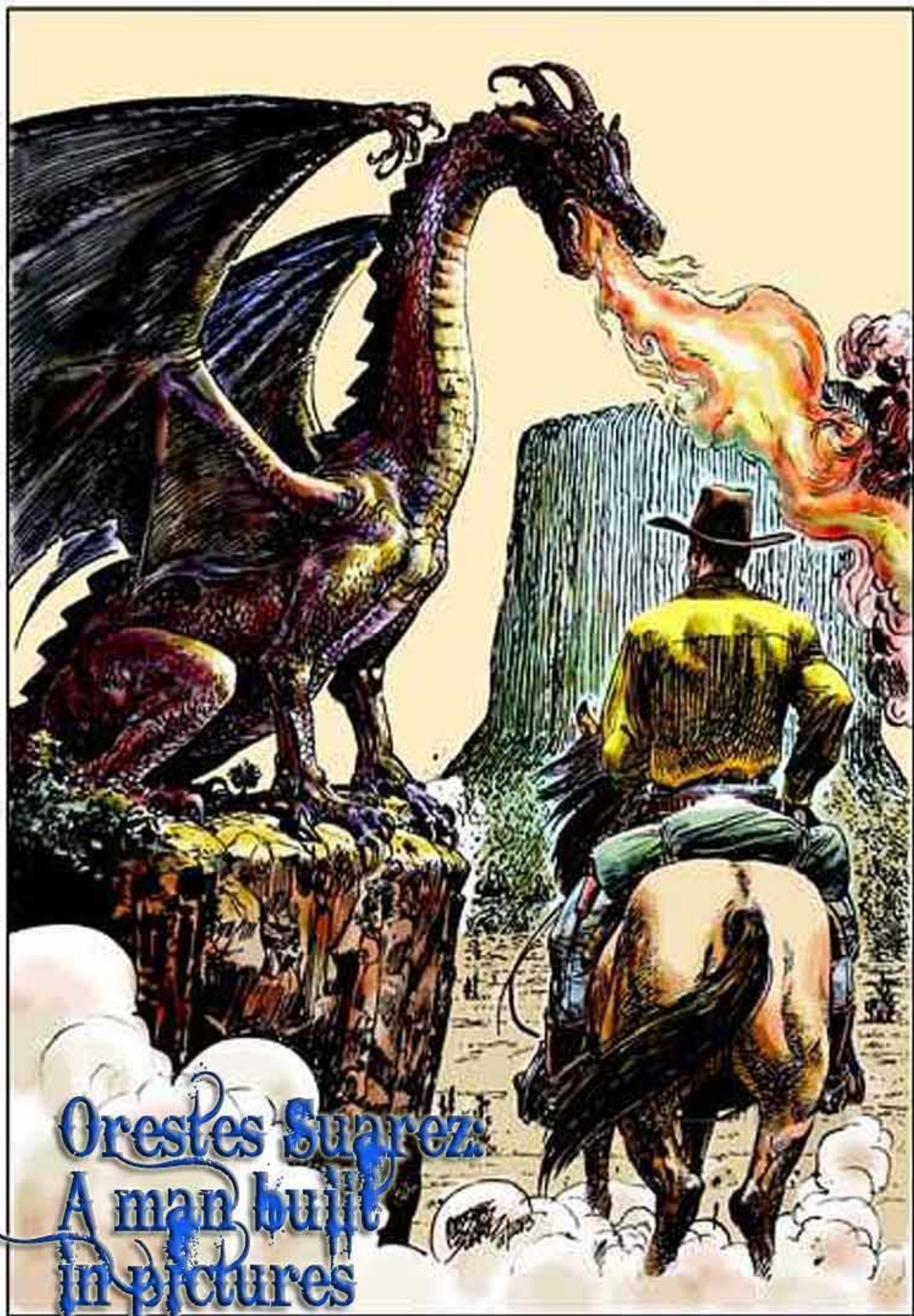
14. El jurado estará integrado por miembros de nuestro equipo y reconocidos escritores del género. El fallo del jurado será inapelable y se dará a conocer el 27 de abril de 2015 y podrá ser consultado a partir de ese mismo día en nuestros blogs (Revista Digital miNatura, Asociación Cultural miNatura Soterrània y Certámenes literarios miNatura).

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

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

16. El plazo de admisión comenzará el 20 de diciembre de 2014 y finalizará el día 1 de marzo de 2015 a las 12 de la noche hora española.





Orestes Suarez:  
A man built  
in pictures



By Lysbeth Daumont Robles

Illustrated by Orestes Suárez (Cuba)/ Tex Willer

**Revista digital miNatura:** how approaching the world of cartoons from your childhood?

**Orestes Suárez:** My family is peasant ancestry. Looking for an economic upswing my parents move to the Capital Havana in 1952. I just had 2 years of age.

In Havana there were magazines of comics who came from other countries: United States of America, Mexico, Argentina, and others. The majority of these cartoons or comics magazines came largely from the United States and in Mexico is reedited or translated to the Spanish, and hence came to Cuba. Had fever of these comics in the capital Havana and without a doubt they were collected by many young lovers of the genre.

He had a suitcase of leather, with interior divisions, that I had given my sister and had always crowded these comics with different themes and designs. It traded them with other boys in a place or building located within a park in the neighborhood of the Hill known as the "Park Manila". This place was a small library with few books but attended by many young people in the district and among them there were many of these collectors of comics and we exchanged several of these issues.

From there was born my love for the cartoon and is when I discover a special personal interest by drawing them and imitate this self-taught graphic language.

**Revista digital miNatura:** what were the characters (cartoon or literature) that most marked him as a teenager and why?

**Orestes Suárez:** Within the literature I fascinated of fantastic adventures, like coat and sword-heroic fantasy, or those of the American western.

Among these adventures and read you had a book that I liked a lot and that even dreamed since then to make a cartoon version of it, this book was entitled "Ivanhoe", history in the time of King Arthur and the Knights of the round table.

Prince Valiant was also very attractive and impressive for me at that time, but as a genre of cartoon.

The stories of Robin Hood; Sherlock Holmes as literature; Superman as a comic strip in all its aspects; The Avenger Zorro as action adventure comics; Flash Gordon science fiction in comic strips of Alex Raymond (Classics); Batman and Robin; The shadow; Hopalong Cassidy; Bat Masterson; The Lone Ranger, etc.

Simply because they were full of emotion and captivating stories that fed my youth fantasies and they marked an era in full emotional development and knowledge.

**"These early cartoons were a free time outside the content of work having as an Illustrator in the disclosure of the Organization of pioneers team. Called you then "extra-plan work" (unscheduled) and completely free form, for the magazine PÁSALO."**

**Revista digital miNatura:** what is the story that has most influenced your work?

**Orestes Suárez:** Was always framed or requested in my work of cartoonist with the historical themes aimed at younger people and, in a way more particular and personal, in the adventures of fictional themes.

In this case specific me more defined by the historical themes of the war of independence against the Spaniards, as well as the revolutionary struggles against the regime of dictator Batista.

**Revista digital miNatura:** What their idols (artists, screenwriters, characters...) in the world of cartoon?

**Orestes Suárez:** There have been many artists of comics who impressed and inspired to follow this path and that they made their own scripts and other few other excellent writers scripted.

As comic artists I admired much to the artist and writer of comics the Spanish Victor de la Fuente; Frank Frazetta; Manara; Hugo Pratt; Milton Canif; Alex Raymond; Moebius and Harold



Foster. Carlos Giménez opened, surprisingly to me, a new facet in my work and cartoon design style, I began to browse on semi-humoristic cartoon and as much in the infantile humor.

All of these teachers were the main cannons in my professional life.

The first Cuban artists who helped me and inspired to draw cartoons from an early age were in this order: Roberto Alfonso; Luis Lorenzo; Virgil Martinez.

**Revista digital miNatura:** when you start to do cartoons? When you publish for the first time? Why do you choose cartoon as a means of expression?

**Orestes Suárez:** In the year 1977 began working as a humorous Illustrator cartoonist, but I made my first foray into professional humorous cartoon (divided planet) in 1979. These early cartoons were a free time outside the content of work having as an Illustrator in the disclosure of the Organization of pioneers team. Called you then "extra-plan work" (unscheduled) and completely free form, for the magazine " PÁSALO ".

While still working as electrician of maintenance in light industry attending graphic design school then located at 4 and 11, Vedado, one of my professors was Enrique Martínez Blanco, who was artistic Chief of the design team of new people of the Institute of the book; He proposed to make the illustrations in the book Zoia and Shura of a Russian writer L. Kosmodemianskaia, about two brothers and their lives during the second world war. It was actually my first job with no experience as a graphic artist and publishing.

The illustration was actually my trade by workforce since my beginnings in the José Martí Pioneers Organization, but my hobby as a child to the cartoon, dominated all my interest since then and finding myself with this possibility of finally making this dream did not think it twice and I focused all my efforts on becoming Cuban cartoon artist, something that would parallel the work performed as draughtsman illustrator of magazines.

I think the cartoon is an artistic medium that connects attractively different messages with special features of development and large plastic creativity and design for any type of public, as it has a very seductive and enigmatic language which requires stakeholders to continue reading and images in sequence until the completion of the same.



It has the ability to represent one given story, a classic, a poem, a subject of historical or fictional, science-fiction, with the same accuracy and creative eloquence carried the role with similar development similar to the film.

**Revista digital miNatura:** what were the topics addressed in his first stories?

**Orestes Suárez:** The themes addressed by me were those of adventure; historical with a mixture of reality and fiction, the historical; humorous or semi-humoristicas but with a touch of satire and a social Court.

**Revista digital miNatura:** what screenwriters has worked with? Tell us about your experience.

**Orestes Suárez:** I've had to work with various screenwriters because I never considered myself capable of achieving a good script and have the knowledge and culture enough to do so, because I respect very much that profession.



As first screenwriters to be able to take my first steps and make my first cartoons I had to Ernesto Padrón, Jorge Oliver and Alexis Cánovas. Later I ventured with different writers or writers of the genre such as: Manolo Pérez Alfaro; Jorge I Guerra; Juan Padrón Blanco and Ana Nuñez Machin (Africa)

Then, in 1993, I began my work with Italian publishers, in this specific case with the EURA Editore s.p.a. of Rome with two screenwriters: Dempsey (magazine SKORPIO); Mazzitelli, (magazine LANCIOSTORY)

Since 1994 I started a collaboration for the SERGIO BONELLI s.p.a. of Milan with the likes of screenwriters: Luigi Mignacco; Maurizio Colombo; Freo framework; Stefano Marzorati; Michele Masiero and Mauro Boselli.

**Revista digital miNatura:** what was the origin of characters like Agnes, Aldo and Beto, Blito, Yakro, Camila, etc?

**Orestes Suárez:** Thus while in the dissemination Department of the pioneers as a cartoonist-Illustrator, and as said the mia square then "Humorous Illustrator" (I don't remember, but apparently there was another), Ernesto Padrón and I got agreement to make a cartoon with three pioneers who simbolizaran three pioneriles stages which were then due to the growth of the pioneril organization until high school as third stage. This growth I watched pioneers moncadistas elementary, pioneer José Martí primary school, and secondary José Martí Pioneers.

Already more clear idea, we think the design of the three characters and their names: Beto represents the pioneer Moncadista, Ines represents the pioneer Aldo as the pioneer who also represented middle school, and elementary José Martí José Martí.

Placing us in this period of the Pioneril organization, we take advantage of that by then there was also a little spin and without charge, free publication. That happened at the beginning and then, when it increased its Edition, was selling price that was especially directed to these school levels of the country.

It was a limited production and low-cost publication by what students had to pass between them to see it and why named you "Pásalo".

**"In the specific case of the three pioneers, they made gala of the imagination thanks to the reading needed to do about history books and see all of them integrated into them with a touch of fantasy. They wore headphones with wires that simulated a sort of fantastic conveyor that carried them into stories that read, and within all stories should coincide in the development of the same."**

The material that was in them was the formal education mainly, that was the message we handle since its inception, more other adventures with some level of education.

In the specific case of the three pioneers, they made gala of the imagination thanks to the reading needed to do about history books and see all of them integrated into them with a touch of fantasy. They wore headphones with wires that simulated a sort of fantastic conveyor that carried them into stories that read, and within all stories should coincide in the development of the same.

That is in the case of the three known pioneers but, in the case of Blito and your puppy Pupi, happens less studied and more spontaneous than only used in short stories, mostly Blito and his friends. His strips were three or four pictures, located in the margins of some pages of the magazine *Zunzún*, only for the paper space and add some messages determined by the direction of the magazine *Zunzún*. Then, they came to make some pages to color and in black and white, also of short subjects and one page. It emerged accidentally at beginning of the '90s and disappeared in the same way in the first half of the same decade. This character and his short stories still continue reissuing within the pages of the magazine *Zunzún*. Blito was a child Moncadista José Martí who shared his fantasies, as said, with Pupi, your puppy, but also with other friends such as Anita, Fili and Pepe the fat.

Yakro grew out of an idea that never bore fruit as the original project, because he certainly planned make a more complex and long history and with intentions of mixing science fiction with adventure in a difficult and hostile, panorama located in the Quaternary period.

To explain how this idea we go back in the early 1980s. In the past there was a library in the building of the weekly pioneer be H and 17, in Vedado, a spectacular and very well-stocked library. Between all those old and huge books, found another more, so huge and such historical and cultural wealth as a scientist who, along with also enormous book of Prehistory (but in this



case was more for here, in our 20th century then), which was illustrated with a few incredible paintings done by a great artist of the plastic, hyper-realistic, the Norman Rockwell American. What luck mine to enjoy these huge paintings, the book measuring about 40 cm of height, or maybe more, it was impressive!!

Following the history of Yakro and this other book of prehistory, which was similar in size to the Rockwell, and the different stages of the age of stone, which was more just before and after the ice age, I specifically placed in the Quaternary era. Before me I had these wonderful paintings made with all artistic rigors and sharply realistic and surprised it was had made them the same scientists who did the studies appearing in the amazing book. Then, I loved it! I was weaving stories and pictures as he passed the view by all of them. I wanted to then create a plot without the commitment for it to any Publisher, I said to myself: "this work will be like my Mona Lisa". Then I thought of a character actor, special features, that would be a tourist on Earth at a time like that.

Logically emerged "Yakro", the lizard-man, the alien scientist who would stand in a story taken from these scientific studies, possessing the book found in the library of the weekly pioneer. It would then have the opportunity to recreate a different, hostile, dangerous, atmosphere between huge and wild, very rare beasts and enormous curiosity for any of us. Atypical vegetation that would stand in unconventional and interesting illustrations. And all in the middle of a plot that would elaborate during weeks of studies provided by the interesting volume.

The final idea was to bring to this lizard-man (scientific ecologist or any term of this specialty) from the outside, from outer space to this lush and hostile landscape and tell a story half science-fiction and adventure in a world and time full of huge beasts and great dangers. It would be, I thought, an album of many pages, and in the end I ended up with 10 or 11 pages, with several stories made a machete. Only four stories were made.

Camila emerged thanks to the imagination and the text of Manolo Pérez Alfaro, to me only I had to give body and face to the character, the personality needed a protective sensitive ecosystem, accompanying his scientist father, or biologist, in his investigations by the Amazon rainforest.

The theme was good, because not many female characters who are treated in this way in our country and, although the Habitat of the stories were produced in the Latin American jungle, it was really Cuban characters.

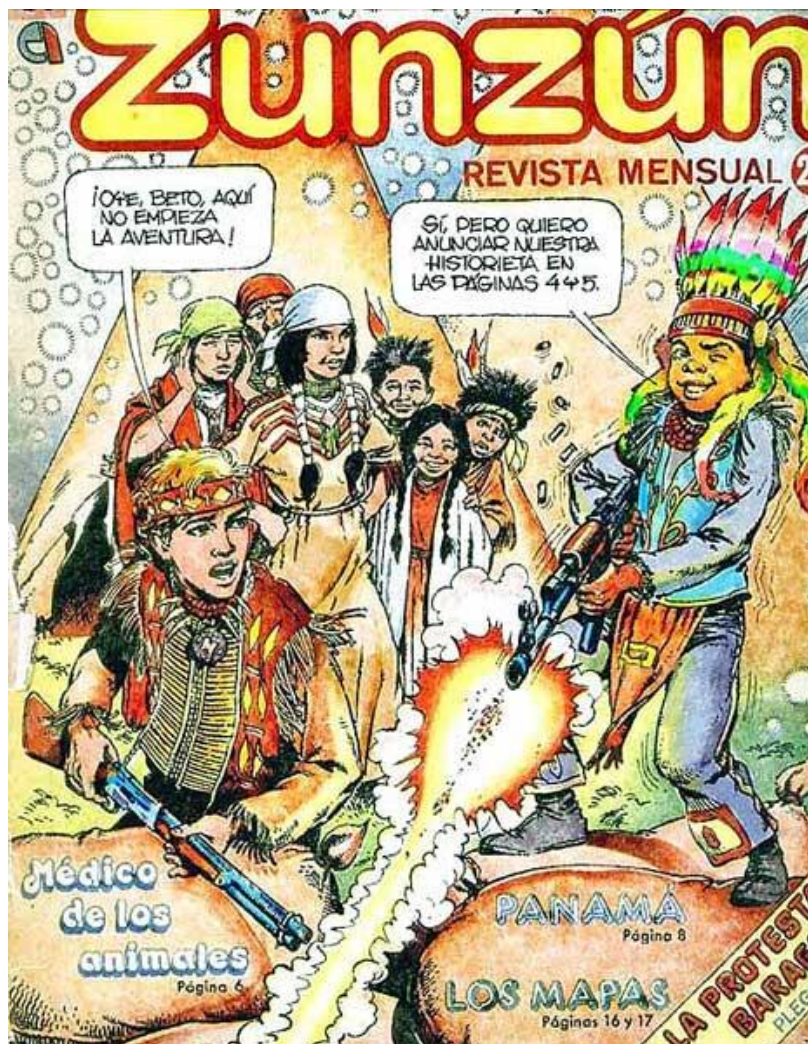
This is another case that was never to make a book with all its chapters. It is one of my characters with more stories from all those who I have made, with the exception of those made to the Publisher Sergio Bonelli.

Vitralitos was a series of cartoons, humorous and semi-humoristicas in charge of the script by Jorge L. Guerra. They arose in a time of crisis in the country, difficult in all aspects by which dealt with on issues and common problems of society in those years.

Thanks to my encounter with the great stories of Carlos Giménez, I could find a more agile way of preparation and contribute my bit in the humor genre creating a kind of humor and design appropriate to my possibilities and working style.

It was a very helpful and productive experience in this field, which contributed an incomparable improvement to the design of the cartoons I did then on historical issues and fiction, which at that time used to be.

Along with Vitralitos other humorous cartoons written by Manolo Pérez were many also of social issues.



**Revista digital miNatura:** why within his usual realistic style, we find the character of Yakro? What do science fiction in the cartoon?

**Orestes Suárez:** As you must understand, after the explanation that I have given for the emergence of this project known by "YAKRO" of the so-called bad adventure genre, as rather mixes science fiction with the adventure and even the historical theme of the evolution of life in the world, I think that it deserves to be considered a realistic though with touch comic science fiction. That not divorced it from this genre, because it treats the subject with full historical accuracy and realistic entered a period and, in addition, there is no doubt that could have occurred something similar but in more realistic terms and more scientific content.

Science fiction is an inexhaustible and beguiling, genre expectations and enormous scientific development, which gives free rein to the imagination and that, at times, make us doubt the veracity of the approaches and its real possibilities.

It is an intermediate state between reality and absurdity, while continuing to be captivating and disturbing at the same time, but it cannot deduce is an absolute reality. You only need a cultured and educated on these issues and scientific parameters, mind to carry out an excellent script or a laudable and critical accomplishment.

**Revista digital miNatura:** What painters or authors take references to his works? What are your favorite and why artists?

**Orestes Suárez:** My works as cartoonist are impregnated with the work and experience of great masters in the world.

I rather take reference of the works of these men or of famous illustrators and not painters because interpretation of the line within our cartoon conforms more to the drawing, defines or perfect strokes and these great illustrators graphic solutions.

Among them appeared in my cultural and experimental acquis on this genus: Milton Canif; Alex Raymond; Frank Frazetta; Harold Foster; Victor de la Fuente; Moebius; Manara; Hugo Prats.

All of them somehow have a lot to do with my style of drawing, my way of conceiving the forms. I was therefore putting together this skein of strokes, like a collage of features expressive



since it was a beardless small and although he did not understand most of these illustrious phenomena of cartoon strokes, by my young age and knowledge, with the time they emerged alone and without intending it, to me only thanks to observation, to the discipline of hard work and constant which I imposed. I'm still trying it to achieve.

To be fair, I have to appoint two persons who, prior to dispense with my innocent puberty, were an important part of this rising sentiment that grew in me, when I saw in the tabloids and magazines of c-line, the stories of these great masters, who then luck put in my way for my good, these gentlemen of the art of drawing Roberto Alfonso and Virgilio Martínez.

**"Yakro grew out of an idea that never bore fruit as the original project, because he certainly planned make a more complex and long history and with intentions of mixing science fiction with adventure in a difficult and hostile, panorama located in the Quaternary period."**

**Revista digital miNatura:** Among the long list of awards and recognitions obtained, which considered the most important in your professional and personal life?

**Orestes Suárez:** My opinion and absolute consideration, I think the most important award won in a long career, is Award consideration, respect and recognition to my artistic and professional life, and finally, gratitude that I experienced for sharing them successfully with all my brothers fight.

I very much doubt that there is a better prize than that, and that prize is not won but that is enjoyed in the daily struggle and the pleasure of doing for so many years.

**Revista digital miNatura:** Tell us about your experience as a cartoonist in the 1980s in Cuba, the dynamics of the serials such as comedians and Paul, of the international cartoon festivals, encounters with the likes of Carlos Giménez cartoonists and others...

**Orestes Suárez:** The start I had, on calle 8, (disclosure of the pioneers), was very intense on the aspect training and cultural of the end of the 1970s, the special situation in that the design

team was by then was in crisis by the absence of staff. This situation forced me to learn quickly and work with great intensity, which brought about good results in my formation as a designer and Illustrator.

Later, at the beginning of the Decade of the '80s, thanks to an avalanche of information and innovative magazines that came into our collective work, come from outside the country, they crystallised a cultural effervescence in the specific field of Cuban cartoon.

Taking advantage of the extensive publishing facilities for the creation of publications in the genre and the new commercial proposals within and outside the country, was then the successful initiative of creating two magazines promoting Cuban cartoon, comic and PABLO in charge of the Pablo de la Torriente Editor.

On the other hand were the national news media owning their resources and political and educational publishing strategies appropriate for a profile and a sector of the population with a variety of paths and goals specifically oriented to children and young people from the youth political organizations created by the Cuban State.

It was therefore a market only subject to a clearly defined social structure with some editorial interests backed by targets aimed only at the younger segment of the population.

Then I would say that these publications, aimed only at children, could be target of interest to the young cartoonists and illustrators that were still without a solid base of knowledge within the profession, and not in the case of the already established professionals who need to have or have appropriate publications to their creative or productive needs of wholly commercial type that they transcend the borders of a country or a continent.

The diversity of artistic and cultural genres make a nation.

That's the national publishing commercial success could develop and enabled a series of new relationships and enormous expectations of work between the editor Pablo de la Torriente, direction of UPEC and an important confluence of the market Latin American publishing, which has also fanned Ibero-American editorial curiosity, to offer us one step closer to new trends and development of cartoon in the old world.

This magnified the prestige of our authors to attract the curiosity of many of these factors already constituted and organized in the different countries brothers and began to apply for



participation in these first events that were organized and conducted in the Cuban capital. Thus came to form different organizations Latin American and Caribbean where Cuba held important positions further enlargement of publishing with other foreign publishers type exchanges and, most importantly, achieved personal contacts with other famous artists of the drawing and writers of comics in the world.

It was then the only time we were able to reach the highest climax of our experience, our greatest cultural revolution in this specific field of cartoon and its various communication forms.

**Revista digital miNatura:** Crisis of the 1990s, special... What's wrong with the universe of comics in Cuba? Your experience!

**Orestes Suárez:** Reached the crisis of the 90s, the well-known special period, fall into total crisis different economic fronts in the country and one of them was the editorial production, the crisis of the role in this sector was fundamental. Then, disappear as a first goal, publications that were estimated the less important, as the magazines "Pablo" and "comico" of the editor of Pablo de la Torriente of UPEC and, with them, all our dreams and hopes.

They were very tight publications to the journalistic sector and certain specialties of the same and eliminated those who filled the public stands therefore interest of the population, and which were only our magazines of publishing house Paul, were very profitable and that caused the increased demand for sales because they drained immediately in newsstands and bookstores.

Never had been a major sales market of magazines with so much demand for the population as in this case of cartoon magazines.



In addition, there were many exhibitions and national and international meetings at this level, where included the comedians in the country and held by then the two biennial of Humor and cartoon national and international. We had reached a very prominent category at the international level in so few years of production and national development.

Since then, disappeared any possibility of engage a professional cartoon to this market in the country, dissolving this creative power within other professions of the arts, and Visual Arts and the Cuban press or other publishing fronts do not own this task.

Then died all creative possibility of this genre in particular. This forced many of these professionals to seek other offers in foreign markets.

In my case, the luck of having good friends by then and be well considered by others professionally, that they believed if this editorial power of the comic world with much more strength and consistency, it gave me this new opportunity to work with them, and so I had to be part of the team of collaborators of the Sergio Bonelli Editore s.p.a. of MilanItaly.

I think the new publishing situation of artists and writers of the cartoon Cuban was truncated and hopeless in those years, without the opportunity for any development, there is no more the possibility of a free cartoon market and therefore the same selection of new proposals for development of each copyright with regard to their personal interestscreative and competitive in that time and the future.

What had then advance the 80's were completely destroyed in the 1990s, thanks to the special period and the economic crisis created by the collapse of the Socialist camp.

Then were those publications limited to one sector and policy objective of society and with a specific content without many offers that provide these workers that were practically on the street and be able to glimpse the immediate future. Many left the country and others dedicated themselves to other art forms or profession as a way of life.

**Revista digital miNatura:** Do you think about the current state of the cartoon in Cuba and the world? What do you think of this new wave of young cartoonists and the public of the 21st century?

**Orestes Suárez:** Really, after so many years of work collaborating with another foreign Publisher, already entered century XXI, envision a faint glimmer of hope for the young lovers of this genre of our time. Nothing more hopeful that the same management of artistic sectors, and in particular, with the Office of the historian of Havana which never ceases to amaze me by all the huge task which have been contributing to our Cuban society and the culture of this country.

In this case the possible reincarnation of our cartoon-specific returns to amaze me this Office with the emergence of this cultural center of the showcase of Wallonia as only cure this evil that thoughtlessly put an end to our specialized publications.

On the other hand, I think very little evolution and development, with the exception of some isolated cases. The inefficiency and the poor performance of the cartoon that has been done so far has been the product of many of these current problems that are based on the absence of courses masters and meetings or exhibitions of the genre in other levels of the country and the Capital, most libraries where I can promote and develop knowledge about specialty and their national and international development, adequate documentation of books and magazines in the genre.

The Cuban cartoonists are far from achieving at the moment development has comics in the world, the advancement of the media reached publishers, its editorial quality, their technical and media materials that elevate your quality of realization and technical.

These young people nonetheless be the fittest in art schools like the school of San Alejandro, ENA and the ISA. Other no less important as the schools of design and to the UCI, which records a significant percent of these young people with special interests, and many own conviction-oriented towards the creation of the cartoon and animation.

The underdevelopment we live at this level of production against the current global development much breathtaking anyone that within our country struggle daily in a corner of their homes without losing the love and hope that one day reaches a beautiful project and at the highest professional level. Dreams of everyone and not impossible.

**Revista digital miNatura:** What you think of the opportunity of having published in publishers such as the Bonelli during this time within the publishing opportunities of yesterday and today? What are their characters and their stories? In which project working now?

**Orestes Suárez:** Have published editorials as the Publisher Sergio Bonelli has been the balm that gave my life one reason to continue working and dreaming.

It is very rewarding to do a good job, drawing page by page and appreciate your real chances, because they are prints of excellent books that motivate the author to grow and find a greater and better realization in their drawings, because you have all the resources required to achieve the best of you.

It is not the same as Polish in do an excellent job and see it printed on a mediocre magazine's bad bill due to the low quality paper and printing, all a lost effort means and where they do not have what take a feasible or reasonable experience as it happens in many of our cases.

There are some publishers of the interior of the country that have better quality in its publications even if they are of low quality. They may at least have the opportunity to do a little more and get best results of them. That should take care of it and respect it because not everyone has the opportunity to count on it.

My character performed in the first editions, around 14 or 15 stories (books) of 94 pages each. He is a character created by Mr Sergio Bonelli as a writer, and this character is known for Mister No,





a Yankee pilot come II second world war, and his real name is Jerry Drake. After the conclusion of the war he went to live in Manaus, a city or State of Brazil where he worked as a pilot of a light aircraft of tourism. This type of work placed him in a prone position to participate in different stories contributed by passengers that he had from one side to another of these regions of Brazil and sometimes was involved directly in the same situations of these characters running great dangers, sometimes resolving itself and sometimes helped by his friends.

Several writers publishing house made these stories and ended in 2006.

I was then put to the stories of the old American West with a very important character for the Publisher Sergio Bonelli, one of the oldest and that selling it provided to the editorial. This important character is called the Commissioner Tex Willer. I worked at two of its stories, two scripts: an album with original title "I ribelli di Cuba", year 2010, 240 pages.

The main plot was about the rescue of an American child kidnapped by practitioners of Voodoo in the United States and then brought to the island of Cuba in the care of groups of bandits fleeing Spanish justice and others affiliated with these same practices.

The other I still has not been released, with a working title of "At any rate" with 110 pages, year 2011. This story takes place in the own United States of the 19th century and is of a gang of bandits together with a con man who seduces the daughter of a settler and feigns an auto-rapto to get money to his father-in-law, the landowner colonist, for his own rescue.

In these moments I found making a story of romance that takes place in the Havana of the 1950s. Framed in parallel to these events in the revolutionary struggles against tyranny then is occurring these stories of love and deceit among the three central characters, a typical triangle love, and at the same time occur other events linked to espionage, betrayal, moments of action, deaths and normal frames such outcomes.

So far it has the working title of "AVANA 1950" attending it is a publication made for readers of Italy, with a total of 250 pages.

**Revista digital miNatura:** Do it met your expectations about his exhibition at the showcase of Wallonia?

**"It is not the same as Polish in do an excellent job and see it printed on a mediocre magazine's bad bill due to the low quality paper and printing, all a lost effort means and where they do not have what take a feasible or reasonable experience as it happens in many of our cases.."**

**Orestes Suárez:** My expectations on this exhibition in the showcase of Wallonia were good, not you can expect or require that it have a range or exceptional category as those that occur in other international events, where I participated as an exhibitor and collectively with other Cuban artists, but yes I understand that despite the difficulties it met enough expectations press.

In this case, being my first personal exhibition and my first experience in this type of sample of the national comic I feel very happy, because I understand the significant importance that the same complies with respect to the contribution of experiences to new values, attending to this cultural center on a regular basis.

In this case I give faith of my biggest satisfaction personal direction of the display unit and the Office of the historian of Havana, as well as the same to the Embassy of Belgium for all your special support to this type of cultural manifestations between the two countries, the collaboration of specialists who share experiences with our young people and professionals of the cartoon all this commendable effort and satisfactory achievement that have provided the younger authors in this pleasurable experience, and in this case with a small share with my modest artistic work available to all those interested in my artistic endeavor and purchase with her a bit more than this experience in their own benefit. As also the opportunity to support more cultural internal management of the same institution of the showcase, promote, train and achieve a greater benefit in the development of these promising young Cuban cartoon.

My congratulations and wishes of success in the coming years with its new cultural projects that will continue to be developed under the successful guidance of the showcase of Wallonia and its excellent staff. Thanks to all of you.

***Favorite food?***

The Cuban meal: moro rice or the congri, steaks, pork, French fries, salad of cabbage, lettuce, carrot and tomato, corn chips and a cold beer or red wine.

*What is your worst nightmare?*

Do not have job

*If you had to spend a season on a desert island, what five things would you take?*

1. the cell phone
- 2.-the tent
- 3.-water and food
- 4.-women
- 5.-my mother-in-law (without comment)

*Star Wars or Star Trek?*

The two





*If he could bring to life one of its characters, what would?*

Yakro: lizard man.

*Title of the last book you've read?*

"Arroyo Blanco, Churchill Cuban route". An episode of the war of the 95 of Lourdes  
María Méndez Vargas. Cuba.

*What kind of music do you prefer to listen?*

In dependence on my mood: concerts or ballads.

*A superpower?*

Supersaludable

*Question you've always wanted to do one interview and no one you have ever done?*

If I like the interviews?

*What is your first memory?*

The spanking at birth

**About the interviewee:**

Orestes Suarez Lemus -pseudonym Orestes Suarez (Pinar del Rio, Cuba, 1950) Cuban Cartoonist fundamentally realistic style and self-taught in 1977, after leaving his job as an electrician for health reasons, began working in the Department of Design graphic José Martí Pioneer Organization as an illustrator for children and youth educational publications. Soon he

began to make cartoons, first for Pass (1978) and also for other magazines Editor's juvenile court house in April as Alma Mater, The Weekly Sepmi or Pioneer.

He collaborated with many other publishers and Cuban publications: with illustrations of historical content for Editorial Gente Nueva the Book Institute, the Editorial Capitan San Luis



or the Juventud Rebelde newspaper. Between the years 1980-1990, before reaching the crisis of the Special Period in Cuba, participated in major magazines Editorial Pablo de la Torriente Union of Journalists and Writers of Cuba, developing some of his most famous series: The Adventures of "Camila" scripted by Pérez Alfaro for Comedians, fantastic series "Yakro" for the magazine Paul as complete author and humorous series of social cutting "Vitraltos" with Jorge L. Guerra and other cartoons all genres from historical tales of terror or skits, both solo and with other writers episodes.

Between 1983 and 1995 he worked mainly for the magazine Zunzún for would perform various cartoons aimed at children and youth of his country, as the humorous series "Blito and Pupi" (sole author) and "The Pañoleta Encantada" (hyphen Ernesto Padrón) or the best known of his childhood series, "Aldo, Inés and Beto" (also with E. Padrón).

In addition to his work for local publishers, was one of the few authors of the island to work regularly to abroad, first with short stories for magazines like El Gallito Inglés / Gallito comics (Mexico) Creepy (Toutain, Spain), Napartheid (Spain) or Skorpio and Lanciostory (Eura Editoriale, Italy), and then long histories for the Italian market in publications Sergio Bonelli Editore as Mister No (since 1995) or Tex (since 2010). Currently working on another project of the Italian fumetti screenplay by Michele Masiero, provisionally titled "AVANA 1950".

In addition to illustrating books for Cuban publishing (New People and April) and Spanish (Alfaguara), also collaborated on various audiovisual projects of historic court and fiction in his

country, with illustrations for several short films Animation Studio ICAIC and commercials for Cuban television (ICRTV).

**About the interviewer:**

Lysbeth Daumont Robles (Havana, Cuba, 1990) librarian at the Valonia (La Habana Vieja)

From age 4 integrates a children's literary workshop. Cultivated poetry, tenth, narrative, testimony, and the storytelling stage and declamation. Study librarianship. At just 13 years he conducted an interview (unpublished) to the prominent writer and journalist Marta Rojas.

In 2005, at age 14, won the Gold Medal at the XXXIV epistolary compositions Youth Contest, organized by the Universal Postal Union.

Part of the Literary Group Silvestre de Balboa. He currently works as a librarian at the Centro Cultural Showcase of Wallonia, located in the Office of the Historian of Havana.

Just presented his first book of poetry, "La azul adolescencia ", printed by Ediciones Idea-Aguere, Canary Islands, Spain.



Passive bibliography

Newspapers: Granma, Juventud Rebelde, Galicia in the World

Magazines: Pioneer, Bohemia, Girl, The Golden Age We Opus Habana

Islanders newsletter

Internet: Websites of the Universal Postal Union, UNESCO Havana Radio

Rebelde, Bohemia, Cubarte, Pioneer, Portal of Culture of Latin America and the Caribbean, World Cultural Hispano, etc.

<http://lysbeth5.wordpress.com/>





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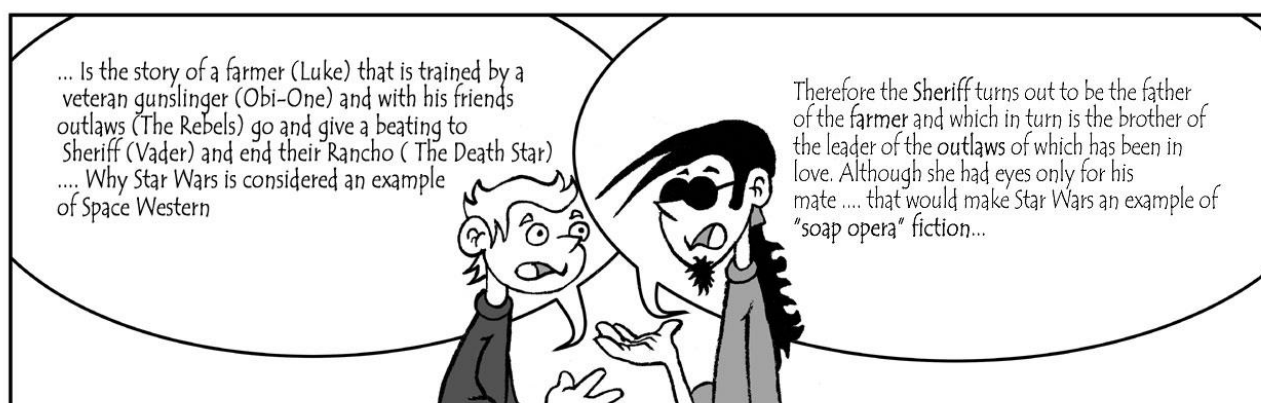
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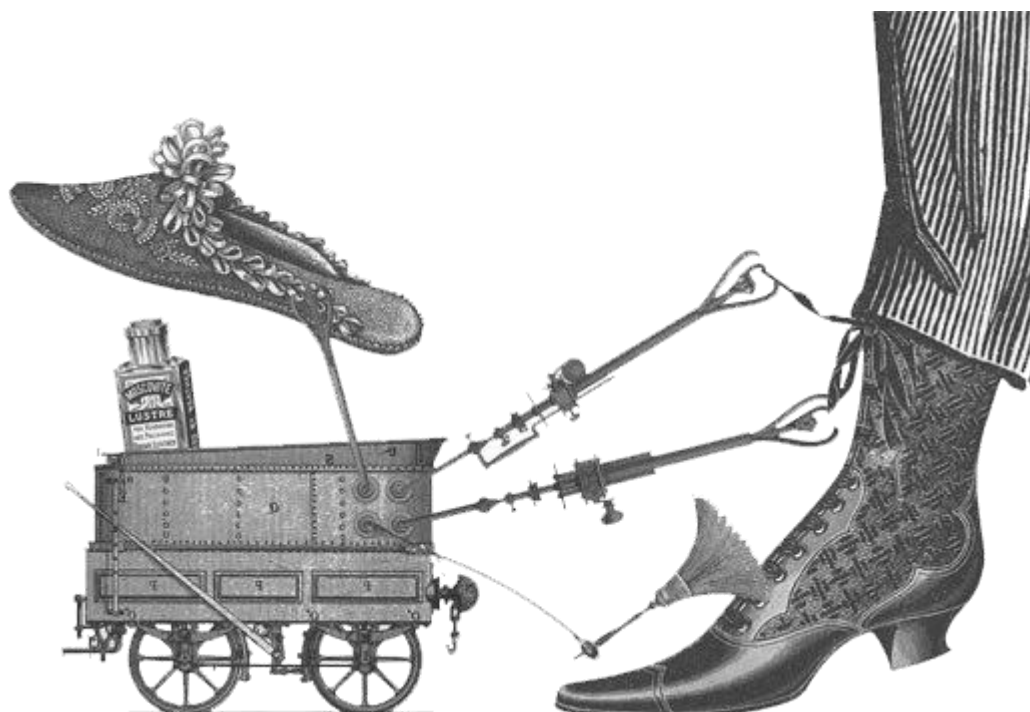
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# The Ballad of Billy Kid Mcoy Jordan double V K

No me engañas old double V K  
and say it was a tingling in his index  
finger,

but I do not think so.

No me engañas old double V K

Belly Bell,singer.

Billy Kid Mcoy Jordan  
double V K inherited the  
name and the physique of his  
father, the greatest bounty  
hunter in recent history. Even  
though that wasn't of any  
consequence to him, because  
double V K had dedicated his  
life and effort to work as a  
gravedigger, a sort of  
uncomfortable events seemed  
to pursue him. In that  
continued wandering from  
one end to another of the  
Galaxy, handling corpses that

by law were to be buried according to  
ancient neocatholic codes -cash up  
front-, so they would be made to last in  
memory and time by marking their  
names on crosses in the Holy Field, for  
otherwise they would be disintegrated,  
double V K began to feel a tingling in  
the forefinger of his right hand when he  
heeded the rumor that Delta Cavendish,





the most lethal of all the interstellar G-men, had escaped from the high security prison in Rura Penthe. Soon the rumor was confirmed news; each subspace transmission began with a notice of "Wanted" and the unprecedented reward. Double V K was enticed by the colossal sum rather than competing with his father. No one knew the Galaxy like him and he had faith in himself when it came to capture the android hitman, dead or alive. He failed to consider his lack of experience, because he trusted enough what he learned with the vaporizers he used to dispose of the corpses. And perhaps the illusion of making so much money at once made him sloppy, for in the peak of his career he made the unacceptable mistake of having two bodies lost!

And the duel of the century was swift. Place, an old mine in the outer edges of rings Ok Korall, both were punctual to their appointment, and the news drones hovered like buzzards, giving headlines that were interrupted by the effects of an EMP (Electromagnetic Pulse)... only theories transpired, and as the wildest

speculations go, the bodies found were not those of the duelists, and Delta Cavendish is now a singer of biorancheras and double V K... well, good gravediggers are hard to find nowadays.

*Pablo Martinez Burkett (Argentina)*

*Carmen Rosa Signes Urrea (Spain)*

*Ricardo Acevedo Esplugas (Cuba)*

## **Dominoes falling**

I'm telling ya, that feller sure wanted to die. Was dyin' to die, as Hank put it. Ya know, Hank Miller, the town drunkard. Me an' Hank tried to do what we could for the feller but of course there wuz none to do. Nobody sane 'ud pick no fight with Jesse James, knowing him for Jesse James himself. An accident is all right, sure. Sometimes you say sumpin' somebody don't like, or do some somebody don't feel happy about. It happens. Not deliberate like though, no sirree. An' nobody 'ud pick no fight with Jesse James and then not have absolutely no bullets in yer gun. Not one, I tell ya. Un-loaded it was, yes sirree.

The feller was dressed like city folk, but if you ask me, he didn't look like he wuz used to them clothes. He stood on the street like waiting for somebody, an' when James came out he put out some from his pocket, looked at it, then nodded to himself. What was it? Later we saw it was like one of these, er, phortographs they take these days, only it was in color, I'm telling ya. Where is it? Don't ask me; Hank might have traded it for a drink. Or the Wilmer widow; she washed the feller's clothes to give to the poor. And well, the feller then pocketed the thing and shouted, "Jesse James! Prepare to die!"

I'm tellin' ya, James wuz lightning fast. He faced the feller, and when he reached for his gun he shot him down. Stared at him for a moment or two, then went on his business, just like that. Feller wuz still breathing when me an' Hank knelt down by his side. "You nuts?" I says. "What were you thinkin', wanted so much to die?"

¿Guess what he told me? "That's the idea," he said, "it's like dominoes

falling." He coughed blood. "I die-- things happen. Temporal avalanche." Wuz crazy, had to be. Then he said sumpin' 'bout a subject union, that it would end thanks to his letting himself be killed. And some 'bout a wall in Berlin. Poor madman.

*Ricardo L. García Fumero (Cuba/ USA)*

## Eclipse Boy

Where it lands, all dark, the legs of men collide and lose the gravity of women. He speaks with such admiration for the sudden darkness that is already heavy eyelids that children are not interested in the daylight.

Little is known about his wayward ride, jumps to hyperspace, appear and disappear from a planet in the blink of an eye.

More is known of spontaneous dark and leaving broken hearts when you go. From what he's talking (or silent) than what you see.

Therefore, following the announcement of the sentinels of the

moons, nerve ensues: men carry their  
spacesuits wanting to disintegrate and  
the women come out to walk the streets  
of the fort, with loose sconces costumes.

Thunders heaven.

In men turrets pointing guns orange  
energy, the first touch of darkness  
appears, shoot. Heaven, I spent the  
night at midday, brand phosphorescent  
traces of the orange rays. Shrapnel lasts  
until the sun returns.

Men crash their gloved hands and no  
one to celebrate boots clattering metal.

Sentries of the moons shout over the  
radio that Eclipse Boy just lost in  
fleeting escape. Men leave to celebrate,  
stand still, peepholes helmets were filled  
with steam.

That sometimes is not bad, especially  
when the foot of the tower, the  
victorious passage Eclipse Boy is  
indelible mark on the lips, suddenly  
darkened, Women Fort.

*Juan Guinot (Argentina)*

## Horizons of greatness

Greed denies to itself what it has taken  
from everyone else

Séneca

Their weapons are primitive, but  
certainly effective. His leg feels numb:  
an alarming tingling has started to climb  
from his ankle, gaining ground inch by  
inch. Surely, the arrow contained  
poison. He would crush them with his  
laser Colt in the blink of an eye, even  
with one hand tied behind his back ... if  
he could only see them. But they are  
camouflaged, blended with the  
surroundings: he is the only foreign  
element, the discordant note, he who is  
redundant.

Now cornered, curled by the fire while  
the last logs are consumed and the light  
goes out, while the furtive footfalls  
become progressively bolder and snouts  
sniff indiscreetly, impatiently, he  
wonders what damned fate led him just  
to that planet and not to another one; to



one full of obedient beings willing to be stripped of their land without resistance, full of naive creatures that one can bribe through trinkets or that one can get them drunk with adulterated liquor, distilled without patience or care; to a less inhospitable and rugged, less hostile and untamed planet. Why, when the starting lightning flashed and all spacecraft began their ambitious race, even when the space had yet to be share out, he decided not rotate the map and take another direction; why he was determined to reach the last frontier. His pride, his lack of prudence, had overpowered him again. He told himself than at the ends of the known universe, for sure, he would not find any rivalry. Nobody would compete with him for the conquest. He could despoil at will and he would build for himself a peaceful life, far from the upheavals of bounty hunters. He was tired of running after unknown people, now he wanted to settle down and set up a small fiefdom, perhaps even learn to work the land.

He lifts the patch from which was his right eye before. He holds the glass bead in front of his eye socket: a perfect size. The last flame crosses that trinket as a shining spark, as a fast knife of deadly skill. The ball, once deprived of its sparkle, rolls on the ground. Except the satisfied howl, the rest is silence.

*Salomé Guadalupe Ingelmo (Spain)*

## Alice McCooy

While rolling a papelillo with blond Venusian snuff, Alice McCooy not look off his opponent: the woman eyed newcomer to the cantina. Outside, the ion storm rages at that advanced Zlatan II, a lost planet in the system K.

Sitting in a chair, his legs insolent lodgings on a table, Alice does not lose detail as the memory of a distant past rushes into his mind. Ten, fifteen cycles? Difficult to determine. It was during the war against the ariones, that accursed race of aliens, who threatened to subject the entire known universe when men marched into contention which lambs and women should assume their roles

although some become this planet in no man's land. The woman in front of her, led one of the most feared gangs: the who ransacked his home and murdered his three children. Survivor, vowed revenge. At the end of hostilities, followed the trail of the band at that time, had dissolved. A difficult trail to follow, but not impossible. Alice eliminated each of the outlaw, attracting them to its network of black widow, invoking the old land precept of "an eye for an eye ..."

The young copetintero no longer smiling; the heavy atmosphere in the room, wrapped in a sweeping murmur, has erased all the parishioners expression. Even the robot bartender while silent stale routines. The one-eyed woman also comes for revenge: his mistress, vaporized by a huge laser discharge is a funny memory for Alice, who smiles and drink another drink dry green whiskey. Then, go to the lips with his tongue. The boy blushes.

The wind is in retreat, surely will leave the atmosphere charged ion. Under

these conditions a minimum shot is lethal. McCooy Alice was a woman without honor and without law ... Today, he will regain his honor, but never the law ... It is clear. And how well you know your destination and this day will not be carved on his tombstone is clear.

Maybe that night, he will explain to the boy, with whom start a new life ...

*Jaime Magnan Alabarce (Chile)*

## **How to make a horseman find his head, losing it<sup>2</sup>**

The truth became a knife, stab him and  
won.

*Amarilis Tavarez Vales.*

In the city of the headless conveyed two types of persons. Those who were born without a head and those lost their

---

<sup>2</sup> Entidad- Bhut / According to the beliefs, if the soul of a person has a violent or sudden death, it goes out of the reincarnation circle and it turns in to a confuse desconcerted ghost.

head by decapitation. The city was surrounded by great almost impenetrable wall. This fortress was constructed with tall stones place one over the other, but it was not always like that. When the first citizen arrived (men and women beheaded in other places). They began placing small stones to enmark the conquered space. If someone tried to enter, they looked with strangeness at the headless monsters, and began a retreat. With time the stone barrier became higher. The strangers could not see what awaits for them passing the walls and with fear did not even tried. The beings adapted. Got engaged. Creating a new type of species of persons who were without a head. The headless. In this city there was never a necessity to look to the eyes, much less to smile. In this place the thoughts were made with the stomach, only when hunger was felt. When a young male felt the impulse to conquer a female, it would take her by the hands imagining how would the face of his love would be. An exciting ordeal. Each one assigned the face that was more likely to

the taste of each other. In many occasions the desires did not coincide the strange thoughts with the body of the fellow, which arbitrary was determined. The children were born by their feet. From the moment they came to the world, a braille sign was placed tied to the big toe of the right foot to be able to identify them at the morgue at the time of their death. One afternoon, of beautiful yellow shades, on a surreal intense blue sky, who no one could see. From the distance, the headless horse man was approaching at a galloping speed. At the distance. He saved his head on a paper bag, which he sustained with his right hand. On his left he sustained the rinds of his old thin horse. The accelerated pace of his hack, who nobody could see, made the earth vibrate although of his squalid figure. He stop on front of the great wall that surrounded the city. Took the head from the paper bag where it was sheltered. Lift it to the where his hands would allow him. Trying to surpass the barrier. Shouted, open, open. No one could hear. Then he decided to enter.

He push with strength one of the stones that covered the wall. The squalid horse tried to help his master in the duty of tarring down those walls. His intent was unsuccessful. Confused, the horseman could not understand why the headless people like him did not await for him with open arms. He turn the head he held with his hands toward his horse. He ordered his horse to help him. He shouted. The animal, when seeing for the first time those wiggling eyes, full of wrath of the horseman he turned around. With strength gave his master a great kick. The head escaped from the horseman hands, by the force of the impact. It hit the floor, to immediately role and reach a water puddle. The water was clear, very clear, and excessively clear. The little water puddle was a mirror. The head of the horseman without the body opened the eyes a saw his reflection for the first time. He did not recognized himself. It's not me. It not my head.

*Nancy Nelly Ortiz Méndez (Puerto Rico)*

## Duel of three

At bird's eye view they formed an equilateral triangle. On the first corner, the blonde man, sour-faced and metallic look. On the second, the lethal n'ghiy, with the triffid tongue swinging between its scaly lips. On the third, the filthy man, dark skin and black hair, sweating copiously. None of them dared to pull out the weapon. Not yet.

—Kl't Vrd Nk't! —spited the n'ghiy.

—Blonde, what is talking that swine? —asked the stinky man.

—That when it kill us, it will slurp our brains.

—What a blowhard this son of a serpent.

—It's not boasting. It's what they use to do with fallen enemies.

The dark haired gulped and stared at the n'ghiy. It looked at him and then turned its reptilian eyes into the blonde one, who gazed firmly. A minute went by and nobody moved. Two minutes. A crow honked and everybody pulled out their weapons. The blonde man aimed quickly to the n'ghiy and shot it once,



hitting on the neck. Before falling down like a bundle over the ground, the n'ghiy's revolver resounded once, without reaching any target. The third duelist aimed one enemy and another pulling the trigger, but his weapon only spoke with dried clicks of empty percussions. The crow honked again.

—You pork! You've removed the bullets of the revolver!

—Of course, I could not take the risk you shot at my head. I only like to bet when I'm sure I will win.

Afterwards, the blonde one moved away over his speeder bike, carrying his treasure and leaving his ugly friend back, cursing him and at two days of walking to the closest spaceport. At a few kilometers he stopped and verified that the n'ghiy's gunshot didn't pierce under his bioarmor. He wasn't scratched on his overprotected chest. He only liked to bet when he was sure he was going to win.

*Pedro López Manzano (Spain)*

## Do not kill in our backyard

It was already known in 2012 that Gliese 667 Cc was in a habitable zone; the confirmation in 2130 by the Mayor & Queloz probe that the planet contained, not only life, but that it fulfilled the more than perfect conditions for human colonization was considered the biggest space discovery, comparable only to the lunar landing of Apollo 11.

This discovery led to a headlong rush of the most powerful nations on Earth to develop technology capable of producing a spacecraft that could transport settlers to Gliese 667 Cc. Due to high costs and the fact that the finest minds were confined to a nationalist spirit those countries united, without political conflicts, to achieve a common goal: colonize Gliese 667 Cc, meanwhile dubbed as Alfa, and thus delay (and eventually solve) the collapse of a overcrowded Earth, with nearly

exhausted natural resources: the planet no longer had any regenerative ability.

In 2190 the first spaceship capable of carrying 6,000 colonists left Earth.

The Mayor & Queloz probe, still orbiting Alpha, forced a change in the paradigm of colonization when in 2202 it sent data that confirmed that life in the exoplanet was conscious. Thus, the second ship to leave Earth carried 18,000 settlers and 3,000 Space Cowboys, equipped with fantastic cyber horses. Humanity could not afford losing the opportunity to colonize Alfa. The philosophy of colonization followed the model of the conquest of the old Wild West: once successful, always successful.

The third ship failed to leave Earth. In 2250 Earth was visited by an extraterrestrial war spacecraft that killed

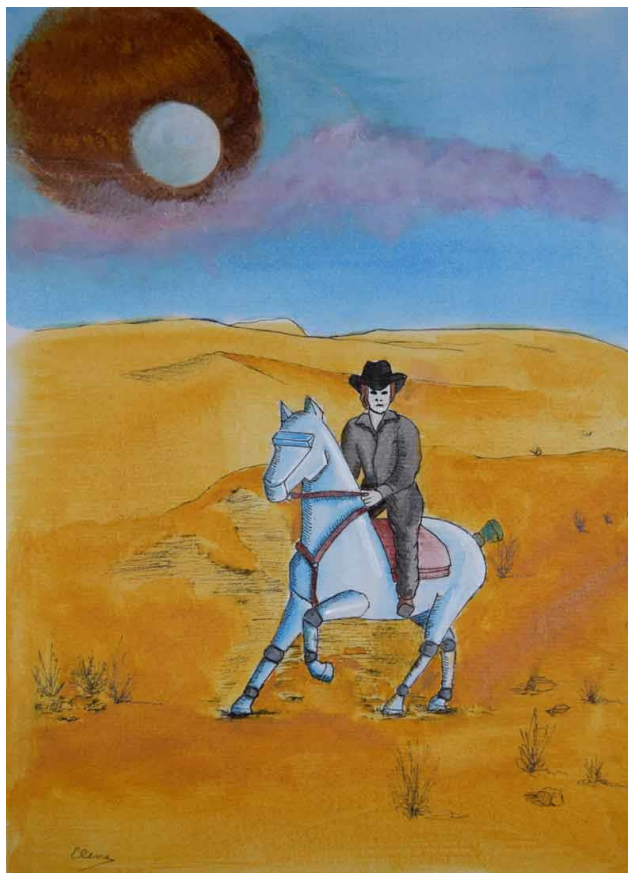
90% of the human population after announcing “do not kill in our backyard”. The problem of overpopulation and of the collapse of the Earth was solved: the planet began to have regenerative ability.

*Paulo Brito (Portugal)*

## A rider from a far off star

The night fell over the dried out terraformed planet of Westernsoul; a planetoid hurled toward a dying solar

system by the hands of those who acted quickly to move the random Destiny's lever. Westernsoul orbited around a white dwarf that already was exhaling its last breath over its toasted surface. Life was only possible thanks to huge modules placed along



the whole rocky skin of the planet. Such modules absorbed the thermic energy from the stars turning it into heat and electricity —creating in that way a yellowish atmospheric halo that made the function of an artificial sun. Life was hard there. The men from the Galactic League obliged to do the tough work to both Ixakis and Theutis, the ones who collect the Akasia, an expensive mineral from which only a few grams were enough to enlarged the life of the tyrants Eukans: evolved humanoids that have thrived over several solar systems —terraforming planets destroyed by the explosions of red giants searching for the wonderful mineral that extended their lives.

—Damn it! It is that the legend was just a hoax? A silly hope to keep us alive? —said aloud Exalon, an Ixaki android, during a cave drilling in search of the saving Pentalfa. It was in the company of Brave Bens and other humans. The cave's entrance was guarded by Eukans bandits. When at last the rock gave way under the laser pickax, it came from the Pentalfa a

glowing thread of light that aligned itself with the far off star's radiation and projected a holographic image that, as it would have been a celestial spirit, took a robotic shape. Then, from a hidden platform in the cave, arose a fleet of flying motor-horses and a giant trunk full of laser pistols. The Stellar Riders, like a gunned messiah, was the leader... The Eukans days were numbered.

*Morgan Vicconius Zariah (Dominican Republic)*

## **The talented Whip McLane**

May the bright flame of enthusiasm never  
be extinguished.

Josef Goebbels, 'The triumph of the will.

The main square is crowded, and it is entirely justified. Nowadays it is very uncommon to look at a real hero, in body and flesh I mean. Everything has been reduced to cyber presentations, canned speeches, images of a tale. It all happens on the screen. For years, the climate holocaust forced us to stay put inside the shelters awaiting orders and

the latest news issued by the Global Security Network. Later, a decision by unanimous vote to mass migrate to the stars. But except for the work of some elite troops and interdisciplinary teams, the conquest of space is being experienced from the shield of our homes. As well as the war against the indigenous Calchines who assault our convoys. It is dreadful to realize you are not only an inhabitant of a dying planet but that you're being forced to consent to go into exile. And also outrageous to find out we were not the only ones in the galaxy and lived almost together with that horde whose hostility pushed us into a war of annihilation. Therefore, to attend, watch and listen to Whip McLane is an unexpected honor even if it means exposure to the ultraviolet radiation. After all, he is the famous commander who led the caravan with the few surviving animals.

The lights have now been turned out. He comes into the limelight! The crowd cheers enthusiastically. He is tall and kind and exudes confidence in his uniform of the Star Explorers as he

begins to reel anecdotes to delight the audience. His stories are so vivid no one notices the paladin looks much younger than the chronicles he rehashes with studied choreography. There are no more than ten minutes left, so he rushes the speech and closes with a burning exhortation for all to subscribe to the Patriotic Bond before everybody returns home in a hurry. There are brave people who would risk their lives for our welfare. There is hope! They say. Yes, but there are people who lie; I garbled. We could never get beyond Pluto. Treacherous galactic cosmic rays turned our spaceships into gigantic cemeteries. The Calchines are a myth that exists only on the screens of the Network, but it's essential to maintain the morale of the people. There is no help from the stars. We are not able to avoid our destiny. We are headed into an environmental apocalypse. I know. ¡Bloody Hell I do! ¡I'm the real Whip McLane!

*Pablo Martínez Burkett (Argentina)*



# Duel in time

In this work I have seen things that would shake the coldest mentality. I am guide of users in the company TT (Time for Tourists), I see any issues that arise after that customers travel in time. A month ago there was the case of an elderly man who wanted to duel with a ferocious dinosaur, obviously did not return from past; I suppose there are people who want to spend their last days as well, realizing a dream or goal.

Recently a beautiful girl of German descent, went to the World War II to have sex with Adolf Hitler. Well, maybe we are all mad, but these people have the money to comply their fantasies. Fortunately, the constant trips to the past do not alter our reality. All things rearranges again at some point, although the history books sometimes have a few lines about someone who stood out. But our destination remains the same, subsequent events to temporary surges remain intact. I am very surprised because something happened yesterday,

the case of Joaquín Bardales and Germán Vera. Both sought, separately, go to the far west. The pre travel adviser gave them the right clothes because they wanted to be gunmen; and they were very clear: they wanted to fight a deadly duel. Of course, while they pay first, all are granted. We always visualize the journey, the men arrived in a village and in the middle of a square they shot several times, killing each other. It was an important event in that place, though tragic. The villagers collected the bodies of two strangers and they buried them outside the region, where began a grove. Why the two guys did that? Joaquín and Germán were very much in love with a woman named Sharon. She could not decide by a suitor and they determined that they would solve the issue with bullets. There is a note on the "prodigious visitors" in an old newspaper.

I see they are still there. Sharon overtook me, she is standing in front of the two tombs crowned with steel crosses. She cries for both. Loved them. My job is to reassure her and offer our

free recovery service. Joaquín and Germán were insured.

*Carlos Enrique Saldivar (Peru)*

## Old Buffalo Bill

—The Age does not forgive, whenever I find it harder riding, if you had seen a young man, when he hunted buffalo and was considered a legend, what times those now however no one remembers me, my alias fell oblivion.

An old and tired "Buffalo Bill" runs prairie new Earth, with his inseparable and great friend X56, an outdated android, which like Bill, good times spent and for him, turned just in vain memories.

—Bill That's life, who would tell us, we would stay you and I alone on this planet, that helped exterminate all its inhabitants, to finally rule out its colonization.

So we humans, capricious, do anything to get what we want, and often, for nothing.

—You have said it at all.

Buffalo Bill and X56 say nothing more, and move on.

An army of clones, were responsible for the extermination of the inhabitants of New Earth, "Buffalo Bill" was one of them. Your memories are not real, although if you create it, never hunt any buffalo, never was a legend, just a clone, created for himself Bill Cody was believed, and eventually was abandoned to their fate, as the other clones of legends of the American West, as "Billy the Kid" or very "Wyatt Earp", which however, were not as strong as Bill, and, eventually perishing, demonstrating that there is none like the old Bill.

*Diego Galán Ruiz (Spain)*

## Jacob Boy

If soon some satellite didn't appear with tavern where he could eat and to sleep would be Jacob Boy end, as they knew it in that part of the galaxy. It had connected the automatic system and he allowed crawling for their ship.

The impact of a ray laser for the later part woke up him, and when focusing

the lights back it detected three capsules of quick movement: those that the thieves used in the empty extensions of the space.

In a second Jacob Boy valued the two only possibilities: to escape or to face them, and in the following instant he decided.

It rotated their ship of in front of the cattle thieves with all the prepared shot possibilities, this didn't wait for it the thieves and they braked in dry. The study began. The three capsules tried to surround Jacob Boy, but he made rotate their ship in the same angle and with the identical speed. The levels of altitude neither stopped worrying them. He would not die at the hands of three outlaws of the space. And much less so hungry and for sure soon he would find some satellite-tavern.

This way, rotating in round stayed a while; and when Jacob Boy instinct noticed that one of the capsules would shoot him dispatched at the three.

When he saw them get lost in the hole the mechanical pilot it placed again and he fell asleep.

—Up man! Already has the clever bathroom. Until when will sleep?! — with those words "The western Star" owner did wake up him, tavern-satellite to which Jacob Boy ship had arrived behind seven days.

There he ate, and before falling asleep it asked them to prepare him the bathroom.

*Omar Martínez (Cuba)*

## **The living legend**

Today is an important day for the Empire, all awaiting the arrival of the great legend of the Galaxy. It is just half a day and the entrance of the city is bursting, pending anytime of Billy's Hickock ship landing.

I remember my grandfather talking for hours about the great intergalactic exploits of the most respected and feared cowboy in the early years of the construction of the Empire and the strong fight against the evil forces that

controlled the galactic trade. But once established the government-controlled outbreaks rebel uprising, the Emperor built an army to match his ambitions, equipped with laser weapons and war ships of great scope. Billy Hickock was recognized for his contributions to the construction of the Empire and the restoration of peace, he was assigned a place to live and a budget that would use to live. The emperor left him as a living legend.

Today the commercial political system is weak, difficult times lie ahead and require the services of Great Billy, the Emperor sent for him and the mere fact of his presence brought together three generations who knew him fighting at his side like my grandfather, he lived his exploits at an early age as my father and only heard of him without knowing him as I do. We were standing at the entrance of modern imperial tower. The ship landed five minutes after noon, were very hot and the two suns in the galaxy shining brightly. Absolute silence.

Hickock Billy got off his ship dress like a real cowboy, their guns on the sides hanging from his belt, boots and hat; advancing front midway loudly confronted the Emperor and his young wife the Empress, shouting:

— Banished you had me for years, banished me will die! spare me something to you lack Emperor, DIGNITY! I will not fight for your cause, or for your Empire; but unlike you, I come and I tell you straight.

To the surprise of all, Billy walked back to his ship and left.

*M<sup>a</sup> del Socorro Candelaria Zárate (Mexico)*

## **Wanted: Whether in alien or human form**

The ionograph floated over the stuffed architecture of Centauria showing on the six faces of its cubic form the image of a half alien half human face. Billy Durston read from his momentary hiding place: "WANTED: Whether in



alien or human form." Sure they were both his human and alien faces — symbols of the biology unity among different species; morphologies that the nanobots in charge of his molecular metamorphosis interchanged due to the metabolic disorder generated by Billy's emotional disturbance. He needed to reach the nearer cubicle of Temporal Atomic Tele-transportation in order to escape to the historic period of the American Old West... There he'll be at home. He was a hardcore fan of the Cowboys and the synthetic garment for his human form resembled that of the ancient Earthly outlaws. It stands to reason, from the very childhood Billy was a misfit that encouraged by the freedom inherent to the exoplanets, turned his back to a life as a pioneer of the galactic colonization to become a bandit, a robber of interstellar ships in the middle of the space vacuum; terror of colonists and thief of the mineral resources from the mines attended by cyborgs. Because of it, he was hunted in all the planets, satellites and orbiting colonies peopled by humans and aliens

placed along the Milky Way's quadrant from its core to the Alpha Centauri system, in whose flouting city he was hidden. If they catch him, they'll doom him to spend the rest of his life in an exoplanet with a hostile geochemistry.

He was spotted just at the very threshold of the cubicle. He hadn't opportunity to define his anatomy, so he produced at the same time the Colt 45 with his human hand and the ray gun with his alien claw. In the fire of bullets and photons that took place, Billy killed seven bounty hunters but the human hemisphere of his head was mortally struck by laser beam. At least, the alien form of his being went back in time alive —where by that same reason it'll be an outlaw.

*Odilius Vlak —send.— (Dominican Republic)*

## Harmonica man

Those damn aliens were even worse than the Mexican outlaws, not only because it was not enough to throw them a bullet between the eyes, among other things because you have to choose

between which two eyes shot them; nor because no grass grow again where they walk, because of the mucus they left behind; not even because of the pestilence of their food, which made seem high cuisine the menu from the filthiest of the pigsty; no, it was not any of that, worst of all, what pissed Ennio off was that the aliens had taken to playing guitar and their musical sensitivity was, how to say? From another world, no, better from another Universe.

Ennio spat his cigar and kicked away the butt. <<Quiet, boy - told to his horse, which had begun to rear up on hearing the first alien's chords>>. A noise behind him made him turn suddenly, with his gun drawn. << Quiet, cowboy>> It was a gray little man with a huge briefcase. <<And who the hell are you?>>. <<I'm Manolín, representative of the GSAS>>. <<'The GSAS?>>. << Yep man, yep... the General Society of Authors from Space. We have come to know that these aliens were doing song's covers without paying the fee >>. Ennio, with his gun still

raised, hesitated. He hated aliens, but it was too terrible, even to them he doesn't wished a punishment so cruel. Manolín instantly realized the danger. <<By the way, I've also heard you whistling the familiar melody of a spaghetti western. Could you, please, show me the documents that give you the right to doing so? >>. << I ... >>. Manolín took advantage of the cowboy's confusion and sneak away into the alien's camp. When Ennio regained his composure, it was too late, he would never again hear the alien's guitars. Despite how he had hatred them, now felt sorry for them. Besides, he thought, what the hell of a song subject to canon could anyone recognize among their atrocious tunes?

*Raúl A. López Nevado (Spain)*

## **The Old Hot Saloon**

The Space Pony Express arrived on time, with an efficiency of 100%, had no competition. The method to dodge the

assailants of roads and outlaws "any incumbent," said Bob "The Kid" Rogers head of that company halfway between the legendary company that inherited the name and other errands. Only they offered full warranty and prompt delivery for both passengers and freight. As part of the cargo traveling Belle Rose that he feared being rejected, a long as she was not above a saloon. The rest of the load from the center of the franchise 'THE OLD HOT SALOON', was formed by the order arranged to replace the defective materials and outmoded. New times, renewed customers. Together with the girls: the latest trends in clothing and provocateur slight changes in programming, advances the markers considered ES (Erotic Software) multidisciplinary and multi-orgasmic and one for customer protection. The most novel: a relic of the past, reader chips implanted in their retinas, for the immediate payment by bank identification. Security was a quiet secret to those who dared to threaten them. Belle Rose imagined that despite the

different forms of communication and some variation in physical appearance, the contact would be equal on either side. I just had to satisfy the customer. The owner Saloon rubbed his hands, could quintuple its earnings in the presence of an organic. The possibility that those hard workers succeed in seeing a real woman, was remote. None dared to tread those dung. Belle Rose "a real woman just for you" could be read in the neon entrance. I was so nervous I let the others help him. Her face and skin softer they had seen, but something went wrong. They analyzed their composition, observed his face and did not agree with them. She was detached from any external adornment and tried to access the interior, but without success. I was definitely defective.

*Carmen Rosa Signes Urrea (Spain)*

## **At Mercury's Hills**

I've never seen the sun shine so brightly; steam emanating from my

thermosuit tells me it's time to return to Jupiter Woods to purchase a new one. Maybe it was time to turn back. 'A true cowboy lives on Mercury; no matter if the heat is sufficient to melt the rocks of Venus' my pa used to say.

"We would need to go back about five miles if we decide to return now, but maybe ten if we are to continue with the search" commented Willy. "I think that's enough, Villaris. The Sheriff will arrange to send scouts to the roads. Surely they'll catch the mentalists. These rustlers have a curious way of evading the law: make you see things that are not real. How will you know if it's them? They could take the form of natives to mislead you. Or maybe rocks, which are in abundance on this planet.

"No. Not now, we are close; six million quarts per head. With your eyes and a rifle, alongside my skills as a tracker, we can retire to live in a colony on Mars before you blink".

As a child, my ma told me stories of Earth: water falling from the sky or that it had some things called waterfalls,

from which it flowed in torrents. For the first time in my life, the dream came true. Water. Everywhere, there was water; the sky, the sea, and even the rivers of it from such falls. I had never seen so much. The Rustlers were swimming in it, and the tide whipping the mysterious ocean dragged them beyond our reach. The waves pounded my visor, preventing me to maintain a clear vision of the offenders at large. I pulled out my gun. Bang, bang, bang. One of them fell. The sea front hit me again. I could not dry my helmet. It was so dark and hot in here. Another shot; this time louder, from rifle or shotgun. Two bodies were pulled by the current now. Leon Villaris, mercenary. Leon Villaris, settler. It was harder to choose now. I always wanted to try the sea: the breeze, its salty water, the sun. Willy was shouting, warning me something, but his mouth was moving without me understanding a single word.

My pa used to say that a real cowboy lives on Mercury; no matter if the heat is sufficient to melt the rocks of Venus. When I took off the suit, the last thing I



thought was that I was not one anymore.

*Peter Domínguez (Puerto Rico)*

## Nobody Planet

On the Nobody Planet, destroyed the Sheriff, an android. Since then, outlaws and criminals made a city: Nest of Vipers. There was no justice, a planet without law. All to capture the men of steel, metal things, that his blood was liquid gold. The captured and bled to extract their gold vein precious metal. A ship full of prisoners plowed space, suffered a failure, causing it to land on Planet Nobody terrible. The Marshall feared for his life, the law was worthless. The chief of them, Terence Hill drew his gun and take care of anyone close while repairing the ship. A child steel spacecraft discovered and reported to their people. Men and women surrounded the ship, the Chief of the Desert Arena spoke with Marshall. He begged aid, hunted like animals. Terence felt indignation, now knew the secret long hidden. He went into intergalactic

transport and contacted his superiors, the Intergalactic Justice. They named the new Sheriff of the Planet of No. He looked at his star and ordered the ship to retire with highly dangerous inmates. Hill saw them leave and asked Desert Sand gather his best warriors. The chief said they did not know was that they were peaceful, ignorant of the art of war. The blonde with blue eyes adjusted his hat, would train for combat, with hair that women were cut metal, were fused to create swords and axes. The new sheriff's trained in combat techniques. The blonde came to the main town: Vipers Nest, the ruffians had fun in the classroom, when they heard that a man approached riding a giant iguana. Everyone left Instead, the plate was shining and the lawman was presented: I'm the Sheriff Terence Hill and came to fulfill the law.

*Tomas Pacheco Estrada (Mexico)*

## The Cowboy

Be a Cowboy is not an easy task. You have to have the ability to give the

target, and victorious before any opponent. Mornings are moved. Toilet me before that the Sun lights the room where he spent the night. I take my body any indication that tracks of my weaknesses. It is a good deed that gave me advantage, above those who consider that they have nothing to hide now. I look in the mirror and let escape the wry smile of someone who knows that behind the mirror, everything is different, and I enaltezco to know that after this captive look, despite my

enclenque physical, the bullets I respond. When I open the door and go out into the real world, I cannot evade that tickling me climbing by feet to the stomach. Everyone look at me with some distance, because they know that despite being lenient in the last match, there is nothing that can resist me. I note a passing fear that it revives them to see me walk on the sidewalk. That's when I feel the fresh breeze from the mountains, and the vitality of the city clean of slag. In my solitude I have tried



many times point to these dark and gloomy figures that tend to inhabit me, and for now they are the only ones that I resist. But nobody knows, just me, and that gives me the advantage. Much advantage.

*Francisco Manuel Marcos Roldan (Spain)*

## Thy sea so great

Everybody connected? Artigas, Chen, Kolobanov? Getting started then. Lord, we somewhat gather to send you our friend Obadiah, Old Big D by other name, that's how they called him at VirtuaWhores. I ask, don't frown upon him, Lord, for he toiled hard over the skies of Io and Ganymede, you know he needed to enjoy every sin a poor man can afford. This is a hard life, a space miner's life, and you deciding it was time to call him away from it, well, can't say I completely disagree. Mankind has come a long way, yet our ships remain small and thy sea so great. I remember when I first saw him, starry eyed, perhaps dreaming of a name and a purse for himself. Or maybe he came running

from something he'd done back there in Earth, wouldn't know myself, we don't check a man's rap sheet over here, we judge people by the worth of their work and their word, and let the rest for you. And he hauled crates in Saturn 3, he drove cargo through the outer discs, he mended buoys about to fall over Jovian storms, and never let a man or woman down. He might have cheated on his ore declarations later on his career, when he wisened up to Solar Mining Co, and if any exec picks up on this, you know you steal from us, lying bastard. Old Big D drilled the finest silicon, we all do, yet you always rate it under true purity. But that you already knew, Lord, and you let that happen, just like you let volcanoes happen, in your wisdom. And here he goes, Lord, into the crown jewel of your planets. Yes, Marfa, launch it now. Alright, people, lets get back to work, strike a good load in memory of Obadiah.

*Juan Pablo Noroña (Cuba)*

# The Legend Of Bronco Bill

Although information is scarce in the history books, the inhabitants of Territory City know very well the legend of a magnificent gunman: Bronco Bill; he was tall, slim, agile and had impressive falcon eyes when he looked to the best planted rival. People said their parents were killed by thugs and their grandparents, a couple of eminent shooters, trained him in the use of weapons, from a colt 45 to a shotgun. When he was twelve, he killed for the first time: the victim was the judge that had freed the ruffians who murder their parents. The following year he found the whole gang, a total of six individuals, he murdered one by one. Finally he killed the leader, in a duel a thirteen year-old had finished with a criminal thirty-nine. The myth grew. Bronco Bill became a guy of fear, used to steal some errands and trains, although he did not hurt innocent people, just bandits. One day rescued a group of children who had

been kidnapped by Indians, annihilated the kidnappers and he returned to boys and girls to their families. That allowed him access to a pardon and he settled in the most dangerous town in the region. There he fell in love with a young prostitute who died stabbed by a violent criminal nicknamed "Arid Death", who also ravaged that forgotten corner of the world. Bronco Bill dueled with him and he put a bullet in his forehead, then he took the body to rot in the sun.

Undoubtedly, the most surprising development was the arrival of green aliens. It happened one night, a golden glow covered the village, a kind of huge plate came down and misshapen beings, like cockroaches, stormed the area. They killed a dozen inhabitants. Bronco Bill challenged to a duel to the leader of the invaders. The creature stood up and exhibited in two of its six legs artifacts like guns. At that time Bronco Bill emptied his revolver into the enemy and destroyed him. That made that the other intruders ran, reached their transport and they left before dawn. Back then Bronco Bill was twenty one years.



Eventually he was named commissioner of Territory City, he married and he had two children.

*Carlos Enrique Saldivar (Peru)*

## The Russian roulette

—Everyone landed there —said Harlem to the Ugly Cirius, speaking about one of the inhabited moons of the planet Miximium IV. It was nicknamed Wild West, because it reminds, in a historic an evolutionary way, the experience of every intelligence beings through the universe. It was the symbol of all the harsh stages of their lives; the search of strength and opportunity before the adversity; the unifying struggle to progress.

—The footsteps of all the bounty hunters are printed over that moon! That fucking mineral doesn't seem to worn out; it has made of this place a dangerous spot —answered the Ugly while landing the ship, with a perplexed face, near the cryogenic farms.

—What makes you think we're here because of those Psychoactive minerals? You're a fool that haven't even realized that here we can find the most beautiful girls of the whole galaxy. We're coming to the most famous tavern-whorehouse of all.

—Are you talking about the Russian Roulette? You damned rascal! —commented Cirius with a lustful smile drawn on his face—. If I'd have known that we came here for this, I'd have brought a more powerful weapon. For it's well known that dangerous people frequent this place. It's not advisable that we play the main game of the house.

—Don't worry —said with confident Harlem to the Ugly tapping his back while both jumped boldly over their anti-gravitational motor-horses. The moon night spread out into the infinity with a mysterious echo; under it, the men went to the brothel. There they drank, ate, had sex and after all that —the main game of the house. Drinking they got at random into the Russian

Roulette. Its motto: "Play or die." The prize: a full bag of the exclusive mineral Illuminariun to the winner. But the Destiny played that game with a sadistic mood and chose both friends. With no way out, both men shot to kill with their laser pistols. The Ugly won, and carried with him the bag, his friend corpse and two tears like his sole company.

*Morgan Vicconius Zariah (Dominican Republic)*

## Challenge in the space

The silver star weighs. It weighs in silence and the vacuum of space. But it's my responsibility. I must stop "*four fingers*" Jackson. The little screen computer shows me he's coming. With its small spacecraft, with which he has carried out many raids to space freighters. It's in the across site of the planetoid. Right now he should know that I am coming for him. Jackson, despite being a criminal, is not coward

and he will face until one of us will disappear from the universe.

Perhaps I shouldn't have listed in the rangers space. However, family tradition dictates to me. And also I come to defend the needs of the small community of settlers. They will be down bad if cargos of transport spacecraft doesn't reach them.

There are elderly older people and children with them, and I owe it to them. Jackson has to pay for his crimes.

The computer shows me the "*four fingers*" spacecraft appears on my combat horizon. I active on my personal rocket, and I start the first evasion and attack moves. My enemy does the same.

I know he's fast, but my experience also. In the distance, over our heads sometimes under our feet, sometimes the sun of Vega-2 looks a match very similar to the old west.

But there are not witnesses look them, only the distant and silent stars.

*Francisco José Segovia Ramos (Spain)*

# Vipers nest

No jeans are scared they would kill him as they did with the previous sheriff. Terence asked them to surrender and hand over their weapons. It was straightforward to tell you, hereafter hunting was banned men from metal and gold extraction from blood to solidify became gold bullion. Otherwise, it would be forced to work in Gunman mode. Teach your document where you gave permission to kill, if peaceful resist arrest. All refused, Sheriff Star ripped and put a skull on his chest. A black armor covered him completely and without warning began shooting two guns, cowboys thugs fell but were still too many. In the distance a bright light that was crossing the desert, were men and women with metal swords and axes, Terence willing to help. The gunman fired mercilessly. The Vipers Nest was running out of them, the shots bounced off the black armor. Finally the encounter between people of golden blood against human scum was given.

The bullets did not do anything, but they with their swords and axes were reaping their lives traffickers gold. The Can-Can dancers and bartenders women also took up arms, siding Caucasian sheriff, the battle was brutal death, the dancers knowing where prisoners were men of metal caught, went to the prisons to free them. The most cowardly surrender, but eventually Hill won a Pyrrhic peace, a peace that was a slaughter. He returned to be the star and be Sheriff again. They reached agreements with the men of metal, they signed a document not attack humans again. A beautiful blonde dancer kissed Terence. Judgment is made humans captured and the judge sentenced them to death without exception were hanged. The Viper's Nest city was renamed Golden West and the planet New Hope.

*Tomas Pacheco Estrada (Mexico)*

# Hero

I am a hero, of those imposed by the crowd. The world needed one of these angels able to live forever, under an

image takes, prodigious, with a pair of nostrils, and fearsome, very frightening. I fulfill my ego to think that i got where i was, with little effort, just a couple of simple tactics, which I'm not going to discover, to not be supplanted. Here is live really well, under the gaze of a few and others, recognition, and the absurd criticisms of the few detractors, who consider that my life is harmless, hypocritical and unusable. All we have a vision of the world, mine is quite different. It took several years of baggage, between ships and good people, who call me to establish peace. I remember when I was a child, and he dreamed to become someone in life, cap.able of flying above the mountains, being able to touch the sky with our hands, and mint in my arms the taste of success. In my heart filled with glory sought these bits of those years in which the dreams were occupying my mind. Only when I take my hat off, I can see that I am like the others, and i hate admit it. Because I am a hero!, the most fearsome of this northern part of the Universe. The best gunman.

Unattainable. A God. And no one is going to impersonate. Nobody. I swear.

*Francisco Manuel Marcos Roldan (Spain)*

## **The rowdy**

The wood creaked under his boots. The stranger looked around and walked towards me. He put one of his arms over the counter and, with the other, pushed aside his smock, showing the butt of a pistol, subject to his waist by a girdle of leather.

‘Hey, you!’ rebuked me; ‘beans and coffee, boy’.

I looked him, stunned. A robot, sitting on the back table, turned back completely his head for a closer look.

‘This is a repair shop. Here there is only screws and oil to grease’ I pointed out the posters on the wall. Screws in one; prices in other. ‘We do not serve meals’.

He did not even flinch. He grabbed my shirt collar and insisted.

‘Hey, you, nobody. You must enter there, and you’re going to bring my



beans and my coffee, or I'll hit you so hard, that you will pick up your freckles from the floor'.

'Grandullón! Leave the boy alone!' Cried the busybody robot.

'You go to bother a museum!' said another robot, menacingly.

The stranger tore with one bite the toothpick, suspended at the commissure of his mouth, and pulled the pistol, freeing me suddenly. Then he shot the ceiling. The bullet stayed floating halfway to nowhere. An explosion was heard, and the type fell backward. Her eyes jumped from their sockets with a screech. Hidden in the shadows, a security robot had used his "propeller of airwaves" to end the nuisance.

'Gee-whiz!' I exclaimed. 'Another robot with the fever Old West in their circuits. I'll have to rep...'

I was awakened by a stereophonic cry. "It's your turn!" I dropped the comic from my lap and got up from the couch to his feet, still dazed. I gave him the finger to the surveillance camera, I placed myself the uniform cap of

bellboy and I rushed to the front desk. With the teleportation, the tourists would arrive in within moments. I waited, motionless, staring at the tedious, Martian landscape.

*María José Gil Benedicto (Spain)*

## **The fire of the ancestors**

Ten to O'clock: the avenue is crowded by curious wishing to carry a memory from the duelists. Most of them swirls around the one from Altair-4, a mass of flesh and tentacles; the less watches me with undisguised pity. This is good. The focus hits on N'Kay and his massive gauss rifle. Me, a modified human armed with a crossbow, have all the bets against me: N'kay 1 – 236 Nguyễn. I've bet for me. If I win I retire... if I survive.

Five to O'clock: the crowd has fled to the stands leaving us alone. I hear their expectant, avid whispers. Everybody knows the rules: we can only use kinetic weapons (not energetic or biological)

and a single shot per gunslinger and round. As the time comes for I evaluate the umpteenth time the movements of the alien; I've been doing this for months. I must face a weapon that throws hollow needles at almost relativistic speed. No one has survived it, but I'll make it. I do. My strategy is to follow his movements, every one; study the rifle position with milimetric precision, calculate the trajectory of the needle and so avoid it.

O'clock: the twang of the watch silences all the murmurs. I can feel the weight of the crossbow, ready and armed, on my back. N'kay rises the rifle and then starts to dangle. He seems to want to play with me. I squirm like a snake shunning the imaginary line that emerges from the canyon.

A buzz, a thunder, an explosi3n. Screams. Pain. The bottom half of my left forearm has vanished. The healing factor starts working. Although seriously wounded I smile: it's my turn. I take the crossbow and support it on the stump, which is beginning to heal. I know that,

in his inhuman manner, N'kay mocks confident. A simple bolt against my soft and malleable body, he thinks. I point to the center and shot. The surprise comes when the dart sinks in the protoplasmic mass. The hipergrafen coverage melts detonating his soul of white phosphorus. Hell breaks loose inside N'kay. It's his turn but he cannot do anything: the fire devours him, driving him crazy. The fire kills from within, slow and relentless. The audience roars euphoric.

I smile. As I faint I remember how centuries ago, in an already forgotten war, my ancestors suffered a similar fire. They survived. And they won. So we are Vietnamese.

*Juan F. Valdivia (Spain)*

## Sunset

When the old Jhon Mankin discovered that Ruz'n Shar'n had just arrived at the small mining colony was told himself it was all over. After so many years, almost a lifetime later, that fat wakee bounty hunter had managed to find him.

He pulled his plasma rifle, looked at it, stroked it... and he felt tired. He was too old to flee, too old to fight and he had the enough experience to know that face the wakee who looked like a toad could endanger the entire colony. He returned, then, to keep the gun. He turned off the alarms, disabled the roboguardians and sat on the porch to wait the wakee with a bottle of whiskey from the old earth.

The little green sun had almost disappeared and the blue started to leave when the bounty hunters arrived. Tall. Fat. Flabby ... and old, very old.

The human and the wakee looked each other for a long time. Without speaking. Without trying to defend himself, Jhon.. Without trying to attack, Ruz'n Shar'n. Until man, raising his bottle, asked:

—Whiskey?

The Wakee nodded with his head and sat next to Jhon.

—You come to hunt me, I guess -said the man.

—I don't hunt anymore -growled the wakee taking the bottle.

—Why have you come then?

Ruz'n Shar'n looked down and whispered:

—I'm old ... I'm tired ... I'm alone ... - sighed, shrugged his shoulders, took a sip and went on- I don't know where to go ...

They were drinking for long time until; finally, Jhon broke the silence:

—Well -he said— This place isn't bad.

And human and Wakee continued gazing at the sky, comforted by the company of his greatest enemy.

*Dolo Espinosa —seud.— (Spain)*

## Ghost river

The radiesthesia dipstick tugged his hands and stopped. He noticed a spring hole, and bent to contemplate. As introduced fingertip, collapsed lungs filled with fluid nonexistent. He fought to save himself from an invisible stream, kicking in the air, until your dead body fell on the river sediment Ghost, by the mouth dry spring.

*Malena Salazar Maciá (Cuba)*

## The defeated

Srinn dismounts from his carvajo and goes to the hut of the chief Al'isma. The young warrior isn't happy with what he has seen today in the hunting prairie.

—The herds of lüms gone, great Al'isma —He says sadly.

The leader of the tribe looks him. He believes to recognize Srinn himself, doing many mozacs. Shaking his body up and down, feeling sorry and, then he stands up and faces with the young.

—The Fours legs told us we will never suffer penalties —He expresses to Srinn —. But they lied us when we signed the peace treaty.

—And now we're hungry ... we die, great Al'isma.

—Maybe our God Myyas sends us the punishment for having surrendered to foreign... We should have fought until our last sirtann. Now is too late. Neither we keep forces, nor we haven't young warriors to fight them.

—I could kill many of them! Proudly Srinn shouts, but the boss denies hardly.

The future belongs to them. We are doomed to extinction. It is the great design of Myyas. We will die, and our planet, Agisa will be plundered and destroyed by the invaders beyond the galaxy.

— Who call themselves "Earthlings" great Al'isma.

Al'isma nods, and he slips back to the corner weaving a cocoon where he will spend another long night of starry skies. In a corner of lost planet of the Andromeda galaxy.

*Francisco José Segovia Ramos (Spain)*

## The doubt

Took hours thinking about stopping this cursed ship that sails in the direction of the earth in search of justice. With the oar in his hand i doubt if stopping the action, or let myself be influenced by feelings of revenge, which corrodes from me a few years ago, since that outlaw ended the life of the people by a handful of gold coins. It is not how or



when i will stop this artifact, if ever I'll be able to finish the feat that i entrusted captain Harlock. Nothing amazes me at these altitudes. Neither my face shrunk by anger and hatred reflected in the mirror. There is much more powerful weapons capable of destroying men in seconds. I miss the old western films to the fictional that we had become accustomed from an early age. I remember the steppes, horses and men able to overcome with a simple shot. This is good to dream, at least we who escapes from reality, and of these wee hours that I was thinking about how drown evil. Perhaps the only thing that could salvage to overcome what i came to do, and get rid of this evil drink, i corrode the bowels. No one knows what it is we are here to do, it is an oath that weighs heavily on me. The time is approaching and is not moving. I couldn't miss in this infinite ocean, change of direction toward the distant star Centaur and back to my origins. Perhaps the best. Not because I have to put at risk the lives of more innocent, although mine is annihilated in the

gallows, or i drown in my own anger. In the background is that I am not a man made for this life. There is another way to heal the wounds. Just what is already known, is a difficult balance to balance. Tomorrow it may be late.

*Francisco Manuel Marcos Roldan (Spain)*

## **Certain future**

The sun begins to bathe the green pastures, the animals, heavy and patients, eat slowly. Leaning against the doorjamb, Jack enjoys the moment. A cup of strong coffee warms his hands, the sound of bacon in the pan sizzle in their ears, the smell of dawn filled his nostrils and his heart beats filled the deep satisfaction and pride of one who reaps the rewards of hard work .

Everything belong to him and had been raised with his hands and the hands of his wife.

Those pastures were irrigated with his sweat.

Those animals of the devil had given him more headaches than their own children.

That roof had been built by him.

Yes, indeed, he could be proud of all that had been achieved.

A blaze from above got him out of his reverie and he look up.

Again those damned indigenous, thought without abandoning their coffee. They were annoying as mosquitos and as difficult to remove as the trumpeters insects. Fortunately, the dome surrounding the ranch was more effective than a mosquito net and soon,

very soon, terraforming would be complete. The small planet would be habitable without those life bubbles and the native and ... well ... the native would become in history.

*Dolo Espinosa —seud.— (Spain)*



Advice of cowboy/ *Puy-seud.*— (Spain)





# A PIKE IN FLANDERS





By Mari Carmen Álvarez Caballero (Spain)

Illustrate by E. S. Wynn (USA) / Space western 4



he Space Western is a genre that fuses the conquest of the American West with Space science fiction. Deleting geographical differences, these phenomena are developed within the social context truer with the world publicized achievement of terrestrial manned missions. Both are two universes found in time and space of a third: the brilliant imagination of a novelist and filmmaker. Under such prospects transcend genres and subgenres fictitious spacewesterniana the studied range, settling in an almost reckless

plane of reality and coexistence that fully integrated into our lives.

And since we speak of alternate dimensions, halfway between the true and the false, explaining a practical approach and objective reality than fiction when, both eye to eye are represented by challenging a measure of Indians and trigger-happy gunmen against alien flying saucers uploaded to who has declared war if they have no advance wrongdoing. Immediately afterwards would Literature border, more detective; or aspects of the caliber of himself Spaghetti Western, Steam Fiction, Steampunk, Biopunk, etc.

The attractive Trek arises in the century of aviation and constant technical improvement "fueling". The boundary point is thus reached, with the help of this achievement, between the authentic and the impossible. The First World War and the second with the Jewish genocide carried out by the Nazis seized German antisemitism put their sights on the creation and funding of ambitious international, land and air weapons projects.

Linking came following the Cold War, the Berlin Wall, the Iron Curtain ... espionage and counterespionage entered pulse scene protagonists - whose goings give a good account newly declassified KGB documents. A seedling germinated agents and double agents wandering the world stage. And While it is true that the gap's open the Soviets and communism, public enemy number one in USA, scoring on both the scoop, the fact remains that the aspirations of many other powers were set before him despite failed attempts they carried on their backs. Bitter pill for the "patriotic and supportive United States" be restricted to guests and no hosting. "And although that was long before they managed the process terrestrial wireless Western-for attachment to the anglicized - therefore difficult to overcome defeat. Remind them of slavery is not wise because they refuse to accept it; by Fortune: film, television and books have been and are responsible for doing so.

Reach space, at the expense of whatever, is the goal since certain visionaries deformaters vaticinarian marcianitas presences with much higher intelligent life. Astronomy, Aerospace Science and developments tended the bridge at the precise moment the man launch relentlessly to conquer the Cosmos with the firm intention of establishing there a strict chart. Al desire to tear down borders interplanetary the contribution of a futuristic and retro-futuristic technology which, apparently, have hailed as a panacea for many social ills that plague us in the world we live in is added. His military weapons development and human tendencies channeled perhaps overvalued. Before the invasion of the Universe the current approach is very clear: you can go further and arrive before finding extraterrestrial life with the invaluable assistance of expert scholars aliens. Become the "Empire Space westerniano" -capture the comparatively dwarfs exploits of the likes of Genghis Khan himself; to overcome more than even insurmountable. And if there is sufficient jeans are manufactured in series of lead soldiers and NASA take care of fiasco; and the terse official statement will be heard, faced circumstances, patriotic American government: "We had to try" -or something like that. It remains to be seen whether the Earthling is entitled to that company or, conversely, grown rather the seeds of its own extinction.

It is intended, or so they say, for peace of mind discovering habitat replacement to the possible urgency to leave Gaia if this channel opens. And, of course, hobnob with our neighbors aliens, who without being seen or respond never our expensive green greetings we antennas,

uploaded to flying saucers able to escape the vigilance of our precious radars, gifted and powers ... because we liked that. How would receive if we get there? Just to make it in chorus, to the sound of music you know, before the end of deception-that cajoled want think-: Hernán Cortés and Moctezuma shook hands.

Ambitious challenge of outer domain. Maneuvering in the Cosmos, an entire company. Since we insist on walking that territory with our best gadgets and mills the onshore market, gender Space Western, installed in a plane stolen from the cienciafi reality transcends borders. And the question is: if you get into space, coupled with the manipulation and ownership of nuclear phenomenon.

They extracting the infinite energy of the atom to break the radical end of the Second World War or the Manhattan project, with the auction of two atomic bombs on Japan, the Cold War and its aftermath led, how many wars can trigger conquer? The film projection, Cowboys vs. aliens, Scott Mitchell Rosenberg producer, has

perhaps the answer. It not short spacecraft, persecutions and shootings; There are also riders who venture into the desert and besides explosive special effects, of course, as well regains its title, takes center stage an entire battalion of aliens. Come on, among green salad and seasoned American earthlings is served. Remind Cowboy Bebop (2001), which is the anime that led to a TV series, is recommended as well. Starting from this premise we can say that the sidereal gold



there. Insurance and find there working on it by the piece. To illustrate, say that, after all, would not conceived the existence of the pyramids of Giza area without its own eyewitness testimony that proves centuries later. Almost certainly, of not having them there, if someone tells us we would have dismissed as fanciful overestimating undeniable human capabilities. - Unless you take it for good, to continue to give superpowers to the Martians, that, so did they. from traca-.

Some deliberates, however, if the concern and desire to discover, explore, experiment and go beyond not be diverting us much closer issues and priority. And if our aspirations we not entail irreversible consequences at all levels. Strictly true is that the conquest of the American West, made of human lives much, much blood, sweat and tears from different corners of the world with Winchester in determining availability, comparable to current technological gadgets and more capable weapons gives us wings . And this time, it is to maneuver in Heaven, saving the planetary interfaces, move it like ducks to water. That already do in Star Trek V: The Final Frontier (1989), out of huge universe created by Gene Roddenberry, a Captain, Doctor and Mr. Spock. Since the overnight are on a commitment to release hostages land on the planet Nimbus III. Also The Wars (1977) director, screenwriter and producer George Lucas, is emblematic. Here the events seem to happen without names, time or place.

If literature lays the first stone, film, television, comics and video games have been and are the vectors that spread in time and in the imaginary space. It can be taken as a starting point the writer Wilson Tucker, as used by first time the term Space Opera in 1941 to refer to this specific style of western operas. Popularized in the early twentieth century America was perceived at the time as a substitute full of clichés and vices. Also Hunter's run, which is the version of a fictionalized account of Twin Shadow by Daniel Abraham and George RR Martin, which is set in a frontier planet localized references to the Wild West in his stories.

And we'd have Flash Gordon comics, a comic science fiction created by cartoonist Alex Raymond on January 7, 1934. Then, it was adapted to television and film. Firefly, American television series, creator Joss Whedon, well portrays the core of the cienciafi.



But we know very little stomping ground of any civilization, civilizations in the universe. With an enemy in front of you ignore everything else you almost always presupposes intelligent, experienced and skilled, miscalculation may fail. to the declare war on our neighbors "leavers" and out to conquer planets and planets could be that we conquered the conquerors, all you have to think. That, after all, a space colonized planet, about seven billion inhabitants, knowing nothing, and not cluttered repeating it, neither the name nor address nor the hallmarks of our affections or disaffected - not know still- co-villagers in the sky. No signs of life for their part, come on. By not know we do not know if they exist. We should find out what advanced technology they use, or rudimentary. See if instead of finding intelligent life in orbit are indigenous peoples and settlers or trains and horses. Breaking our schemes, all severely alter our behavior disrupting a long and costly planning. Because we what we have? A by the Seventh Cavalry we will not go. And said that does not count Winchester for us. Just throw weapons of mass destruction, that is at hand, and you're -the Ebola, a possible option-. And if they are immune? The cut sleeve is warm. Nor so dull or so perverse. Little jokes aside, this is very serious.

We have powerful space telescopes, spectroscopy helps us recognize materials, composition and atmosphere of a planet. This may give clues, we would know whether it is habitable or not. Think of alien life requires the existence basics of -water (apparently already found) and chlorophyll, carotenes ... – yet unverified. Hand ship Orion -provista modifications and arrangements- now pursues a visit to Mars. And who gives them the coordinates? Does NASA? May God we caught confessed.

But anyway is deeply involved in the arduous enterprise of conquest knocking planetary boundaries and creating settlements, another question drink my mind at this point; if the outcome was that of "winners": would build or would destroy, stumbling back into the same stone with the preceding pathetic back and lingering resentment of those progressive loss of our great empires at the time? Too many lost wars, no one wins entering the vicious circle of the snake biting its tail. The cosmic apocalypse or a little less. Anyway, I do not find myself to determine instruments, and would, if the human is the best, the worst or most contradictory wonderful species. It is the experience dictates that construction to destruction is a step; in a few hours you can overturn everything achieved over centuries of effort and hard work.

Unfortunately we cannot control natural disasters in certain immeasurable orders of magnitude. But the recurrent world wars show how damaging it can be man-attacking their own home: Earth; arrasándola by the way troglodytes plan. And if we do the same with aerospace infrastructure? Be careful, do not rush. Drunken triumph immersed in our own defeat just scans the Trojan Horse. In my humble opinion, if we fight not disappear and also get it, surely we will have won. Gravitare is not good; pisemos ground. It is also the next thorny question: escaseamos of economic resources, some say rightly, to meet here on Earth to the most basic needs sometimes. We do not have sufficient resources for conservation and sustainable development of our habitat; or rather, according to the scholars have the subject- and what we do is waste them happily designing macroprojects figures engulfing many zeros in their exponents. Some pilgrims initiatives linked to poor administrative procedures, corruption, unemployment and another etc., allow speak of a crisis is not a topic as the least flexible vision of certain sectors.

Possibly not, maybe the thing to medium or long term bear fruit or has already been given. NASA, it must be said, good and evil, crown holders brilliant achievements as the discovery of water on the Moon, one of the great discoveries of first order-detection of a giant meteorite in Jupiter, on Indonesia was seen an exploding asteroid; ah, well, and we know that the Earth has a "twin". From the Observatorio del Teide, Institut d'Astrophysique de Canarias (IAC) based in Tenerife, dedicated to scientific research and the study and development astral also encouraging news coming; everything seems to go well way and progress. But is that division of opinion there, that's clear. I always say that is good and necessary support for research and development of science as a whole, it is good to do well, I say how I feel, provided the funds wisely and logic to be processed, inter alia not end up in the pockets of a few opportunists turn or squandered. That limits are established and then consider that the binding force, is another prop. Since November 1998 we have the International Space Station (ISS) research center crew on board which has a large living area in Earth orbit. The donor countries are the United States, Russia, Europe, Canada, Japan, Italy and Brazil. Together we can.

Yup; Heaven and we love you want. But ... where that gets idealized or not, intelligent life? In the novel by E. E. Esmith, *The Skylark of Space* (published by first time in *Amazing Stories* in

1928), Pulp prototype Space Opera, a scientist traveling with a companion in a spaceship looking alien civilizations. After the work of Edmond Hamilton and Jack Williamson back in the 1930s and 1940 -date considered the golden age of science fiction was popular among readers and imitated by other writers. It says they inspired Tucker and other fans using the label to refer to this production. Although it was, rather, the previous novel, Edison's Conquest Of Mars, Garrett P. Serviss, published in 1898, actually proto-cienciafi, crimping all the cliches of the genre: high power weapons, travel to other planets in flying cars, evil aliens, destructive battles, maids and other ingredients; also contribute scoop show laser blaster.

The fact is that we assume alien life on planets even if there is little or no scientific basis to affirm or deny, but a handful of hypotheses and bonded contrahipótesis still in the wastebasket of experimental physics. Reinforced Well, yes, by abundant evidence of true-or false - civilian or military UFO sightings, alien, surreal visions, espionage, abduction, conspiracy theories and paranoia other cousins sisters. To which many programmed by experts in aerospace scientific fields unmitigated claiming that "they are there" conferences are annexed. No indication or evidence; only suspicion. To the French Academy of Sciences offered back in the early twentieth century, Pierre Guzman prize of one hundred thousand francs for one who got any response signal sent to another planet. The Tesla himself made with the intention of winning, an outbreak ensuring that "life on other planets is a certainty." Y is

He toiled in the process of a small device that would produce enough to issue interstellar scattering signals without power. While working on something related to wireless telegraphy confessed: "Little by little I understood that I am the first to have heard a message sent from one planet to another." The project was, of course, in the pan. The same waters that wrecked the phone with his teacher, Edison, wanted to communicate with the dead never get an answer.

We earthlings invoke the green, we contact them by land by air or sea. Day and night we pursue them. But it just may be that will "they" already teleportation, telepathy or invisibility same, hobnobbing anonymously with these chiquininos beings and as unfunny that kick erratic planet Earth. That maybe are here and we are not there for that, it's what I mean. Or maybe - green, yellow or blue with or without them-a pair of antennas, making begging possibly from its

ornate and comfortable apartments built aerospace, perhaps, unknown impregnable stars-all is hypothetical, make winks, smile and tease are awaiting the moment the exact day? There is a theory that humans are an experiment (failed?) Aliens. It may be that we are the evolutionary process of some animal species extinct. Seen this way, nothing new under the sun. But ... if as Einstein said in the search for complex scientific truths actually have to think in another direction, why not contemplate devoting a momentary opportunity to the idea that gives birth to, perhaps, them, there, they result some sporadic human attempt in its origins, blurry at best said- - never space and time? Determined to fantasize, if we, the alleged imperfections macrouniverse can argue that matter inbreeding between planets and their bastard children. Who knows; maybe looked for an awesome movie or a tetralogy. But is not the case. The imagination is the stimulation of the brain; needs to play to the raw material; It is creative and innovative; okay, then the fictional narrative of literary, film, documentaries, newspaper or TV work. However, in the different scenarios of life itself has to process logic testing those practical values culled from such warp. That's what Einstein meant, I guess. Excluding the rhetoric of science, pseudoscience, experimental physics, disparate laws and contradictions that throw back, present in our daily lives. Because maximum flow into facing concepts to which alone, in many cases, sensible explanation of a mutant Cosmos seems to put in place.

Make truths of lies and truths lies will never bring to fruition. If the Universe is finite or infinite cannot do vice versa, and if you do not know, do not know. It is best to go for ready-taking where there is merely contingent mirror, which only tend to confusion and rodeo, making infinite in space and finite in time. And if we do not do with quantum physics for his lack of definitive values or whatever, we do not. And if the cosmological constant does not exist we need not affirm denying the expansion. The universe in its ergonomic function has its own physical laws, occupies a place in space-time. If both entities are the same thing can hardly simultaneous finitude and infinitude of the same universe. Theory and annihilate counter-theory. I certainly my strengths and weaknesses, just do not share this *modus operandi*. As much as you try to connect the dots and physical-scientific experimental unifications Quantum Mechanics, particle accelerators, the very Cavendish experiment or theory String ... - the thing follow not block and out of position. Well you work at it, but, please, the results if there are exposed categorical or not to drop in double messages to, among other things sometimes justify government macro-investments fruitless caliber and to private or semiprivate. Surely the creator of the most famous



physics equation of history defended the search for truth in truths. And from there, open the door to a multitude of considerations is not only permitted but required. Finally, as meant Star Trek perhaps the space is not the final frontier. Faced with the constant aim to go beyond concerns us discover what is or what ignorant thing to know. If you really encloses all locked the origins of the universe not only as a platform, but also humanity. Look into orbit is not prohibited. And: will they, the others, the knowledge of its origins in the pocket? What if the seek without finding, within our own civilization? See if the aliens are not as smart or men here as dunces.

I have no knowledge to the defense; either for attack. Where is the truth and where it will end the lie. In which corner they will find almost certain to clash head at zero. That each draw their own conclusions. "Somewhere there must be someone" as Pedro Duque, referring to the extraterrestrial intelligence. Well, he was there.



## Revistas:

Revista: Korad Revista digital de literatura fantástica y ciencia ficción (abril- junio #18 2014)

Editor: Raúl Aguiar

Co-Editores: Elaine Vilar Madruga y Carlos A. Duarte

Corrección: Zullín Elejalde Macías y Victoria Isabel Pérez Plana

Colaboradores: Claudio del Castillo, Daína Chaviano, Jeffrey López Dueñas, Rinaldo Acosta, Yoss

Diseño y composición: Claudia Damiani

Sección Poesía: Elaine Vilar Madruga

Ilustraciones de portada y contraportada: Claudia Damiani

ilustraciones de interior: Claudia Damiani, Guillermo Vidal, Humberto Hernández, MC. Carper, Raúl Aguiar

Crónica Behique 2014/ Sheila Padrón Morales



Edén (cuento)/ Alexy Duménigo

Proyecto Sueño real (cuento)/ Hersson Tissert

El haiku en los géneros de fantasía y ciencia ficción: Tres propuestas/ Maria Elena Quintana

A La Tercera... Se Espera La Cuarta: Un Escritor Cubano En Les Imaginales 2014 De Epinal...¡Otra Vez!/ Yoss

A otro perro con... (cuento)/ Maylen Aguilera

A vuelta de página (cuento)/ Jorge G. Silverio Tejera

A-cronías japonesas... (artículo teórico)/ Olivier Paquet

Ambigüedad (poema)/ Lianet Reyes Góngora

Crónicas sin viaje (poema)/ Antonio Herrada Hidalgo

Estamos a punto de ser inspeccionados (cuento)/ Yonnier Torres Rodríguez

Colaboraciones Panorama histórico de la ciencia ficción peruana/ Luis Alonso (Perú)

Mi punto de vista (artículo teórico)/ Isaac Asimov

Concursos y convocatorias

Revista: Valinor *Revista Editorial de fantasía, terror y ciencia ficción* (nov. #8, 2014)

<http://grupolipo.blogspot.com.es/2014/11/extra-extra-llego-la-revista-valinor.html>

## SUMARIO

Noticias

Mercado Goblin. Reportaje de Simón Bellido.

El Castillo de Cachtice/ Juego de la Hermandad del Cisne.

Artículo: La génesis del fantasma en la literatura occidental/ G. Escribano

Garcán y la maldita sombra/Relato de fantasía épica por G. Escribano.

Entrevista: Borja Antonio Martín Fernández.

Imaginarium/ Nuria Balaguer, ilustración.

Mi camino solo es mío/ Relato de terror por Rodrigo S. Olivenza.

La playa cósmica/ Relato de ciencia ficción por Daniel Flores Laino.

El mundo que muere/Relato de fantasía épica por Miguel Huertas

Fábulas/Tres fábulas por Richard Montenegro

Licántropos en New York/Relato de terror por Chris Martin L.

La Nada/ Cuento gráfico de Óscar Torres Gestoso y Ángeles Mora.

Carretera de Moebius/ Relato de ciencia ficción  
por José Manuel Mariscal.

Reciprocidad/ Relato de terror por Julieta  
Manterola.

Eddan y Kiri. Danny/ Serie de relatos de  
aventuras por Isabel Cisneros.

Christall. El lago negro/ Serie de relatos de terror  
y aventuras por Géraldine de Janelle.

Otto/ Tira cómica de Boebaert.

Poemario:

Amantes/ Poema de Nathalia Tórtora.

Revista: Dissident Tales La Revista (dic. 4 2014)

Coordinado por: Carlos Rodón, Laura López.

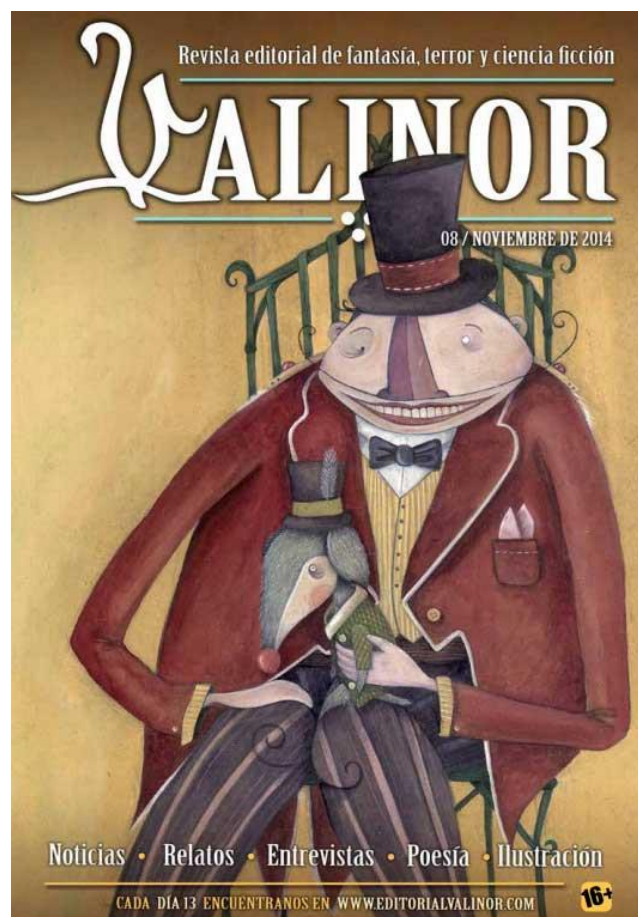
Ilustración de portada: Carlos Rodón.

Maquetación: Laura López.

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

El cinepático del cifu / Victor Cifu / Sharknado / Anthony C. Ferrante

D.T Comics / Lobo: paramilitary christmas / Simon Bisley / Keith Giffen/ Raúl Orte





La cueva del ilustrador / Ilustradores / Begoña Fumero / Carolina Di Lorenzo/ Gerardo Alonso Zahonero /

David Vergara Aparicio / Carolina Bensler

El rincón del friking / Tony Jiménez / Diez pesadillas para navidad

Vamos a jugárnosla / Paloma Aragón / Social Gaming [Modo de compatibilidad]

Serial killers / Beatriz T. Sánchez / Charles Manson y sus acólitos ( parte dos )

Reseñas literarias:

Sergio Fernández / El rayo rojo

Jorge Herrero / Batalla Por Chicago

Mónica Jurado Sáenz / el chico perfecto no sabe bailar el twist

Esteban Dilo / Los Caminantes

RELATOS:

Roberto Malo / Noche de paz

Montiel de Arnáiz / Navidad en la biblioteca abandonada

Rafael Lindem / Estimado borislav

Fran Chaparro / Y una estrella nos guiará

Roberto García Cella / No se juega con los reyes magos

Ana Cristina Salazar / Las putas también celebran la navidad

Emilio J. Bernal / Vuelve a casa por navidad

Pepa Mayo / Zombificación

José Manuel Durán Martínez / Macabra cena de navidad

Mimi Alonso / De carteles y cenas navideñas

Artículo:



¿Eres escritor, ilustrador o «ilustraescritor»? / Laura López

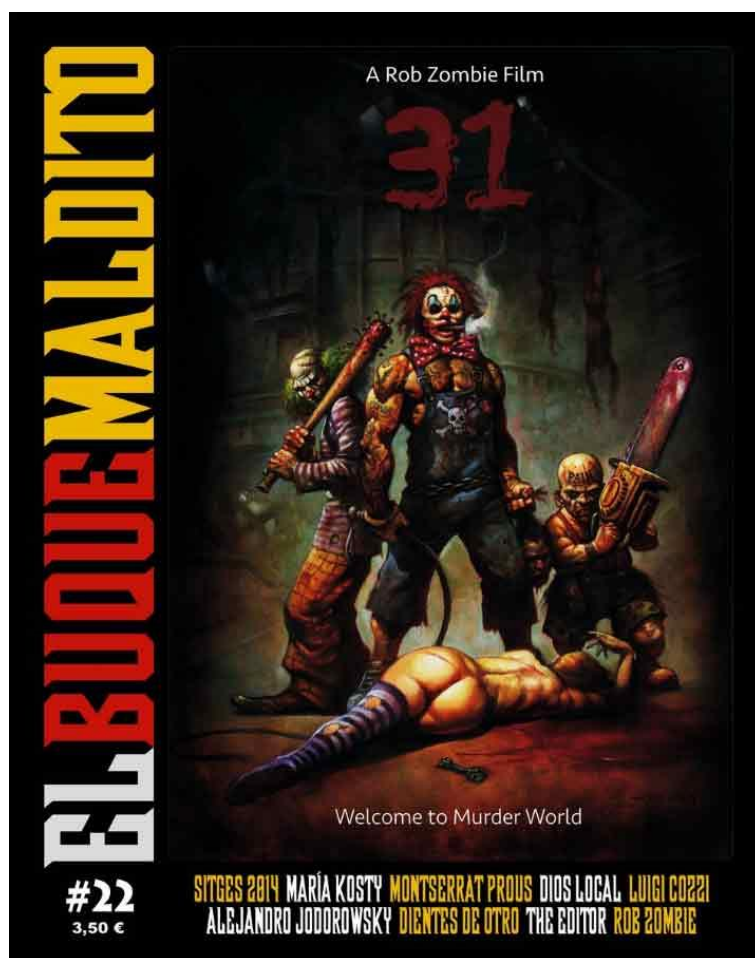
### El Buque Maldito #22

Ya está a la venta el nuevo número del fanzine El Buque Maldito. Un número enmarcado dentro del décimo aniversario de la publicación.

Como es habitual por estas fechas, centramos gran parte de su contenido en diversos festivales nacionales de género fantástico y de terror:

SITGES 2014 – 47 Festival Internacional de Cinema Fantàstic de Catalunya, XXV Semana de Cine Fantástico y de Terror de San Sebastián y Cryptshow Festival 2014.

En el marco de la crónica del SITGES 2014 nos encontramos con las entrevistas a los realizadores Gustavo Hernández (La casa muda, Dios local), Adam Brooks & Matthew Kennedy (The Editor), Manuel Ortega Lasaga (Dientes de otro), Luigi Cozzi (Contaminación: Alien invade la Tierra, Star Crash, choque de galaxias), Hermanos Prada (Queridos monstruos, Vicente Aranda. 50 Años de cine), Nicolas Kleiman, Rob Lindsay & Tal Zimerman (Why Horror?), junto a las entrevistas con las actrices María Kosty y Montserrat Prous.



Al margen de la actividad festivalera, hablamos con el músico y realizador Rob Zombie acerca de su inminente nueva película, 31, y con el director chileno Alejandro Jodorowsky con motivo del 25 aniversario de Santa sangre. Entrevista que viene acompañada del artículo Santa sangre, o la trasgresión de una mente desestructurada.

En total 47 páginas, con doble portada centrada en los films 31 y La noche de las gaviotas.

## Cuentos:

Título: La tercera cara de La Luna

Autor: Ángel Luis Sucasas

Editorial: Nevsky, 2015

Sinopsis: La tercera cara de la Luna, una colección de trece relatos destinada a abanderar el nuevo fantástico español. Sucasas se une por méritos propios a una pléyade de nuevos talentos que saben conjugar la alta literatura y la enorme influencia de la cultura pop por todos sus canales, de los videojuegos al cómic pasando por el cine de Tarantino o las pesadillas de geometrías imposibles que soñó Lovecraft.



La tercera cara de la Luna es la crisálida que protege el nuevo fantástico español, extraño, bizarro, ignoto, que nace del cruce de estas influencias con el mundo inestable de la globalización. Un libro contracorriente que esconde entre sus páginas placeres desconocidos tanto para los gourmets de la literatura fantástica como para los amantes de la literatura sin etiquetas. Y lo hace regresando a esa infancia que es la edad del miedo y la del asombro, esa edad en que cualquier cosa es posible. Y, por ello, temible. Atrévete a acompañarnos en este viaje que recorre el terreno de la magia a través de la buena literatura.

## Antologías:

Título: Dulces Dieciséis y Otros Relatos

Autor: Vaquerizo, Eduardo

Editorial: Cyberdark

Sinopsis: En un Marte colonizado del siglo próximo, unos camioneros que recorren la gigantesca Interborealis transportan una carga muy especial. La lucha por cambiar el orden fosilizado de una cruel sociedad de castas puede encontrar los aliados más inesperados. Tras la evacuación de la Tierra,

un grupo de robots emprende un peregrinaje en busca del último ser humano. En su molino de cadáveres, el obrador predica su evangelio de carne y sangre.

Cuando llega Quercarrán, la violencia está permitida en un futuro donde el gobierno neurorregula los estados de ánimo de los ciudadanos. Un jardinero robot protege su jardín mecánico de la amenaza de seres con forma de nube. En la heredad de su marido el marqués, una joven esposa descubre terribles pervivencias. Unos veteranos viajeros del tiempo intentan detener la expansión de una discronía que puede cambiar a la propia especie humana.

Acompañado de una bella y ambiciosa mujer, un vampiro centroeuropeo recorre las últimas décadas de la historia de España. Tras una inmersión en el espacio profundo de larguísima duración, la última expedición humana regresa para hallar un sistema solar transformado. En un Madrid donde el imperio español nunca tuvo fin, una conjura contra el heredero al trono apunta a culpables insospechados.

Incluye:

Dulces dieciséis

Una esfera perfecta

Tierra poblada de preguntas

El obrador

Quercarrán

El jardín automático

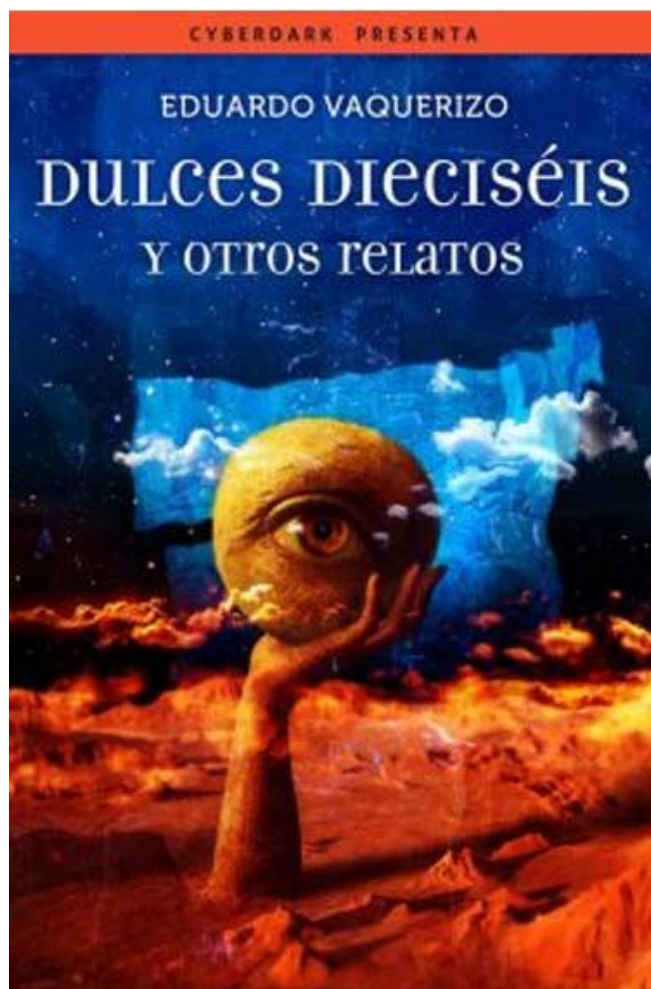
No bebía otra cosa que agua

Habítame y que el tiempo me hiele

Seda y plata

Los caminos del sueño (premio Domingo Santos)

Negras águilas (premio Ignatus)





## About Writers & Illustrators:

### Directors:

#### **Acevedo Esplugas, Ricardo (Havana, 1969)**

poet, anthologist, editor and writer of science fiction Cuban. He graduated from Naval Construction, studied journalism, marketing and advertising and served as a professor in civil construction in the Palace of Pioneers Ernesto Guevara in Havana. Currently resides in Spain. His literary career includes being part of the following literary workshops: Oscar Hurtado, Black Hole, Leonor Pérez Cabrera Writing workshop and Spiral. He was a member of the Creative Writing Group Onelio Jorge Cardoso. It belongs to the staff of the magazine Amazing Stories

#### **Signes Urrea, Carmen Rosa (Castellón de la**

**Plana, Spain, 1963)** potter, photographer and illustrator. Been writing since childhood, has published works on websites, blogs and digital magazines (Red Magazine Science Fiction, Axxón, NGC3660, ICTP Portal Magazine Digital miNatura, Brief not so brief, chemically impure, Wind flashes, Letters to dream, Predicate. com, The

Great Pumpkin, Cuentanet, Blog's count stories, book Monelle 365 contes, etc.). He has written under the pseudonym Monelle. Currently manages multiple blogs, two of them related to Magazine Digital miNatura who co-directs with her husband Ricardo Acevedo, specializing in micro story and the fantasy genre short story publication.

He was a finalist of some short story competitions and micro story: the first two editions of the annual contest Owl Group; in both editions of the contest fantastic tale Letters to dream; I short story contest of terror square child; Mobile Contest 2010 Literature, Journal Eñe. He has served as a juror in both literary and ceramic competitions, workshops and imparting photography, ceramics and literary.

### Writers:

**Acevedo Esplugas, Ricardo (Ciudad de La Habana, Cuba, 1969)** *Ver Directores.*

**Álvarez Caballero, Mari Carmen (Spain, 55 years old)** I posted in various paper microstories to be selected in several competitions: Bioaxioma (Cachitos of Love II, ACEN), Esmeralda (Savory Snacks II, ACEN) and Spurs (Savory Snacks III).

Your Name (Cachitos Love III). Equality (Cachitos love IV)

In the resulting anthology of III contest Isonomía, she posted a story of my authorship: Faces of counterfeit currency.

Lost Shadow (Creative Lots, Literary Diversity) and was Truth (Lots Soul also Literary Diversity). Literary Storm is another micro I sent to the contest theme Free Pen, Ink and Paper, complementing the selection of works Pen, Ink and Paper II, the collective Diversity Literary organizes and promotes. Yearning Autumn, Fall and Winter event. Cuneiform writing (Once upon a time ... a micro story). Textual (Sensations and senses). Ultratrueno (Microterrores)

Several copies of the digital magazine shows some stories Minatura and my articles - Steampa (Steampunk), Scared to Death (Stephen King) Towards Gaia (Isaac Asimov), endophobia (Phobias), Petrolibros (Ray B. Douglas) A chalk Pokes (Vampires). Operation: Warm (Spy Fi). Licantrosapiencia ... Viva la Science! (Lycanthropy). No dyes or preservatives (dossier immortality). Lights and Shadows (Area 51). Prototypes, prequels and sequels (Serie B). Normal, abnormal and paranormal (Paranormal).

In the XI International Competition fantastic micro story of Minatura I finalist with the story The Three Shadows Devil. Another selection has been the of the Fantásticos 12 competition by the slang library, in the book Venus Grim Reaper appears selected my story: Fair.

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

**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.

**Candelaria Zárate, M<sup>a</sup>. Del Socorro (Mexico, 38 years old)** Academic Program Coordinator. San Luis de Potosi. He has worked in various issues of the digital miNatura.

**Dolo Espinosa —seud.— (Spain)** has written several short stories published in the Annual Cultural Magazine The Truce. Short story published in the Anthology of Time II Editorial hypallage. Tales short story published in the anthology to smile Publishing hypallage. Story published in the book Atmospheres, 100 stories to the world. Short story published in the anthology More stories in Editorial hypallage smile. Finalist I nonexistent Literary Short Story Competition

Traditional Children convened by the Commonwealth Zona Centrode Extremadura with the story: An inconsequential story and published in the book I Story Contest rewritten from a Gender Perspective. Contest Finalist Anthology of Short Fiction "LVDLPEI" (Voice of the International Written Word) with the story: Segismundo, published in the book I Hispanoamericana Short Narrative Anthology. Short story published in the anthology Free yourself up to you! Publishing hypallage. Story published in The Inkwell Publishing Atlantis. Giants short story published in the Editorial Liliput Atlantis. Children's story published in the book It Could Happen to you. Several children's stories published in The Ship of books 3rd Primary, Education, Editorial Santillana. Several children's stories published in The Ship of books 4th Primary, Editorial Santillana. Story included in the anthology 400 words, fiction, Publisher Letradepalo

**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 Christian Jude 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|, Javis editions to published 4 of my stories in your Web page as Diego Ruiz Martínez my pseudonym : EL EXTRAÑO, LA LIBERTAD, EL ANGEL DE LA GUARDA and EL CASTIGO, have collaborated with some stories in the digital review MiNatura number 125,126,128,129 y131, in the page Lectures d'ailleurs, the EL EXTRAÑO story has been published translated to the French near a small interview, in the number 29 of the NM review has been published my EL ángel de la guarda story, the ESTILO AUREO review published in your section of fist and letter my EL BOTÓN story, in the LA IRA DE MORFEO review have published my LA PRIMERA VEZ story, my persecuted EL story has is selected to be published in the TU MUNDO anthology FANTASTIC, have remained finalist in the ESTOY CONTIGO contest of the Doyrens club with two stories, EL HOMBRE DE NEGRO and EL INTRUSO.

### **García Fumero, Ricardo L. (Havana, 1955)**

Enters in Oscar Hurtado Workshop in 1983, his second story presented to the workshop OH - Juego De Una Noche de Verano – was the first to appear in print (number 20 Anniversary revista Juventud Técnica (July , 1985) and also appears in

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

### **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. TerBi has published another of my stories.

### **Guadalupe Ingelmo, Salomé (Madrid, 1973)**

Having studied at the University of Pisa, La Sapienza University of Rome and Pontifical Biblical Institute of Rome, she took a Doctor degree in Philosophy and Arts at the Autonomous University of Madrid (2005). Member of the Institute for the Study of the Ancient Middle East, located at the UAM. She has received many national and international literary prizes. Her work appears in numerous anthologies. In 2012 she published her first personal anthology of short stories: *The imperfection of the circle*. She has been member of the jury for the International Literary Contest Angel Ganivet, event organized by "Asociación de Países Amigos" of Helsinki (Finland). She acted as jury for the VIII Bonaventuriano Contest of Short Story and Poetry, launched by San Buenaventura University of Cali (Colombia). She regularly publishes literary essays in magazines and digital media. She prefaced *The Portrait of Dorian Gray*, Nemira publisher. Her work appears in *Tiempos Oscuros: Una Visión del Fantástico Internacional* n. 3, and

also in some anthologies of Saco de Huesos publisher. For more information:

<http://sites.google.com/site/salomeguadalupeingelmo/>

**Guinot, Juan (Mercedes, Argentina)** Degree in Business Administration, Social Psychologist and Master in Management. In 2001 he decided to leave a Commercial Manager position to become a writer.

Since then, his stories have received literary references in Spain, Argentina and Cuba, which have also appeared in magazines and anthologies story. He works in radio. His novel *The War of 2022*-edited by Talentura Gallo (Spain) in 2011.

[www.juanguinot.blogspot.com](http://www.juanguinot.blogspot.com)

### **López Manzano, Pedro (Murcia, Spain, 1977)**

Computers engineer, director, screenwriter and editor, collaborates with articles and tales in some magazines, websites and in his own blog *Cree lo que quieras*. As a writer he has been finalist in contests like I Terbi or IV Ovelles Elèctriques and selected for anthologies like 2099, Ácronos, Visiones 2012 and 2014, Calabazas en el Trastero 10 and 14, or Crónicas de Tinieblas.

**López Nevado, Raúl Alejandro (Mollet, Barcelona, Spain, 1979)** graduated in Philosophy in 2002, driven by the same desire for knowledge that sometimes inclined him to speculative fiction. He was redactor of Total Guitar magazine from 2007 to 2009, where he united his two passions: music and writing. Among other places of hyperspace, is a regular contributor to <http://www.ciencia-ficcion.com>. He has published several tales and microtales in Axxón. He has published Genesis I.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.

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

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

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

**Martínez Burkett, Pablo (Santa Fe, Argentina, 1965)** Since 1990 lives in the city of Buenos Aires. Writer by vocation and a lawyer by profession, is teaching graduate universities in the country and abroad. He has won over a dozen awards in literary competitions in Argentina and Spain. In 2010 he received the 2nd prize in the National Competition Tales Bioy Casares and 1st prize in the National Literature and Fantastic Horror "dark world". He has published stories and poems in ten anthologies. Regularly collaborates magazines and sites devoted to fantasy literature, horror and science fiction.

He recently presented "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](http://www.eleclipsedegyllenedraken.blogspot.com)

**Martínez González, Omar (Centro Habana, Cuba, 41 years old)** Has participated in the following competitions: Provincial Competition

"Eliezer Lazo", Matanzas, 1998, 99, 2000 (Distinction), 2001; Municipal Varadero "Basilio Alfonso", 1997, 98 (Distinction), 99 (1st Mention), 2002; Competition Provincial Municipality Martí 1999, 2000 (Distinction) Territorial Competition "Candil Fray", Matanzas, 1999, 2000, (Distinction) National Competition Alejo Carpentier 1999 CF National Contest Juventud Técnica 2002, 03; National Competition Ernest Hemingway, Havana 2003 Literary Contest Extramuros Promotion Centre "Luis Rogelio Noguera 2004" Literary Contest 2005 Center Farralque Fayad Jamis (Finalist) Cuba EventFiction 2003 Award "Rationale "2005 Alejo Carpentier Foundation, International Competition" The Revelation", Spain, 2008-9 (Finalist), 2009-10 (Finalist) International Competition" Wave Polygon", Spain, 2009, Finalist; monthly Contest website QueLibroLeo, Spain, 2008-9; Microstories monthly Contest on Lawyers, Spain, 2009.

**Magnan Alabarce, Jaime (Santiago de Chile, 1967)** Narrator. Geographer by profession. Since 1998 lives in Lebu. His interest lies in CF television series 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 Ill 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.

**Morgan Vicconius Zariah -seud.- (Baní, Dominican Republic)** 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 *Reino Eterno* (Letras Cubanas, 2000), *Secretos del Futuro* (Sed de Belleza, 2005) 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.

**Ortiz Mendez, Nancy Nelly (Rio Piedras, Puerto Rico)** Writer and photographer. It has two master's degrees. One in Secondary Education with a concentration in secondary Spanish and the second in librarianship. I also completed a degree in secondary education with a concentration in Spanish, and a degree in photography. She is the founder of the College of Advanced Education *Gaudí* in Humacao, Puerto Rico. Studied currently leading the doctorate in education.

**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.

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

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

[www.zothiqueelultimocontinente.wordpress.com](http://www.zothiqueelultimocontinente.wordpress.com)

**Pacheco Estrada, Tomás (Córdoba, Veracruz, Mexico)** writer, actor and movie



maker. I do a short film named Ana Claudia de los Santos for You tube. Work in the tv series A2D3 by ramón Valdez and Carne cruda in you tube, extra in the Gloria film.

**Salazar Maciá, Malena (Playa, Havana, Cuba, 26 years old)** Technical Commercial Management.

Graduate of creative writing workshop Onelio Jorge Cardoso, Havana, Cuba, 2008.

2<sup>º</sup> place in the literary contest Copextel Amateur Festival, Havana, Cuba, 2011. Grand prize in the story for adults in the 4th Floral Games, Havana, Cuba, 2012. Mention in the story in the adult category 5th Floral Games, Havana, Cuba, 2013. Citation and popularity award in the category fantasy story contest Mabuya, Havana, Cuba, 2013. Mention in the Science-Fiction contest, organized by the magazine Technical Youth, Havana, Cuba, 2013.

Cover design (copyright) further collaborative editing and layout of the novel cultre, 1st volume of the Saga Fate, the author Itzabella Ortacelli, published in Mexico by Editorial Phoenix, printed in 2013.

**Saldivar, Carlos Enrique (Lima, 1982)** He studied Literature at the UNFV. He is director of the print magazine Argonauts and the fanzine The Horla. Also he is a member of the editorial board of the fanzine Black Hole (virtual), those publications are devoted to Fantasy Literature. He is a member of the editorial board of the fanzine Black Hole (virtual). He is on the editorial committee of fanzine Tiny Cubed (virtual). He had published reviews, articles, poems and stories in various magazines and blogs. His stories and poems have appeared in some peruvian and international anthologies. He was a finalist of the Andromeda of speculative fiction awards 2011 in the category: short story. He was finalist of the I Contest of Microfictions of the Texts Abducidores that was organized by this group. He was a finalist of the First Competition of Horror Tale Peruvian Lovecraft Historical Society. He has published three books: Stories of Science Fiction (2008), Fantasy horizons (2010) and The other monster (2012). He has compiled the selections Murder of Crows: Peruvian tales of horror and suspense (2011) and Angels of Darkness: Peruvian stories of demons (2013)

[www.fanzineelhorla.blogspot.com](http://www.fanzineelhorla.blogspot.com)

[www.aguieronegro2012.wordpress.com](http://www.aguieronegro2012.wordpress.com)

**Segovia Ramos, Francisco José (Spain, 1962)** Law degree from the University of Granada. First Prize, among others, the IV International Competition of science fiction novel "Alternis Mundi", the Prose Prize XXVII Moriles (Cordoba); the Micromegas Story Book of Science Fiction; the II Contest of "Primero de Mayo" Stories, Argentina; twelfth Story Contest "Saturnino Calleja" Cordoba; the First Literary Contest in homage to Mario Benedetti, Albacete.

Publications: "Los sueños muertos", "Lo que cuentan las sombras" stories; "El Aniversario" novel. Participant in numerous anthologies of poetry and story with multiple authors. Other activities: Collaborating in several newspapers and literary magazines.

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

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**Valdivia, Juan F. (Spain, 41 years old)** writer.

<http://juanfvaldivia.wordpress.com/textospublicados/>

**Signes Urrea, Carmen Rosa (Castellón de la Plana, Spain, 1963)** *See Directors.*

## Illustrators:

**Pag. 100 Fabry, Glenn (UK)** illustrator & comic creator.

His career began in 1985, drawing Slaine for 2000 AD, with writer Pat Mills. He also worked with Mills on the newspaper strip Scatha in 1987. Painted work followed in Crisis, Revolver and Deadline. In 1991 he took over painting the covers of Hellblazer, then written by Garth Ennis.[1]

He has continued his association with Ennis, painting the covers for his Vertigo series Preacher, and drawing Ennis-written stories in The Authority and Thor. In 2003 he drew a story in Neil Gaiman's Sandman anthology Endless Nights, and in 2005 worked on the comics adaptation of Gaiman's TV series/novel Neverwhere with writer Mike Carey.

Recent projects include providing the art for the Vertigo title Greatest Hits, written by David Tischman.

<http://www.glennfabry.co.uk/>

[http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Glenn\\_Fabry](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Glenn_Fabry)

**Pag. 44 Fortanet, Elena (Spain)** poet, writer and illustrator.

**Pag. 01 Gámez Cuevas, Miguel (Spanish, 44 years old)** illustrator and cartoonist. Author of

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

**Pag. 56 Genesis Vandrake -seud.- (Santa Ursula, Tenerife, Spain, 24 years old)**

completely self-taught freelance Illustrator almost five years of experience, has participated in several magazines, blogs and exhibitions, accepts private commissions.

<https://www.facebook.com/pages/Genesis-Vandrake-Art/311774048838711>  
[www.vandrakedrawings.blogspot.com](http://www.vandrakedrawings.blogspot.com)

**Pag. 30 Park, John J. (USA)** currently a Concept Artist in Films. He started his career as a concept artist at Design Studio Press, working with Scott Robertson on the project/book Alien Race. John's list of clients includes: SpinMasters, NBC Universal, The Walt Disney Company, Hasbro, Mattel, Blur Studios, Spark Unlimited and Outso.

<http://jparked.blogspot.com>

**Pag. 69 Puyana Dominguez, José Manuel (Cádiz, Spain)** Illustrator, Graphic Designer and Columnist.

BA in History, although professionally dedicated to graphic design and illustration, I work both in Spain and in Portugal (Lisbon) and won some awards, including First Prize in the "National Contest Fernando Quiñones." Currently I am a freelance illustration, doing for video games illustrations for books, and I write articles and do comedy for the Bay of Cadiz CEFYC Association Journal and strips. As a lover of fantasy literature, science fiction and comic books, I write my own blog on these topics, entitled "Memoirs of a Morlock"

<http://memoriasdeunmorlock.com/>

**Pag. 32 Rubert, Evandro (Brazil, 1973)**

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

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

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

**Pag. 05 Signes Urrea, Carmen Rosa**  
(España) *See Directors.*

**Pag. 35 Wickedman -seud.- (Girona , Catalunya, Spain)** Being even amateur, I've been studying art at an academy , Paco Morgado in Salt, Girona, Catalunya, since age of 11 years old.

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

It all started when I suffered a small blow to the

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

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

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

About illustrations:

**Pag. 01** MarsHopper/ Miguel Gámez Cuevas (Spain); **Pag. 05** Cartel del VII Certamen Internacional De Poesía Fantástica miNatura 2015/ Carmen Rosa Signes Urrea (Spain); **Pag. 30** St./ Park, John J. (USA); **Pag. 32** Fear, Lies & China Ink: Star Wars Rancheras/ Evandro Rubert (Brazil); **Pag. 35** Space Western/ Wickedman -seud.- (Spain); **Pag. 44** Vaquero espacial/ Elena Fortanet (Spain); **Pag. 56** Space Western/ Genesis Vandrake -seud.- (Spain); **Pag. 69** Advice of cowboy/ José Manuel Puyana Dominguez (Spain); **Pag. 70** Space Western 4/ E. S. Wynn (USA); **Pag. 100** Outlaw nation 9 (DC Vertigo)/ Glenn Fabry (UK).



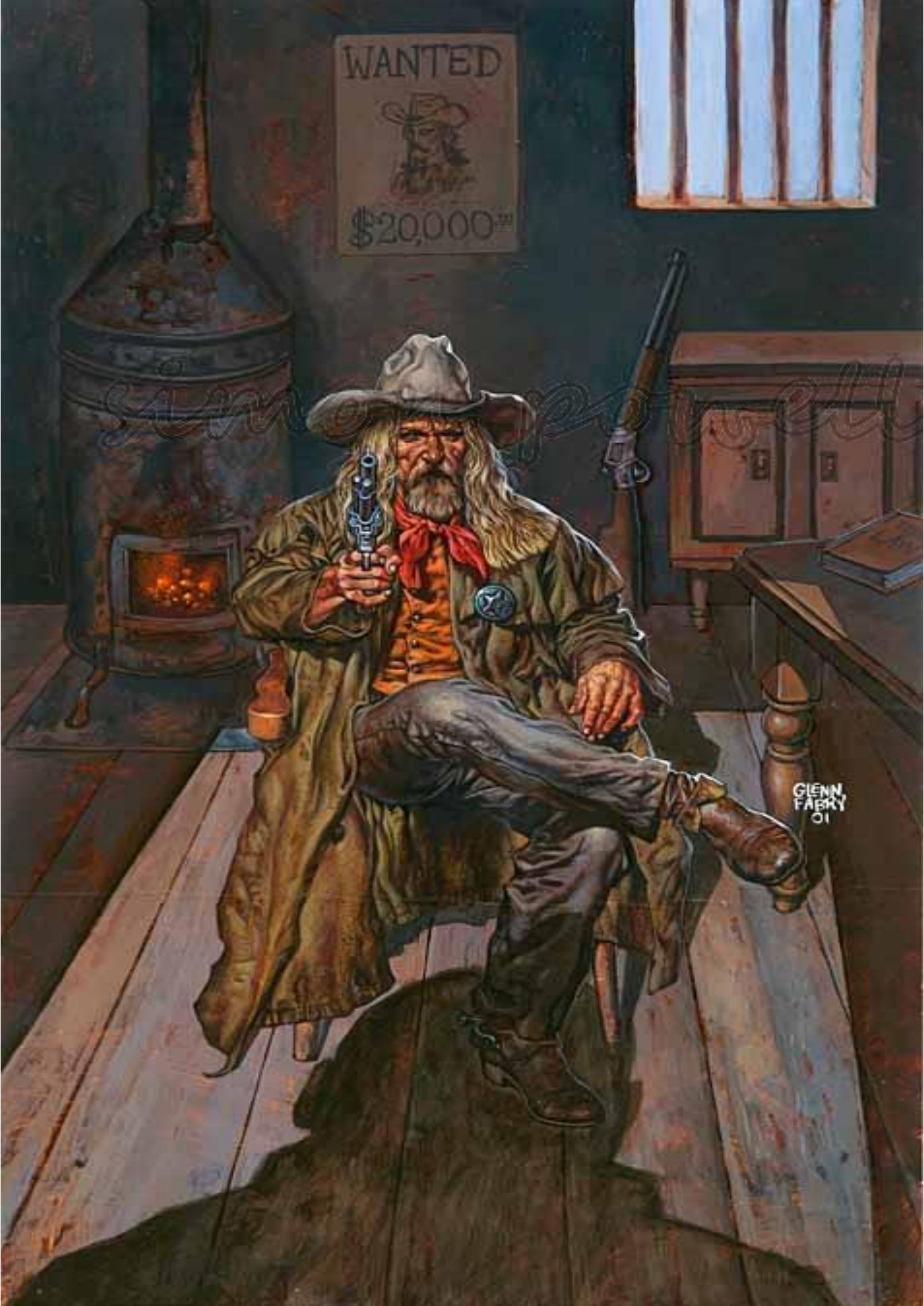
Yoshihiro Togashi and Yusuke Nakano .

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

**Pag. 70 Wynn, E. S. (USA)** is the author of over fifty books in print. During the last decade, he has worked with hundreds of authors and edited thousands of manuscripts for nearly a dozen different magazines. His stories and articles have

been published in dozens of journals, zines and anthologies. He has taught classes in literature, marketing, math, spirituality and guided meditation. Outside of writing, he has worked as a voice-over artist for several different horror and sci-fi podcasts, albums and ebooks.

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



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