

MINATURA

The Magazine
of the Brief
& Fantastic



ISSN: 2340-977

Here men from the planet Earth first set foot upon the Moon. July 1969 AD. We came in peace for all mankind.

Richard Nixon



Three things cannot be long hidden: the sun, the moon, and the truth.

Buddha



There are nights when the wolves are silent and only the moon howls.

George Carlin



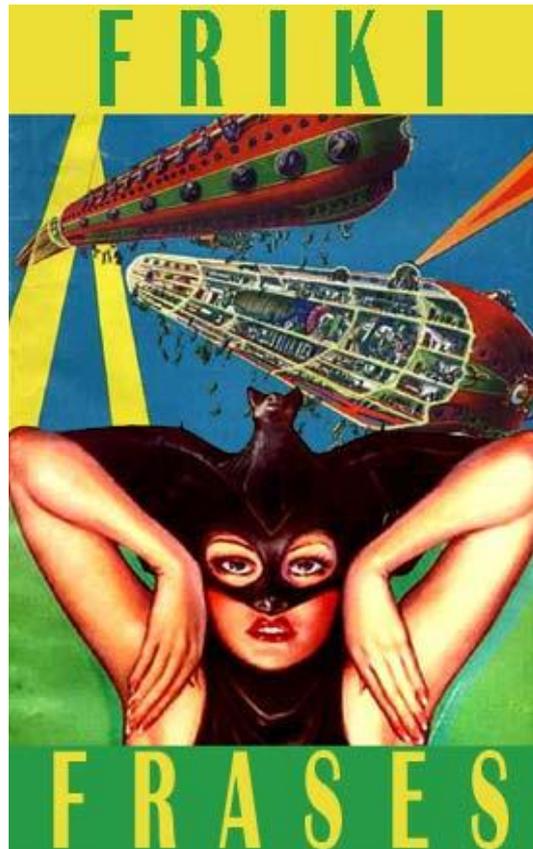
Whenever I gaze up at the moon, I feel like I'm on a time machine. I am back to that precious pinpoint of time, standing on the foreboding - yet beautiful - Sea of Tranquility. I could see our shining blue planet Earth poised in the darkness of space.

Buzz Aldrin



Don't tell me the moon is shining; show me the glint of light on broken glass.

Anton Chekhov



Everything has a natural explanation. The moon is not a god, but a great rock, and the sun a hot rock.

Anaxagoras



When a finger points to the moon, the imbecile looks at the finger.

Chinese Proverbs



I like to think that the moon is there even if I am not looking at it

Albert Einstein



I don't know if there are men on the moon, but if there are they must be using the earth as their lunatic asylum

George Bernard Shaw



Beauty is a form of genius - is higher, indeed, than genius, as it needs no explanation. It is of the great facts in the world like sunlight, or springtime, or the reflection in dark water of that silver shell we call the moon.

Oscar Wilde

The Moon

I have loved the stars too much for fear
the night.

Epitaph of an amateur astronomer.

It was difficult to choose an
appropriate fable to introduce this
subject, the moon is full of enigmas
and has been fascinating us forever.

In this legend, three fairy sages
transformed themselves into pitiful
old men and begged for something to
eat from a fox, a monkey and a rabbit.
The fox and the monkey both had
food to give the old men, but the
rabbit, empty-handed, offered his own
flesh instead by jumping into a blazing
fire to cook himself. The sages were
so touched by the rabbit's sacrifice
that they let him live in the Moon
Palace where he became the "Jade
Rabbit."

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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.

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The Library of Nostromo:

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

In Chinese folklore, it is often portrayed¹ as a companion of the Moon goddess Chang'e, constantly pounding the elixir of life for her.

A famous poet of Tang China, Li Bai, relates how "The rabbit in the Moon pounds the medicine in vain" in his poem "The Old Dust."

Similar legends occur in Mexican folklore, where people also identified the markings on the Moon as a rabbit. According to an Aztec legend, the god Quetzalcoatl, then living on Earth as a man, started on a journey and, after walking for a long time, became hungry and tired. With no food or water around, he thought he would die. Then a rabbit grazing nearby offered herself as food to save his life. Quetzalcoatl, moved by the rabbit's noble offering, elevated her to the Moon, then lowered her back to Earth and told her, "You may be just a rabbit, but everyone will remember you; there is your image in light, for all people and for all times."

If we follow the outlines between the Sea of Tranquility (Mare Serenitatis) and the

Sea of Clouds (Mare Nubium) we can glimpse the happy rabbit. But scientists who spoil everything have called this fact Pareidolia: the tendency to see anthropomorphic images in objects ranging from lunar surfaces to a cheese sandwich.

This tradition is closely related to the Man (Elder) of the Moon, but that's another story I'll tell you another day.

Just remains for us to recommend the interview with Daniel Salvo and thank our illustrators their participation.

Yuly Alejo (Spain); Evandro Rubert (Brazil); Elena Fortanet (Spain); Ángel García Alcaraz (Spain).

We can only wish you a happy reading our magazine.

The Directors

Next Issue:

H. G. Wells

Universe

Deadline: October, 30

¹ Here I think to notice some similarities with the rabbit from *Alice in Wonderland*.

Convocatoria selección de textos Tiempos Oscuros N°6 Uruguay



La Revista Digital Tiempos Oscuros (Un panorama del Fantástico Internacional) tiene el placer de dar a conocer la convocatoria para confeccionar su sexta entrega, un número dedicado en su totalidad a mostrar el panorama de la literatura fantástica de Uruguay.

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

BASES

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

3. Los trabajos, cuentos de entre 5 a 10 páginas, deben estar libres de derechos o en su defecto se aceptarán obras con la debida autorización del propietario de los derechos de la misma.

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

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

6. La dirección de recepción de originales es:

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En el asunto deberá indicarse: COLABORACIÓN TIEMPOS OSCUROS N°6

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

8. Los editores se comprometen a comunicar a los autores, que envíen sus trabajos, la inclusión o no del texto en la revista. Nos encantaría poder incluirlos

todos pero nos hacemos al cargo sobre el volumen de textos que se podemos llegar a recibir.

9. Todos los trabajos recibirán acuse de recibo.

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

11. El plazo de admisión comenzará desde la publicación de estas bases y finalizará el 1º de diciembre de 2015. (No se admitirán trabajos fuera del plazo indicado).

Ricardo Acevedo Esplugas

Carmen Rosa Signes Urrea

Directores de la Revista Digital Tiempos Oscuros



Daniel Salvo: a conversation
with the first
Peruvian astronaut

By M. C. Carper (Argentina)²

miNatura Digital Magazine: Hello. Who are you? Introduce yourself, please.

Daniel Salvo: Hi, I'm Daniel Salvo, since 2002 published [Science Fiction Peru](#) on the web, with reviews of books by foreign and Peruvian authors, which at the time was unique in its kind. I have also committed some short stories and essays.

miNatura Digital Magazine: How did you start in the CF?

Daniel Salvo: A mid-seventies (born in 1967), I began reading a magazine about UFOs and paranormal phenomena called "Lo Insólito" which made my father started me buy pulp science fiction novels from Bruguera publishing purposes the seventies. As a teenager, starting eighties, change the selections reads science fiction also published Bruguera, who had Carlo Frabetti. From there I went to Asimov, Bradbury and most Anglo-Saxon authors, almost all considered classics.

miNatura Digital Magazine: What good collection was Bruguera! And when you felt the urge to write?

Daniel Salvo: From the school stage. I think my first stories the drafted at the end of high school, some friends and read them with the indifference of the case. Hence, until 2002, my only contact with science fiction has been as a reader.

miNatura Digital Magazine: What happened in 2002?

² From de <http://dialogoscf.blogspot.com.es/search/label/Daniel%20Salvo>

Daniel Salvo: I had an unexpected meeting with former classmates from school, high school, an almost incredible time in my life, so bright and rational. I could not help comparing my life with these friends, how I had become frustrated and mediocre lawyer. In the school years, and had a marked fondness for science fiction, even wrote some stories to my friends, nothing to rescue, really. After that meeting, I began publishing "Science Fiction Peru" in June 2002, and now I realize it was like to reconnect with my roots, which I really enjoy doing. My career gives me to live, but would give anything to devote full time to writing. And return to live in the city where I studied high school.

miNatura Digital Magazine: What subjects do you like to address in your stories?

Daniel Salvo: I think that racism and religion, judging by what I have written so far. I also really like history, not so much the alternative story, but how could have developed knowledge in pre-Columbian societies. The buildings that remain as vestiges of past eras reveal a great technical and logistical knowledge obviously not based on the "Pythagorean theorem", for instance. How the ancient Peruvians arrived to such expertise it is a subject that fascinates me.

“In the seventies, I think, it was a championship surfboard in Peru, now you say " surf" . And, as I read article, foreign surfers were astonished to see that the Peruvian surfers, upper class, had servants who were in charge of loading their boards.”

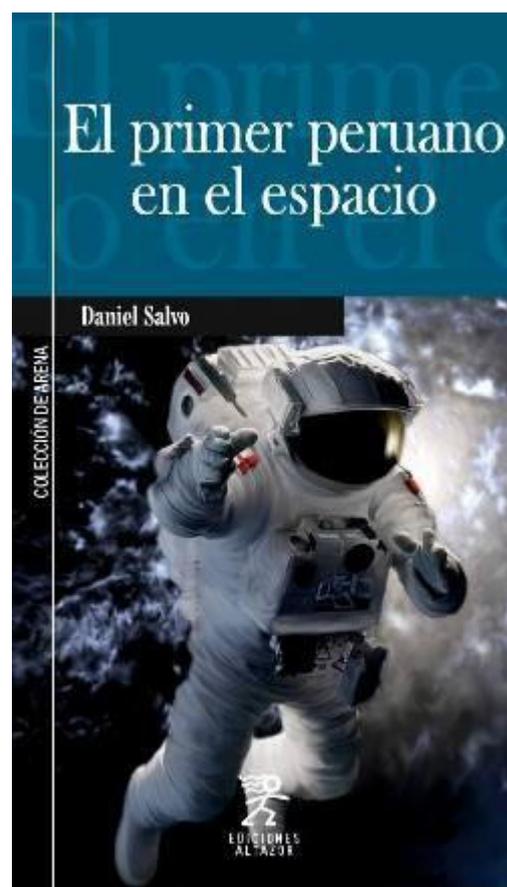
Drokk! Racism. You know, a few days ago I saw a German film, "The White Ribbon". Set in 1913, a year before the war. Account on German society of that time. There are a couple of violence, apparently made by local children. Really disgusting things like damage in the eyes to a totally innocent little baby with Down syndrome. The idea conveyed is that there emerged the roots of Nazism. Unfortunately I do not know any German, but I refuse to believe that an entire society can have a generation of murderers psychopaths. Around a

group of crazy people but may appear in the government does a whole society? I do not know... What do you think about this?

In the seventies, I think, it was a championship surfboard in Peru, now you say "surf". And, as I read article, foreign surfers were astonished to see that the Peruvian surfers, upper class, had servants who were in charge of loading their boards. We do not like to admit that as a society, mostly Peruvians are racist. I have heard of violent acts in the sense that describes "The White Ribbon" in my childhood, and one cannot help thinking that went unpunished simply because the victims were of Andean origin and very poor. Of course, I speak of the best known racism, which means that white "race" is the top. But there is also the threat of latent racism of opposite sign, which they say Shining Path urged supposedly to vindicate the continent indigenous "races". Inverted commas the word "race" because I know scientifically is a misnomer, but I think it helps to understand what I said. Both extremes are absurd, all human beings are mestizos.

miNatura Digital Magazine: It is true, as many stupidities of world culture that emphasize the arbitrary differences without mentioning the similarities. It is fashionable to delay aging and ridiculous as the Duchess of Alba seems Nikki Lauda arise. What is your aspiration? ¿Fame?

Daniel Salvo: I do not deny, but a fair fame, if such a thing exists. Fame as a diffuser of science fiction fame as a diffuser of the work of Peruvian authors, fame as an investigator of the subject, fame as a writer. But in the end, all these "reputations" could only enjoy them if they are the result of a job well done. So my primary aspiration is to do things right.



miNatura Digital Magazine: What makes you judge whether a story is good or bad?

Daniel Salvo: Hard question. There are stories I've read several times and I have seemed incomprehensible, and the fifth time they first appear before me as a genius. In fact, I even needed help from others to understand.

However, there remains the question of having run into stories or really bad, puerile, even geeks and sometimes written by authors of the most respectable novels. For example, there was a story that even won a Hugo Award, a character who discovers that there are parallel worlds and then concludes that his beloved late wife really is not gone, but is living in one of those worlds. It seems that the author had recently widowed, and through the story, expressing his regret. As catharsis well and good, but as history, insufferable.

I also do not like the epigonal narratives, where the monster or Anglo-Saxon hero is replaced by a local version (Peru, Argentina, Spanish or whatever), and in the end everyone ends up behaving like a gringo ...

Ah yes, there is plenty of that. But a story is relative with respect to the reader. Often they confused one of my characters with an Anglo stereotype. Not to mention that whole argument points to a South American, for his principles, his childhood, his motives and even his appearance. It finds it hard to imagine someone like us on a bike facing charismatic, monopolies, exploitative leaders. To avoid that racial types, Salvat is blond with a perpetual face and brown eyes, the idea was to escape the model, but have written to me like Thor and is not for nothing. I understand that the fifth reading, to me happened to me with the film *Blade Runner*, not very happy with the film left at thirteen, but when I saw her ten years later, their eyes tear. Do you agree with the filters editing? Who should perform them?

“However, there remains the question of having run into stories or really bad, puerile, even geeks and sometimes written by authors of the most respectable novels. For example, there was a story that even won a Hugo Award, a character who discovers that there are parallel worlds and then concludes that his beloved late wife really is not gone, but is living in one of those worlds.”

It's like asking who put the bell the cat. I myself am confident that everything I write is missing a good proofreader, but we live in a more still poor in relation to the scientific lexicon quite poor culture lexicon. I remember a storytelling workshop in which one of the members was shocked because, in a story, use the term "synapse".

miNatura Digital Magazine: What do you think of neologisms?

Daniel Salvo: I think today, if not even more or less obvious terms of language, the harder it is to understand a neologism understand. But I think it is inevitable. In fact, going from Latin to the Romance languages today, would we speak a language of pure neologisms.

miNatura Digital Magazine: What is the CF for you?

Daniel Salvo: Something bigger than I expected. I'm sorry I believed, at the time, the idea of the CF as a subgenus or subliterature, now I see just a product of human creativity and imagination. A part of our culture. And as Houellebecq³, I think not for science fiction (I think the name is not going to never leave us), the twentieth century would have nothing to say to the history of mankind.

miNatura Digital Magazine: Did you have anything to do with Coyllur list?

Daniel Salvo: Yes, in 2004 the Coyllur Group was founded with the idea of institutionalizing and group fans who were meeting us. If found something with that experience, I lack completely and leadership ability to lead. I feel freer writing at home, and hopefully the department where I live was bigger and could have a desk for myself.

miNatura Digital Magazine: You mentioned about Peruvian science fiction authors. Could you tell us more about them?

³ It refers to Michel Houellebecq https://es.wikipedia.org/wiki/Michel_Houellebecq

Daniel Salvo: It is becoming a sort of archeology in pursuit of our authors, who started from 1843 with a story entitled "Lima de aquí a cien años"⁴ and continues to the present. Being practically unknown, they are now being studied inclusive. And since the advent of the Internet and the boom of independent publishers, the number of publications tends to increase new authors, makes it increasingly difficult to follow them all.

miNatura Digital Magazine: Which of your stories do you is more dear? Why?

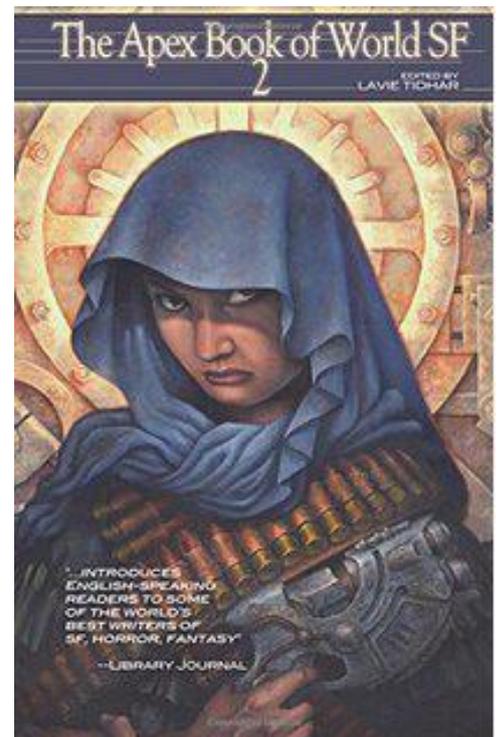
Daniel Salvo: Except I do not know if the dearest, but one of the senses is "Thirty Days Had September " of Robert F. Young. Now only the beginning is great: "The sign in the window saying: School Teacher sale. Dirt cheap". Besides being a story of sad and impossible love (a man who could not adapt to progress and is in love with her memories compensate for their frustrations falling in love with a robot teacher), he hit completely in predicting the sad state to which it has been reduced public education.

miNatura Digital Magazine: Well, but I was referring to stories of your authorship Have one you want more?

Daniel Salvo: "Quipucamayoc" the Brazilian academic Rodolfo Rorato described as "steampunk" (or "quipupunk"). In this story, I grok the use of a pre-Hispanic mnemonic system to the Internet today.

miNatura Digital Magazine: Do you think that there are readers for what you write?

⁴ Written by Julian Manuel del Portillo, serialized (between July 1843 and January 1844) in the newspaper El Comercio.



Daniel Salvo: Yes, just as I am a reader to write and what others have written. I cannot imagine Clarke Lovecraft or imagining one Daniel Salvo reading them in a country in South America, but hey, I'm here, so...

miNatura Digital Magazine: Do you have an favorite e-zine?

Daniel Salvo: The abundance of electronic publications makes it impossible to answer that. Some e-zines to have disappeared. I think the internet has de-centered things, an author can publish several e-zines with different records, it's a new era for humanity. I think the big challenge of educating the immediate future is to teach the child to choose from.

miNatura Digital Magazine: What do you think of illustrators?

Daniel Salvo: Very important. And I think it is precisely in the case of the CF and publications "gender" where the role of illustrators or interior covers of books is transcendental. What would have become of Amazing Stories without the covers of Frank R. Paul? Does the magnificent desolation of some images created by Charley Bonestell? And as far as I'm concerned, nothing like reading "The Divine Comedy" ... Gustave Dore.

miNatura Digital Magazine: Gustav Dore, a teacher! Is it important for the dissemination of news SF?

Daniel Salvo: Basic. Especially because there are many SF currently produced outside the classical (English speaking countries) level, and more than one author Hispanic speaker who deserves the dissemination of the case. And what about the research on the CF, it is a field that is virtually unknown before; lately I have had very good knowledge of essays on the SF and fantasy literature.

miNatura Digital Magazine: What do you think of self-publishing?

Daniel Salvo: The best and worst thing in the world. The best, when we think of recent times, with talented people who had no choice to publish. The worst, when we think of so many people who published because her mom told them they were great...

miNatura Digital Magazine: Do you dare to comment on any editor that you have published? Or do you have not published?

Daniel Salvo: I think the publishers are difficult today. There were few publishers time where being published in this or that publishing it was a value added for the author, a sort of canonization. The thing was centralized. Now, influenced by the Internet, we have no center, a blessing instance, and this has both good and bad. Good, that there is no risk of an abuse of dominant market position. Much of the recent science fiction might not be known if not for now if there are publishers that publish, by theme betting that once would have been rejected for "serious" editorial. The trouble is that there is also a higher risk that anything is published ... And the money does not come back into the pockets.

miNatura Digital Magazine: It's true. Do you watch television?

Daniel Salvo: Yes, although little. Series that have occurred recently, complete saw "*Lost*" and "*Galáctica*". In "*Lost*" it seems that the writers in the end did not know what they were doing, ended up being a meaningless phenomenon. "*Galáctica*" was better, play well with the mystical aspect and limits of artificial intelligence. Currently, I try to follow "*Fringe*".

I am told that *Fringe* is very good, I do not follow it because I missed the first season and now I understand nothing, as happened with *Dollhouse*. What do you think about technological advances in everyday life?

Inevitable. And many come to stay, like toilet paper. Sure, I think we should avoid falling into a technolatriy (remember much the story of an expedition returns to Earth and found that people have chosen to live in a pre-industrial ... apparently so). There is and will be

wonderful to use things, the issue is not being used by them, do not use products "because if".

miNatura Digital Magazine: What do you think of the new forms of communication? And social networks?

Daniel Salvo: Ah, yes to the late eighties there had been something like facebook, internet or another would be my life (no exaggeration). In those years I changed and I unlink city full of my closest friends, had no telephone. This notion that "dehumanize us" for using facebook or emails is stupid enough to say that using toilet paper is not natural.

miNatura Digital Magazine: Now the boys are still adventures through video games or stories in film conditioned by the merchandising Do you think that will replace the traditional literature?

“But what is the traditional literature? The books they read before boys seem sappy guys today. A commercial phenomenon does not have to be bad.”

Daniel Salvo: But what is the traditional literature? The books they read before boys seem sappy guys today. A commercial phenomenon does not have to be bad. I think we tend to overlook the reader and his ability to discern about what you like or not. Impossible we agree on the same tastes. In that sense, literature will always be divided between traditional and nontraditional.

miNatura Digital Magazine: Why do you think that in the general opinion, the SF is so undervalued?

Daniel Salvo: I think it's a generational issue, in fact the same opinion regarding literature has changed. For example, in Peru, before we had an appreciable amount of libraries, today, there are cities where there may be up to four universities but no library. What

happened? And speaking as an elder, I would say "before" literature is more valued, as part of the equipment necessary for a person could be considered educated. Now the fashion is to be entrepreneurial, pragmatic businessman, humanities are seen as impractical, if not useless. Literature, reading in general, is currently undervalued.

Regarding the particular case of science fiction and fantasy, I think on the contrary, the generational change makes entering the world of writers and academics who have lived with science fiction, today it is difficult for someone not Isaac Asimov knows even hearsay. One can infer, based on the growing number of theoretical works about science fiction, its value as a cultural product tends to rise, or to quote the great [David Roas](#), to "normalize".

miNatura Digital Magazine: Can you imagine that one day conquer space like in Star Trek?

Daniel Salvo: Sure, just as the unknown space, for Europeans, the Atlantic Ocean was conquered in 1492. Of course, we must change many things - including human physiology as we know - but I have seen experiments with plasma engines and the amazing results of certain experiments with the Large Hadron Collider - it seems that there is indeed particles can move faster than light, this is to be confirmed and clarified -. In addition, the Earth is not infinite, be some reason to get into space.



miNatura Digital Magazine: If there is a climate or ecological holocaust What would you do?

Daniel Salvo: Survive? I see it difficult. Here in Peru we have sections of the population subsisting as if they had already gone through a holocaust, hordes of murderers

who start early. If burnt, I think these sectors end up imposing on the rest of the surviving population. In that case, better off dead than alive.

miNatura Digital Magazine: Interesting. Tells a little more about this.

Daniel Salvo: You see what happens in Mexico and Central America, where drug cartels and gangs are practically taking over society. In northern Peru, and the phenomenon of traders who have to "provide" quotas criminals for "protection" of these bands and these bands are given even have legal registration ... And every day cases of "children increases begetting children, "school of all social sectors who are parents before reaching the age of majority society does not work ... we knew, and that creates frustration, hopelessness. If a criminal but "efficient" entity appears, what prevents people prefer the criminal protection before the misgovernment?

miNatura Digital Magazine: Some things to be aware of is torment. What is your favorite film CF?

Daniel Salvo: *Gattaca*. I love the atmosphere and the issue raised, breeding (who would not want to "program" their offspring to avoid disease and optimize their development?) Versus free will and speculation about what makes us human, what It is the human itself.

miNatura Digital Magazine: Do you think that the authors of Cf are nerds or bookworms detached from reality?

Daniel Salvo: I think we are the friendliest and intelligent segment of the world population. As a nerd, I have an optimistic and friendly attitude towards others. As a bookworm, I can approach reality in the best way possible: intelligently thoughtful. The others are wrong.

miNatura Digital Magazine: What was the last story of Cf to read?

Daniel Salvo: Currently I read the novels "Anathema" by [Neal Stephenson](#) and "Chindi" [Jack McDevitt](#). The last story I read before that struck me was "Chameleon Skin" [Domingo Santos](#), in the journal "Asimov" whose Spanish edition is still paying off yet (shame it closed). A masterful story about a world with intelligent life that hides a secret ... it is that has evolved on a planet where conditions are favorable for life, and shows us that, contrary to what one might think, the Earth is a planet that is actually hostile to life, and that the human species is more imperfect than you might think.

miNatura Digital Magazine: Do you think that someone will read this dialogue?

Daniel Salvo: Ha ha ha, there is always a broken stitching. I can only hope that the hypothetical reader as much as I have enjoyed this interview. Thank you.

Now to our questions bursts, where our interviewee released the deepest part of his psyche [Laughs]

Favorite dish

Chifa (Peruvian version of Chinese food)

If you traveled in time: Which historical person do you know and what would you say?

Plato, and ask him to clarify where he got the idea of Atlantis.

¿Star Trek or Star Wars?

Both.

What three things would you take to a desert island?

An E-reader loaded with thousands of books that would work with sunlight, a Swiss Army knife and a bottle of liquor, for special occasions.

If you could choose a mythological creature as a pet would you choose and what would you name it?

A dragon mini speaker, you would Amaru.

A book to recommend

The Messenger by [David Brin](#).

What not?

Uninhabited space by [Jerry Oltion](#).

Superpower

Superintelligence

About the interviewee:

Daniel Salvo (Ica, Peru, 1967) manages the blog "Science Fiction Peru" since 2002, and writes the "Imaginary Worlds" column dedicated to fantastic literature in the official gazette El Peruano, which is published on Sundays. Author of several short stories that make up the volume "El primer peruano en el espacio" published in 2014 by publishing Altazor. He has



collaborated with other print and electronic publications.

<http://cifiperu.blogspot.com>

About the interviewer:

Mario Cesar Carper (San Fernando, Buenos Aires, Argentina) Writer, illustrator, writer and cartoonist.

His background includes script and drawing cartoons, Plastic and Interior Design. Participates in the literary workshops and Seven The Framers Workshop and works as an illustrator of covers and stories in magazines Alfa Eridiani, Axxón, miNatura (whose cover won the 1st Prize II° illustration PIEEE 2009), La Fosca Library, NGC 3660, Aurora Bitzine, Chronicles of the Forge, NM, Next, published by Editions Ayarmanot paper.



<http://carpermc.blogspot.com.es/?zx=fb0f025a1969212f>



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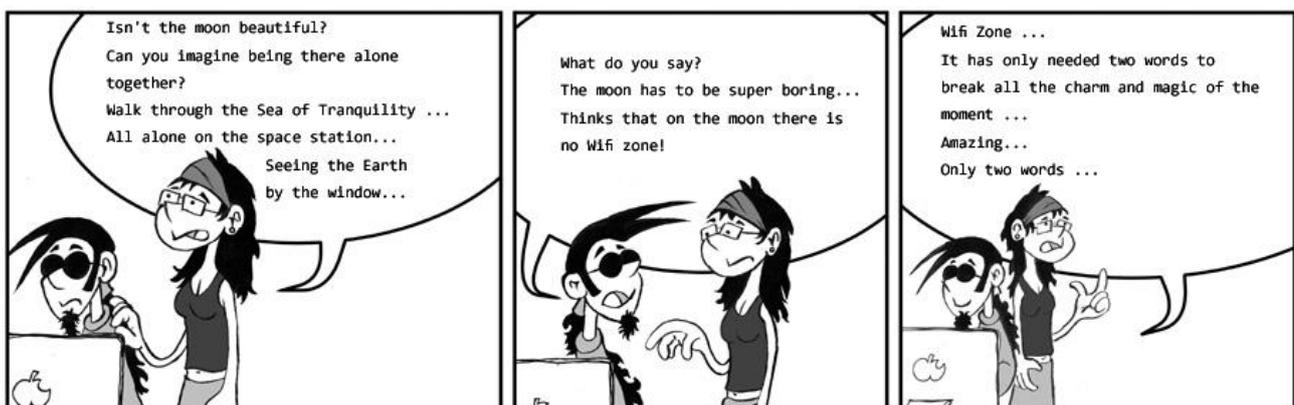
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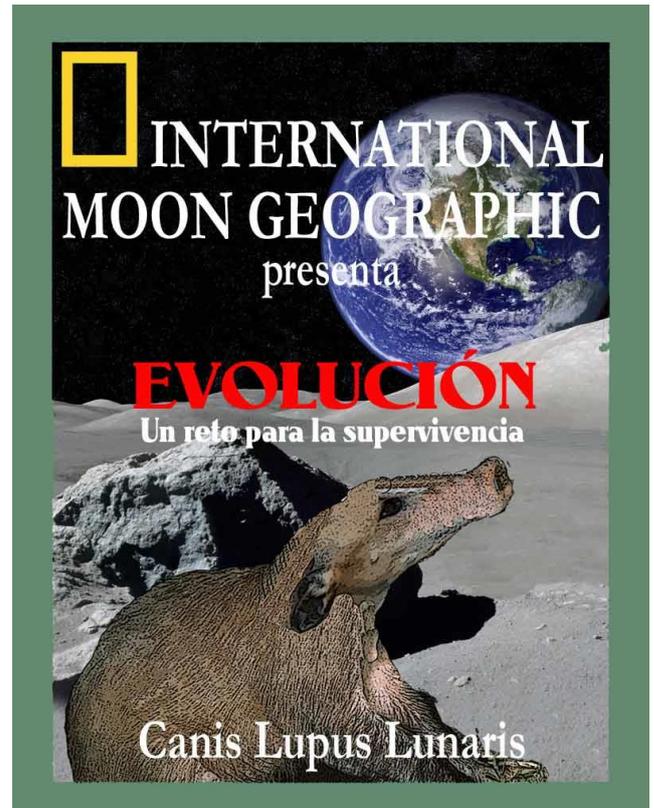


ECO-MOON. Theme of the congress of the IAMS 299

(Continue article on p. 225

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On the occasion of the celebration of the hundred anniversary of The International Association of Moon Studies, which opened after the moon landing the commander Bernard Tresond on 24 March 1739, he opened the hundredth ninth annual conference in the city of Copernicus, common land bridge to the scientific study of its satellite. The former military capital selenite has been transformed into a living example of adaptation to the environment and man's supremacy over the other species. The lifeless body of the commander has been suspended in the Pioneer Memorial Monument Bernard Della Tresond located in the center of the capital and that dog-



shaped leads into its landmark building that now houses the association. In No. VII / YEAR 292 of our monthly magazine *International Moon Geographic*⁵, you can consult the history of della Tresond in an exemplary dedicated to dogs of the moon, in which special account of this particular breed of dogs is expressly brought for exploration satellite and first living in extreme conditions suit your beings. At present this evolved species of broad snout and long tail that can sometimes remind a aardvark or aardvark, populate the entire

⁵ See photo on the cover of number VII / YEAR 292 of our monthly magazine *International Geographic Moon* with the *selenicus canis vulgaris*.

area visible moon, its main feature being prolonged and constant howling land, why when they are caught and specifically those that are bred in captivity are deprived of their vocal cords.

The assistance of the leading scientific congress is guaranteed, as well as leaders, both terrestrial and selenite, to avoid the risk of overcrowding run by the creation of oxygen-generating plants and the moon they are becoming destination favorite of illegal immigration which are seriously endangering the lunar ecosystem managed for 300 years of continuous effort.

Carmen Rosa Signes Urrea (Spain)

The advisor

«Stanley, come here!» shouted the assistant director. «Stanley!»

The fully bearded, bug eyed man retorted: «I am busy» without bothering to turn around.

«Is the advisor, Stanley»

The man called Stanley sighed and went to the other side of the set, to meet the assistant and the old man beside him, gray haired but straight as a board.

«Working for the government is torture, Andrew,» said Stanley. «Advisors, censors, always med-dling. Last time i work for Uncle Sam. Don't take this the wrong way, mister... mister...»

«Kammler» said the old man. His English had barely any trace of Prussian guturality. «And as i was telling Mr. Birkin here, i don't intent to meddle, i only aim to help»

Stanley smiled amicably. «Well, Mr. Kammler, what do you wanna help us with»

«He was looking at the raw footage...» Andrew jumped in.

«The color of the moon soil, is not right. It was... more gray»

Stanley frowned. «You sure? When was it the last time you saw it, 22 years ago?»

«1947, prior to my return, of course, but it doesn't matter. I have an engineer's eye for terrain, any terrain, be it Earth or Moon. Being a cinema man yourself, sure you can understand...»

«Say no more. Let's waste no time with this... Andy, get us a good palette for grays»

Stanley threw an arm over the old man's shoulder and walked with him. «You know,

I've always had a great interest in the historical context that you lived through... bet i could really use your help»

Kammler nodded. «Would love to... but technically I'm not even alive. Can't afford to be indiscreet»

«Don't you worry. Thanks, Andy. I'm the more discreet man in the world, your secret will be save»

Juan Pablo Noroña Lamas (Cuba / EE.UU.)

A sacrifice to the Mother Goddess

"The soul of the pious ones get purify in the moon, while their bodies come back to the earth and their spirits to the sun." –Plutarch-

Mother Astarte got out from the rain of meteorites flowing in the space near planet Earth and headed to the moon. The transparent windows of the great priestly saloon were lighted by a yellowish light; mixed with the reflection of far off stellar points. Judaht casted a disdainful looked to the half of the moon ate away for a

bubbling and hot mass of gas, while the Silicon bishops *Ishtar-Metallian* waited, connected to cubic machines, the virtual coming of the cardinal of the Great Order of the Assimilation.

I, Cardinal Archbishopess Anaitis, digital code 2812191478, in representation of the Holy Catholic Church, Apostolic and Moony, will give sentence to the pagan Judaht —announced the archbishopess—. At the beginning, the star Apollo X 6901 crashed again the moon and the future Eva assimilated the 85% of the earthly genome, thus giving birth to a new cult: the worshiping of the goddess Ishtar. The pagans not only reject the Baptist of the holy assimilation, but commit the blasphemy of dream with the coming of a messiah heralded by the forbidden canonical book... Then a neuronal voice let itself be heard in the brain of the condemned: *"Do you accept Ishtar like your only goddess and redeemer, my son?"* Judaht's answer was the same of his forerunners: *"Only what's placed beyond the moon or upon her can transcend the future... Everything was created by him."* The pallid and austere faces of the bishops had already taken their decision. Again a voice was heard:

—Let's pray for the salvation of this soul... Holy Mother, this human sacrifice that we offered you today, if it's worthy of you, then take his genes into your holy bosom and turn him into your faithful servant. We do this in the name of the Biomother, the genetics and the solar spirit... Amen.

That encoded pray activated the expulsion mechanism, wrapping part of the saloon with a sphere that swallowed the condemned one; hurling him down to the

moon's surface, where a flaming hell awaited him to purify his sins.

Markus Edjical Goth – Seud – (Dominic Republic)

Waning

She lifted her little nose and sniffed, before she decided to go out at the surface. The pale light of the moon hit on her face and she hurried up to come out of the hiding place. This night, she might be a

cricket, an owl or, if she tried to be reckless, a lark, singing until dawn. She was changeable in form and essence. She was one of the waning. That's had been always, each night of full moon, one cycle till another since the beginning of time.

And she smiled because the moon was her friend. She opened her arms with delight, enjoying the light on her skin. She felt the power, shaking inside, like the flapping of a moth or the heartbeat of a bird. She arrived at the edge of the lake. That night she was a tadpole, and had fun swimming under de water till daylight, when she felt the calling



back and couldn't stay any longer, because the jealousy earth claimed all its immortal creatures. "The blood that ties, is the blood that frees", said to her the elder Zaya. In the morning, she kneeled down under the ancient tree, made a cut on her thumb and put it on the ground. And then, she went inside the hole.

She jumped with the first light of the full moon. That night, like many others in the past, she would have the shape of a mortal. That same shape since he saw her for the first time. She ran to the lake and changed. She leaned out her face at the water. It was a good face, more sharp than her old one, with a turned up nose and small ears. Her grey eyes were the same as usual, also the white skin and hair, but she was twice taller. She smiled at the reflection, showing all her teeth. The elder Zaya had been told her that the moon guided her destiny, and the strings of that same moon had been lead her to his window, where she knew that wise boy that told her secret stories of the world, he knew a lot, like old Zaya. She stayed with him each full moon, quietly, because she was mute of words. And then he changed when he left his childhood.

"Stay with me", he said that night. Then, she took a little knife and made a cut in her finger and in his. She united them. And so, her destiny stayed attached to the mortal word.

Julieta Moreyra García (Mexico)

Xábot Ville

We arrived at Villa Xabót, around noon. The wind whipped the deserted streets, prompting a complaint from my new partner at nondescript place. And he was right, this coastal town was not great. Its unique appeal, the Moon Festival, culminating ancient pagan rite that night. The receptionist confirmed our booking but not before devote a discreet smile. I nodded. I wanted to give you one last chance to my girl, I suggested we played a while in bed. She considered my invitation a complete nuisance. There was nothing to do. After enduring complaints about the Franciscan hotel room and the sober dinner, we went to the beach toward the pier, where the festival would develop. Down to the beach and join in a campfire. She served liquor in a silver chalice, turning it into another person, a girl her grave

detached personality. I think at that moment I fell in love with her, but it was too late. In an act of complete surrender, she started to dance uninhibited around the fire, accompanied by our palms. Soon, men escorted circle in his act, making the other way. After a while, after undressing, insinuating she walked away into the sand lapped by the waves, followed by a legion of admirers. Lovers multiplied: men of all ages, coming out of nowhere, she had an appointment with, hugging, kissing, possessing her. I watched their silhouettes against the moonlight, rolling naked on the foam in a massive orgy. The moon was at its peak; his body was so dilated that could well pale touching it with my fingers. The sound of the sea drowned by a series of screaming. Individuals changed their appearance. They transformed into werewolves stalked his prey. I shuddered, she cried for help when she was torn by the pack. His blood splattered the moon, darkening it. Finished the feast, diners fell asleep satisfied. I returned to the hotel. Before leaving home, the receptionist handed me the money agreed. Until next year, she said.

Jaime Magnan Alabarce (Chile)

Return

—Father, do you think that one day we can return? Diego asks his father.

—Don't lose your hope, when we recover lost back-technology responds, then gets up from the table where he sat next to Diego and leaves the room.

Diego is alone in silence, watching the bleak landscape outside, there is nothing worthwhile, everything was destroyed, destroyed in the war, including knowledge, causing a backlog of over 1000 years. The few dozen survivors who survived, spent more than 20 years working in a rudimentary spaceship lift them out of that place, now a land hernia, where they arrived 800 years ago, hopefully, fleeing her home, where due pollution and overpopulation was impossible to live. They moved to different parts of the Milky Way with better or worse luck. Perhaps there were the lucky ones arrived, until the human unreason, just with all their hopes and dreams 30 years ago.

—They say it was the most beautiful place in the universe - it is said to himself Diego, before getting up and leaving the room.

Diego Galán Ruiz (Spain)

The copy

Stanislaw Lem, *The star diaries*.

Just a few realized the falsification. The poets continued their delirium, the lovers being coo among dimness, the witches with their rituals, the astrologers designing futures, the tides and the sage going and coming among the veins of the world. Everybody seemed be content with that coarse reflector Made in China that still had the code of bars in the back among solar panels, a reflection shield to regulate the change of phases and a generator of graveness. Only the wolves continue going out during the full moon, waiting in their innocence that it may come back some night. They elevate to the sky a looked of request and return to their caves, sad and silent.

Lidia Soca Medina (Cuba)

Our last man on the moon

But my soul— the soul I can produce— will survive the death of the Sun and the freezing of the Earth.

First, from 2030 to 2040, burst the mini ice age. And predictions were not enough to foresee the effects of solar activity at a half of its power. Next, the biologists announced the disappearance of the vertebrate species at a rate comparable to the extinction of the dinosaurs. The news was calamitous, however the fighting bands did not surrender to the War of Elements and everything went from bad to worse. And the predators arrived from outer space. They were beings that originated from somewhere in the galaxy where cold and immortality reign supreme while they scavenge decaying worlds. They attacked without warning and our drones were no match against the Flying Fortresses. Soon, we were vanquished. And after a short and barbaric takeover, the mother ships arrived to swallow up the crowds. Rumors, full of optimism spoke of slavery in their frozen planet while other sources whispered the ominous words: *vital fuel*. And with more urgency than hope, an organized resistance was put into place. In the meantime, a suicide patrol reached one of the few active satellites' orbit and managed to communicate with Moonraker Base. A

neural network of defense, it was never fully operational; that is, another billionaire failure originally intended to prevent a new, nuclear conflagration. Except now we would use it to rescue us. Moonraker had always been in charge of Colonel Scarlett Venom, a privileged mind in Astrophysics and Strategy whose image was not uncommon in TV commercials until all contact was lost. Fifty years ago Venom successfully organized human life under the lunar surface. And for me to have been appointed as liaison by the Resistance was an enormous responsibility that did not diminish the pride I felt. I saw him, and he spoke to me. He does not look at all like the old postcards but that it is not important as I am certain everything is going to be alright. Damn you ugly gibbous things: the solar system belongs to us, Earthlings! We have deciphered the sequence of its fractal shields. And I cannot wait any longer to activate the electromagnetic pulse and fry the albino invaders. Colonel Venom will give the orders at the precise moment. Right now, he is just a living brain imprisoned in a machine but I will not say a word because

restoration will only come from our last man on the moon.

Pablo Martínez Burkett (Argentina)

The true moon

The first thing that caught his attention was the Moon's surface, resembling a cheese cursed by Zeus with a kind of silvery leprosy. Definitely, it wasn't what Lucian of Samosata expected to see when decided to give free rein to his imagination by writing "True History." He reviewed again in his mind the plot of the adventure meant to ridicule the lies of ancient philosophers, poets and historians from Homer to Herodotus: to sail beyond the Pillars of Hercules; reach the island with a wine river, women with the low part of their bodies made out of vineyard roots, giant footprints, etc. After it, a whirlwind was supposed to lift up his ship to the Moon. But...

He heard a voice speaking in his very ear and in a strange language: "Hey Armstrong, what are you waiting for to take the first step?" He turned around. A misshapen creature was motioning to him from the mouth of a monster far more fantastic than

anyone his imagination made up for the war between the Moon's king, Endymion, and that of the Sun, Phaeton, for the dominion of the territory of the Morning Star. It was a fact, something went wrong. Houston noticed too the weird behavior of the Astronaut. Maybe some kind of nervous breakdown, due that he was the first human to step on Moon's soil? Lucian was frightened to see that his image, reflected on the single eye of the creature approaching him with short leaps, was just like its —a monster with a whitish and coarse skin, like an old aged worm, crowned by a huge head.

In that moment, neither he nor the rest of the crew of the Apollo 11 understood the unbelievable nature of that true history: Lucian of Samosata craved so much to reach the Moon, that his spirit possessed the



Astronaut's body while he evoked his book during the space travel. "Armstrong!" called the creature shaking his body, "come on, stop the joke, here oxygen is gold. You're not Lucian of Samosata in his fantastic moon... This is the true Moon."

Odilius Vlak —seud.— (Dominican Republic)

The devil's moon

The year is ending, the night cold and

clear skies allow the Devil's Moon illuminate the sky with its blood red color, synonymous of death and bad foreboding. The villagers stay in their homes and do not leave for anything, spy from the windows discreetly to avoid being seen, they fear the arrival of this day when the

phase of the moon is at its fullest; everyone knows it will be a long night of spells, witchcraft and black magic.

Ambrosia has lived hundred seventy five of the Demon's Moon, her descendants were cursed by whole generations, this moon ended with the last of her descendant since twenty-five years ago. She has been kept alive, strong, beautiful young with a high price to pay, she has been offering their children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren; there is no more blood from his blood to offer of tribute to the moon. Her old body with great effort has gone to the top of the mountain to begin the ritual of magic, ready once again to try to convince the moon to get youth without blood to pay tribute; the last twenty years his plea has not been heard and the next morning she gets down from the mountain more older and with more illness than the previous day.

People in the village always observed with discretion, curiosity and fear when the witch climbs to the mountain; This year it's no exception, but the Demon's Moon is treacherous and saves big surprises for everyone, the matter that no one imagines is that this time, the night will last forever

and the moon will be dyed with true blood, the blood of Ambrosia will paint the night with color of red Scarlet death, getting crazy to villagers and forcing them to commit suicide. When the long night ends and dawn comes, no one will be left alive to tell what happened in that place. The witch Ambrosia bothered to the moon and everybody paid the price of her insolence.

M^a del Socorro Candelaria Zárate (México)

The hidden face

Everyone is a moon, and has a dark side which he never shows to anybody.

Mark Twain

The moon these nights is not the moon the first Adam saw. Long centuries of human sleeplessness have filled her with ancient tears. Look at her. She is your mirror.

Jorge Luis Borges, The moon

When I agreed to join this expedition as a chronicler, I hoped to serve our Lord. We left for bringing the sacred word to these savages, in order to civilize and Christianize them. But now I'm afraid we have failed. I worry about our men: about the health of

their souls. As I write these lines, they devote themselves to drinking and they luxuriate in the company of indigenous women. It torments me to think about the consequences of such unnatural acts. Savages, accommodating and hospitable at first, have abandoned their meekness. The quarrels multiply; we have had to bury some of them. These creatures, cheerful once, that at our arrival they seemed created in the image and likeness of angels, no longer might be said so perfect. And I fear that they are perverting our boys. But, faithful to God and His Majesty, I will reserve the disturbing hesitations that haunt me for my personal journal. The glory of our mission will not be tarnished by my anxieties.

Logbook of the Demeter. Audio-record of the last settlers, leaving definitively the lunar station. Two hundred years after our arrival, almost nothing remains of that paradise described by Godwin in his chronicle. Depravity and decline have taken over the world that our ancestors discovered. Indigenous once got rid of his few challenged children by sending them to Earth; now they have degenerated on a massive scale into horrible congenital

deformities and even more abhorrent mental and moral defects. What once was considered rare exception, it has become the norm. Nothing remains of their resources either: this is now a devastated land that only horror and death can offer.

I am the Demeter's captain. We leave looking for new territories worthy of our Lord and his crown.

Salomé Guadalupe Ingelmo (Spain)

The effigy at the foot of the Moon

Two days after receiving the letter, the sexagenarian archaeologist West Hamilton traveled from England to the slums of Baghdad to study his new acquisition. In the hotel he could relax when delving into that famous "Babylonian battery" acquired on the black market. From inside the gadget (like a pot) remove a copper cylinder and translated a scroll wrap an iron rod. That instruction manual made him laugh, especially the rough section illustrative noting that the appliance only absorbed energy charges crescent attributing the crazy benefit of the holder

agree to immortality in the process. That night would have the right moon phase. Without thinking about the consequences, he decided to carry out the experiment assuming the role of human guinea pig. In the worst case, it would fish from a cold to cool overnight. But if it was ... What would not a little more life? Many secrets in the world would not be revealed because of time ... His doctor forbade any activity that would undermine their limited forces. He resolved, carefully prepared the vessel as directed, even arrayed as the character depicted on papyrus. He checked his watch, and with tight device to his chest, went to meet his fate in the pale moonlight.

The hours passed without anything happening. To make matters worse, huge clouds covering at intervals, the Morning Star and could derail their expectations. If it failed it would try. In the letter they had made it clear: "Unfortunately, you have four months to live." He never gave in to religions, prophets or idols, but never too late to change your mind. He lifted the container and in the ancient language, begged to be granted the gift. Then the heavens opened, the tip of the moon pierced the clouds like an arrow, and

lightning crossed the floor to reach it. At daybreak he was found the stone effigy of a man who accomplished so immortality.

Carmen Rosa Signes Urrea (Spain)

Patricio G. Bazán (Argentina)

Sebastián A. Fontanarrosa (Argentina)

New weapons

For your safety we advise you that staring at the full moon can cause lifelong harm to their health. We caution with all the firmness that no healing possible, your life will become a well -sac, and the world will become a cage of slavery. So, without wishing to belittle its decision lunar buy anti-ray glasses, and see how that life will find it pleasurable, unforgettable, says the hunchback man carrying pended on the hump "that he gave me the moon."

Francisco Manuel Marcos Roldán (Spain)

The Russians arrived first

The year was 1969, the Russian scientist Lev Mohilim, after escaping from the Soviet Union with his son through Turkey.

He took refuge in France, and free from the danger of the KGB Gathers the Parisian press to declare the following. The U.R.S.S. In the June 15, 1968, on the basis of the Urals launches the Marx I headed for the moon, with Ilya and Eugini cosmonauts. Journalists gasped, astonished, but no one believed his words telling Russian scientist continued without stopping. The Marx I crossed the vast outer space to deposit the crew on the lunar surface. The Russians had arrived first, defeated USA Cosmonauts celebrated the landing, Ilya and Eugini left the spacecraft for exploring the moon. They went to the dark side of the moon and what they found was amazing, had pyramids, towers, artificial domed buildings, a huge bridge 19 kms, a hangar. In the Sea of Tranquility were 300 obelisks in rows of three, further there was a gigantic crashed ship, Eugini came forward Ilya stopped. Suddenly a mechanical device so arachnoid, emerged from the surface to catch Eugini. Its metal arms Russian cosmonaut tortured to death. Ilya ran to the horror ship, entered the space ship as she could and took off. The survivor returned to Earth but had gone mad.

Arriving in Moscow, he was extensively questioned by the authorities of the Kremlin. Ilya was transferred to a sanatorium recovery where he was officially declared insane and imprisoned recurring hallucinations. Russian scientist stopped, away. Later rumors came to the United States would launch its rocket but if something went wrong, was commissioned by director Stanley Kubrick film in New Mexico, a show with actors Neil Armstrong, Collins and Aldrin. Filmmaker prepared everything and using a desert like set, simulated landing of the United States, while another rocket bound for the moon with the true unsung heroes.

Tomás Pacheco Estrada (Mexico)

Session of justice

All of foot waiting the entrance of the Great God. To the blow of the mallet they sat down to listen the first applicant of justice:

—Tsuki-Yomi, the Moon of the Japan - it was presented being revered to the Japanese style.

—Say their problem - the assistant of the court expressed.

—It is the discord that I have with Amaterasu that doesn't allow me to reach it in the sky to have killed Uke Mochi, the goddess of the foods.

Some seconds thought the great God to tell to Tsuki-Yomi that their argument would be revised and that he/she opened the way to the following case. Then, walking an old man very slowly entered.

—Mawu - it expressed very low -, supreme Goddess and Moon of the Fon of Abomey...

—What does it happen him? - the assistant interrupted it.

—I want to accuse to Da, the snake; she boasts of having helped us, to my couple and my, when we believe the world and...

—We will also analyze that. The following one! - slowly she retired the Moon of the Fon.

—My name is Dirt, the daughter of the god Tangaroa and I want to inculcate to the Moon of the Maori to have darkened the one in route to my house and to steal the cube of water that it took to my children. Now, whenever I need water I

should go to the Moon and her she forces me to do some my water on the men. As she says, so that they notice the rain.

—It is the most interesting case; it continues - it motivated it the Great God.

—And it is not there, my husband ascended to claim me and that Moon has left us discussing eternally to justify, she says, the changes of tides in the oceans.

—Moon goes! - The Great God exclaimed -. I already fell in love with their night beauty!

And it hit with the mallet concluding the session.

Omar Martínez (Cuba)

The spirit of the moon

When the New Humans found out that stars possessed intelligent life interacting in a different way with the physical universe, they already had translated their existential reality to an ethereal level, design with powerful computers capable to upload the human's soul with their processors. The searchers who kept the stellar observations

realized that in that state of pure conscience, in that plane of artificial spirituality, there were energies who challenged the logical reason. Energies who stored information and had an individual identity, as if they would have been designed by AIs. Such entities came to being by their own and invaded the artificial world of Argumt. The souls uploaded in that world soon became hunters those stellar entities whose nature was closer to the most beautiful mythologies. Some of those planetary spirits were caught and locked in warehouses for consciousness; including, the pretty female silhouette of the Moon.

"It has been so long since the moon shined with its ancient splendor," thought Angela Fant. She dreamt with the moon inhabiting the nuclear dimension of Argumt. An intense hatred awaked inside her to the decadence "natural" city now reduced to debris and silences. She decided to become immaterial uploading herself in the virtual city. While crossing its threshold, her conscience was assaulted by other singing from some quantum prison: "I'm here! Save me my daughter, you're made from my own dust." She entered without

any impediment into the energetic warehouses where the stellar entities inhabited. Touching one of the capsules, her physical body was possessed by the lunar entity who endowed her with a pallid beauty —her lips acquired a vampire like glow under her black hair; the moon's spirit took over her beats of information and broke out from Argumt. So, the moon shined again with its natural and poetic song before the eyes of everyone, coating Angela's soul and body with a stellar beauty.

*Morgan Vicconius Zariah —send.—
(Dominican Republic)*

Moon

Nobody saw if the tusk has found the man under the bridge was torn because of a bite, or the incipient sign of growth in recent years of vampires. At the moment there are no direct witnesses who can clarify the matter to offer a clarification of what happened accurate. Some are betting that what happened witchcraft, black magic or shamanism, while the boom are having these esoteric habits. The other side of the coin is far from reality that runs from

mouth to mouth. Some warn that when she appears no escape. Dazzles you with his piercing eyes, or you do not want. But most are skeptical this and take it as a mere fad that will soon pass. At the end of the world is full of trickery, the moon will not escape its influence. I just hope to see you soon, he has created dependency me and see that I am a healthy person.

Francisco Manuel Marcos Roldán (Spain)

Impedimento non mi piega

The long night

monkey dreams how to

catch the moon.

Masaoka Shiki

“Please, doctor, do something!” Leocadia begs Arrieta. “He gets worse every day. Now, besides these repulsive figures of the walls, he draws winged youths on paper. He has drawn too much

attention to him and the relationship with the court has become so difficult... Images of the devil... Who knows what the Holy Inquisition would think if they saw them.”

“It is beautiful tonight, right?” He points to the moon fascinated. “I tell it to you, Arrieta, because, besides being my friend, you are a man of science. You will understand. All visionaries seem crazy in the eyes of this rotten world that forbids to dream. But I do not want a childish toy, a device with which hover over this miserable kingdom as a blind bat. No. We must escape from this barren land, far from its limited men. Many have been predicting this for a long time. Many have been announcing this for a long time, leaving messages for those willing to see them.

Bosch, da Vinci...

Perhaps most astute men are already waiting for us up there.”

Goya suddenly rejuvenated, hopeful looks heavenward. He no longer listens to Arrieta's soliloquy: “Moon is a terrible, rugged place. There is



hardly any air and cold would kill you.
However..."

"Moon does not want to burn you; you can look at it all the time. It is made of mother of pearl and its buildings are of coral: colossal domes where the great thinkers of all ages meet. Cannonballs do not fly on the Moon, so there is no place for wars and oxygen does not burn. Farewell to the Holy Inquisition!"

The doctor tries to quell his compliments with liniment and warm compresses.

"You are raving, my friend. It is due to fevers."

"Take me with you, beautiful Asmodeal! Take me beyond Nineveh, up to that great rock on the Moon!"

It was April 16, 1828. No one seemed to notice the figure cloaked in red silks, waiting perched on the windowsill.

Salomé Guadalupe Ingelmo (Spain)

Ricardo Acevedo Esplugas (Cuba)

Project A 119

The government decided to bring the technology found in the crashed ship on the moon and to destroy found ruins, they

decided to use the Project A 119, which consisted of detonating a bomb on the lunar surface, devised by Dr. Reiffel and astrophysicist Carl Sagan, has never been carried out, the same concept is now used, but on a smaller scale. The Apollo 20 mission was launched clandestinely in August 1976, from the base Vandenberg, the ship crossed the room to land on the moon on the dark side of the moon in the Delporte region - Izsa, astronauts William Rutledge, Leona Snyder and Russian name Alexei Leonov, left the module to go to the giant ship, measuring 4.02 kilometers. They moved toward a ruined city, naming it "Moon City", the three astronauts found only one building standing, we put the Cathedral, around it there was debris of metal and gold. Near the colossal ship had a smaller but Commander Rutledge and his companions chose to go to the mega colossal ship. The spacecraft turned out to be a nurse, very old ship may have sailed the area 1.5 million years ago. Upon entering they found that vegetation had metal walls, triangular rocks gave off a yellow liquid. They examined a huge network of glass tubes, where bodies of 10 cms in size were. What impact was

discovered two capsules with crew, the first body was rotten and beheaded, his head was in perfect condition. The next body was in hibernation, female with hair, skin blue - gray, six fingers on his hands.

Leonov dubbed the Mona Lisa and went on to cut two conductive tubes in his nose, then did the same with the devices of the eyes and finger, blood gushing. The three astronauts looted the ship and being successful mission, returned with the dead body of Mona Lisa and a head. The next lunar mission missiles dropped on the ruins of the moon and the two alien ships.

Project A 119 was carried out successfully, destroying the remains of a civilization seated on the Moon.

Tomás Pacheco Estrada (Mexico)

Cannot be

It intoxicated by beliefs about the influence of the moon wanders and ponders not believe are mere stories to manipulate people. Try to think about what instilled in him as a child, and screening doubt. An unstable time has any. Just then he warns his reason has nothing to fear. It

relaxes, breathes alleviated until a deep howl out of his throat.

Francisco Manuel Marcos Roldán (Spain)

Fracture lines

The first ones to notice and photograph the phenomenon were a couple of Costa Rican astronauts on board the International Space Station, who less than three hours later posted their shots on YouTube-- where they went viral the same day. New cracks on the Moon! Who could ignore THAT?



An embarrassed NASA out to neutralize the leak accused the Costa Ricans of everything and anything--from engaging in a Photoshop hoax to smoking marijuana in microgravity. The Russians in turn blamed the cracks on NASA conducting nuclear tests on lunar soil, in shameless violation of the Space Non Proliferation Treaty. The Chinese claimed it had actually been two taikonauts who had first noticed the phenomenon.

The argument reached the boiling point at the Nobel Prize award ceremony, where a sniper—a Nazi Moonbase believer—shot dead a Norwegian astrophysicist insisting on the Black Moon Theory (BMT), i.e., a black matter asteroid impact. After which the Norwegian's followers (among which were several ICBM silo crew members) launched a salvo of missiles on a low-

population density area to prove that an impact of some 475 kilotons could produce fracture patterns similar to those on the Moon, as the late scientist sustained. Those unwilling to recant their their views wielded as a counterargument a Chilean dentist's assertion that an analysis of the fractures revealed reading codes similar to those of the ancient Babylonian YBC 7289 clay tablet ...When the conflict spilled over to Sunday TV and Dear Abbie, the situation was totally out of control.

The Costa Rican astronauts smiled wickedly as the electromagnetic pulses of the thermonuclear explosions rocked the social networks. "Shall we tell them it's all a joke?" "Nyahhh, let's wait a little more."

José Miguel "Yoss" Sánchez (Cuba)

Ricardo Acevedo Esplugas (Cuba)

Tseng Lan Hui

By Paulo Brito (Portugal)

In an island
lies a nice angel.

This angel unleash:
... a laugh that hugs.
... a laugh that heats.
... a laugh that tease.

The angel that unite us.
The angel that heal us.

She sees all.
She is all.
She is Luna.
Luna the nice angel.

The angel that hits the insane.
The angel that hits the silence.

At night

月亮

in the island inn

she tales genius tales:

... sea tales.

... sage tales.

... hunting tales.

She is Luna.

Luna the nice angel.

She enlightens us,

Luna the night sun!

Lycana⁶

By Lynette Mabel Pérez Villanueva (Puerto Rico)

The Moon marks me with her mineral glow.
My features get stretched among convulsions.
My teeth grow because of the drive
and a red furrow grows on my face.
I cry upon my humanity lost.
All this carrion pulsating its way up
to the surface to besmirch me with its vomit.
Don't look at me now, please, don't.
I want nobody's eyes on me
while I transform into this beast.
I don't want them to see the spectacle I make of myself
when my most basic instincts take over me.
Sometimes I wish I was invisible and anodyne,
that I could get to be impregnable
I don't want them to discover the beast I am,
how elementary, violent, and primitive I am.
Long life to my beast, don't kill it.
I ask thee, please, spare its life.
I love that part of me, still not maimed.



⁶ Translate by Marta Emmanuelli (Puerto Rico)

I don't want anybody to learn or even imagine
that an aberrant howl climbs up my throat
and Thanatos possesses me, merciless, every full Moon.

The Lycathrope's Prayer⁷

By Por Lynette Mabel Pérez Villanueva (Puerto Rico)

Nicomedes, father of all lycanthropes
since bestiality loomed within our eyes,
since The Moon marked us with her sign
as telluric, passionate and wise,
father of all of us:

Protect us from the fury of the inquisitors,
from Torquemada's murderous hatred,
protect us from the homicidal fanaticism
that judges our ways of living.

If you love your children, protect us from the
intrigue

of those who desire our land,
our gold, our, property, and our lives,
protect us from torture and dismemberment
and from the pyre, protect us Lord
from absurd accusations of sodomy
protect our women from accusations

of libertinism and blasphemy, protect our children
from accusations of being possessed, protect us, Nicomedes



⁷ Translate by Marta Emmanuelli (Puerto Rico)

from human fear, world without end.

Amen.

Tropic Moon

By Fulton Jose Pua Rosado (Colombia)

Rouge on the lips of heaven
Lies a threshold where my moon dozes
Draw in your mouth to an air flight
And cute smiling with his light in
darkness.

Rouge on the lips of heaven
Grilled brush on an oil and
tenderness
He dresses in late palette and canvas
And crimson night: my painting is its
cloud.



Spend a swan bird peacock taciturn
Smiled beautiful between tabs smoke
Bring her bedroom: loose corset and caress moon.

Rouge on the lips of Juno: the kiss
It is watercolor sky loves me silence
And an angel of light: it's the naked afternoon.



Revistas:

Revista Planetas Prohibidos #11

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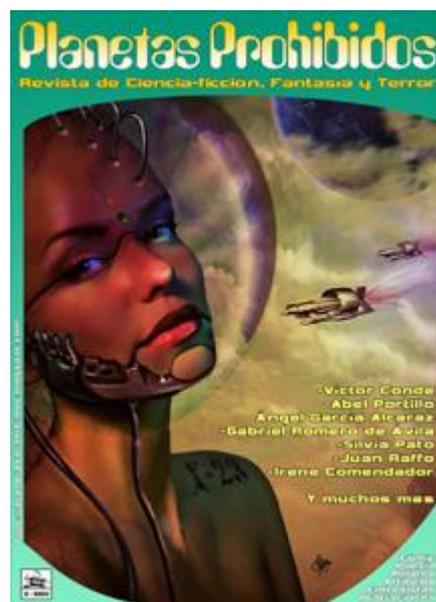
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Argonautas N°05

Con la poeta y cantautora Sandra García, la ilustradora Teresa Cano y la colaboración especial de Luis Cano y Yooou. Relatos y poemas de Keiko McCartney, Jaume Vicent, J.A. Menéndez, Diego Mercado Villaroel, Luis R. Ventura Arce, Alejandro Ramón Crespillo, Iván Romero Marcos y Óscar Sejas. Ilustraciones de Alba Becerra Cano, Joaquín Rosado Martel, Dirty Harry, Sir Kiwi, Jaime Corujo, Jaime San Juan Ocabo, Alfredo García, Alejandro López, María Cabañas y Noire.



<https://lektu.com/1/argonautas/revista-argonautas-05/1363>

Cuentos:

Vómito de Sangre

Autor: Gerardo Bloomerfield

Sinopsis: El aporte de Uruguay al género gótico ha sido desproporcionado a su tamaño como país.

El puente fundamental entre la poesía gótica y el surrealismo fue Lautremont... y pese a que la mayoría ignora este hecho fue un escritor Uruguayo, nacido y residente la mayor parte de su vida en Uruguay.

Luego tenemos al padre de la criatura propiamente dicha: si debemos mencionar a un inventor del cuento corto de horror latino, ese es sin duda alguna Horacio Quiroga, uruguayo también él.

Mi obra nace de estos dos aportes históricos: el proto surrealismo de Lautremont y el cuento de horror corto y adaptado a la vida cotidiana de Horacio Quiroga. Nace de la necesidad no de comparar ni de imitar sino de homenajear: la obra de Quiroga me parecía

una antorcha enorme tirada por los pisos de la intelectualidad que ni siquiera lo considera un escritor de horror: porque seamos claros... en latinoamérica escribir horror es un estigma, no porque una iglesia lo diga como en los países angloparlantes sino porque la intelectualidad lo ha decretado.

En latinoamérica el escritor debe poner su obra al servicio de determinada ideología política o no es considerado "serio", ergo "no es considerado escritor", y cuando la genialidad de algún escritor como Quiroga fuera de ese dogma es demasiado grande como para ocultarla se le pasa un barniz para hacer pasar al autor por un autor como le llama dicha intelectualidad "comprometido".

La lógica indica que "Cuentos de amor, locura y muerte" de Quiroga debe ir en los anaqueles al lado de las obras de Poe o de Lovecraft con una carátula sombría que advierta de su contenido y no entre Galeano y Benedetti como se lo suele encontrar.

Explico esto como introducción a "Vómito de Sangre", porque mi tercer libro impreso fue un quiebre. No sé aún si decir que llegué a una cima, o si decir que toqué fondo. Lo cierto es que más allá de Vómito de Sangre y sus 12 cuentos no encontré más nada. Hundí el cuchillo literario en lo más pestilente del género, en terrenos sin mapa, vírgenes y ya hundido lo gire y escarbé hasta que no me fue posible alcanzar nada imaginable. Ese tipo de obra es "Vómito de Sangre" y como proceso fue liberador y catártico. El título alude a un síntoma clínico usualmente vinculado a heridas internas, a sangrados y hemorragias que no se ven. Y el libro en sí era una reacción a mis propias heridas internas producto de la vida. Vista con perspectiva la obra se presagiaba tan terrible que un asesino en serie (o convicto al menos por esa razón) escribe el prólogo convencido (lo dice en el propio prólogo) de que su prólogo no es necesario. Que poco puede aportar desde el punto de vista del morbo, de la oscuridad, de la locura contenida en el estilo que vengo desarrollando. Y por eso accede a escribirme unas



palabras: como gentileza a las visitas que yo le hacía en la prisión. Si de una obra uno puede leer las palabras y la firma de un asesino serial convicto advertido de que es lo más suave que leerá en aquel libro, ya uno se adentra en *Vómito de Sangre* en un mundo sin precedentes. El título, el prólogo... cada paso que uno va dando no tiene precedentes en la literatura de horror y entonces se suspende el crescendo y se cae directo en "Abejorros" una obra que para muchos marca un antes y un después del horror. Dicho esto quiero aclarar algo. Algunos critican este cuento desde el punto de vista de su valor literario, otros hablan de ciertas imposibilidades físicas descritas en él. Pero todos concuerdan en algo: no se trata "de un cuento más". Se trata de algo totalmente nuevo. Quizá el primer HORROR con todas las mayúsculas escrito en mucho tiempo, en una era que ya se había adaptado demasiado al gore y a los monstruos fáciles. La lectura de "Abejorros" provoca, causa, genera en quien lo lee la sensación de horror más absoluta. Esa emoción de impotencia e incomodidad, de desear no haber leído, no haber visto ni sabido. De hecho yo mismo solo pude leer dos veces dicha obra, incluyendo mientras la escribía.

Ya liberado del peso de lograr ese título experimental y exploratorio, me dediqué a dejar fluir una serie de obras pequeñas con mucho de poesía, mucho de nuevo horror y mucho de magia en entornos cotidianos. La poesía se hace más patente en cuentos como "Piedra Forzada" que es casi totalmente un diálogo entre dos ex amantes que se vuelven a encontrar en el momento más decadente de sus vidas y revelan sus horrores sin pudor, pero también está en flashes demenciales como "Cleopatra" o "Lentejas". También hay mucho de distópico: el cuento que da la clave para ubicar el universo de los demás es "Living Shock". Es un cuento de anticipación donde se habla de cosas que hoy son ya cotidianas hace 15 años y se percibe como es ese mundo de

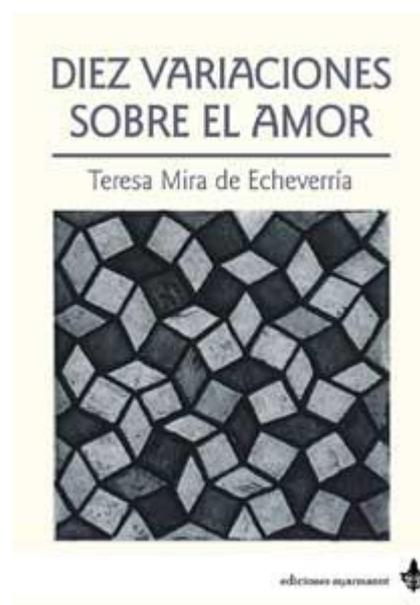
"Vómito de Sangre" lleno de una constante humedad inexplicable, explosiones sin sentido y un sentido moral contradictorio.

La edición original salió en el año 2000 pero como dejé mi país poco después no pude supervisar la edición y creo que no fue de toda la calidad que hubiera querido. Pero su versión electrónica se volvió un clásico en internet. De hecho comenzaron a aparecer ediciones impresas "no oficiales" en Perú, en España, en Uruguay. Comprendí que aquel libro

se había vuelto como acostumbramos a decir en el ambiente "de culto" y todo contribuyó a eso: su escasa difusión, lo explícito de su contenido, mi decisión de no publicar más en formato impreso ... con los años fui cosechando los ecos de aquella obra y no lo podía creer. El libro había afectado seriamente a algunas personas. Los había confrontado a su oscuridad más absoluta, lo habían sentido yo creo como liberador, igual a como lo sentí yo. Después de "Vómito de sangre" creo que todos (yo incluido) nos sentimos con permiso de escribir absolutamente cualquier cosa.

Y por ese eco, por esa resonancia que se mantiene por década y media es que me decido a sacar esta cuarta edición.

Una cuarta edición pulida, prolija y como yo la hubiera querido siempre. Es una edición para todos aquellos que sienten que este libro es para bien o para mal inolvidable.



Título: Diez variaciones sobre el amor

Autor: Teresa Mira de Echeverría

Editorial: Ayarmanot

Sinopsis: "Diez variaciones sobre el amor es la primera antología de relatos de ciencia ficción de Teresa Mira de Echeverría. Sus historias mezclan elementos de la ciencia ficción más dura, con fantasía, con terror, con lo extraño y lo inquietante; todo alrededor del amor que es el sentimiento demiúrgico por excelencia y uno de los motores de la creatividad.

Los invito a todos a conocer humanos dependientes de seres mitóticos, a clones enamorados, a poemas vivientes, a arañas que representan la sabiduría del Universo, a criaturas tentaculares que se aman en tríadas, a fentomíveros, a viajeros en el tiempo, y muchas más en estas historias.

Éste libro es una declaración de amor hacia el arte por parte de su autora y, ustedes, posibles lectores, forman ya, sin quererlo, parte de ella." (Cristina Jurado - Prologuista)

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

E-Antologías:

Ficción Científica: Relatos tres años caminando juntos

Un año más traemos los relatos publicados por Ficción Científica recopilados en un volumen. 31 relatos más el prólogo, escrito por de Miguel Santander, candidato a los premios Ignotus 2015.

<http://www.ficcionscientifica.com/relatos/downloads>



Los papeles perdidos de Stephen King

Editor: William E. Fleming

Nunca antes un autor ha sido objeto de tanta controversia por su escritura y por la temática de esta. Stephen King es tan prolijo que incluso tuvo que inventarse un pseudónimo, para seguir editando toda su obra: Richard Bachman. Todo fan ya conoce esa historia y para aquellos que no, dejaremos que lo descubráis...

Este volumen es todo un homenaje a ese KINGVERSO que durante las décadas el escritor de Maine ha ido sacando de su cabeza, plasmando en papel sus miedos, deseos, terribles sucesos en su vida... Porque al final, qué escritor no utiliza todo lo que tiene a su alcance para crear su propio universo y regirlo como un Dios.



Con Facundo Gabriel, Manolo Caballero, Sergi G. Oset, Silvio Benito, Joaquín Goñi, José Antonio Reyero Chamizo (Jarch), William E. Fleming, Thad Beaumont, Rubén Berenguer, Joe Pérez, Renzo Molini, Tulio Fernández, Germán Vives, Luis Seijas, Jorge Testa, Nicolás Alarcón, Patricio D. Mainero, Tomás Pacheco Estrada, Esther Galán Recuero, Miguel Ángel Chamizo Jodar, Tony Jiménez, Camilo Perotti, Carlos Enrique Saldivar Rosas, Ignacio J. Borraz, David Jerónimo, Annie Wilkies, Juan Manuel Agudo, Emcharos, Alexis Máquina, Juan Esteban Bassagaisteguy, Ana Caliyuri, Víctor Hugo Aparicio Jiménez, Nicolás Zin, Antonio Tomé, Dan Aragonz y M^a Auxiliadora Martínez Remensal

<https://lektu.com/1/james-crawford-publishing/los-papeles-perdidos-de-stephen-king/1681>

Calabacines en el Ático

Editor: Santiago Eximeno

Editorial: Saco de huesos

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La vieja gloria, Ángeles Mora

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Matrícula de horror, Manuel Osuna

Matrioska, Raúl Gómez Lozano

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Nino, Jesús Ayuso

Placer, sentido, culpa, complacencia, desidia, Pablo Loperena

Prevención, Javier Jimeno

Resurrección, Julián Sánchez Caramazana

Rodaje, Ricardo Cortés Pape

Sesión infantil, Cristina Arias

Triple bendición, Miguel Martín Cruz y Gema del Prado Marugán

Último pase, Sergio López Vidal

Un mal trago, Jose Alberto Arias Pereira

<http://sacodehuesos.com/calabazas-en-el-trastero/calabacines-en-el-atiko/1-grand-guignol>

Evil Children "Los Hijos Del Mal"

Coordinada por Lorena Raven, Raven Pink, Soraya Murillo Hernández, Aitor Heras Rodríguez y David Carrasco

Portada: Lorena Raven

Maquetación: Lorena Raven

Autores integrantes:

Emiliano Pérez

Esther Galán Recuero

M^a Concepción Regueiro Digón

Sc. Burke

Joel Lara

Beatriz T. Sánchez

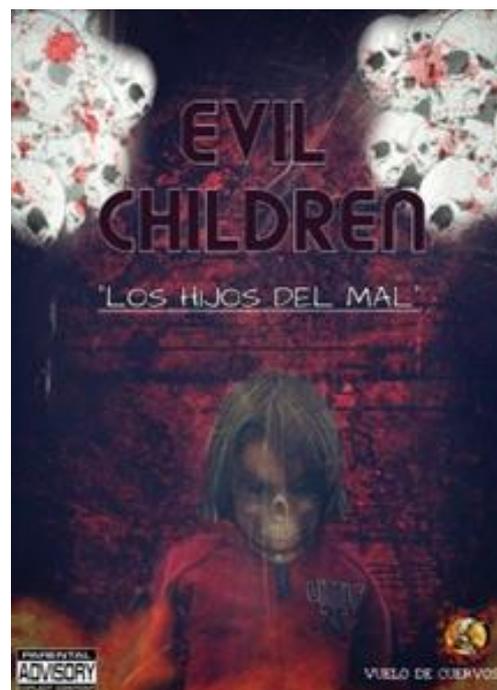
Nieves Guijarro

Juan Manuel Sánchez Villoldo

Marc Sabaté Clos

Leo Jiménez

José Gutiérrez



<https://lektu.com/l/vuelo-de-cuervos/evil-children-los-hijos-del-mal/1528>

Cuatro días de oscuridad

Editorial: La Pastilla Roja

Coordinador: José Antonio Campos

Corrección: Bea Magaña

Maquetación interior: William E. Fleming

Ilustración y diseño de cubierta: Néstor Allende «Sgrum»

Sinopsis: Un periódico cualquiera publica: 24 de agosto. La NASA anuncia que la Tierra, en su viaje a través de la Vía Láctea, atravesará una brecha oscura situada en medio de la galaxia que absorberá los fotones del Sol y sumirá nuestro planeta en un estado de semioscuridad por cuatro días.

¿Os imagináis qué pasaría si una noticia como esta se hiciera viral en internet, y de repente, contra todo pronóstico, se hiciera realidad? ¿Cómo actuaría la humanidad ante un cataclismo como este? Y los gobiernos, ¿fijarían normas especiales durante ese período de tiempo? Pero, a tenor de estas posibilidades, tampoco podemos olvidarnos de aquellos sucesos que no conocemos. ¿Y si todo fuese un juego ideado por seres superiores a nosotros? ¿Se abrirían zonas de nuestra mente nunca antes acariciadas por nuestra conciencia?

Desde La Pastilla Roja Ediciones nos hemos tomado la libertad de hacer llegar esta pregunta a varios autores españoles para que nos diesen su opinión. Lo que encontraréis dentro de estas páginas es lo que nos han contestado.

Autores:

David Arrabal Carrión

Javier Martos

Tania A. Alcusón

David P.J. Martín



Alex Puerta

Antonio Sánchez Vázquez

Karol Scandiu

J. Javier Arnau

Irene Comendador

Cristina Béjar aka Mitsuko C.

Jordi Miguel Novas

Daniel P. Espinosa

<http://4diasdeoscuridad.wix.com/4dias>

Novelas:

Páramos lejanos

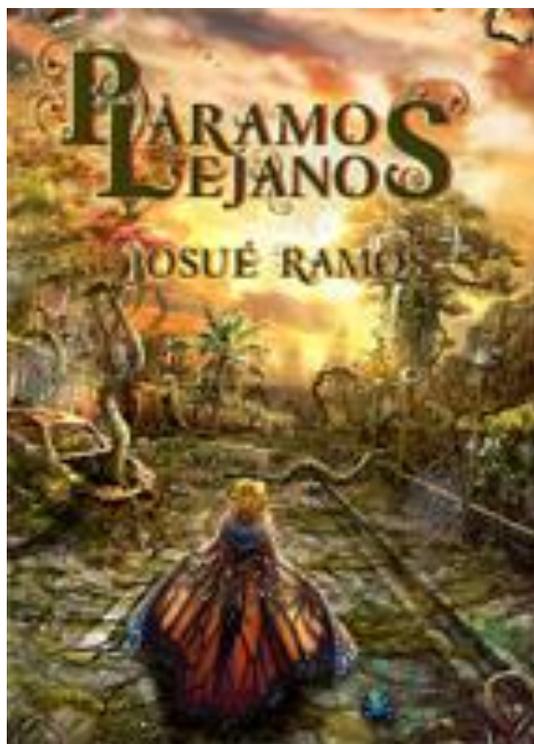
Autor: Josué Ramos

Editorial: Kelonia Ediciones

Colección: Kelonia Ficción

Sinopsis: Barcelona, 1900. Los recursos se están agotando, la contaminación domina la Tierra y la naturaleza vive sometida a la industria y el progreso. El mundo se desmorona y todo sigue su rutina.

La Fundación, una corporación privada dedicada a tratar de resolver los problemas de la humanidad, recibe de repente en sus instalaciones a un viajero del futuro. Porta un diario de sus viajes y una fotografía tomada en 1899 de un joven de veinte años destinado a cambiar el futuro: Oriol.



Contra su voluntad, Oriol es enviado por la Fundación al futuro. Allí deberá encontrar y llevar al pasado el secreto para reparar la contaminación y permitir que el progreso siga adelante. Pero ¿y si la naturaleza ya ha reparado las cosas por su cuenta? ¿Y si el mundo futuro vive mejor sin progreso ni humanidad? ¿Merecerá la pena romper las leyes del destino para recuperar una civilización perdida entre las cenizas?

Los naufragos del Aurora

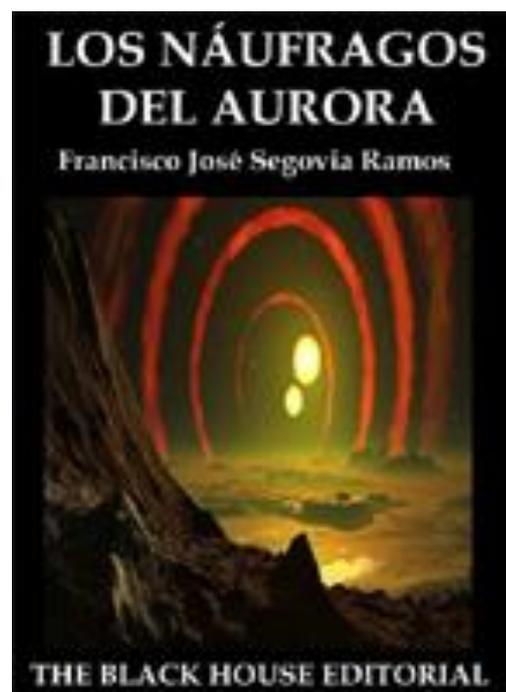
Autor: Francisco José Segovia Ramos

Editorial: The Black House Editorial, 2015

Sinopsis: En el futuro, una nave de carga, el Aurora, sufre un accidente en las proximidades de un planeta desconocido. Sus tres tripulantes logran sobrevivir y amerizar en un océano sorprendente. A partir de ese momento, y mientras esperan un hipotético rescate, serán testigos de fenómenos inusuales que harán que cambien su concepto sobre la vida y la muerte, y también sus propias relaciones personales.

Lejos del concepto de la “ópera espacial”, o de historias científicas, y con un lenguaje sencillo pero contundente, Los Naufragos del Aurora indaga sobre una nueva visión del universo, en la que priman otros valores que no son los de la mera supervivencia, y donde la empatía, entendida en su sentido más amplio, inunda y condiciona toda la trama.

Francisco José Segovia abandona momentáneamente la narrativa de terror, y con esta novela inicia una saga de ciencia-ficción, cuyas líneas argumentales seguirán los caminos de cada uno de los protagonistas de esta primera obra, sin obviar historias paralelas que profundizarán en el universo en el que se desenvuelven Héctor, Tomás y Elliot, personajes principales de Los Naufragos del Aurora.



About Writers & Illustrators:

Directors:

Acevedo Esplugas, Ricardo (Havana, Cuba, 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 (Havana, Cuba, 1969) *See Director.*

Bazán, Patricio G. (Argentina, 1965) writer and illustrator.

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.

Fontanarrosa, Sebastián Ariel (Argentina)

writer of short stories, and novels, microstories fantasy and terror. Manage my personal blog T-imagine reading. Minatura N126 contributor Magazine, Magazine Avalon enigmas and mysteries. Writer own cartoon "Philosophy Pediculosa". "Juan" (Justice SA), awarded with honors work and publication of 3000 copies by Editorial Zone. Editorial same Novel Art selected to integrate its anthology work. "A pit" work awarded special mention for meritorious publishing author Tenth Muse pageant, plus other short fiction works selected in various international competitions.

I count three unpublished novels and a catalog of over thirty stories.

Galán Ruiz, Diego (Lleida, Spain, 1973) until the moment have published the novel El fin de Internet with Ediciones Atlantis, |microrrelatos| in the CACHITOS DE AMOR II, PORCIONES DE EL ALMA anthologies, ERASE one time UN MICROCUENTO, BOCADOS SABROSOS III and PLUMA, TINTA and PAPEL, it hang on someone's words publication of

the |microrrelato| the headache in the anthology it will spring up of the II declares insolvent International of |mundopalabras| |microrrelatos|, Javisa editions to published 4 of my stories in your Web page as Diego Ruiz Martínez my pseudonym : EL EXTRAÑO, LA LIBERTAD, EL ANGEL DE LA GUARDA and EL CASTIGO, have collaborated with some stories in the digital review MiNatura number 125,126,128,129 y131, in the page Lectures d'ailleurs, the EL EXTRAÑO story has been published translated to the French near a small interview, in the number 29 of the NM review has been published my EL ángel de la guarda story, the ESTILO AUREO review published in your section of fist and letter my EL BOTÓN story, in the LA IRA DE MORFEO review have published my LA PRIMERA VEZ story, my story El Perseguido has been selected to be published in the TU MUNDO anthology FANTASTIC, have remained finalist in the ESTOY CONTIGO contest of the Dayrens club with two stories, EL HOMBRE DE NEGRO and EL INTRUSO.

Guadalupe Ingelmo, Salomé (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/>

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

serials of the '70s and '80s. In fantasy literature, is the work of Brian Anderson Elantris and Orson Scott Card. He was a finalist in the seventh Andromeda Award Speculative Fiction, Mataró, Barcelona in 2011, *Grave robbers and the 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*.

Markus Edjical Goth - Seud - (Santo Domingo, Dominican Republic) Visual artist, illustrator, graphic designer and self-taught writer vocation. He studied at the National School of Fine Arts (ENBA) and the School of Design of Altos de Chavón. Founder of the association of multidisciplinary artist Bioartepolis and editor and publisher of *Blogzine, Zothique The Last Continent*, space that projects the work of the great pulp writer Clark Ashton Smith and others of the genre.

He has worked for various national and foreign publishers of illustrated books in publications such as "María" (2009); "La llama resistente del

cuaderno azul" (2013); "La Liga de Superhéroes" (2014); "La Ciguapa" (2014); "El Candado" (2014). "En-red-ados por el fútbol" (2015).

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

He recently presented "Penumbra Smith" (Ediciones Galmort, 2010), a book of stories that give the reader a unique account of joint portrait and disclosure anomalous every day.

It also is preparing a book of fairy tales forthcoming where groups all stories published in the magazine miNatura. Some of their stories can be read in the.

www.eleclipsedegyllenedraken.blogspot.com

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

Moreyra García, Julieta (Mexico). Bachelor of Health Sciences. Bibliophile, budding novelist and faithful follower of fantastic literature, addiction

that led to transit the Creative Writing Program of the University of the Cloister of Sor Juana.

Experience with pen for several years, writing inserted in the genre, more to herself than to be read stories.

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/>

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>

[m](#)

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.

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

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.

Pérez Lynette Mabel (Moca, Puerto Rico, 1976) holds a Master of Arts from the language of the Interamerican University of Puerto Rico.

He has published five books:

Imagery (Isla Negra Editores), the psychedelia Urban poetry chapbook, zero World under seal Green White, co-authored and Ars memoriae modern woman under the same label.

It was included in the Army of Roses, Leads anthologies: Anthology of Puerto Rican poetry, broken wings, fantastic visions and children's literature Anthology 1, 2, 3 For all my friends, among others. He compiled with Miranda Merced Circus Fantasy anthology anthology of contemporary literature.

Púa Rosado, Fulton José (Colombia, 44 years old), 1st District Poetry Contest Barranquilla, 1997; Special Participation: Call Metropolitan Poetry, 2006; Opening presentation at the X International Festival of Poetry "collection of poems" 2014; Honorable Mention in the International Poetry Festival of Tolu, 2014.

Published books of poetry: "At the Feet of the World", 2009; "Music to areas", 2012; and "Zoology of Pleasure", 2014.

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

Soca Medina, Lidia (Cuba 30 años de edad),

digital photographer and writer of sf and fantasy stories.

His stories was published in the cuban magazine "Juventud Técnica" and other webs of the country. His book of sf "Todos somos culpables", was published by Smash Words in USA.

Publications:

Febrero 2002-. Story "Diario de una Gota de Agua". Magazine "Cuentos y poesías de la Amiga Agua", publicada por la UNICEF, DPJM, CEHICA, PHI, Sociedad de Ingeniería Hidráulica, INRH y UMAICC.

2006-. Story "En la Red". Magazine Juventud Técnica. Casa Editora Abril. Habana, Cuba.

2008-. Story "Marea Blanca". Magazine Juventud Técnica. Casa Editora Abril. Habana, Cuba.

2009-. Story "Fichas de Ajedrez". Magazine Juventud Técnica. Casa Editora Abril. Habana, Cuba.

2011-. Story "El cazador de Fe". Revista Juventud Técnica. Casa Editora Abril. Habana, Cuba.

2012-. Story "Desde la eternidad". Compilación del I Concurso "Casa de Víctor Hugo". Asociación "Cuba-Cooperación". Casa de Víctor Hugo y Oficina del Historiador de la Ciudad.

2015-. Cuento "La espera". Antología "Amores". Letras con Arte. España.

E-Publications:

2010-. Story "Fichas de Ajedrez". Boletín digital Qubit No. 46. Antología de Ciencia Ficción cubana escrita por mujeres, editor: Raúl Aguiar. Mayo 2010.

Marzo 2012-. "Todos somos culpables". Editorial Smashwords.

<http://www.smashwords.com/books/view/14534>

Agosto 2012-. Story "Segundas Intenciones". Sección Fabulaciones. Sitio Web Cubaliteraria.
<http://www.cubaliteraria.cu/articulo.php?idarticulo=14991&idseccion=72>

Mayo- Junio 2015-. Cuento "Eclósión". Revista digital "MiNatura", No. 142.
http://www.servercronos.net/bloglqc/media/blogs/minatura/pdf/RevistaDigitalmiNatura142_sp.pdf

Illustrators:**Pag. 01 Alejo, Yuly (Malaga, Spain, 1989),**

illustrator of erotic, horror and fantasy.

Self-taught illustrator from 6 years, became interested at a very small drawing and literature. Despite his love of drawing, he not decided to devote himself to illustration up to 16 years.

After finishing his studies as a Senior Technical Illustration at the School of Art San Telmo in Malaga in 2011, he began working as a freelance performing digital illustration commissions for any media, book covers, graphic and textile design. Currently he is working sporadically with several online magazines and fanzines.

Interested from very small for the female figure and eroticism, besides the fantastic, their work clearly influenced the illustrator Luis Royo is, although his favorite style have always been Fran Frazetta, Milo Manara, Arthur Rackham, Simon Bisley, Morris Meredith Williams and Boris Vallejo among others.

After trying traditional illustration with ink, watercolors, oil and acrylic, etc., he specialized in digital illustration and covers for novels and illustrated books.

<http://yulyalejo.com/es/>

<http://www.ilustreando.com>

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

Pag. 23, 30, 35, 44 Fortanet, Elena (Spain)

poet and writer. Poetry competitions. March 2012. Selection of the poem "Amor prohibido" for the book "Memoria y euforia" of the II poetry Prize Amatoria, Gozoso y Erótica Editorial Hipálage "In November 2011 Semifinalist in the poetry contest March 2011. Selection of the poem "Passion" for the book "from fiery verses" the First Prize of love poetry, Gozoso y Erótica organized by the Editorial Hipálage "Wanted Quixote" organized by the Centre of Poetic Studies in Madrid.. in February 2011. Semifinalist in the poetry contest "Vivo sin vivir en mi" organized by the Centre of Poetic Studies in Madrid.

Pag. 75 García Alcaraz, Ángel (Puerto de Sagunto, Valencia, Spain, 1966), illustrator.

Of humble and hardworking family always wanted to be a cartoonist, colorist, painter or illustrator. Self-taught as a child, he was a great admirer of the comic world. Since always he obsessed the idea that if something must draw liked to, somehow, I internalize it and then remove

it as their own. He loved the idea that I could take that piece of anything he wanted. It was how she met beauty and learned to take it little by little until it knew how to live without it.

As the first comic sketches from his comic (Electra), which would develop between the boring old school High School. His other comics that would develop later are: "Stories of yesterday and today," Ephemeral contact "and" lesson ", the latter from a script created by Arnau brothers.

During his military service he came his first commissions from peers and friends ranch, which he would seek a good drawing that distinguished his "backpack" sailor. Later came more orders and had to start valuing their time and begin to put a price on his works that would allow at least replenish the material used and make a snack in the canteen. Although his best reward was to see his comrades, after swearing flag, enjoy the holiday leave and return to their homes, accompanied by their backpacks campaign with a good drawing to distinguish carriers and customize. All proud yes sir.

After completing military service he continued studying and drawing on their own. In 1991 he

participated in a comic contest and the prize will be invited to visit the Parliament in Strasbourg to present their comics along with other participants on the environment.

To get a degree in physical therapy realized that what he liked most was the subject of anatomy, especially the anatomical drawing but was kinesiology which made him understand the dynamics that describes the anatomy of these bodies in motion. When he finished his studies that he was a great help to draw in a more conscious and detailed in his later works.

Currently it complements its ongoing process of training practicing sculpture in clay, making oils and other painting techniques such as etching and tests new digital technologies to drawing and painting.

Contributes to make posters with different subjects.

He has worked selflessly repeatedly with magazines such as "Planets Prohibited" and in any cover of James Crawford Publishing and participated in anthologies such as "Chronicles of the Dragon" editorial Kelonia and lately with

Ratcatcher in "Demonalia" a charity anthology
Children with functional disabilities.

<http://angelotti37.deviantart.com/>

Pag. 26 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 Cave-Canem.

Pag. 27 Signes Urrea (Castellón de la Plana, Spain, 1963) *See Director.*

About illustrations:

Pag. 01 Månen / *Yuly Alejo (Spain)*

Pag. 23 Sirena / *Elena Fortanet (Spain)*

Pag. 26 Fear, Lies & China Ink: Moon lovers / *Evandro Rubert (Brazil)*

Pag. 27 Canis Lupus Lunaris / *Carmen Rosa Signes Urrea (Spain)*

Pag. 30 Luna al viento / *Elena Fortanet (Spain)*

Pag. 35 Árbol seco / *Elena Fortanet (Spain)*

Pag. 44 Luna / *Elena Fortanet (Spain)*

Pag. 75 La Luna / *Ángel García Alcaraz (Spain)*

La Luna

