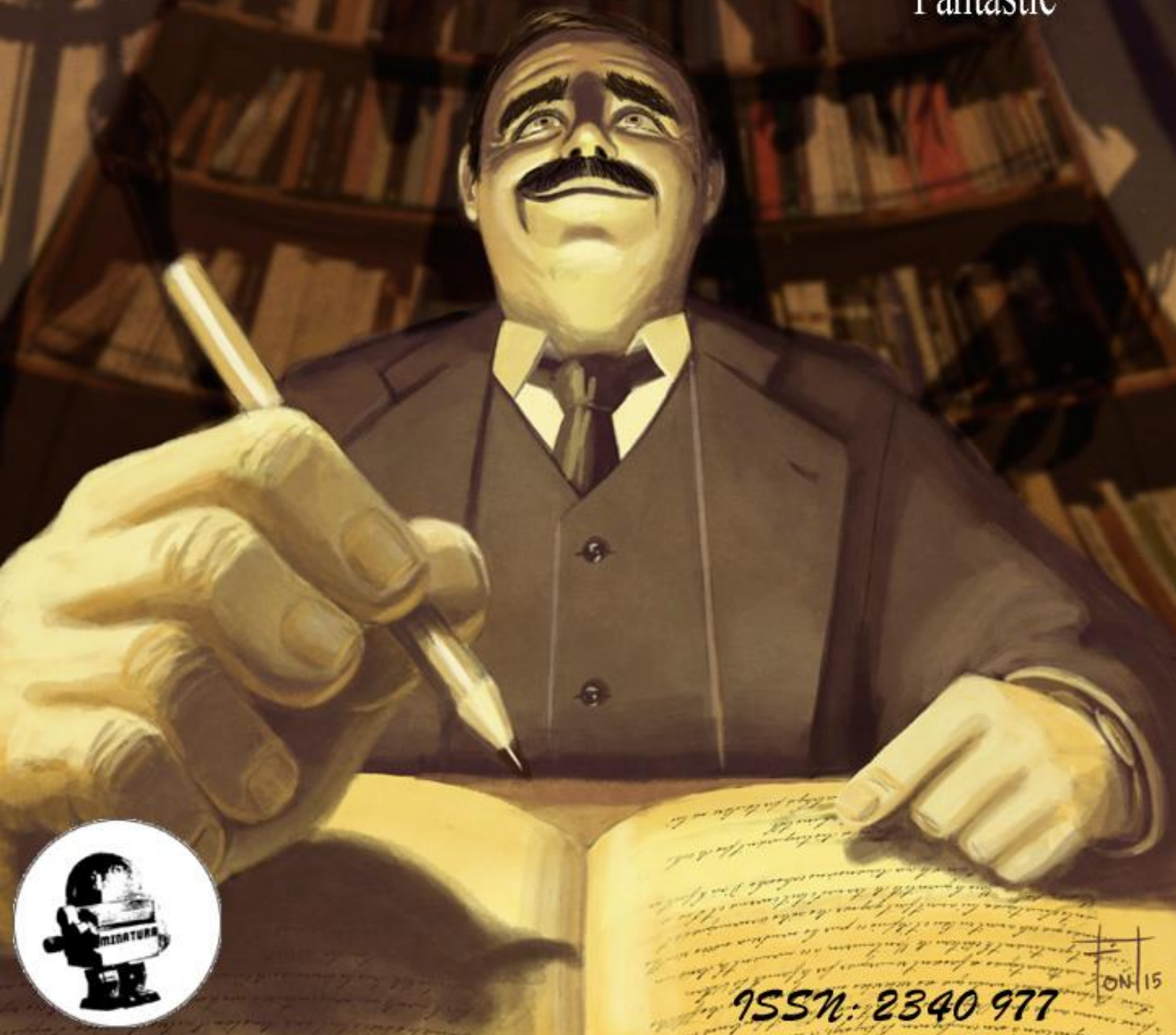


MINIATURE

The Magazine
of the Brief &
Fantastic



ISSN: 2340 977

ON 15

It sounds plausible enough tonight,
but wait until tomorrow. Wait for the
common sense of the morning.

H.G. Wells, *The Time Machine*.



Alone-- it is wonderful how little a
man can do alone! To rob a little, to
hurt a little, and there is the end.

H.G. Wells, *The Invisible Man*.



No one would have believed in the last years of
the nineteenth century that this world was being
watched keenly and closely by intelligences greater
than man's and yet as mortal as his own; that as
men busied themselves about their various
concerns they were scrutinized and studied,
perhaps almost as narrowly as a man with a
microscope might scrutinize the transient
creatures that swarm and multiply in a drop of
water.

H.G. Wells, *The War of the Worlds*.



An animal may be ferocious and cunning enough,
but it takes a real man to tell a lie.

H.G. Wells, *The Island of Dr. Moreau*.



I was. I tell you, an enchanted
garden. I know. And the size? Oh! it
stretched far and wide, this way and
that. I believe there were hills far
away. Heaven knows where West
Kensington had suddenly got to. And
somehow it was just like coming
home.

H.G. Wells, *The door in the wall*.



After telephone, cinematograph and phonograph
had replaced newspaper, book schoolmaster and
letter, to live outside the range of the electric
cables was to live an isolated savage.

H.G. Wells, *The Sleeper Awakes*.



The past is only the beginning of a beginning.

H.G. Wells, *The Crystal Egg and Other Tales*.



If we don't end war, war will end us.

H.G. Wells, *Things to Come*.



The science hangs like a gathering fog in a valley,
a fog which begins nowhere and goes nowhere, an
incidental, unmeaning inconvenience to passers-by.

H.G. Wells, *A Modern Utopia*

Universe H. G. Wells

So some respectable dodo in the Mauritius might have lorded it in his nest, and discussed the arrival of that shipful of pitiless sailors in want of animal food. 'We will peck them to death tomorrow, my dear.

The war of the worlds. Chap. VII.

The shadow of H. G Wells is very palpable in Catholic Spain in the early twentieth century, where Carlos Mendizábal y Brunet wrote: *Elois y Morlocks* (Barcelona, 1909), a continuation of a time traveler adventures, which Mendizabal named with the name of Bryan Blondel, who together with his brother Zachary done in his time machine a new journey into the future. On this occasion the near future that only reaches the distance of a century.

[José Carlos Mainer, *La edad de plata*]

Works such as *The Island of Dr. Moreau*¹ (Revista Literaria: Novelas y

¹ Hardest he was repressed in their homeland, regarded as cruel and racist.

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Revista digital miNatura *The magazine of the Brief & Fantastic*

Asociación Cultural miNatura Soterrania

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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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Cuentos, 1943) made it through censorship with just one "fantasy novel in which fantasy is so improbable does not attack to anything. It inspired the movie *The Island of Lost Souls* who make us laugh so much."

Thanks to their "excesses" of fantasy ever-jealous guardians of decorum and decency, they let their ideas on socialism and sex ... Do not forget that in *Men Like Gods* (1932) there is an excellent description of a ménage à quatre².

Free thinker, socialist, atheist and advocate of free love our *Herbie* ended disappointed (as his counterpart Verne) to see their fictitious premonitions came true with Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

I want to thank especially the cooperation in this issue of M. C. Carper has returned to save the day by offering us a magnificent interviews (in this case made to the screenwriter Alan Grant) and whose blog recommend [http://dialogoscf.blogspot.com .ar/](http://dialogoscf.blogspot.com.ar/)

² Not so the references to the cruelty of the Spanish colonizers were eliminated in *The Country of the Blind and Other Stories* (Editorial La Nave, 1940) and prohibited its second edition with the following gloss: The author is undesirable.

And it is clear recommend reading articles, poems, reviews and stories that give meaning to this project.

You cannot forget how long the work of illustrators in this issue: Ruben Paricio Font (Spain); José Manuel Puyana Dominguez (Spain); Evandro Rubert (Brazil); Carmen Urios (Spain); Pedro Belushi (Spain).

The directors of the Miniature Digital Magazine wish you a happy 2016 and we continue reading us, distributing or simply reminding.

Next issue:

DEEP

WEB

Close date: December, 25



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:

revistatiempososcuros@yahoo.es

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



Alan Grant: Chatting with comic book writer.

By [M. C. Carper](#) (Argentina)

Translate by Daniel Yagolkowski.

Today's Guest: Alan Grant, Author, writer of stories for 2000 AD, Judge Dredd, Batman, Lobo, Robocop and many more.

miNatura online magazine: Hi, who are you? Introduce yourself in your own words, please.

Alan Grant: Hi. I'm Alan Grant, Scottish comic-writer who has been fortunate enough to work on some of the comic world's greatest characters.

“When I was three years old, my wheelchair-bound grandmother taught me how to read, using British humour comics as her teaching aids. She started my love affair with comics which has never ended.”

miNatura online magazine:
How did your liking of comics start?

Alan Grant: When I was three years old, my wheelchair-bound grandmother taught me how to read, using British humour comics as her teaching aids. She started my love affair with comics which has never ended.

miNatura online magazine: And when did you feel the impulse to write comic scripts?

Alan Grant: When I was growing up, I was desperate to become a comic artist. But my artwork was, frankly, crap. So I became a magazine journalist, writing features and editing "true romance" stories for girls...and going slowly insane. When my friend John Wagner started writing Judge Dredd for 2000AD, he asked me if I could take over writing the Tarzan stories which he'd been handling up till that time. My first-ever story was "Tarzan and the Sabre-Toothed Tiger".

miNatura online magazine: What subjects do you like to deal with in your stories?

Alan Grant: Although most of my stories fit into the science fiction and superhero genres, I like to bring a sense of the real world to my work. Also, wherever possible, I like my stories to be humorous.



miNatura online magazine: What is your aspiration, fame?

Alan Grant: I have no interest in fame, no desire to be famous. I'm happy to live my life doing what I love, writing comics.

miNatura online magazine: How do you judge whether a script is good or bad?

Alan Grant: If it's a humour story, it has to make me laugh. If it's a tragedy, it has to bring tears to my eyes. I figure that if it works on me, my fans will like it, too.

miNatura online magazine: Do you agree with publication screening? Who should perform it?

Alan Grant: I've never met any writer (or artist) who hasn't benefited from having a good editor. Sadly, there aren't too many of them around. I've been lucky - the great Denny O'Neil was my editor on Batman, and I learned a great deal from him.

“I learned directly from the master himself, John Wagner. We share a very similar sense of dark humour, which made life easy. We used to read through the tabloid newspapers every day, looking for ideas which we could extrapolate into the future world of 2000AD.”

miNatura online magazine:
How was your experience in 2000AD?

Alan Grant: Brilliant! I started work as an assistant editor on 2000AD, working with some of Britain's top talents - the writers John Wagner and Pat Mills, and artists like Brian Bolland, Carlos Ezquerra, Dave Gibbons, Brett Ewins etc etc. I became a freelance writer after a couple of years, and some of the happiest days of my life were spent co-writing (with John Wagner) the adventures of Judge Dredd, Strontium Dog, Sam Slade RoboHunter and a dozen other series.

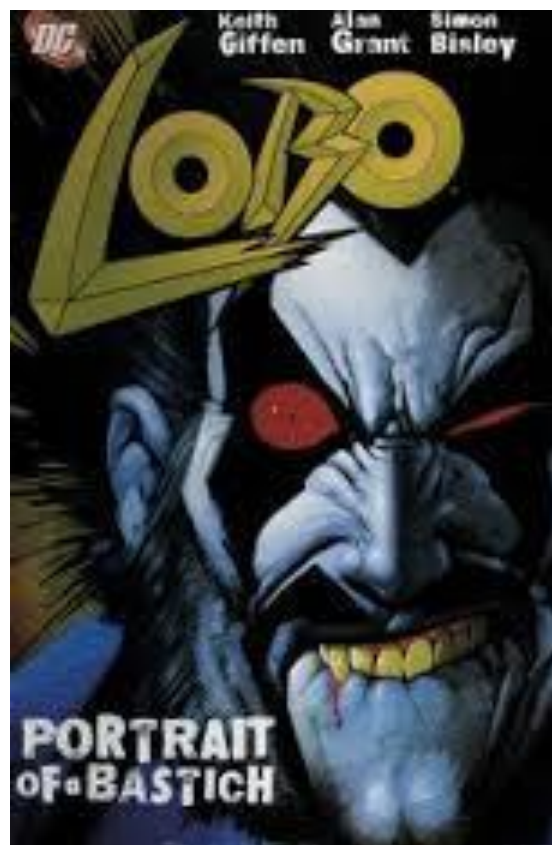
miNatura online magazine: One of my favorite characters is Judge Dredd. I love all the characters. It is true that Pat Mills and John Wagner created the universe. Was it difficult for you to do stories about Dredd?

Alan Grant: Wagner and Mills did indeed create the 2000AD "universe". It wasn't difficult for me to write stories about Dredd because I learned directly from the master himself, John Wagner. We share a very similar sense of dark humour, which made life easy. We used to read through the tabloid newspapers every day, looking for ideas which we could extrapolate into the future world of 2000AD.

miNatura online magazine: I tell you I really enjoyed the adventure of Judge Child. Judge Anderson also worked on and Strontium Dogs. Ah! And Sam Slade, Robo Hunter! What can you tell us about that experience?

Alan Grant: I started off writing all of these stories in partnership with John Wagner. He had become quite ill, and needed a writing partner to help him keep up with the demanding deadlines which working on weekly series involve. For me, working on these characters was like being a child in a candy store!

We ended our partnership after about 10 years, although we remain close friends and still sometimes get together to work on scripts (especially on our Scottish "hero", the Bogie Man).



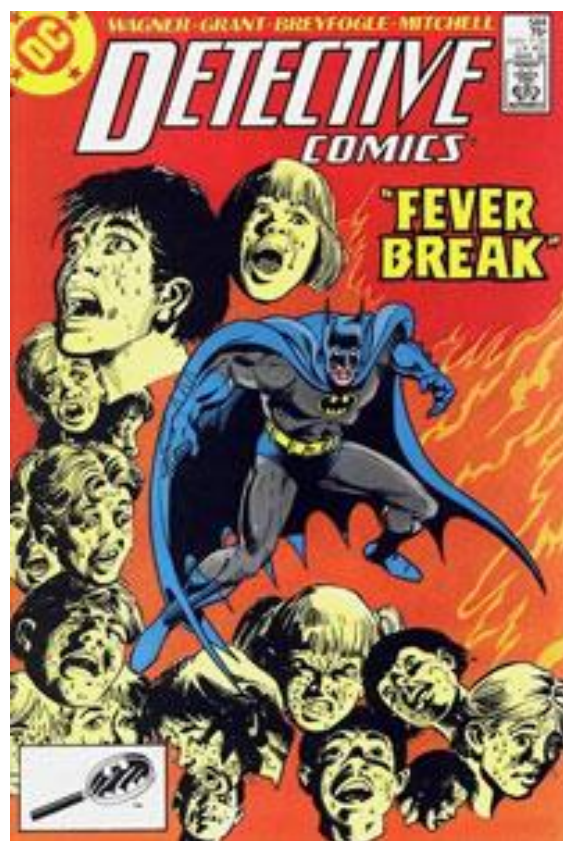
miNatura online magazine: Then went to DC to write Batman. Batman is a character that you like always?

Alan Grant: I've been a Batman fan since I was 4 years old, when my emigrant cousin started sending back packages of superhero comics from the USA. What I liked - and still like - about Batman was that he was a self-made hero; he had no superpowers of any kind, no bite from a radioactive spider, no cosmic rays, no aliens to help him out.

To me, it always seemed that anyone could be a Batman, if they persevered in life, always learning.

miNatura online magazine: I remember the dialogues between Dredd and Batman in "Vendetta in Gotham". Dredd was Batman as a vigilante. The ending is clever after seeing them fight for so many pages How was it working with Cam Kennedy?

Alan Grant: Cam Kennedy is also Scottish, and we've been friends for 25 years now. My family goes to stay in his house, his family comes to stay in my house. He has a very similar sense of humour to John Wagner and me, and he is a great storyteller (also a great cook!). When he first started drawing our Judge Dredd scripts, John and I went to stay with him on the Orkney Islands and had a fantastic time.



miNatura online magazine: You know. Working with artists that I admire greatly. Brian Bolland, Mike MacHamond, Simon Bisley. When I see what you did last Bisley, my desire is to achieve its rich graphics, the same happens to me with the Brian Bolland works. How was working on Berserker?

Alan Grant: Working with Simon Bisley is always a great adventure. Surely he is one of the greatest-ever comic artists. He has a very short attention span, so you have to spend a lot of time keeping him amused and interested! When we work together, there are always many phone calls lasting an hour or more. His family and my family have also become good friends.

miNatura online magazine: Also adaptto Robocop films about comic books Did you work with Frank Miller?

Alan Grant: I've met Frank Miller, but we've never worked together. Marvel just sent me a copy of his RoboCop film script, and I adapted it without any input from Frank.

miNatura online magazine: What are Comics to you?

Alan Grant: The greatest medium of all. I much prefer comics to movies or TV or computer games.

miNatura online magazine: Which of your scripts is the one you cherish the most? Why?

Alan Grant: A hard question to answer - I have a favourite story for every character I've worked on. With Batman, it was perhaps 'The Nobody' (Shadow of the Bat *13), although I loved Norm Breyfogle's work so much I like every

Batman story he ever drew. The Nobody was a simple tale, which tried to answer the question "Why does Batman do what he does?"

I also like the stories I did about Anarky, the teenage vigilante.

With Judge Anderson, it was the series called "Satan", drawn by one of the UK's best artists, Arthur Ranson. I very much enjoyed bringing the Devil/Satan into 2000AD's future world.

For Judge Dredd, it was the "Democracy" storyline, drawn by John Higgins. Dredd, of course, is very anti-democratic so he thought nothing of executing people who believed in democracy. This is a very poignant, though violent, tale.

My favourite Lobo story was perhaps the very first mini-series, with Bisley on art. Lobo was such a breath of fresh air to write, because he's a total anarchic anti-hero, who doesn't give a shit about anybody else. But I enjoyed writing the monthly Lobo, too, with great artwork by Val Semieks.

miNatura online magazine: Do you have any favorite e-zine?

Alan Grant: No. I don't have much time to surf the InterNet, so I guess I miss out on quite a lot.

miNatura online magazine: Is there any contemporary scriptwriter you are the follower of?

Alan Grant: I read every story I can written by John Wagner and Alan Moore.

miNatura online magazine: Who is your favorite scriptwriter?

Alan Grant: Without a doubt, John Wagner.

miNatura online magazine: In your opinion, do comic scriptwriters cooperate with each other or are isolated individuals?

Alan Grant: In my experience, most comic writers are loners. I prefer working in isolation with no input from anyone else (except perhaps the editor). But DC Comics used to hold regular scriptwriters' meetings, where I got to know Doug Moench, Chuck Dixon and many others - we had to work on many multi-part tales and crossovers, so it helped to have us all in the same room at the same time!

miNatura online magazine: What do you think of artists ?

Alan Grant: I envy them! I always wanted to be an artist, so I have the greatest respect for people who can actually draw - and who can tell the story in pictures.

miNatura online magazine: Is it important the diffusion of new developments in comics?

Alan Grant: Yes. Comics is the only medium which forces its readers/viewers to use both hemispheres of the brain at the same time, which in my opinion makes it the greatest medium of all. So any new development is an important one.

miNatura online magazine: What do you think of self-publishing?

Alan Grant: I'm all for it. However - as I have found out to my cost - it's much harder for a self-publisher to get good distribution than it is for the major

publishers. To anyone thinking of self-publishing, I would caution - Be careful! It might end up costing you a lot more than you've budgeted for.

miNatura online magazine: Would you dare to give an opinion on an editor who had published you? Or had not published you?

Alan Grant: I prefer to keep my opinions to myself regarding editors. I would only observe that some of them are more concerned with giving work to their friends than to people who can do the job better. The best editor I ever worked for was Denny O'Neil, truly one of comics' all-time greats.

miNatura online magazine: Do you watch television?

Alan Grant: Not a lot. I was off work, ill, for 8 months last year and was unable to do much except watch TV. I was horrified at how bad most programmes are. I sometimes watch "Family Guy" and "The Simpsons", but my favourite show is "Coronation Street", which is Britain's longest-running soap opera; they always get the best scriptwriters.

miNatura online magazine: What do you think of daily-life technological developments?

Alan Grant: Well...because I live in the countryside, I'd be lost without my car! And because I live in a country with a rotten climate (Scotland), I really

“To anyone thinking of self-publishing, I would caution - Be careful! It might end up costing you a lot more than you've budgeted for.”

appreciate central heating and washing machines! Computers have made writing easier - no more carbon copies needed.

miNatura online magazine: What do you think of the new forms of communication? And of social networks?

Alan Grant: E-mail is great, much faster than the telephone. But e-mail has a downside - I sometimes receive 30 or 40 e-mails a day, all of which have to be dealt with before I can get down to work, so it's very time-consuming.

Although I have a Facebook page, and 3,500 Facebook friends, I don't have a lot of time for social networking sites. They steal so much time away from what I think is important - writing stories.

“I prefer to keep my opinions to myself regarding editors. I would only observe that some of them are more concerned with giving work to their friends than to people who can do the job better.”

miNatura online magazine: Nowadays youngsters follow adventures via videogames or movie stories conditioned by merchandising: do you feel this is going to replace traditional literature?

Alan Grant: I hope not! Movies and videogames engage only one half of the brain - the other half goes into a sort of trance. But I don't think traditional literature will ever die - look at the world-wide popularity of Harry Potter, for instance.

miNatura online magazine: Why do you think that, for the general public, comics are low-quality things or solely for children?

Alan Grant: When I was a child in school, I was sometimes punished - physically, via the belt - for reading comics in class. Today, I get phone calls and e-mails from many teachers asking me to go and talk to their classes about comics...because so many of today's kids have no interest in reading at all.

It may have been true in the past that comics were of low-quality and primarily aimed at children, but many of today's comics are extremely sophisticated and demand adult attention.

miNatura online magazine: If there was a climate or ecology holocaust, what would you do?

Alan Grant: Make sure my family were around me. I have a huge garden, so we'd be able to grow our own food. And we could sit around the campfire at night, telling stories to each other. (I'd also ask the local policeman to give me back my gun, which I handed in to him for safekeeping!)

miNatura online magazine: Which is your favorite comic-based movie?

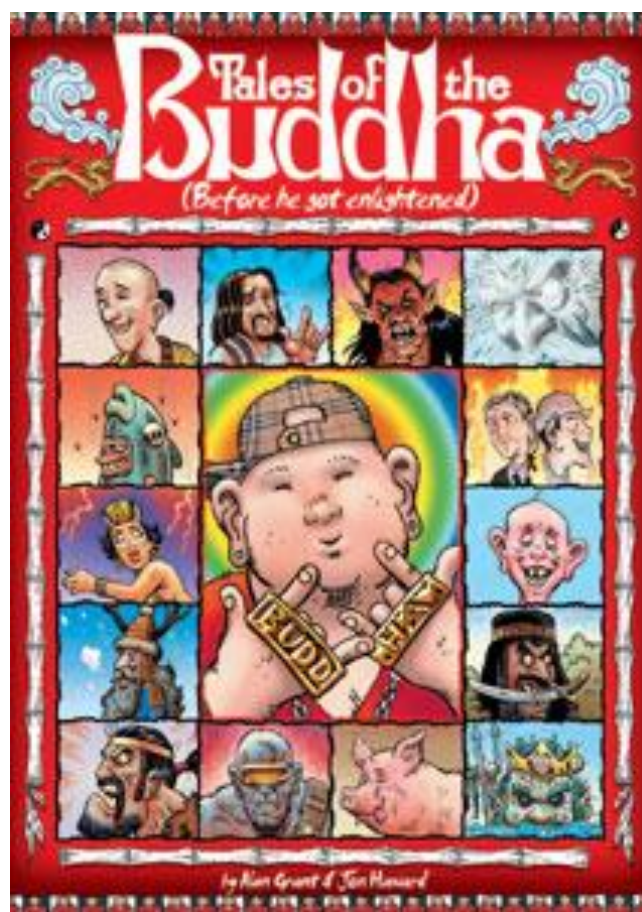
Alan Grant: Alan Moore and David Lloyd's "V for Vendetta." It's a very grim movie, but we live in a grim world.

miNatura online magazine: Do you think that comic writers are nerds or bookworms detached from reality?

Alan Grant: Maybe some are. But most of the writers I know are deeply engaged with trying to make their readers laugh or cry...and the whole range of emotions in between.

miNatura online magazine: You worked for Epic, Dark Horse, Image
How do you imagine the future of comics?

Alan Grant: I'd like to think it will be like Manga in Japan - comics for children, businessmen, housewives...every sub-group in the world will have its own comic stories. It's true that circulations have shrunk disastrously since the "boom" of the late 1980s and 1990s, but I don't think comics will ever die. They're too important for that.



miNatura online magazine:
Which was the last comic you read?

Alan Grant: 2000AD - I'm reading John Wagner's latest Judge Dredd epic.

miNatura online magazine: What are your future projects?

Alan Grant: I'm still writing various things like Judge Anderson for 2000AD. I'm also working on a comic for autistic children. I have a graphic novel coming out soon about the 1812 war between America and Canada. My very

irreverent "Tales of the Buddha" (art by Jon Haward) will be released as a download soon. And I'm working on a new superhero concept for a well-known non-comic personality (still top secret).

miNatura online magazine: Do you think somebody is going to read this dialog?

Alan Grant: Who knows?



About the Author:

Alan Grant (born 1949) is a Scottish comic book writer known for writing Judge Dredd in 2000 AD as well as various Batman titles during the late 1980s, 1990s and early 2000s. He is also the creator of the characters Anarky and the Ventriloquist.

[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Alan_Grant_\(writer\)](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Alan_Grant_(writer))

About the Interview:



M. C. Carper: argentine writer and science fiction illustrator. Winner of the PIEE 2009. He makes the biographic comic of AC/DC and a comic books the Inner Circle, Los Maestros del Caos. Work for Time Bomb Studios a english editorial. He make cover for Alfa Eridiani, Forjadores, Axxón, NM y miNatura.

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

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



Puy 15

Summary:

01/ Cover: H. G. Wells / *Rubén Paricio Font (Spain)*

02/ FrikiFrases

03/ Editorial

05/ Convocatoria selección de textos Tiempos Oscuros N°6 Uruguay

Interview:

08/ Alan Grant: Chatting with comic book writer / *M. C. Carper (Argentina)*

21/ Poster: Memorias de un Morlock / *José Manuel Puyana Domínguez (Spain)*

22/ Summary

23/ Fear, Lies & China Ink: Go by tripod / *Evandro Rubert (Brazil)*

Stories:

25/ The Time Machine: An Invention / *H. G. Wells (England)*

26/ New Generation / *Salvador Bayarri (Spain)*

27/ The Wonderful Visit / *H. G. Wells (England)*

28/ Blue / *Teresa P. Mira de Echeverría (Argentina)* / *Ricardo Acevedo Esplugas (Cuba)*

29/ The Island of Doctor Moreau / *H. G. Wells (England)*

29/ Under the thin human varnish / *Francisco José Segovia Ramos (Spain)*

31/ The Invisible Man. A Grotesque Romance / *H. G. Wells (England)*

32/ The island of seagulls / *Jaime Magnan Alabarce (Chile)*

33/ The War of the Worlds / *H. G. Wells (England)*

34/ Alien invasion to Mexico (The second conquest) / *Tomas Pacheco estrada (Mexico)*

35/ The first men in the moon / *H. G. Wells (England)*

35/ The commission / *Sebastián Ariel Fontanarrosa (Argentina)* / *Carmen Rosa Signes Urrea (Spain)*

36/ The New Accelerator / *H. G. Wells (England)*

37/ Project H. G. Wells / *Morgan Vicconius Zariab —seud.— (Dominicana Republic)*

38/ The Food of the Gods and How It Came to Earth / *H. G. Wells (England)*

39/ Vacant crown / *Pablo Martínez Burkett (Argentina)*

40/ Not an invisible man / *Juan Pablo Noroña Lamas (Cuba / USA)* / *Carmen Rosa Signes Urrea (Spain)*

41/ The last trip of the time traveler / *Francisco José Segovia Ramos (Spain)*

42/ The time machine: Past, present and future / *Julieta Moreyra (Mexico)*

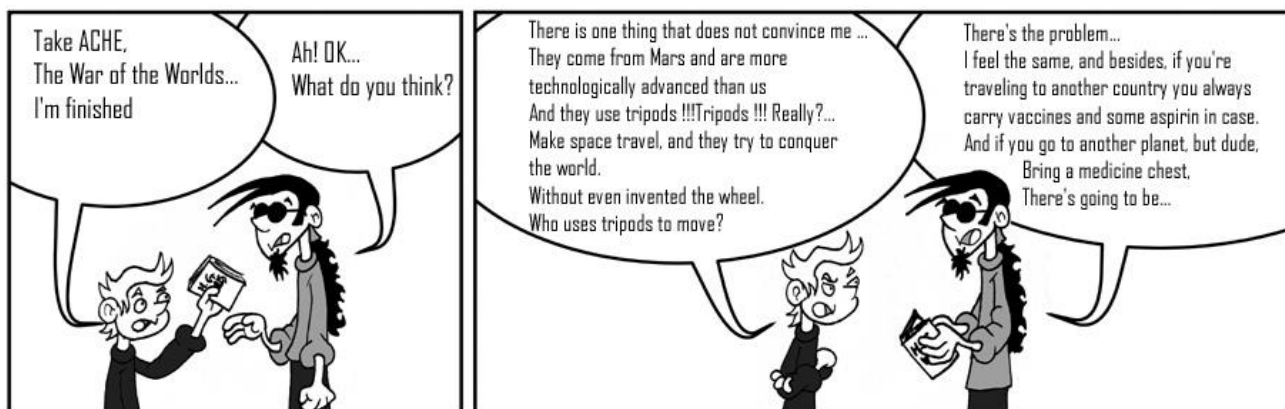
43/ Back through time to a fictional past / *Odilins Vlak —seud.— (Dominican Republic)*

44/ Chaos theory that is not as / *Jaime Magnan Alabarce (Chile)*

44/ Exodus / *Lidia Soca Medina (Cuba)*

45/ Steel Monkey / *Salomé Guadalupe Ingelmo (Spain)*

Fear, Lies & China Ink: Go by tripod by *Evandro Rubert (Brazil)*



46/ The new gods / *Francisco José Segovia Ramos (Spain)*

47/ The vermillion ship / *Violeta Balián (Argentina)*

48/ The hand / *María José Gil Benedicto (Spain)*

49/ Journey: Time / *Mari Carmen Caballero Álvarez (Spain)*

49/ Diary of war / *Omar Martínez (Cuba)*

51/ The pacifist / *Francisco José Segovia Ramos (Spain)*

51/ Jonathan H. Corvus / *Teresa P. Mira de Echeverría (Argentina)*

52/ The solution / *Diego Galán Ruiz (Spain)*

53/ Fact or fantasy? / *M^a Del Socorro Candelaria Zarate (Mexico)*

54/ After the return / *Ricardo Manzanaro (Spain)*

54/ The Green door / *Carmen Rosa Signes Urrea (Spain)* / *Ricardo Acevedo Esplugas (Cuba)*

Poetry:

56/ Identity / *Dolo Espinosa (Spain)*

58/ Prophecy / *Dolo Espinosa (Spain)*

60/ La Biblioteca del Nostromo: NM Ciencia Ficción, Fantasía y Terror #38; Axxón Ciencia Ficción en Bits #267; TerBi Asociación Vasca de Ciencia-Ficción, Fantasía y Terror #10; The Ironic Fantastic #5; Antes de Akasa-Puspa (Sportula); What's Up, Doom? (Saco de Huesos); Las cosas son diferentes en Arkham; Hela (Triskel Ediciones).

67/ About the Writers and Illustrators

78/ About illustrations

79/ Back cover: H. G. Wells / *Pedro Belushi (Spain)*



The Time Machine: An Invention³

(Passage XI The most distant vision)

The darkness grew apace; a cold wind began to blow in freshening gusts from the east, and the showering white flakes in the air increased in number. From the edge of the sea came a ripple and whisper. Beyond these lifeless sounds the world was silent. Silent? It would be hard to convey the stillness of it. All the sounds of man, the bleating of sheep, the cries of birds, the hum of insects, the stir that makes the background of our lives—all that was over. As the darkness thickened, the eddying flakes grew more abundant, dancing before my eyes; and the cold of the air more intense. At last, one by one, swiftly, one after the other, the white peaks of the distant hills vanished into blackness. The breeze rose to a moaning wind. I saw the

³ Editorial Heinemann, 1895

black central shadow of the eclipse
sweeping towards me.

In another moment the pale stars alone
were visible. All else was rayless obscurity.
The sky was absolutely black.

A horror of this great darkness came on
me. The cold, that smote to my marrow,
and the pain I felt in breathing, overcame
me. I shivered, and a deadly nausea seized
me.

Then like a red-hot bow in the sky
appeared the edge of the sun. I got off the
machine to recover myself. I felt giddy and
incapable of facing the return journey. As I
stood sick and confused I saw again the
moving thing upon the shoal—there was
no mistake now that it was a moving
thing—against the red water of the sea. It
was a round thing, the size of a football
perhaps, or, it may be, bigger, and tentacles
trailed down from it; it seemed black
against the weltering blood-red water, and
it was hopping fitfully about. Then I felt I
was fainting. But a terrible dread of lying
helpless in that remote and awful twilight
sustained me while I clambered upon the
saddle.

H. G. Wells (England)

New Generation

I walked into the Horsell commonland
dragged by the impatient tugging coming
from my son. After a decade living in
Brentford, a mostly intact town in the
Thames Valley, the stories told by his
neighbors and peers had permeated the
boy's mind, making him discover with
amazement that I, his father, had been a
witness to the Martians arrival. Since then,
the kid had insisted every day on visiting
the place with me, and I had refused. But
his insistence and the springtime air of this
bright Sunday had finally soothed my
apprehension. I decided to face my
memories and return with him to the
location of the first impact.

Around us, families swarmed leisurely
across the forest paths. Most people had
quickly forgotten. Mars still got closer to
the Earth every two years but our
astronomers had not seen any sign of
launchings. The trees and the bodies
burned by the heat-rays had disappeared
long ago, and cities had risen again over the
decomposed remains of the red weeds. But
I could not take off my mind the fateful
days of the invasion. My uneasiness

increased as we arrived at the clearing surrounding the pond. For a moment I saw a deep groove on the ground, the ungainly Martian body coming out of the cylinder...

–Was it there, father? –The kid followed my gaze. I nodded with dark solemnity.

I showed him, and myself, that all the remains from the nightmare were gone. The land had been leveled and the metal capsule hidden in a London museum. After wandering for a while around the water, retelling episodes of the brief war, we had lunch on the lawn near the sand pit. Satisfied after eating the pudding, the boy strolled away, playing by himself. At last I could enjoy a moment of quietness, bathed in the midday sunlight. But the kid soon returned, very excited.

–Look, father! –He brought a handful of red weeds, loaded with dark seeds.

Salvador Bayarri (Spain)

The Wonderful Visit⁴

(Passage V.)

The Vicar stood aghast, with his smoking gun in his hand. It was no bird at all, but a

youth with an extremely beautiful face, clad in a robe of saffron and with iridescent wings, across whose pinions great waves of colour, flushes of purple and crimson, golden green and intense blue, pursued one another as he writhed in his agony. Never had the Vicar seen such gorgeous floods of colour, not stained glass windows, not the wings of butterflies, not even the glories of crystals seen between prisms, no colours on earth could compare with them. Twice the Angel raised himself, only to fall over sideways again. Then the beating of the wings diminished, the terrified face grew pale, the floods of colour abated, and suddenly with a sob he lay prone, and the changing hues of the broken wings faded swiftly into one uniform dull grey hue.

"Oh! what has happened to me?" cried the Angel (for such it was), shuddering violently, hands outstretched and clutching the ground, and then lying still.

"Dear me!" said the Vicar. "I had no idea." He came forward cautiously. "Excuse me," he said, "I am afraid I have shot you."

It was the obvious remark.

The Angel seemed to become aware of his presence for the first time. He raised himself by one hand, his brown eyes stared into the Vicar's. Then, with a gasp, and

⁴ MacMillan and Co., 1895

biting his nether lip, he struggled into a sitting position and surveyed the Vicar from top to toe.

"A man!" said the Angel, clasping his forehead; "a man in the maddest black clothes and without a feather upon him. Then I was not deceived. I am indeed in the Land of Dreams!"

H. G. Wells (England)

Blue

If I take the word, it is not to defend the acts of which I am accused, as only society that your organization puts men in struggle continues against each other, is responsible.

François Claudius "Ravachol"
Koenigstein.

Long black hair, straight and neat ever, looked completely matted, dirty and dingy. The deep gray eyes once were underlined by some circles as unnaturally dark contrast that fire turned his bloodshot eyes: Burning lead. Pallor, increased by huge patches that were distributed at random by his features, giving it an almost ghostly appearance. Finally, the nervousness of his own temperament and action, which will serve to steal the bacillus (the wrong), was first supplanted by fear, embarrassment then

later by despair and, finally, by a powerful sense of dignity.

But their dreams of idealistic anarchism had become something more than merely providing for the carnival mockery bacteriologist. And those brands represented their new scent: that of being in which the bacillus had slowly become, and the consciousness that he had lent him blind to the microscopic organism. Yes, his self-sacrifice would make real the utopia!

Run, Harry Hicks! Avoid baths
Tabernacle Street always guarded by the sinister Bobbies silhouettes and down to Well Pancras where cohabit the mobs and worst of the city, there will deposit the



contents of the tube. It's been a few days and the lamps can be seen adorning a proclamation: "...today we resign ourselves and resist. Our scientists are already working on the solution... "

Now the pace is slower and can enjoy the innocent faces of his contemporary's sausages on a false air of security, fixed at a miserably paid and assuming the dying geranium on the window, time is in its favor. He goes to the pub and while asking her favorite pale ale, greets the large gentleman sarcastically known for The Trumpets and yells to the bartender: I'm Harry Hicks! Corduroy jacket and no hat!

Smile, Hicks! Here come the guys that Scotland Yard. The effects of the bacillus order soon manifest and smiles again at a future blue image of Queen Vicky.

Teresa P. Mira de Echeverría (Argentina)

Ricardo Acevedo Esplugas (Cuba)

The Island of Doctor Moreau⁵

(Passage XII. The sayers of the law)

'His is the House of Pain.

'His is the Hand that makes.

⁵ (Heinemann, Stone & Kimball, 1896)

'His is the Hand that wounds.

'His is the Hand that heals.'

And so on for another long series, mostly quite incomprehensible gibberish to me about Him, whoever he might be. I could have fancied it was a dream, but never before have I heard chanting in a dream.

'His is the lightning flash,' we sang. 'His is the deep, salt sea.'

A horrible fancy came into my head that Moreau, after animalising these men, had infected their dwarfed brains with a kind of deification of himself. However, I was too keenly aware of white teeth and strong claws about me to stop my chanting on that account.

'His are the stars in the sky.'

H. G. Wells (England)

Under the thin human varnish⁶

Prendick had fled from Moreau's Island ten years ago. Nobody believed his story, so he stopped talking about it. Once in

⁶ Based on Doctor Moreau's island, by H.G. Wells

London, he suspected all around him were trifling brutes with human attributes.

"They are returning back to their animal state at any moment," he said again and again, between breaks in his observation of the universe. He had found his refuge in the stars. Far away from men, far away from all mankind, and what is hidden behind a false appearance of modernity.

When he was walking in the gardens of his home, several miles from the big english city, he was also felling free. The few animals which he found them (some horses, horses, in one time a red fox) shunned him, or they were just watching him, they always fearful of reaction's Prendick. He didn't see evil on them, but trifling nature.

"We are the worst of brutes, despite we have covered ourselves with the varnish of civilization," once he confirmed to an old friend who visited him, and he left alarmed from the farm by what he considered "the Prendick's madness life".

He didn't care about what they were thinking of him. He was happy with



loneliness and stars. Clean and distance stars.

One day, however, strange and powerful aircrafts came from the stars. They conquered the planet in few time. The new owners, tall and burly lizards, they didn't hide their brutality with culture and progress false appearances.

Prendick was one of the first to die quartered by hands by one of the new owners of the Earth. They are more civilized than previous owners, the humans, and they are also much more brutes.

Francisco José Segovia Ramos (Spain)

The Invisible Man. A Grotesque Romance⁷

(Passage IV. Mr. Cuss interviews the stranger)

Would he subscribe? Said he'd consider it. Asked him, point-blank, was he researching. Said he was. A long research? Got quite cross. 'A damnable long research,' said he, blowing the cork out, so to speak. 'Oh,' said I. And out came the

grievance. The man was just on the boil, and my question boiled him over. He had been given a prescription, most valuable prescription—what for he wouldn't say. Was it medical? 'Damn you! What are you fishing after?' I apologised. Dignified sniff and cough. He resumed. He'd read it. Five ingredients. Put it down; turned his head. Draught of air from window lifted the paper. Swish, rustle. He was working in a room with an open fireplace, he said. Saw a flicker, and there was the prescription burning and lifting chimneyward. Rushed towards it just as it whisked up the chimney. So! Just at that point, to illustrate his story, out came his arm."

"Well?"

"No hand—just an empty sleeve. Lord! I thought, that's a deformity! Got a cork arm, I suppose, and has taken it off. Then, I thought, there's something odd in that. What the devil keeps that sleeve up and open, if there's nothing in it? There was nothing in it, I tell you. Nothing down it, right down to the joint. I could see right down it to the elbow, and there was a glimmer of light shining through a tear of the cloth. 'Good God!' I said. Then he stopped. Stared at me with those black goggles of his, and then at his sleeve."

"Well?"

⁷ Arthur Pearson, 1897

"That's all. He never said a word; just glared, and put his sleeve back in his pocket quickly. 'I was saying,' said he, 'that there was the prescription burning, wasn't I?' Interrogative cough. 'How the devil,' said I, 'can you move an empty sleeve like that?' 'Empty sleeve?' 'Yes,' said I, 'an empty sleeve.'

H. G. Wells (England)

The island of seagulls

In a seedy bar Belmopan, we learned of the existence of some island, owned by an eccentric millionaire, whose mania for collecting beautiful girls, he called our attention. Six months ago, Frank and I were looking to Celine, our sister. We had no luck tour the Gulf of Mexico all the way to Belize, following the clues we collected on our journey. New information fed our hope. We rented a boat and ventured bound for the island of seagulls, as they called natural: an island that did not exist on maps, a cursed place. We stopped a couple of miles from the coast where reigned the deafening squawk of seagulls. Then we dive caressed by the warm Caribbean waters. On the beach we were

captured by a patrol of mercenaries and conducted in the presence of Mr. Cross, a middle-aged man, interested in genetics. When he learned of the reason for our appearance in his domain, he was compassionate and sent his guards by Celine. Seeing her, we hugged her happy, but she, absorbed, wrapped in a blanket, just showed surprise. "I am happy here," he said and immediately fell off his blanket and went to the framework of the large window that dominated the room. Her shoulder blades and wings took flight arose. We looked stupefied and as bordering the coast, became a gull proportions. Mr. Cross explained that the birds living on the island had previously been jaded girls of their destinies and that he was released, genetically modifying them to turn them into seagulls. We demand that reversed the process, but he told us that it was impossible...

Every day, my siblings and I flew over the island. Sometimes, we ventured into the sea, but we always return to our new home, where we reached the highest hill to watch the sunset...

Jaime Magnan Alabarce (Chile)

The War of the Worlds⁸

(Passage IV. The cylinder opens)

"It's a-movin'," he said to me as he passed; "a-screwin' and a-screwin' out. I don't like it. I'm a-goin' 'ome, I am."

I went on to the crowd. There were really, I should think, two or three hundred people elbowing and jostling one another, the one or two ladies there being by no means the least active.

"He's fallen in the pit!" cried someone.

"Keep back!" said several.

The crowd swayed a little, and I elbowed my way through. Everyone seemed greatly excited. I heard a peculiar humming sound from the pit.

"I say!" said Ogilvy; "help keep these idiots back. We don't know what's in the confounded thing, you know!"

I saw a young man, a shop assistant in Woking I believe he was, standing on the cylinder and trying to scramble out of the hole again. The crowd had pushed him in.

The end of the cylinder was being screwed out from within. Nearly two feet of shining screw projected. Somebody blundered against me, and I narrowly missed being pitched onto the top of the screw. I turned, and as I did so the screw must have come out, for the lid of the cylinder fell upon the gravel with a ringing concussion. I stuck my elbow into the person behind me, and turned my head towards the Thing again. For a moment that circular cavity seemed perfectly black. I had the sunset in my eyes.

I think everyone expected to see a man emerge--possibly something a little unlike



⁸ Heinemann, 1898

us terrestrial men, but in all essentials a man. I know I did. But, looking, I presently saw something stirring within the shadow: greyish billowy movements, one above another, and then two luminous disks--like eyes. Then something resembling a little grey snake, about the thickness of a walking stick, coiled up out of the writhing middle, and wriggled in the air towards me--and then another.

H. G. Wells (England)

Alien invasion to Mexico

(The second conquest)

The Americans left abandoned in Mexico.

My country was left to its fate. It all started one morning in April, arrived ride to Mexico City. Getting off the bus, I entered the terminal and saw on TV giving Javier Alatorre terrible news, alien ships have been in Mexico City. They are passing video where UFOs were. I did not believe what he saw extraterrestrial vehicles suddenly started shooting lasers on buildings and people. The worst came quickly, ships released capsules embedded in the streets to free monstrous tanks, heavy fighting machines firing waves,

making the buildings collapse. The Mexican army counterattacked, fighter jets and military vehicles entered the capital but gradually were destroyed, turned into scrap in flames. People ran desperately, crying mothers hugging their children. A UFO came to Los Pinos presidential residence and destroyed, the ruling Juan Camilo Mouriño ran on time. Collapsed saw the Angel of Independence, Chapultepec Castle shattered. Responsible finally spoke, he was Ashtar Sheran, the messiah of contactees and UFOlogists, the plan of love and peace was a lie, everything was to get us information and conquer Earth. US not intervened, no one could against space invaders. Mexico became an alien colony, Mexicans were detained in guettos and used as slaves. In the socket now he waved his flag, and we are not a sovereign nation, the second time we were conquered. They took the cities of Monterrey, Guadalajara, Veracruz, were advancing to destroy all resistance. Ashtar Sheran was a statue fifty meters and declared himself Emperor of Mexico. Nobody did anything.

Tomas Pacheco Estrada (México)

The first men in the moon⁹

(Passage XVI. Points of View)

"It isn't one man in a million has that twist. Most men want—well, various things, but very few want knowledge for its own sake. I don't, I know perfectly well. Now, these Selenites seem to be a driving, busy sort of being, but how do you know that even the most intelligent will take an interest in us or our world? I don't believe they'll even know we have a world. They never come out at night—they'd freeze if they did. They've probably never seen any heavenly body at all except the blazing sun. How are they to know there is another world? What does it matter to them if they do? Well, even if they have had a glimpse of a few stars, or even of the earth crescent, what of that? Why should people living inside a planet trouble to observe that sort of thing? Men wouldn't have done it except for the seasons and sailing; why should the moon people?...

"Well, suppose there are a few philosophers like yourself. They are just the very Selenites who'll never have heard of

our existence. Suppose a Selenite had dropped on the earth when you were at Lypne, you'd have been the last man in the world to hear he had come. You never read a newspaper! You see the chances against you. Well, it's for these chances we're sitting here doing nothing while precious time is flying. I tell you we've got into a fix. We've come unarmed, we've lost our sphere, we've got no food, we've shown ourselves to the Selenites, and made them think we're strange, strong, dangerous animals; and unless these Selenites are perfect fools, they'll set about now and hunt us till they find us, and when they find us they'll try to take us if they can, and kill us if they can't, and that's the end of the matter. If they take us, they'll probably kill us, through some misunderstanding. After we're done for, they may discuss us perhaps, but we shan't get much fun out of that."

H. G. Wells (England)

The commission

My name is Bellows and some years ago we had lively conversation in which I made a series of confessions about taxidermy ever, and I swear to God that this has been, I had to reveal. My visit carries one of the most difficult decisions that any man has

⁹ George Newnes, 1901

ever had, covered in words that, at that time, assumed with fright, but now contain the solution of my sorrows. In the carriage he found the bodies of my loved ones, who died in a fire. I want the rebuild, to continue living with them.

Mr. Zagrek rubbed his hands. In his workshop, he stripped the bodies to see how they were, the initial euphoria, followed discouragement. It would have to replace vital parts: an arm, a leg ... But he was the king of deceit in his office and, soon, imagination worked the miracle the job was completed.

I'll call Darwin method. I used two samples of chimpanzee, one adult and one child. One would I dissected the arm pulling his skin, as a final step, shaved, painted with a skin tinter giving a final finish with varnish. It proved challenging task resemble the anatomy of all the simian to human limbs. For this I cut, buff, sewed and paste the three bones: the ulna, radius and humerus. I replaced the muscles you wire vesicles that I designed. I respected the exact distribution of muscle strands that were as flexible and shapers to fill them with goose down pillows. The hand of his youngest son, which I replaced by the smallest monkey, marked an incredible job for thoroughness details: shortened

phalanges, create the opposable thumb, reducing volume, bring color, texture and other details such as the grooves knuckles and palms, the more I painted nails with brush microfileteador my exclusive creation. I'm anxious for the Bellows arrived to contemplate my work.

Sebastián Ariel Fontanarrosa (Argentina)

Carmen Rosa Signes Urrea (España)

The New Accelerator¹⁰

(Passage)

"Gibberne," I cried, "how long will this confounded stuff last?"

"Heaven knows!" he answered. "Last time I took it I went to bed and slept it off. I tell you, I was frightened. It must have lasted some minutes, I think--it seemed like hours. But after a bit it slows down rather suddenly, I believe."

I was proud to observe that I did not feel frightened--I suppose because there were two of us. "Why shouldn't we go out?" I asked.

"Why not?"

¹⁰ The Strand, 1901

"They'll see us."

"Not they. Goodness, no! Why, we shall be going a thousand times faster than the quickest conjuring trick that was ever done. Come along! Which way shall we go? Window, or door?"

And out by the window we went.

H. G. Wells (England)

Project H. G.

Wells

It was Christmas of the year 2050. The coolness from the outer space broke into the souls of the astronauts on board of the ship H. G. Wells; for them it was a cosmic winter, different from the Earthly snow that lights up the hearts with the Christmas's sparks. The team that developed the Project found out how to manipulate the Dark Matter with a sort of anti-matter explosion, creating what they believed were worm holes.

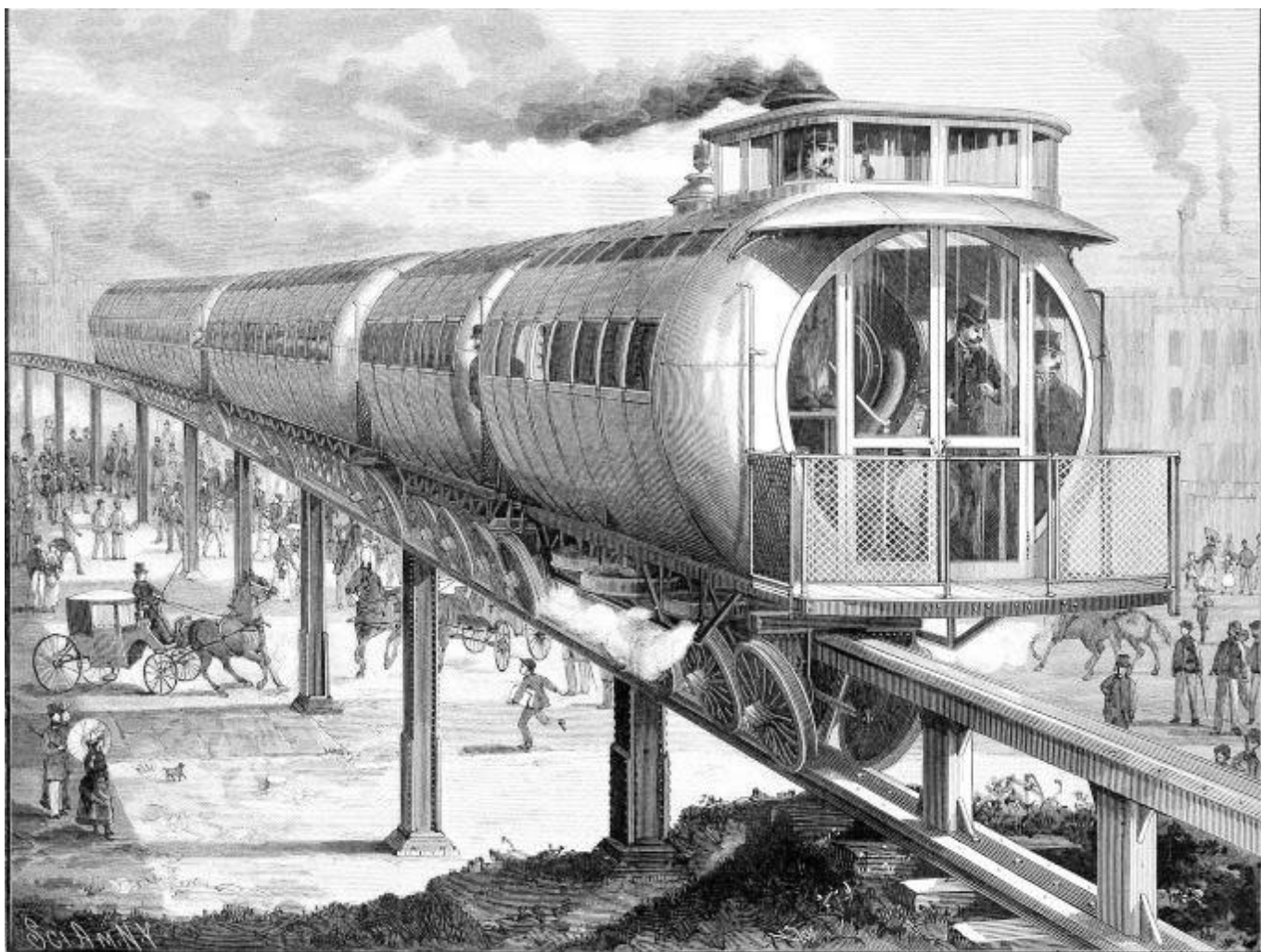
"The hour has come, James Ballard!" exclaimed the Captain pointing out one of those artificial holes. "If our predictions are correct, we should travel through time one thousand and five hundred years into the future."

Ballard, who was an astrophysics with a terminal cancer, locked in his capsule, sacrificed himself for science's sake in a project that nobody would prove to be successful at the present time. The capsule sunk in a hole of light; he waved his last farewell while the vortex got close.

Ballard's consciousness came out from what seemed to be death before the amazed look of a small group of beings of pale skin and bright eyes, who used telepathic for communication. He seemed to understand their language. His cancer got healed when those beings showed him a brief glance of their semi-ethereal future world. They told him: "We're the Eloi, first Time Traveler. We've evolved from the ancient humanity in symbiosis with the machines. There isn't almost nothing impossible for us; our mental power could do wonders. But the humankind's days are numbered. The Morlocks, a division of humanity that developed in Mars, have kept in secret their instinct for war and domination and their strange tripod like machines have razed the Earth." "That ray is almighty," said another Eloi while the enemy reached the sky. "They call their project: Deadly Project H. G. Wells."

Morgan Vicconius Zariah —send.—

(Dominican Republic)



The Food of the Gods and How It Came to Earth¹¹

(Passage II. The experimental farm)

"It might be Titanophorbia, you know. Food of Titans.... You prefer the former?"

"You're quite sure you don't think it a little too—"

"No."

"Ah! I'm glad."

And so they called it Herakleophorbia throughout their investigations, and in their report,—the report that was never published, because of the unexpected developments that upset all their arrangements,—it is invariably written in that way. There were three kindred substances prepared before they hit on the one their speculations had foretold and these they spoke of as Herakleophorbia I, Herakleophorbia II, and Herakleophorbia III. It is Herakleophorbia IV. which I—

¹¹ Macmillan Publishers, 1904

insisting upon Bensington's original name—call here the Food of the Gods.

H. G. Wells (England)

Vacant crown

The man who can, is king.

Thomas Carlyle

I am a wealthy man. I inherited my aunt's fortune and since then I have devoted myself to philanthropy becoming the main beneficiary. I travel around the world intent on receiving the advent of the twentieth century wherever it finds me. No fancy hotels for me. I rather mingle with the locals, taste their foods and have my fill with their spirits and drugs while surrendering to the enjoyment of their women. As such I consider myself a humanist. In fact, this is how I met him. He bumped into me as he was sweeping the courtyard of a brothel. The man was barefoot, wore shorts and had a sunburned skin. I mistook him for a native and did not pay him much attention. But as I was about to attack a juicy beefsteak he showed up unexpectedly and scolded me on an unknown proscription regarding the eating and the drinking of blood. Although his accent was guttural, and at moments beyond comprehension it was obvious that

he, at one time, had been a subject of the British Empire. To his horror, I chewed on my steak with pleasure taking his demeanor to be both weird and holy. And acting upon the prerogatives of my ancestry and a few rupees, I forced the Madam to allow me to have a chat with him. Pouring a double measure of liquor I asked him about the curious anathema he'd proclaimed. His reply was a delivery of inconsistent statements about the Preacher of the Law. I surmised it to be another fashionable religious folly. I was wrong. He then spoke of a shipwreck, an island, a doctor who was a mystic but also depraved, and who experimented with live animals. He also described a colony of monstrous beings, governed according to the Law issued by the doctor many worshipped as a living god. The man laughed at such foolishness. "Such divinity did not prevent the mutant cats from eating him in the end" he said, with irony and kept on drinking. Whimpering, he told me of his being rescued by a ship out of course as well as his rage for having to pretend mental sanity to avoid the madhouse. He fell asleep. And mumbling incoherently, he revealed a sort of homesickness for that innocent savagery. The wretched man never knew how much he had changed my life for after

our encounter I left behind my life of dissipation, acquired a sailboat and charts. I am now determined to find the island of the beast-men. I want to fill in the vacant crown and give them a new morality, a new order. I will be their God.

Pablo Martínez Burkett (Argentina)

Not an invisible man

It was like the sea had evaporated and then flown over the streets of Port Stowe, such was the fog. In the inn's sign one could barely make the hat and boots, the name even less. A chill went down his spine: «The Invisible Man» existed, just like it said on his grand grand father's secret papers. Leaving behind the windchime like tin plate, he entered, unsettled, forseeing the plump, ruddy, button nose woman serving dozens of pitchers to long faced, stern individuals who were constantly blowing large swaths of pungent tobacco smoke, maybe to make room for the foamy warm beer. «Excuse me, madam» The woman, defeaned and stunned by the ample clientele, didn't pay heed. He had to wave a 20 pounds note for her to come, pint in hand, fake smiling. «My name is

Kemp, i have a reservation» The inkeeper stared at him, incredulous. «Geoff, fat drunkard, you own me ten quid» screamed. One of the smokers/drinkers peeked. «Nobdockers, still tourists and gentlemen of science come to this joint», and the joint shook with the whole room horselaugh. Kemp blushed to his roots. «Don't know what you talk about» managed to blurb. «Dont take this the wrong way», the inkeeper consoled him. «Feel free to search for the invisible man in every corner, or his books, for as long as you want». Geoff snorted. «She will charge for every minute of it». The woman, speechless, swiped a rag over the bar. «Every minute of an eternity» one of Geoff's drink buddies adviced. «No invisible man ever set foot in this place». Kemp shrugged and gazed at the floor behind the bar, right in front of him; fate willed that his eyes were set upon a milk bowl there. And to his bewilderment, the surface of the milk waved on its own, exactly like if disturbed by at least three hungry, unseen, tiny tongues. «Melo-die's litter» the pub owner explained. «Hope they hunt as viciously as their mommy, the rats never see her coming» she laughed out loud. «Why the long face, Mr. Tourist» jumped Geoff. «Didn't we tell, no invisible man ever set foot in here». The therein

laughter was even more thundering than the previous outburst.

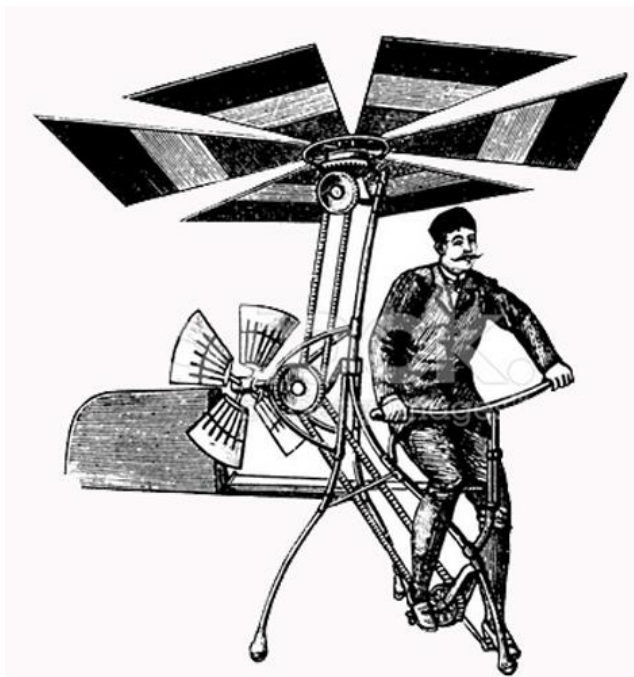
Juan Pablo Noroña Lamas (Cuba / USA)

Carmen Rosa Signes Urrea (Spain)

The last trip of the time traveler¹²

Five years after his last game, the time traveler returned. He felt exhausted but he wanted to tell what he had seen.

He did set up a meeting at home with his friend, Dr. Frank. Although he had disagreeable debates against him, due to their different ideologies, he was the most



¹² Base on The time machine, by H.G. Wells

reliable person. Frank arrived an hour later, nervous and impatient. He immediately asked about his trip.

— I didn't become as far as last time, but the time of the Morlocks and Eloi, when they did get away from them.

—How did they achieved it? —
Rubicund Frank asked.

—They were not them, but me.

—I don't understand you, my dear friend.

—I was travelling in the future, a time before the Morlocks and Eloi, when the society fought between in a fight of class.

—You have to defense always your utopian socialist ideas.

—The Communism is the future, or not the Morlocks won't exist —he replied —.

I came that turbulent period, and I gave guns and planes to them from much more advanced future time, which I was before.

—Did you give guns to people? —Frank said alarmed.

—I give them instruments to establish a socialist society... They did it. They won against oppressors by guns and then they established the Communism.

—That is atrocity!

—Are you sure, my friend Frank? —the traveler smiled friendly —. Now, in that future the Morlocks are devastating Eloi people... there is only a developed society, they had travelled much more than the time...

—Where?

—To the Stars — and then the traveler closed his eyes with faultless smile.

Francisco José Segovia Ramos (Spain)

The time machine: Past, present and future

“The physicist studied the superimposition states hypothesis in the intent to solve the travel to the future. That seek gave as a result a barrier of time, a nodal year, the ominous 802 701 that came to be a spot of a previous travel time.”

The museum guide changed the configuration of the simulator and the stage vanished. Now, the crowd was in the middle of a XIX century laboratory.

“After the first jump, our navigators believed to be the first ones to travel through time,” he continued, “until an archeological excavation proof the opposed. Before that, the first travel was considered a mystery, a myth, a tale about a testimony of a terrified and fantastic future: the fall of civilization and the existence of two races called morlocks and eloi. Also, there was another record of a third trip of this man, one that he never came back.”

The simulation changed to the archeological site.

“However, there was evidence of this last time trip. In the excavation were found a collection of outlandish objects, with different dating and no relation between them. They were from remote times and close to our era.” Then, he pointed out with a photon pencil. “Near by the remains of the machine, there were planes, a diary and a camera with some photographs. The dairy came to be a very interesting record that describes a chain of events that gave as a result, the collapse of the civilization and the two races origins. Also, it had some drawings and diagrams of that unlikely future. In the last page of the diary, he scribbled the number 802 701 again and again.”

The excavation disappeared and the first time machine came out.

“This artifact keeps a mechanical and operational similarity with our time-space machine, but it came to be an inert object. How he could travel in it? The future of the morlocks and eloi really existed? Among these and other questions, was the first traveler of time a man of the XIX century?”

Julieta Moreyra (Mexico)

Back through time to a fictional past

The first thought that struck the Time Traveller's mind was that he advanced further in time —beyond the 30 million years mediating between him and the assault of the Morlocks and the sweet, half-witted Weena, the beauty specimen of the decadent Eloi, in the year 802, 701 A. D. His goal was to get back to his own time: the year 1895 in the grayish London, loaded with a Victorian baroque. His machine was just at the front of a huge creature whose inferior members resembled a metallic tripod, crowned by a

kind of capsule from which he could perceived, a grayish mass with oily skin; a kind of giant brain with a V-shaped mouth, large dark-coloured eyes and two groups of Gorgon tentacles. Nothing to do with the reddish crap-like creatures wandering the dying Earth he has just abandoned in the distant future. Neither the surroundings: it was London. With its buildings destroyed, but London anyway.

He checked the Time's chronometer: 1898. Weird! Only three years ahead of the past from which he started to conquer the future. A man drew near and beat the machine trying to get in touch with him. "Hey, hey!!!, are you mad?, what in heaven are you doing inside that ridiculous thing? Do you think is going to shield you from the Heat rays and the black smoke of the Martians?," began the stranger his account. Within minutes the Traveller was up-dated of everything, beginning with the landing of the cylinders from planet Mars on Woking, Surrey. He felt that the stranger belonged to his own reality. A reality outside from the ordinary time continuum. The stranger uttered a cry of terror —the Martian creature was aiming its Heat ray toward his machine. He put on board his companion. And pricked by an intuition less scientific than mystical, he evaded

death sneaking into Time. But his goal wasn't the future or the past, not even Time as the Fourth Dimension, but the imagination that conceived both of them.

Odilius Vlak —seud.— (Dominican Republic)

Chaos theory that is not as

Young thin and unruly lock I studied gaping around. From the window of the adjoining office funny I watch while I hear the squawk of the Commissioner who is beside himself: he cannot understand how such a slip has occurred.

"I'm telling you," indicates commissioner Max, flight-engineer that no scanner is activated when the boy climbed...

"And neither noticed the intruder?" Commissioner pants furious, pointing to the boy, oblivious to the discussion that has been reinforced by his fault.

I shake my head and Max just manages to shrug.

"This is unacceptable!" Roars the Superior. "You know perfectly well what "the butterfly effect"..."

Before he began his usual spiel, on respect for the protocols when traveling in time, I raised my hand.

"It could be that I interrupted, so that chaos theory is not met, as you say, it needed to happen..."

Perplexity seized the commissioner face.

"Perhaps, most advances in science were not based on the writings of the ancients. In Verne, for example?" I asked.

"This ...Ok... Why...?"

"What if the former had not written, what our grandparents called science fiction, no progress could have occurred over time that corresponded?"

"Well... Sure..."

"Then, my dear commissioner ... how do you think could have invented the time machine believed, had there not been the namesake story?" I asked, pointing to HG Wells, across the window.

Jaime Magnan Alabarce (Chile)

Exodus

Everything disappears behind us. We are the last ones in embarking, or rather: the last ones that could make it after *The war of the worlds*. This is finally *The destination of the homo sapiens*: to bury in the lunar crater

"H.G. Wells" in the hidden side and wait... And it is not that we are *The first men in the moon*, but some of us are happy to ascending to the *Mr. Polby*: an insignificant rocket from 42 to 44 meters. I make comfortable in the first seat and put on the headsets. I don't know how much we will be able to enjoy batteries, or if they will be manufactured at some time again. This is the end, and before the emptiness conquers me I rise the maxim volume to *Love and Mr. Lewisham*, that classic theme from *Tono Bungay*. *Ann Veronica* pass by my side without even skim me. For her I am *The invisible man* from that incident with *Rebecca West*. *Mr. Britling* goes till the bottom and builds his hermit fortress under the covers of *Kipps*, *the history of a simple soul*. Everybody escape to their own way. They no longer want to see. I'm the only one that look through the window and say good-bye, watching the last remains of my world to be devoured by *The time machine*.

Lidia Soca Medina (Cuba)

Steel Monkey

I grieved to think how brief the dream of the human intellect had been.

H. G. Wells, *The Time Machine*

As soon as he sets foot on that hostile land, he realizes how naive he has been putting his faith in the future. Just he, who announced the arrival of a new man, one able to show solidarity with fellow human beings, one able to expand welfare and progress...

But progress is reduced to a lot of unnecessary and alienating objects.

Welfare is reserved for a small elite, one as stingy and corrupt as that of his time. In the

future he finds all the depravity and defects of his own society... and many more. Mankind has suffered cruel regressions. Families removed from their modest homes and left to the mercy of the elements, children exploited without any remorse, elderly thrown away as useless waste once consumed their strength...



Despair, discouragement, meekness and resignation are everywhere. Where compassion is hiding?! The Morlocks are much more fierce and heinous than in their dreams. Their voracity knows no limits and their projects are not bound by any scruples. They gradually feed on his servants.

Scuffles fill the streets. He should escape the chaos that no one seems willing to combat, but he became a writer to share their fate. So when the cold metal shines for a second, just long enough to penetrate a body, he puts himself between the executioner and his victim.

Overlooking his sacrifice, rather than flee or defend him, this one meekly offers his most tender part to his master. While the monster devours its banquet, fire spread out in the heart of philanthropist. Why do they not rebel against it?

Wounded in the depths of his being, bleeding from his innocence, writer crawls to take refuge in his machine. Safe in his time capsule, he leaves toward a more favorable horizon for humanity. Back, he must always go back. If he wants to recover the faith, he must go back before the simian emergence. As soon as he has left the future behind him, he breathes a deep

sigh of relief. The tenderness of the beast waits for him at the Paleocene.

Salomé Guadalupe Ingelmo (Spain)

The new gods¹³

Wells theorized. Charles Mortenson putted into the practice experimenting with animals. Foster & Brothers's laboratory patented the invention and it produced for human.

All was very correct under laws of market. The formula Star was very expensive, and only big capitalists could afford it and powerful states could afford it for top secret militaristic purposes.

These new persons, unnaturally gigantic thanks to the potion of laboratories, were requiring large amounts of food. The population, in other hand, became even hungry, because resources were scarce. Then the army came to act, with its special divisions of giant supermen. The suppression became general towards famished inhabitants in the world, and a dictatorial state, leading by the Giant Stars, controlled power and energy resources and food.

¹³ Based on The nourishments of Gods, by H.G. Wells

Despite everything, it was not enough for them. So, just one hundred years after the first humans was consuming the Star, their descendants, eager for power and food, utilized the rest of humanity as food.

Any way, they were thinking about themselves gods, and those miserable creatures, griper and helpless, they were sheep for their sated stomachs.

Francisco José Segovia Ramos (Spain)

The vermilion ship

The river was Time, all of it...

Juan L. Ortiz

Mingo phoned me yesterday, at the Museum. He and his wife were at Pozo Viejo, north of La Rioja. They had an accident; their pickup truck fell off a cliff and landed on a flat area scattered with giant rocks. We're fine; he assured me. "Look, I'm calling because this may interest you, at that place we encountered bird-people, children. Yes, you hear right. For noses, they have parrot beaks. They walk about half naked, covered with ash and don't speak. Berta says they come straight from the Stone Age." He went on. As soon as he got the engine cracking, there appeared an adult, a sort of bearded

shaman with feathers on his head, a golden staff in hand and shooping them off. Two of the children climbed into the back of the truck. Mingo didn't mind; he needed to reach the highway and get help. Driving past a church, he considered leaving the children there but the priest made the sign of the cross and refused to help them.

Mingo called me on his cell, from a store along the road and with decent connection. "I've got photos," he said. "Send them to me right away," I asked. I had never heard of aborigines of that description. Seeing the images, I thought I recognized the dreaded boatmen, the descendants of Horus the Elder's son, the hawk whose task according to the Book of the Dead was to carry the deceased into the underworld and intercede on their behalf. They were identical to the pictures. This was crazy! In Argentina! Anxious to get the scoop on this scientific piece of news, I flew to La Rioja. Once there, I found text messages from my friend whom I knew was in a remote place, without connection. "The children have disappeared. Berta insists on finding them; we're on our way. Then, "All is fine; shaman showing us narrow path leading into a valley. There runs an unforeseen river." "Not to be believed, before us from another space and

time, a vermillion ship, canopy and little bells, ready to sail; children on board.”

Mingo’s last message reached me on my way to Pozo Viejo: “Berta’s transfixed. Couldn’t stop her; she’s now on board; her face painted with ash; shaman transmitting our lives belong to an unrecoverable past. I weep for us both. I feel a breeze; they’re coming for me now.”

Violeta Balián (Argentina)

The hand

To Ramón

Dr. Rivers recalled the case as the most stranger in his years as a surgeon. He was revising clinic histories when he found the photos published in the newspaper about what happened. In one photo, the doctor and his colleagues congratulated themselves for having conducted one implant successful for the hand of CC, a working woman in the sausage factory, whose left hand was shattered a machine. The patient was not in the picture, but the implanted hand was it, whose fingers covered of iodine they jutted out through the bandages. In another photo taken it months later, the same implanted hand showed a sinister aspect, bloodied and

immobilized by a strap, which clutched a nurse.

After surgery, the patient recovered promptly and remade her life, though she noticed some subtle changes. It found that while the left side of her body was as always, her right hand suffered modifications. One day, her right cheek was pinched with her left hand, until shone like a ripe peach. Another day, she painted a passion nails red; only the right hand. Then she bought lipstick, pressed powders and mascara, and right side of the face took the appearance of a porcelain doll. When she looked in the mirror, a tear slid her left eye. C.C. was frightened of the new image what made her way against their will. She consulted with the medical team and the medics advised patience; the adjustment period would pass and would normally she would assume changes. It was not so. Both hands were fighting over every trifle, like the TV remote or the elevator button. One day both hands, they beat she, which ended with several bruises. She had had enough. The implanted hand, the other one, she wanted to be the undisputed star, and that was something that her right hand could not accept. After a sleepless night she crawled into the kitchen to prepare something hot. The left hand, in one quick

motion, grabbed a carving knife. C.C. watched in horror as her right hand was in the path of the blade that was wielding her left hand, and a piercing scream came from her throat.

María José Gil Benedicto (España)

Journey: Time

Cradled in the vagaries of time he lived forever trapped in the use of tear down walls, never put them at the disposal of bricks.

Such commitment granted access to The War of the Worlds. Then he himself knew what time he escaped, was to touch the timeless fiery red, there origin voices pierced for experience The Door in the Wall were heard. And so, that was ended with fluctuating as The Invisible Man, which would consolidate their entry into the afterlife. Of course soon again own space-time, to recover the reins gotten into the time machine, found some of the first men on the moon. It is said to have visited The Island of Dr. Moreau, where proved, apparently, the food of the gods. On site, it scratching the windowsill of delirium, according to gossip, came to kidnap his girlfriend Ann Veronica; Cato was the potion Tono-Bungay. What ultimately he

taught that "love is the greatest thing of all." And he knew that "Our true nationality is human". Yes; the look of this Big Man (HG), snaked across to the land of the blind. But always it knew that "In all lands the sun rises at dawn." This is the outline of the story. This is Kipps: the story of a simple man, one whom the imagination gave carte blanche. Thanks to its unprecedented potential impermeable topics, stereotypes and paradigms intruders, this immortal lit hidden realities, grafting impossible in the family tree of possibilities.

Ultradimensiones dragged into space, expressing the deepest restless personality traits crossed the event horizon. Dodging Hawking evaporation and ignoring General Relativity, filed for Quantum Theory. It could be a treasured secret, achieve reconstruct fragmented, with great truth, object of desire. Trembling, however, spat upon the slogan. It's not really worth it: perfection was the high wall he always wanted down.

Mari Carmen Caballero Álvarez (Spain)

Diary of war

For the imminence of the attack it was placed in the ciber-universe the daily

information of the events. All were entitled that is...

October 20, 2158: Captured the first signs of the ships aggressors.

October 21 at 24, 2158: They are positioned for the attack around the Milky Way; launching of the first thermal rays.

Beginning of the general panic.

October 25, 2158: The Cosmic Council of Defense meets. Our replica is rejected and they capture two exploration ships.

October 26 and 27, 2158: Information of both ends of the galaxy arrives: the invaders dominate complete stellar systems and they murder their inhabitants.

October 28, 2158: New meeting of the Council. They rush to the cosmos aid signs. They continue falling in the hands enemy areas of our galaxy.

October 29, 2158: Captured two invaders ships! It is tried to penetrate them.

First positive news: the ciber-universe was saturated of congratulations toward our army.

October 30 to November 1, 2158: They continue being rejected the attacks, but the captured ships cannot still be penetrated.

November 2, 2158: The invaders win positions again. They begin to be presented

volunteers in the planets with more threat. But alone those are accepted bigger than twenty years.

November 3, 2158: In the arm spiral Shield-centaur they exploited four planets. We are able to enter to the ships. They are space drones and we are able to disable them.

November 4, 2158: The invader ships were

connected by virtual circuits and in the night, in a continuous way they faded all. It finished the war!

Happiness, sadness, nostalgia, desperation and many more feelings saturated the nets of the ciber-universe again.



Omar Martínez (Cuba)

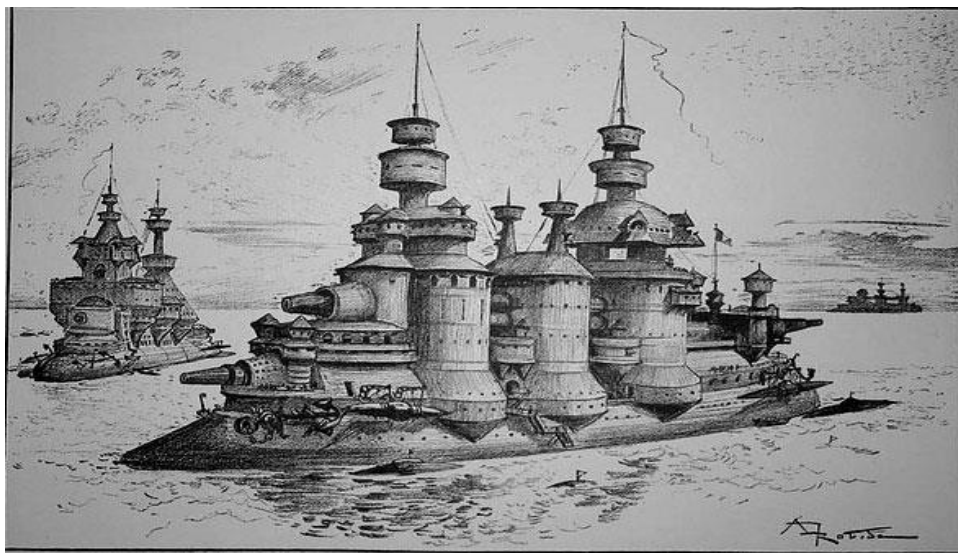
The pacifist¹⁴

I didn't desire this war. From the beginning I was against it. "Why don't we try to communicate with them?" I asked at the assembly. But nobody listened to me. All of them were infused by the need to combat. It was our survival, or the enemy, they shouted.

The few discordant voices were silenced. The guns took the place of words, and the few of us who were opposed to madness went out of society, such as parasites, as nasty persons who they left to live alone because they didn't want to waste time on exterminating them.

I regretted bitterly in my loneliness the emptiness in which my requests were received. I looked at the stars, and I knew that even in the stars the cruelty prevailed over them empathy.

But they didn't limited to remain him in exile for several weeks. Finally, one fateful day, I was drafted into the war which I



never wished. I couldn't refuse it or my family would suffer the consequences.

Now I fight on Earth aboard on a tripod combat. And while I cry with martian tears, I press the button and a new destructive laser shot destroys a poor group of terrestrial creatures...

Francisco José Segovia Ramos (Spain)

Jonathan H. Corvus¹⁵

Far from the master and without the pain, the rest of us reverted to their original nature. Except for me. I still wonder: why? The truth is, I usually ask myself many things. I don't know if this is due to my human or my corvine nature; but, instead of quenching my curiosity, every new bit of information I get from the books I consult

¹⁴ Based on The War of the Worlds, by H.G. Wells

¹⁵ Translated into English by Lawrence Schimel

merely feeds it. And my thirst for more knowledge is thus increased.

Since I escaped from the island, I've tried to adjust to the world of men. I earn my living as a messenger for certain persons of high political standing; Londoners with occult inclinations. My bearing is elegant and I dress with class: a carelessly unbuttoned Chesterfield over a vest, a fashionable tie and a top hat. I've adopted their names (with a bit of sarcasm, I admit): James Crow, John Raven, Jonathan H. Corvus... I'm careful to pluck the few black feathers that peek through, here and there, like hairs sprouting in various places of my body. It is a relief that those of my head are as fine and wild as a chick's down, and look like hair (even if rather ruffled or Bohemian). Of course, I scrupulously shave my snowy-white face. An "attractive" face if I must judge it, not from some useless vanity (which is lacking in me), but by how it attracts the glances of damsels and the compliments of some young gentlemen with whom I share a special affection.

Except, of course, for my eyes... Eyes because of which my master evicted me from his side, tossing me into that filthy town of animals who mimic being men with their absurd Law. Eyes which let me see the opportunity to flee from the island

at the precise moment that the shipwreck arrived. The round eyes of a crow: a ring of gold and a dark well (which means I can never remove my tiny cobalt blue glasses). Eyes sharper than those of any human. Those which I enjoy on every moonless night in Southwark Park, beneath the three cypress trees, when I devour those orbs, blue, green or brown, which so remind me of my master's black eyes; my master who didn't know how to see me fly so far away from him.

Teresa P. Mira de Echeverría (Argentina)

The solution

Hunger owned the world.

It's very uncomfortable for me and my kind have to endure horrible vision-Don Jacobo noble of the new order, he complains about the thousands of homeless who crowd the streets of the city.

'I understand, but it's all because of the crisis, jobless, homeless, without illusions, you people are not guilty of their situation the secretary-general of the government, trying to calm him.

I do not want excuses, and use the solution you promised me, or end up sleeping with the mob.

The General Secretary nods and leaves the office of Don Jacobo.

Take your mobile phone and make a call.

John, who quit the police control and to spray all the homeless with the liquid, do not waste time, come out already!

John cannot believe what I just heard, the experimental fluid was created for military purposes, finally, its adverse effects, discarded.

Who was sprayed he became invisible, unfortunately after an hour had disappeared, it vanished.

That was the solution, poverty made invisible to the end of an hour, make it disappear.

Diego Galán Ruiz (Spain)

Fact or fantasy?

Field notebook.

Notes of the deep excavation in Richmond, England.

Discovery S. XIX, strange artifact of metal, rock crystal and ivory.

Archaeologist Joseph Swizz

October 30, 2215

Today I started digging in the area 19 Richmond Valley, when my men shouted

that they had encountered some metal I was surprised because that zone was uninhabited and in that depth is not possible to find anything of this material; so I ordered stop the work and evacuate staff.

When I approached to review the finding, I was surprised because the device looked like a simple machine that had no reason to be buried there. I took my lamp, clean the front glass and peered inside. I was very surprised to see two beings inside the structure. I began to search and could not find the entry so I gave myself the task of cleaning the hole and give the first peek.

The surprise was increasing, inside I saw two beings perfectly preserved in the time, one of them was missing a piece of leg, measured one meter and twenty centimeters and wore a purple tunic with a leather belt around its waist; It was a simple beauty but beautiful countenance. The other was a very ugly being with fierce face and a faded white, with long blond hair that reached halfway back, red and strange eyes.

I took a photo to the two beings with my mobile and looked for any reference in the archives of their own databases and on the Internet, immediately they placed as a Eloi and Morlock, characters in a science fiction novel called "The time machine "of a

nineteenth-century writer named Herbert George Wells. This is not literature, not science fiction. It is history, archeology, they exist and they are here.

M^a Del Socorro Candelaria Zárate (Mexico)

After the return

The Time Traveler's back to the future, stunned by what he saw there. It destroyed his invention, for anyone trying to use it.

Then, remembering what has been lived, he had an idea. A few months later, in 1895, he published his first novel "The Time Machine"

Ricardo Manzanaro (Spain)

The green door

At any rate, you will say, it betrayed him in the end. But did it betray him? There you touch the inmost mystery of these dreamers, these men of vision and the imagination.

The Door in the Wall, The Door in the Wall, and Other Stories (1911)

—Another Good boy disappeared, appearing to disappear again!

Why do you say one good child? All children are good and innocent-at Lieutenant Henry Perlnoire annoyed that their captain speak in this way. It would not have been the first time they let in a case by the condition of the guys.-When it happened, sir?

—The Friday afternoon, after the start of



class, he did not come home. Some kids saw him enter through a door, but it seems that they said by notoriety, because nobody found any entry into that wall. On Saturday, his parents reported the reunion, but the joy lasted barely a couple of hours, the boy turned to fade in the same place.

It's strange, sir, this story coincides with others. Witnesses confirmed at all about the existence of a door that, in any case, could not be found. Captain, if he find a place to be happy, no responsibilities, return?

The question was in the air after working hours: A place without responsibilities? What nonsense! Make us adult responsibilities, seek stability married. And for a moment he thought of his wife. That strange that awaited him every day with hot dinner. Oops! I can not take it to heart these cases. Children and adults who do not want to be found. No tracks Motives? They do not want responsibilities.

The musings led him to West Kensington: The door is never closed. No bodies or letters ransom; no witnesses and relatives are concerned. He tried whistling frustrated some childish tune, but could not remember how.

The green door is in front of him.
Challenging.

He smiles as who is going to commit an innocent prank: steal a cookie from a jar, scribbling in ink the edges of a textbook. The captain has crossed the threshold.

Carmen Rosa Signes Urrea (Spain)

Ricardo Acevedo Esplugas (Cuba)

Identity

Por Dolo Espinosa —Seud.— (Spain)

The beast looks in the water and tilts its head.

The thoughts, slow and heavy, try to cross the nebula of thoughts and feelings that fill its brain.

The beast holds still its eyes fixed on the water.

It frowns.

It resembles the Master but it is not like the Master.

It resembles the wild animals, too, but it is not like them.

The beast shakes his head, frustrated and confused.

-I Am ... -it thinks- I am ...

But cannot continue.

What is it? Animal? Human?

Arms, legs, claws, fangs ...

-I Am ... I am ...



Think is hard. Think is tired. Get carried away by the sensations and instincts is much better, much easier.

A sound attracts the attention of the beast, which is rotated, sniffs and watches.

A small and pulsating creature moves, cautious, a few meters away.

Beast feels hungry, it can almost feel the flavor of the meat in his mouth, the warmth of blood in its throat ... But no, no, it's forbidden!

The Master doesn't allow it.

Images of endless pain fill its mind.

-No meat! No blood! -thinks- The Master no ... I am ... I am ...

But the reason does not progress. It is weak. The instinct, however, is strong. It comes forward and takes over.

While it cast upon hunting, beast repeated to itself:

-I Am ... I am ... I am ...

When its teeth bite into the fragile neck, doubts dissipate.

The last rest of reason disappears.

And the beast roars his identity.

Prophecy

Por Dolo Espinosa —Seud.— (Spain)

It was predicted, but it was not heard.

It was written, but was not understood.

Everyone knew the message but none heeded.

The prophecy was read in books, heard on radio broadcasts, watched on television and movie screens, taken to the theater and even transformed into musical but still, no one saw it.

And so they came.

The cylinders fell on Britain first, on the rest of the world later.

They were war machines, the heat rays, black smoke ...

The manhunt began.

Those who could escape hid in the depths.

The book became our guide and our hope. Point by point, everything was happening as there was told. So, well hidden, we wait patiently twenty-first day, the day when all the aliens would die.



But that day came and went and nothing happens. Nor the next. Nor other.

Our hopes were slowly dying ...

The good news is that we are no longer hunted and live underground.

The bad news is that we live on farms and are raised as livestock.

For them it's more comfortable and, in a sense, so is for us.

I still have the book of Mr. Wells and, occasionally, reread its final pages, dreaming of that part of the prophecy will also be fulfilled sooner or later and praying that that time comes before my children to provide food for our masters.

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Noticias TerBi: Jornada TerBi 9-V-2015 pág. 1

Fallo del V PREMIO TEMÁTICO "Mundo envejecido" TerBi 2015 de Ciencia-Ficción, Fantasía y Terror" pág. 4

Relatos del Concurso TerBi

Eden Ranch / Pedro Pablo de Andrés Correas pág. 5

El gran crucero / Abel Amutxategi Ortega pág. 13

Extensior / Christian Klein pág. 33

Fluido Vital / Isaac Correa pág. 47

La cola de lagartija / Ferrán Varela Navarro pág. 67

Morituri te salutant! / Vicente Hernández López pág. 75

Actividades e iniciativas de la TerBi pág. 95

[file:///C:/Users/Ricardo%20y%20Carmen/Downloads/TerBi%20Revista%20n%C2%BA%2010%20Agosto%202015%20Especial%20concurso%20\(1\)\(2\).pdf](file:///C:/Users/Ricardo%20y%20Carmen/Downloads/TerBi%20Revista%20n%C2%BA%2010%20Agosto%202015%20Especial%20concurso%20(1)(2).pdf)

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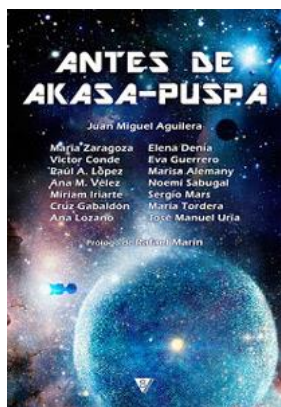
Foreword / 5

Acknowledgements / 6

Table of contents / 9

When the Tide Comes in, Belinda Puts Out by Rhys Hughes /

- 11
- An Infusion of Stars by Des Lewis / 15
- Cantarella by Sissy Pantelis / 21
- About a Black Wizard by Pedro Oliveira / 25
- Blank Page by José Alexandre / 27
- Un Doux Salaud by Marie Ferandji / 29
- Writers Cramp by Fiona Duffin / 31
- The Corridor by José Alexandre / 33
- A Universal Wish by Boris Glikman / 35
- Homeless by Sara Almeida / 37
- A Crumbley Piece of Apple Pie by H B McCullagh / 39
- The Belly Orchard by Rhys Hughes / 41
- The Be(e)ing of a Tyger by Boris Glikman / 46
- Cannibalisme Sentimental by Marie Ferandji / 49
- Fiona and Puffin by H B McCullagh / 51
- Freedom by Mercie Pedro e Silva / 53
- I've Been Watching You Piss and I Know Everything About You by Nathaniel Tower / 55
- A Flash by Mercie Pedro e Silva / 57
- To Who It May Concern by Nathaniel Tower / 58
- Unveiling by Mercie Pedro e Silva / 61
- The Moneyed Universe (or Origin of Specie) by Boris Glikman / 62
- The Depth of Micro-Minimalism: A Review of FiCtIoN! by Nathaniel Tower / 64
- L by Ian Towey / 64



Antología:

Antes de Akasa-Puspa

Edición: Juan Miguel Aguilera

Autores: Juan Miguel Aguilera, Juan Miguel Aguilera, Ana Muñoz Vélez, Cruz Gabaldón, Elena Denia, Eva G. Guerrero, José Manuel Uría, María Tordera, María Zaragoza, Marisa Alemany, Noemi Sabugal, Raúl A. López, Sergio Mars, Víctor Conde.

Editorial: Sportula

Sinopsis: Sigue a la humanidad en su evolución entre las estrellas

Sabemos qué pasó tras Némesis: la especie humana se expandió por el sistema solar y acabó separándose en dos subespecies diferenciadas: anuros y ajolotes. Sabemos algo más: que los anuros crearon la Esfera que cubre todo el sistema solar y que, varios millones de años después, este fue atrapado por el cúmulo globular de Akasa-Puspa.

Pero, ¿qué sucedió entretanto? ¿Qué pasó entre la construcción de la esfera y la llegada del cúmulo? ¿En qué afanes estuvo ocupada la humanidad durante todo ese tiempo? ¿A qué nuevos desafíos hizo frente, qué errores cometió y qué problemas superó?

Descúbrelo en esta antología coordinada por Juan Miguel Aguilera. Echa un vistazo a lo que ocurrió antes de Akasa-Puspa y descubre la Mancomunidad que la precedió.

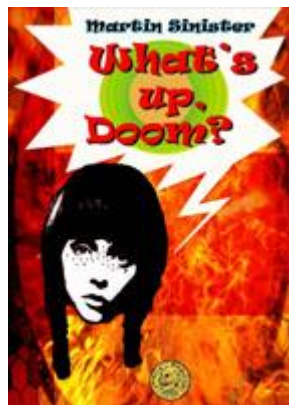
<http://www.sportula.es/?p=3331>

Novelas:

What's Up, Doom?

Portada: Pedro Belushi

Autor: Martin Sinister



Editorial: Saco de Huesos

Sinopsis: ¿Qué infiernos es What's up, Doom?, la nueva novela de Martin Sinister y por qué demonios hay que leerla? Una pequeña introducción para ponerte al día... Si no te interesa, te la saltas y tan amigos.

Vayamos al grano. ¿Te gustan las novelas de enredo y aventuras al límite? ¿Te gustan los relatos en los que el protagonista está a punto de perderlo todo y bajar a los infiernos, todo envuelto con una capa de humor negro y referencias frikis? Si es así, estás en el lugar adecuado, fiel creyente.

¿De qué va What's up, Doom?? Sencillo: trata de una chica y dos chicos: el típico triángulo... ¿el típico triángulo? Salvo unos pequeños detalles.

Para empezar, la chica es una demonio que viene a la tierra para hacer su proyecto fin de carrera, lo que supone matanza, violencia gratuita e injustificada y demás lindezas.

Sigamos: uno de los chicos es un ángel perfeccionista y redicho al que sus compañeros del Cielo han invitado a "irse" a nuestro planeta porque no lo aguantaban. Seguro que conocéis a alguna persona así y sabéis de lo que hablamos.

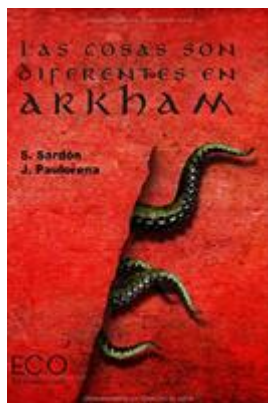
¿Y el otro chico...? El otro chico se pregunta todo el rato por qué está en medio de este lío que se desarrolla en una noche infernal donde hay de todo: una fabulosa fiesta V.I.P. en la que es imposible entrar, brókers asesinos en busca de una película maldita, persecuciones, equívocos, conspiraciones, demonios, frikis, screwball comedy y mil cosas más. Algunos preguntarán si hay amor. Oh, incorregibles románticos, ¿por qué no lo leéis y juzgáis?

Así que esto es What's up, Doom?, una mezcla pop vertiginosa y acelerada fruto de la mente calenturienta y demente de Martin Sinister, uno de los autores malditos de más éxito y que no te dejará indiferente... o al menos eso se pretende: tú tienes la última palabra.

Estás invitado. ¿Te atreves a entrar en la historia para decidir?

<https://lektu.com/1/saco-de-huesos/whats-up-doom/2036>

Las cosas son diferentes en Arkham



Autores: S. Sardon y J. Paulorena

Sinopsis: El hombre más poderoso de Nueva Inglaterra me había contratado para descubrir qué le ocurría a su hijo. Los médicos decían que no era un coma, que se encontraba inmerso en un sueño profundo del que no podía despertar. El caso me interesaba. Yo también padecía de trastornos del sueño, aunque lo mío se debía a algo tan banal como estrés postraumático. Cuando conocí a Zhora pensé que era una mujer fatal, una parapsicóloga que engañaba a ricos incautos con su atractivo y palabrería, y que la Tierra de los Sueños sólo era una invención del alucinado de Lovecraft. Por supuesto, me equivocaba. El Ankh Invertido sigue asesinando en macabros rituales, una secta que se remonta al Egipto dinástico y que llevan más de cinco mil años buscando un artefacto prohibido. Y sé que están relacionados con mi cliente. Pero lo que es peor: Aquel Con Un Millar de Nombres sigue mis pasos.

http://www.amazon.es/Las-cosas-son-diferentes-Arkham/dp/8494446606/ref=sr_1_1?ie=UTF8&qid=1447134630&sr=8-1&keywords=las+cosas+son+diferentes+en+arkham

Hela



Autor: José Ángel Conde

Editorial: Triskel Ediciones

Diseño cubierta: Triskel Ediciones

Sinopsis: La Unión Nórdica es la última gran superpotencia mundial superviviente de las devastadoras “guerras del petróleo”, una unidad supranacional basada en el totalitarismo, la tecnocracia y el racismo.

Köil Barfauti, un alma tan lúcida como atormentada, sobrevive como

puede en el interior de este “paraíso hiperbóreo” hasta que se enamora de Leylah, una enigmática mujer que le introducirá en una organización subversiva secreta dispuesta a revelar y destruir la verdadera cara del sistema escandinavo: un panteón de semidioses que se alimentan de las emociones de los ciudadanos.

Köil deberá embarcarse en un extraño viaje iniciático interior en busca de la revelación oculta resultante de combinar el lenguaje de las runas y la física cuántica. ¿Conseguirá encontrar su propio yo? ¿Liderará la rebelión que lleve al mundo al Apocalipsis, al temido Ragnarök?

<http://www.triskelediciones.es/hela.html>

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 Writers.*

Bayarri, Salvador (Spain) PhD in Physics and a degree in Philosophy. Specialist in simulation and virtual reality, is author of "El Profeta Americano", a script about the life of Philip K. Dick, and "La Trilogía de las Esferas" a series of science fiction adventures. He has made numerous presentations and lectures, and worked in film and theater scripts.

He also writes a blog about topics in physics, philosophy and science fiction

www.bayarrilibros.blogspot.com

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

In 2012 and in Buenos Aires she published El Expediente Glasser (The Glasser Dossier) a science fiction novel with Editorial Dunken and its digital version through Amazon.com. Balián is also one of the 28 Latin American writers participating in Primeros Exiliados (First Exiles) a ci-fi anthology to be published in Argentina in March 2013.

<http://violetabalian.blogspot.com>

<http://elexpedienteglasser.blogspot.co>

Caballero Álvarez, Mari Carmen (España)

I have published several paper microstories VV.AA included in anthologies, to be selected in the respective competitions: Bioaxioma (Cachitos of Love II, ACEN), Esmeralda (Savory Snacks II, ACEN) and Spurs (Savory Snacks III). Your Name (Cachitos Love III). Equality (Savory Snacks IV) A

any night (Cachitos love IV) Split Personality (ACEN: Tasty snacks V)

In the resulting anthology of III contest Isonomía, she posted a story I wrote: Faces of counterfeit currency. Also the digital magazine Echoes 4 contains a story of mine: Malva.

Lost Shadow (Creative portions, literary diversity) and it was true (Lots Soul, also of literary diversity). Literary storm is another micro I sent the competition of free themes pen, ink and paper, complementing the selection of works pen, ink and paper II, the collective Diversity Literary organizes and promotes. Longing Fall, Fall and Winter event. Cuneiform writing (Once upon a time ... a micro story II). Textual (Sensations and senses). Ultratrueno (Microterrores) Dispenser (night Inspirations) Image and likeness (pen, ink and paper III). Brisas Bruges (Spring alters blood ... II). In the corners and outside (Feelings and senses II) Romanticism philosophical-scientific (Serves Romantic Soul II) Vital signs of a clock (IV pen, ink and paper) My two lives (Microfantasías)

Currently public microrrelatos in the monthly challenge: 5 lines of page buzzwords, promoted by the literary blog of Adella Brac (Something happened, Infidels loyalties, deadly Machination,

An open instantly, a vase and a pink, Sentimental recipe, one afternoon in the park, lethal, Fantasy Return, you looked, you look ... I will find you ?, folk Funeral, Esquela to another world, Dichotomy ...)

Minatura regular contributor to the magazine. In her stories and mine the following items appear: Steampa (Steampunk) Scared to Death (Stephen King) Rumbo Gaia (Isaac Asimov), endophobia (phobias), Petrolibros (Ray B. Douglas) A chalk Pokes (Vampires). Operation: Warm (Spy Fi). Tandem (Cosmogonies) The scarlet look (Diablo)

Items:

Licantrosapiencia ... Live the Science! (Lycanthropy and other transformations). No colors or preservatives (dossier immortality). Lights and Shadows (Area 51). Prototypes, prequels and sequels (Serie B). Normal, abnormal and paranormal (paranormal phenomena). A pike in Flanders (Space Western). The multiverse weird fiction (Weird Fiction).

In the XI International Competition 2013 Fantastic micro story I Minatura finalist with the story The Three Shades Diablo (special report published in the Narrativ Competition 2013) Another selection has been the Fantástics 12 Competition in charge of the Slang library, in the

book The Grim Reaper Venus appears selected my story : Beautiful.

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

Dolo Espinosa —seud.— (Spain) has written several short stories published in the Annual Cultural Magazine The Truce. Short story published in the Anthology of Time II Editorial hypallage. Tales short story published in the anthology to smile Publishing hypallage. Story published in the book Atmospheres, 100 stories to the world. Short story published in the anthology More stories in Editorial hypallage smile. Finalist I nonsexist Literary Short Story Competition Traditional Children convened by the Commonwealth Zona Centrode Extremadura with the story: An inconsequential story and published in the book I Story Contest rewritten from a Gender Perspective. Contest Finalist Anthology of Short Fiction "LVDLPEI" (Voice of the International Written Word) with the story: Segismundo, published in the book I Hispanoamericana Short Narrative Anthology. Short story published in the anthology Free yourself up to you! Publishing hypallage. Story published in The Inkwell Publishing Atlantis. Giants short story published in the Editorial Liliput Atlantis. Children's story published in the book It Could Happen to you.

Several children's stories published in The Ship of books 3rd Primary, Education, Editorial Santillana.

Several children's stories published in The Ship of books 4th Primary, Editorial Santillana. Story included in the anthology 400 words, fiction, Publisher Letradepalo.

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.

Gil Benedicto, María José (Spain) I write stories, poems and children's stories. I have participated in some numbers in this digital magazine as well as in their contests. Was

included one of my micro stories in the Blog "Lectures d'ailleurs". I have worked in some "chained stories" of Opticks Magazine. The magazine "TerBi" has published another of my stories.

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 III Terbi Award Thematic Story Space travel without return, Basque Association of Science Fiction, Fantasy and Horror, Bilbao, with Guinea pig. He has collaborated on several occasions in Minatura Digital Magazine and the Chilean magazine of Science Fiction, Fantasy and Horror Tales Ominous.

Manzanaro, Ricardo (San Sebastian, Spain, 1966), a physician and professor at the UPV / EHU (University of the Basque Country).

Assistant usual from the beginning to the TerBi (tertulia science fiction Bilbao), and currently chairs the association arising from the same

"TerBi Basque Association of Science Fiction Fantasy and Horror". He has published more than 40 stories.

Currently maintains a blog on literature and science fiction movies:

<http://www.notcf.blogspot.com/>

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.

Mira Echeverría, Teresa P. (Argentina, 1971) Ph.D., works as university teaching and research

on the relationship between science fiction, philosophy and mythology.

It is one of the founders of the literary workshop "Los clanes de luna Dickeana"

His stories have appeared in magazines Próxima, Axxón, NM, Opera galáctica, Valinor, Ficción Científica, SuperSonic and other publications.

He has also published articles and essays in various specialized media as Signos Universitarios, El hilo de Ariadna, NM y Cuasar.

With "La trama del vacío" (published in the NM and Quasar magazines) he won the 2nd. Essay prize in the category of III International Prize for Electronic Publishing.

His story "Memoria" (2013 Ignotus Award nominee), integrates the celebrated international anthology Terra Nova published in Spain and Argentina, in the Spanish version, as in the English.

The story "Dextrógiro" was translated into French in the project to integrate various translators of French universities, led by professors from the University of Poitiers, France; and he appeared in the anthology:

Lectures d'Argentine -auteurs argentins du XXIe siècle-.

His story "La tenue lluvia sobre los arcos", integrates the erotic anthology of fantasy and science fiction Psychopomp II: Bunny Love.

The story "Vidrio líquido" is part of the anthology Dark Ages II-a fantastic view internationally, dedicated to Argentine writers.

His story "Purgatorio-42" appears in the anthology Eridano, Supplement No. 24 Alfa Eridani.

In addition, "N. Bs. As.", Written in collaboration with her husband, the writer Guillermo Echeverria, part of the celebrated anthology Buenos Aires Próxima.

The story "La Terpsícore" was the winner of the contest Alucinadas (an anthology of science fiction stories written by women in Spanish) and integrates this work with other prestigious writers and publishers.

His story "Máquina de mi alma" integrates Steampunk Anthology. Stories retrofuture where writers of "Los clanes de luna Dickeana" workshop are involved.

His novelette Memoria, translated by writer and translator Lawrence Schimel, was published

in the USA, by the publishing Upper Rubber Boot Books.

Just leave published his first anthology of its stories: *Diez variaciones sobre el amor* (ed. Ayarmanot), themed strictly science fiction, addressing the perspective of human relationships and some queer visions. And it has the bonus of being illustrated by Ines Saubidet a Argentina recorded a remarkable artist, , and prefaced by the writer and editor Cristina Jurado. The issue was in the care of Laura Ponce.

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.

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.

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

Publications: "Los Sueños Muertos" novel, "Lo que cuentan las sombras" stories; "El aniversario" novel. Participant in numerous anthologies of poetry and narrative with multiple authors.

Other activities: Collaborating in several newspapers and literary magazines.

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

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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. 33, 50 Alvim Corrêa, Henrique (Rio de Janeiro, 1876 – Bruxelas, 1910), painter and illustrator who live in Belgium.

Pag. 30, 54 Ferriss, Hugh (1889 – 1962) was an American delineator (one who creates drawings and sketches of buildings) and architect. After his death a colleague said he 'influenced my generation of architects' more than any other man. Ferriss also influenced popular culture, for example Gotham City (the setting for Batman) and Kerry Conran's Sky Captain and the World of Tomorrow.

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Hugh_Ferriss

Pag. 01 Paricio Font, Rubén (Spain, 38 years old) draws since he had the strength to lift a pencil.

Inspired, like most children, comics and drawings televisión (Mazinger Z, Spiderman, etc.) began to try to play to their childhood heroes believing that the draw would become one of them, capturing their souls in the role and making them his own.

As he grew, he made drawings of everything that lay before her: Fruits, shoes, photographs, and began to give orders: T-shirts for friends, murals, portraits of family members, etc.

After graduating from basic education, with 15 years, he studied graphic design at the School of Arts and Crafts in Castellón.

At age 20, he had to get to work as a laborer in a factory of ceramic tiles. After three years, he decided to quit his job to try to find work drawing, and saw that in the ceramic industry design was a section where the end he managed to get. He spent 12 years designing ceramic tiles, which made the most of the opportunity to work with software like 3D Max or Photoshop (his favorite), without stopping to draw at home the orders that were coming to him, over 300 portraits in pastel and pencil Several exhibitions of oil paintings, illustrations for the magazine Antropia of the University Jaume I of Castellón, Fallas collaborations with artists, props for theater,

decorative designs for stores, logo design for companies, illustrations, comics, illustrations for architects and industrial engineers, photographs and etc.

In 2010, due to demand for artistic works that had decided to leave his job in pottery to start his own art studio in La Vall d'Uixo, called Bombilla Negra, where, in addition to their jobs, imparts drawing and painting classes for adults and children, which adores.

He has won several awards in national competitions of posters and paintings. The latest fast painting contest of Sant Mateu 2012, where he was awarded the First Prize.

If there is one word to define it, it is versatile, as it is passionate all traditional as well as different types of computer graphics representation of the image. He is addicted both pencil and Photoshop.

He has also designed and launched several web pages

www.labombillanegra.es

www.mondaiqua.com

www.webdepsico.com

Pag. 21 Puyana Domínguez, José Manuel
(Cadiz, Spain), illustrator and columnist.

Degree in History, specializing in history of American comic book, graphic designer and illustrator. Currently I am dedicated to organizing events as coordinator of the Comic Con Spain, Jerez Manga Hall, and GamerCon; the illustration, illustrating from books to comics, and making digital workshops and camps for children; and I also write articles about comics for the Bay of Cadiz Journal. As a great lover of fantasy literature, science fiction and comic books, I write my own blog on these topics, called "Memorias de un Morlock"

<http://memoriasdeunmorlock.com/>

Pag. 25, 45, 51, 56, 58 Robida, Albert (14 May 1848 – 11 October 1926) was a French illustrator, etcher, lithographer, caricaturist, and novelist. He edited and published La Caricature magazine for 12 years. Through the 1880s he wrote an acclaimed trilogy of futuristic novels. In the 1900s he created 520 illustrations for Pierre Giffard's weekly serial La Guerre Infernale.

Pag. 28 Urios, Carmen (Girona, Spain, 20 years old) illustrator.

www.allysterraven.tumblr.com

About illustrations:

Pag. 01 H. G. Wells / Rubén Paricio Font (Spain); **Pag. 21** Memorias de un Morlock / José Manuel Puyana Domínguez (Spain); **Pag. 23** Fear, Lies & China Ink: Go by tripod / Evandro Rubert (Braz); **Pag. 25** La Vie Électrique / A. Robida (France); **Pag. 28** Hundimiento de una era / Carmen Urios (Spain); **Pag. 30** Cities of tomorrow / Hugh Ferriss (USA); **Pag. 33** The War of the World (Belgium editium, 1906) / Henrique Alvim Corrêa (Brazil); **Pag. 38** American Scientist (1800); **Pag. 45** La Vie Électrique / A. Robida (France); **Pag. 50** The War of the World (Belgium editium, 1906) / Henrique Alvim Corrêa (Brazil); **Pag. 51** La Guerre au vingtième siècle (1887) / A. Robida (France); **Pag. 54** Cities of tomorrow / Hugh Ferriss (USA); **Pag. 56** La Vie Électrique / A. Robida (France); **Pag. 58** La Vie Électrique / A. Robida (France); **Pag. 79** H. G. Wells / Pedro Belushi (Spain).



