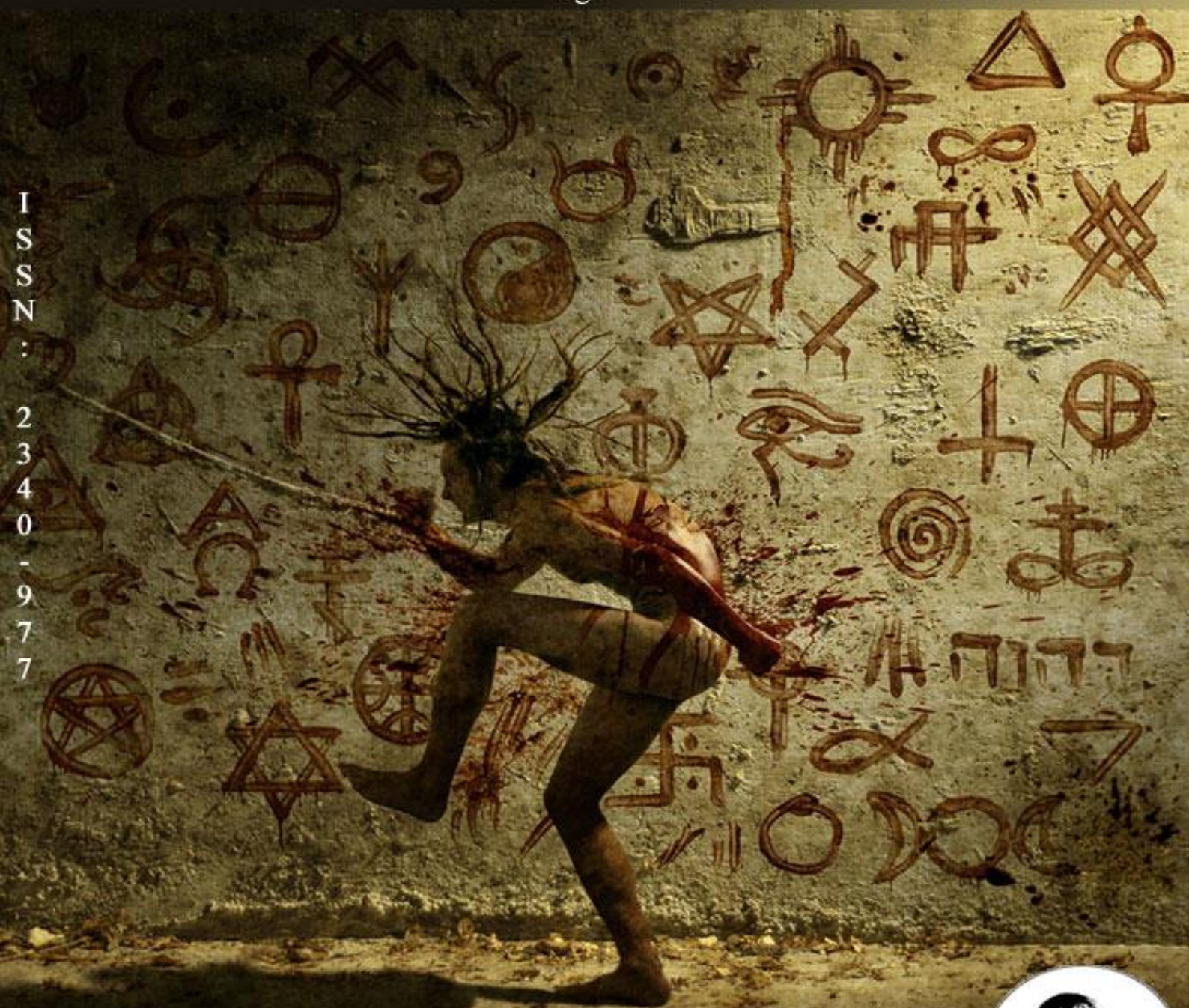




The Magazine of the Brief and Fantastic

ISSN :
2340-9777



CLAUDIO BERGAMIN
ARTIST



Somewhere, something
incredible is waiting to
be known.

Carl Sagan

○○○

Extinction is the rule.
Survival is the exception.

Carl Sagan

○○○

The fate of all
explanation is to close one door only to
have another fly wide open.

Charles Fort

○○○

Every science is a mutilated octopus. If its
tentacles were not clipped to stumps, it
would feel its way into disturbing
contacts.

Charles Fort

○○○

Humanity is actually under the control of
dinosaur-like alien reptiles called the
Babylon Brotherhood who must consume



human blood to maintain
their human appearance.

David Icke

○○○

I happen to be privileged
enough to be in on the fact
that we have been visited
on this planet, and the
UFO phenomenon is
real...Yes there have been
crashed craft, and bodies

recovered. We are not alone in the
universe; they have been coming here for
a long time.

Edgar Mitchel

○○○

FM signals and those of broadcast
television...[travel] out to space at the
speed of light. Any eavesdropping alien
civilization will know all about our TV
programs (probably a bad thing), will
hear all our FM music (probably a good
thing), and know nothing of the politics
of AM talk-show hosts (probably a safe
thing).

Neil DeGrasse Tyson

You spend all your time by the radio
waiting for the signal

But inside, you'll always feel the
same, even when you wake up

Even if you wake up

Fanfarlo, *Harold T. Wilkins, or How To
Wait For A Very Long.*

This could be an ironic publisher, full
of scathing satires style Oleg Pishkin
cats or just spend a few seconds to the
fragile life of Harold T. Wilkins whose
books lie between shelves and
children's science fiction pulp and
whose greatest achievement lies in
creating the concept of *Paleocontact*¹.

In 1966 I.S. Shklovski and Carl Sagan
published *Intelligent Life in the Universe*

¹ The ancient astronaut (or alien) hypothesis (AAH) or contact (AAC) is pseudoscientific hypothesis that posits that intelligent extraterrestrial beings have visited Earth and made contact with humans in antiquity and prehistory.

april, may, june 2016 # 149

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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.

You can follow our publication through:

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

where historians and astrophysicists that take into account the possibility that we were visited by beings from other worlds and argued their approaches to the issue of Jean-François de Galaup, Comte de La Perouse is requested in 1786, the first contact between European civilization and the Tlingit (Aleutian Islands) culture that included this in their oral narrative.

Unfortunately, this serious attempt led to a legion in the style of Erich von Däniken, Giorgio A. Tsoukalos, Zecharia Sitchin, Robert KG Temple, David Icke, Peter Kolosimo, and Robert Charroux among others that made our ancestors mere observers of their architectural acts of our alien mentors.

But like Mulder: I want to believe. I want to believe that some rock paintings, murals glyphs or in testimony reflected these visits. I want to believe that contact in ancient times was a mutual contribution of knowledge that made us better.

Now I wish to apologize for the unnecessary delay in the creation of this number and just hope they apologize.

They cannot help but enjoy this issue of the interview to the Uruguayan Alejandro Colucci illustrator; as well as articles, poems and texts that give life to this number.

And thanks as always to our illustrators who with his art reflect the essence of this special: Claudio Bergamin (Chilean / Italian); Alejandro Colucci (Uruguay); Evandro Rubert (Brazil); Miriam Ember (Argentina); Angel Legna (Spain); Puy -seud.- (Spain); Santamaria Manuel Barrios (Spain); Sergey Musin (Russia).

Regards!

Next issue:

Overpopulation

Deadline: june, 10

XIV Certamen Internacional de Microcuento

Fantástico miNatura 2016

BASES DEL CERTAMEN

1. Podrán concursar todos los interesados sin límite de edad, posean o no libros publicados dentro del género.

2. Los trabajos deberán presentarse en castellano. El tema del microcuento deberá ser afín a la literatura fantástica, la ciencia ficción o el terror.

3. Los originales tienen que enviarse a la siguiente dirección:
revistadigitalminatura.certamenesliterarios@blogger.com

4. Los trabajos deberán ir precedidos de la firma que incluirá los siguientes datos: seudónimo obligatorio (que aparecerá publicado junto al microcuento para su evaluación, de no enviarlo se le asignará el título del texto), nombre completo, nacionalidad, edad, e-mail de contacto y un breve currículum literario en caso de poseerlo (estos datos no serán publicados).

5. Se aceptará un único cuento por participante. La publicación del mismo en las horas posteriores al envío dentro del blog Certámenes Literarios miNatura (<http://certamenesliterariosminatura.blogspot.com.es/>) previa moderación, hará las veces de acuse de recibo.

IMPORTANTE: La cuenta de correo dispuesta para el recibo de los microcuentos no ofrece la posibilidad de mantener correspondencia con los participantes, ni tan siquiera queda reflejada la dirección del remitente, de ahí la obligatoriedad de incluir un mail de contacto.

6. Cualquier consulta sobre el certamen o el envío del microcuento deberá hacerse a la siguiente dirección de correo electrónico: revistadigitalminatura@gmail.com

7. Los microcuentos tendrán una extensión máxima de 25 líneas. Y deberá ser enviado sin formatos añadidos de ningún tipo (justificación, interlineado, negrita, cursiva o subrayado,

inclusión de imágenes, cuadros de texto, etc). De poseerlos éstos serán borrados para su inmediata publicación en el blog.

IMPORTANTE: Para comprobar que la extensión del microcuento no excede las 25 líneas y cumple con los requisitos, se utilizará una plantilla normal de documento de Word tamaño de papel Din-A4 con tres centímetros de margen a cada lado, sobre la que se pegará el texto presentado con tipografía Time New Roman puntaje 12. (El microcuento puede enviarse en cualquier otro tipo y tamaño de tipografía siempre y cuando se haya comprobado que cumple con los requisitos que acabamos de exponer).

8. Tanto la participación como los datos personales, deberán ir integrados en el cuerpo del mensaje.

IMPORTANTE: No se admiten adjuntos de ningún tipo. Recordamos que todos los mensajes que incluyan adjunto y que no tengan escrito nada en el cuerpo del mensaje llegan en blanco y sin dirección de origen.

9. Aquellos cuentos que, pese a llegar correctamente, no cumplan con las bases del certamen no serán etiquetados como ADMITIDO A CONCURSO (Aparecerán sin etiquetar en el blog).

IMPORTANTE: Los cuentos que queden fuera dispondrán de una única oportunidad dentro del plazo de recepción de originales para modificar su envío y que su texto pueda entrar a concurso. (Si no aparece publicado en dos o tres días, pueden escribir a la dirección de consulta incluida en el punto número 6 de estas bases).

10. Las obras no deberán estar pendientes de valoración en ningún otro concurso.

11. En el asunto deberá indicarse: XIV Certamen Internacional De Microcuento Fantástico miNatura 2016. (No se abrirán los trabajos recibidos con otro asunto).



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

13. El primer premio no podrá quedar desierto.

14. Los trabajos presentados serán eliminados del blog una vez se haya hecho público el fallo del certamen y tan sólo quedarán en él aquellos cuentos que resulten destacados en el mismo.

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

16. El jurado estará integrado por miembros de nuestro equipo y reconocidos escritores del género.

17. El fallo del jurado será inapelable y se dará a conocer el 5 de octubre de 2016 y podrá ser consultado a partir de ese mismo día en nuestros blogs (Revista Digital miNatura, Asociación cultural miNatura Soterrània y Certámenes literarios miNatura). También será publicado en páginas afines y en el grupo Revista Digital miNatura en Facebook: (<http://www.facebook.com/groups/126601580699605/>).

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

19. El plazo de admisión comenzará el 5 de mayo de 2016 y finalizará el día 31 de julio de 2016 a las 12 de la noche hora española.

Ricardo Acevedo E. y Carmen Rosa Signes U.

Directores de la Revista Digital miNatura

*Chatting with
Alejandro Colucci*



By Ricardo Acevedo E. (Cuba)

All images are owned of Alejandro Colucci

Translate by Ricardo García Fumero (USA)

miNatura Digital magazine: What kind of child was Alexander ? What did you dream of becoming?

Alejandro Colucci: I was lucky to hang around with a terrific gang in the 1970s Montevideo where I grew up, but still I was a somewhat shy guy because of my shortsightedness. I rather kept to my own private world and that's how I started drawing, because it was a close up activity, where shortsightedness didn't matter.

A few years later, I took basketball and did pretty well despite not being as tall as that sport sort of demands. I actually entertained the idea of making a career of it. At age 18, fortunately, my love of drawing was stronger, and that made my choice for me.

“Anatomy has always attracted me. As a child, my favorite characters were always those with a strong physical or anatomical imprint, like Batman, Tarzan, Conan or Bruce lee in the movies. I am also a lover of classical sculpture and of the photography work of Jan Saudek.”

miNatura Digital magazine: Who were your inspiring artists?

Alejandro Colucci: In fantasy drawing it was Frank Frazetta, hands down. Stumbling upon his books had quite the impact on me, and to this day I remain under his spell. Another early influence were British illustrator Tom Adams' covers for Agatha Christie's books, and Warren's horror comics.

I have always been very fond of the world of comics, and as a young man the work of artists of the stature of Neal Adams, Joe Kubert, Alberto Breccia, Jorge Zaffino and Harold Foster left a mark on me. The passing of time of course has but added even more names to the list, which features Mike Mignola, Sergio Toppi, and painters and illustrators like Alma Tadema,

San Julián, Arthur Rackham, Klimt, Carlos Nine, Chichoni, Justin Sweet, Claire Wendling, Cornwell, Doré, Matania....too many to name them all.

miNatura Digital magazine: All—or almost all—of us all need just a glance to tell when we are looking at a cover by you at a bookstore. Is there a Colucci style?

Alejandro Colucci: I do not know if that's a good or a bad thing, but apparently there is one, judging from what I've been told often.



miNatura Digital magazine: Any anecdotes from your time at Dolmen?

Alejandro Colucci: Not too many anecdotes, because we have never lived in the same city and our work has always been long distance, freelance. We've always had a relationship of respect and sincerity. They chose to put their trust in me when they began putting out books and I did my best to deliver.

miNatura Digital magazine: You have created over 500 cover; pencil drawings as

well as oil paintings. Which one has given you the most headaches?

Alejandro Colucci: The vast majority of my covers were digital, which minimizes the risks a lot and allows you to make corrections at any time. Which is greatly appreciated when you are working for a market such as the editorial one, particularly with novels, where the deadlines are tight and the process of approval for a cover involves going through many pairs of eyes—and many opinions. Some works for British publishers have been quite the challenge, to be sure.

miNatura Digital magazine: You are a great anatomist, and in your covers the human body is featured prominently. Why is that?

Alejandro Colucci: Thanks for the compliment. Anatomy has always attracted me. As a child, my favorite characters were always those with a strong physical or anatomical imprint, like Batman, Tarzan, Conan or Bruce Lee in the movies. I am also a lover of classical sculpture and of the photography work of Jan Saudek. I also like physical activities—in which my son now shares—so the anatomical element is always present in my life.

miNatura Digital magazine: As an illustrator you have been honored with Ignotus, Scifiworld, Celedonio, and Grand Laus awards. Which one award are you still missing?

Alejandro Colucci: Honestly, I love that my work is recognized, but in my opinion the awards only pad your resume, and do little else. The best reward is every time an editor contacts me because he liked my work, and when fans give me feedback. Those are awards I enjoy a thousand times better than the others.

"I would love to work on an illustrated edition of my favorite book. The Songs of Maldoror, by my famous fellow countryman, the Count of Lautréamont; but always for some reason or other I can't seem to find the time."

miNatura Digital magazine: Conceivably your work for [REC] Unprinted Stories (Glénat - Editores de Tebeos) is one of the best covers in comic book history. How did this project come about?

Alejandro Colucci: Thank you very much, I'm glad you think it is. I am the wrong person to ask about the origin of the project though. I think it was the brainchild of Hernán Migoya and film directors Paco Plaza and Jaume Balagueró.

Personally, I had a call from Felix Sabate, Glénat Spain editor (later Comics editor), or was it Migoya himself, I forget, and was asked to create that cover on the recommendation of the

directors of the film. I gladly accepted because I'm a big fan of the [REC] saga. I believe that the first film is a masterpiece of the genre. Having portrayed the Medeiros girl in all her glory for the cover of the comic has been a dream come true for me.

miNatura Digital magazine: All artists have a personal project which for various reasons is always postponed. What's yours?

Alejandro Colucci: More than anything else, I would love to work on an illustrated edition of my favorite book, *The Songs of Maldoror*, by my famous fellow countryman, the Count of



Lautreamont; but always for some reason or other I can't seem to find the time. Just this year I started working on illustrated books, and in March I will finish illustrating the deluxe edition of *Dr Jekyll & Mr Hyde* for Easton Press in the USA, so after this experience I might be closer to actually getting started on it at last.

miNatura Digital magazine: You have lived in Barcelona, and now live in London. Do illustrators move as migratory creatures?

Alejandro Colucci: My wife and I believe that every person with artistic and cultural concerns should experience living abroad at least once in their life. It is something that enriches you a lot as a person and as a professional, perhaps like nothing else.

In addition illustrators have the possibility to do it because we can work even from a distance.

miNatura Digital magazine: In the arts world true work teams often emerge. Can you tell us about Daniela?

Alejandro Colucci: Daniela and I started dating at age 18 (exactly when I started studying drawing, mind that we have been together almost all of our lives. We have raised a family with two wonderful children and have lived in three countries She is my partner in life and adventures, and also a formal business partner in Epica Prima. I could talk for hours about feelings, but this is not the right place, so I will focus on the professional side.

In 2009 we created the [Epica Prima](#) studio and thereafter Daniela has tasked herself mainly with the layout of many books that bear my covers, but her work goes far beyond than that because she is very creative. So besides photography, she provides a critical evaluation of our work, because since 1984 we have grown together also in the artistic sense. We are a good team!

Besides, a few months ago our daughter started attending London Arts College, and is showing a remarkable artistic ability. So maybe we will expand the team shortly.

miNatura Digital magazine: We cannot leave out an almost obligatory question. What are you working on now?

Alejandro Colucci: As I said before, I am about to finish the illustrated version of the classic Dr Jekyll & Mr Hyde. And as usual, I have several works in progress: A series of covers of medieval themes for Penguin / Random House Spain, another one of fantasy for Angry Robot UK, two historical novels for a new Catalanian customer (Efadós) and a new cover for the famous Robin Hobb. Wait—and I'm about to start a new cover of zombie theme for Dolmen.

“Daniela and I started dating at age 18 (exactly when I started studying drawing. mind that we have been together almost all of our lives. We have raised a family with two wonderful children and have lived in three countries She is my partner in life and adventures, and also a formal business partner in Epica Prima. I could talk for hours about feelings, but this is not the right place, so I will focus on the professional side.”

Y para terminar una serie de preguntas ráfaga.

And finally, some machine-gun questioning.

Historical novel or Zombies?

My favorite readings are terror and post-apocalyptic novels where zombies are included, of course. I have read some very good ones of that sub-genre.



As an illustrator, the genres that draw me more are horror, fantasy in general—classic science fiction a little less—and I also love working on a historical novel.

Suppose you were asked to paint a new Sistine Chapel?

I haven't a clue. Something dark and spectral, probably.

What would you NOT take to a desert island?

Me!

If you could travel back in time and meet your favorite historical character,

what would you say to him or her?

I would love to go back to the 1970's, but as a 25-year-old or so. Tour Europe and America in those years, and get to know first-hand the artistic and cultural explosion of that time. Meet many of the celebrities of that decade.

Favorite dish.

Pasta, pizza, beef. Although this last makes me feel guiltier with every passing day, since I'm slowly becoming a vegetarian.

What music do you listen to?

Rock and pop. Mainly symphonic progressive rock.

Which book would you recommend? Which one would you not recommend?

The Songs of Maldoror, several ones by Lovecraft. I recently read The Exorcist and found it very good, though the influence of the film is too powerful to be ignored.

What not to recommend is a very delicate thing, of course. I have a particular book in mind, one I read a couple of years ago and found very bad but I prefer to keep my mouth shut.

Superpower?

Talking to animals.

About Alejandro Colucci:

Was born in Uruguay in 1966 to Italian immigrant parents and he began his career as an illustrator and graphic designer in 1990.

After moving to Spain in 2002 he now works in London, where he lives with his wife and children. Alejandro is an award-winning artist who has illustrated hundreds of fantasy, crime, horror, historic fiction and science fiction publications across the globe commissioned by major publishers mainly throughout Europe and the USA.

Best-selling authors as Anne Rice, Robin Hobb, Eoin Colfer, Mario Puzo, H.G. Wells, Ursula K. Le Guin, Andrzej Sapkowski, William Gibson, Clive Barker and J.G. Ballard to name just a few, showcase Alejandro's covers in their books.

His illustrations, done in a variety of techniques both traditional and digital mediums, engage the viewer to give an emotional response to his subjects, as is showed in “El Arte de Alejandro Colucci“ published by Dolmen Books in 2011, an extensive 200 page full colour book showcasing 330 of his atmospheric illustrations.

He and his wife are the founders of the design company Epica Prima.

His work is represented in the USA by Alan Lynch Artists.

Clients include: Random House, Orbit, Walker Books, Angry Robot, Daw Books, Festa Verlag, Gollancz, Penguin, Permuted Press, Robert Laffont, Piemme, Planeta, Quercus, RBA, Simon & Schuster, Tor, Solaris, Panini, Amazon / 47th North, Forge, Del Rey, Scholastic, Panini, Titan.



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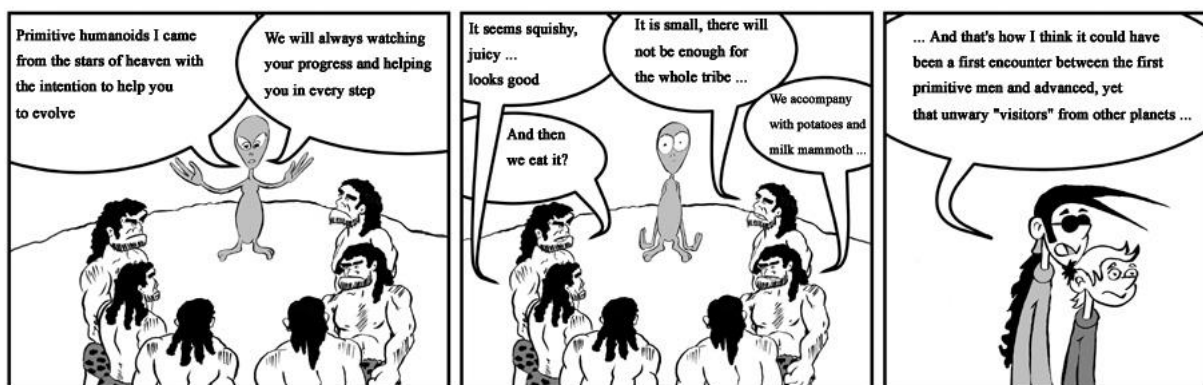
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Fear, Lies & China Ink: Invitation to dinner by *Evandro Rubert* (Brazil)



Denial of aid

By Dolo Espinosa (Spain)

We should come to their aid. We should come back with them and help them advance, to find solutions.

No, we should not and we will not.

But are our creatures. We created them. We should take care of them.

On the contrary, we must let them find their own way. Learn for themselves. That they make mistakes and even suffering if necessary.

Look at them, Iah — Veh, are on the brink, I do not know if I can stay idle.

I forbid you to do anything, Lush — Ifer. Remember what happened the last time your soft heart led you to intervene. We will follow the developments from our base, as always, You'll see how in the end they come out ahead.

But.. What if they fail? And if they are destroyed?

If that happens will we have to start from scratch. After all, It would not be the first time.



Fusion

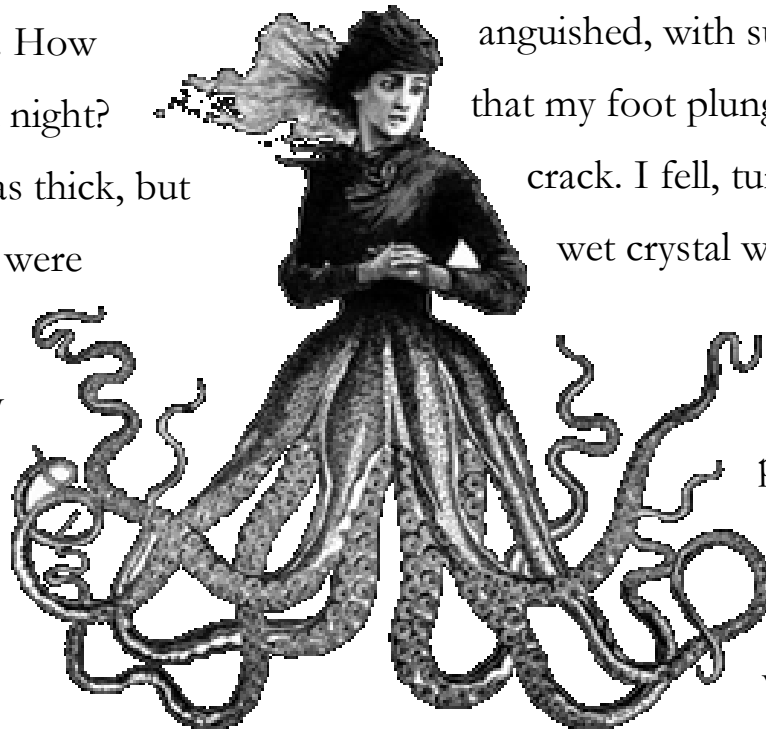
By Salvador Bayarri (Spain)

Szelsh was insane. How could she go out at night? The snow cover was thick, but dangerous hollows were hiding beneath it. While getting ready to sleep, I had seen the girl striding away from her tent, no flashlight, like a sleepwalker. She ignored my calls, so I changed cloths and followed her tracks with the infrareds, cursing each step. I shouldn't have come to the Artic with a rookie, but Roberto had got sick and I needed assistance with the measurements. Besides, the University

of Zurich had paid half of the expedition costs in exchange for bringing Szelsh on board. I was impatient to study the anomalous warming in this area of Greenland before the season was over.

The footprints disappeared inside a wide crevasse. Her snowshoes had been left by the edge. I backed away, anguished, with such bad luck that my foot plunged into another crack. I fell, tumbling between wet crystal walls until I slid into an underground pool. To my surprise, the water was as warm as a bath in the beach. Right there I had the confirmation I was seeking. Something, maybe a geothermal upwelling, was causing a quick fusion of the ice.

A weird glow attracted me to the back of the cavern. I waded the pond hoping to find the girl, but soon faced



a narrowing. The brightness increased as I passed through the passage. Was I dreaming? On the other side a huge oval-shaped object was visible inside the ice. One of its ends stuck out from the melted base of the glazier. She was there, standing near the enormous artifact, ready to get inside through an opening in its surface. Disturbed by the vision, I called her.

Szelsh turned around with a frozen gaze.

—We've been waiting for too long. It's time to wake up —she announced.

Her face ripped apart like a paper mask. I saw long tentacles. They choked me. Then, nothing else.



Sudden Paleography

By Alfonso Pedraza Pérez (Mexico)

Are they cave
paintings? I thought
while staring at
them.

It wasn't
possible to be sure
under that soft light,
and the stench of the place
didn't allow me to fully concentrate.

Besides, the human presence was
noticeable by some graffiti that
joined the images in that dirty and old
wall.

I reviewed mentally my archeology
lessons' basics: the height in relation
to the floor, the depth, the

inscription's texture, the strength of
the stroke; the purpose was to give a
proper judgement.

Soon I quited and rapidly went out
of that place.

The mental trips I must do when I
use public toilets!



Change of office

By Jaime Magnan Alabarce (Chile)

"They came in big metal birds tearing the sky. Curious, we ran to the walls of the city. From there, we look astonished the descent of the Lords of Light. Experience an overwhelming peace and a sign of respect, we kneel before them. The high priest of Enlil, happened between us opened and gave a warm welcome. The newcomers gave a small object, they spoke words in a foreign language

and left. For a long time the gift was kept in the central temple, an object of veneration ... Centuries later, came the Ottoman invasion. Our city was devastated. Its population massacred. No scenario without witnesses the history of this strange gift, a polyhedron thin metal plates with strange inscriptions, went on to become a sort of legend, full of strange disconnected episodes ... "

Until now...

In a sort of clumsy theatrical performance, the lords of darkness arrived in our village, emulating the coming of the messengers, like hundreds of years ago. The collaborators of the new order, those who are always there, now dressed in sheep's fans, my family complained, accusing us of pagan



guard, worthy of being destroyed
parts because Allah is greater, they
said. Without considering the
consequences, they were charged with
dozens of explosives inside the grotto
where hid pieces of incalculable
historical value. Upon blow the
natural complex, a blinding light
stilled forever, men in bad faith. The
sky glowed and a delicious drizzle, a
real manna, watered our soil and
made it flourish: a new era smiled at
us. Then I remembered the words of
the grandfather: "Take care of this
part: trying to destroy the profane ...
Bless those who try to protect her ..."
Despite this, I cannot help
feeling sad: I do not officiate
custodian. Now I must look
for another job.



The prophecy

By Violeta Balián (Argentina)

For years, we lived in a monastery safe from earthly inclemencies and under the guide of Armagh, the Abbott. Our wise teacher insisted in



that the universe was nothing more than the stones and the stars, and the Bible the divine tool to explain all facts to satisfaction. We never contradicted him. We kept the forbidden papyri with the other history of our people, including a terrible prophecy: in the year of our Lord 500, the ancient Vishap would descend from the heavens together with their armies of winged dragons. And so, they did arrive to remind us they were our true progenitors and not those who made us in their image. Shakar, their leader, took into account the fact that our people already carried Vishap blood, nevertheless our ignorance and a recent change in religion deserved punishment as well as a plan. First, they killed our King. Next, they proceeded to modify our human nature to turn us into dragons trusting we would be of better stock than their present allies, monstrous hybrids who emerged from the depths of the earth to settle the lands

around the holy mountain, burn our crops and steal our animals, women and children. Our people put up a resistance. But to intimidate us, the invaders set house high on the mountain, in a cave where they sacrificed innocent virgins and young men while enjoying the rites, the fire and its flare-ups, the sacred streams with their ghostly visions, radiance and tremors. Meanwhile, down in the valley, the fields filled with poisonous snakes and fear spread among the people. Desperate, Armagh attempted a pact with Shakar, but full of rage the dragon pulled out his eyes and revealed our destiny. Fifteen

hundred years in the future we draconian soldiers would march through the desert in syncopation, sword in hand and wreak havoc in the name of a god. Poor Armagh! Speechless, we heard him mutter that after seeing what was to come, he wished to die. And then he, who knew so much now knows nothing.



The star of Bethlehem

*By Morgan Vicconius Zariah —seud.—
(Dominican Republic)*

"We already have set in motion the plan that would change humanity," said Melchior in the council of the ancient sages, who knew beforehand that he was the holography projection of an extraterrestrial being adopting the human form. "Every possible realities and their aftermath were studied in the different levels of the universe," he went on. "And we arrived to the conclusion that this is the only possible way to lead this world toward the best future by its own effort."

"That's so. We ourselves along with an earthling being are going to start the pilgrimage toward the divine myth bound to enlighten the human heart," said the young Gaspar with a seraphic look. He also was a being from another star who adopted a human body conceived exclusively for him.

And in such a way the hours passed by among that group of conspirators—workers for the universal equilibrium to which Balthazar belonged: a black race human to whom was given the name of Serakin. He was the wise human chosen for the mission.

"Do you activated the star," asked Balthazar to an extraterrestrial subject.

"Yes master, the ship will navigate the terrestrial sky by Saturday's night."

"Perfect, the rumors and prophesy were propagated among the peoples."

"The cosmic drama of the Way of the Cross will be program in the child's consciousness from the ship. That will summon his destiny and

with that, the change of the
mankind's course," broke in Gaspar.

From there, the three Biblical Magi
started the journey that built up the
most noble legend —following a star
that would change the destiny of the
whole planet once its light shines over
Bethlehem.



There is only one way

By Omar Martínez González (Cuba)

The confusion took possession of all the scientists from the ship when beginning to receive the first signs and images of the planet where they had "spread" the eggs of enormous animals with the only interest of studying its possible thinking capacities; it was the third of a small system located in one of the tips of that spiral galaxy found in the quadrant H-25.

—I have revised several our times displacement —the flight engineer responded to the captain's interrogator look —; without doubts

it is that the planet where the eggs were placed.

—But and this that we find?! —did it refute with astonishment the boss of the expedition.

All responded with silence; manifesting a tremendous uncertainty before the images that had before. They were very similar beings to them living inside of caverns and feeding with raw meat.

—They are as us! —the captain said looking at each one of those indistinctly more than a hundred monitors that showed videos of almost the whole planet.

—Will they really be it? —the specialist in genomes asked.

—Alone we have a form of knowing it —the first pilot responded.

Cyclical treachery

By Pablo Martínez Burkett, 2016

You are not here, no, in the region
where somehow one exists, you have
left us on Earth with no supplies,
therefore, I tear myself.

Nezahualcoyotl -I is sad

The summoning was urgent. It was
the tlatoani himself who wanted to
deal with my intransigence, that of
not being moved by the draughts
caused by an absent Tláloc or the
hurricanes blown on us by a tireless
Ehécatl. Nor was I touched by the
blood that does not placate
Tonatiuh's harshness. I tell you: it
was not divine deafness but a surfeit.
This fifth sun will end like its

predecessors. Such is the fate of our
people, however, a vast majority wish
to avoid it. And they now follow the
infamous cihuacatl whose
conspiracies were never my concern.
The Prime Minister is a good man but
also a fanatic. To achieve his goals he
does not hesitate to resort to betrayal,
fraud and even murder. He has our
great King's ear. But, I am the
teotecuhtli, the Supreme Priest, who
before the royal presence argues with
all the privileges of my sacred rank
and ancient wisdom. I also speak to
the gods who, through sacred fumes
reveal the future to me. They tell me
there is nowhere to go. Aware of the
outcome, I opposed their decision.
Nevertheless, the command was
issued well in advance. And beyond
the sea, the children of Sin, Šamaš
and Ištar voted alike. How obtuse I
had been! While the tlatoani
interrogated me, one group of
teopixque began their journey to a
distant, blue planet. The chosen few
were a group of young priests with
serrated teeth, and their task was to



have sexual intercourse with the natives. In return, they said, the teopixque would reveal them the secrets of wizardry, the forerunner of storms and eclipses, the government of farmland and crops, fire and so much more. But this I know. The indigenous species will then ignore and relegate us to a world of sleepless illusions. And in the millennia to come, the locals will challenge all evidence and light theories and petty rebuttals. No one will remember us. I do not condemn them for it. In olden

times, we abjured the past in similar fashion. The fruit has no memory of the seed that was before. I am sorry, yes; genuinely sorry for recognising that lust motivates us even more than the desire to avoid extinction. A new vision is showing me what is to come, including the strange shape of the obsidian knife which soon will plough my chest. Do not be sad, beloved Xóchitl, I need you to be my witness for according to the ungrateful gods, greater forgetfulness awaits me.

The Gurb Legacy

By Salomé Guadalupe Ingelmo (Spain)

Life on Earth might have spread
from a pile of waste products
accidentally dumped on Earth long
ago by extraterrestrials.

Thomas Gold, *Cosmic Garbage*

God created man in his own image

Genesis 1:27

They're fed up. He cocks everything
up. He hinders the expedition, and
disgusts everyone with their stupid
comments. He is an egomaniac
unable to learn and grow; he only
enjoys listening to himself. So they
decide on hazing him. They put him

on the waste discharge pipe and push
the button. He moves away in a rush
through space. As they are good
people, they will collect him after
returning. When he cannot spoil the
trip, then they will look for him. The
period of ostracism will serve him to
reflect.

“The man was a stupid animal. He
did not cultivate nor raise cattle. One
day Gurb came from above. He
taught us all arts and sciences. He
formed us. Then he returned to
heaven with their peers,” he repeats
the myth handed down from
generation to generation.

They find that he, far from being
reformed, has given his vices to those
poor creatures so weak-minded that
have chosen him as a leader. He lives
happily, adored by a court created in
his own image and likeness, taking
pleasure in his ineptitude and laziness.
Tormented by guilt, they decide to
pick up their mate and forget the

disaster. Perhaps, far from his pernicious influence, these people still would get another chance.

“So men are special beings, because we are children of Gurb. His inheritance belongs to us in our own right. After his departure, the planet was left in our capable hands,” adds the old man while his disciple watches him in fascination.

The vessels, misshapen,
pour their contents;



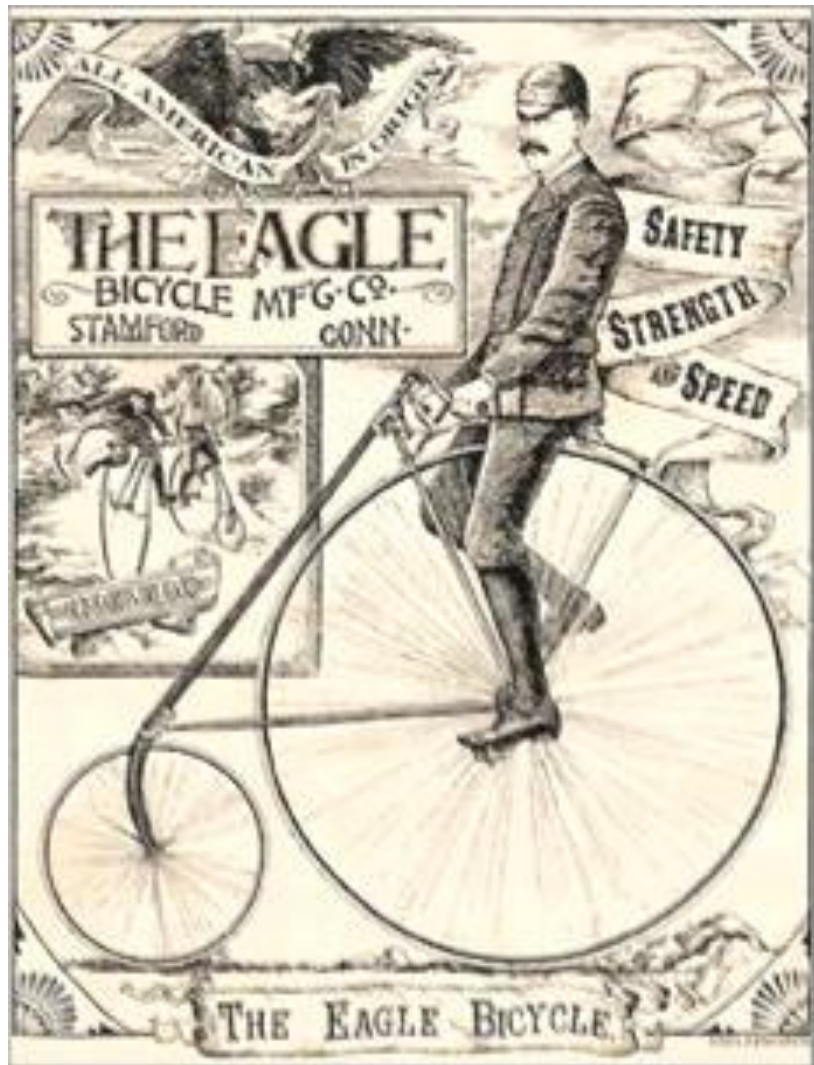
animals implore to be milked; grain, planted superficially, produces fields of leaning wheat ears, as if flying vehicles would have landed on them.

However the boy feels a sudden pride. He does not notice the mess on the village, or the negligence of its inhabitants, or their awkwardness as artisans or their incompetence as farmers or ranchers. He, as his entire species, is a superior being, a worthy disciple of Gurb.

Darwinian

By Alfonso Pedraza Pérez (Mexico)

-...two, kick and kick; three
St.Andrew's little hairs; four, I bring
you ham; five, from here I jump you
out...- Australopithecus mumbled
while skipping Missing Link.



Does everything began in kidal?

By Jaime Magnan Alabarce (Chile)

Motivated by a number of legends, Professor Jonas Ronaldson devoted much of his life to the search for evidence that allowed prove the existence of a paleocontact, after the appearance of man. Between Spain and Africa, the scientist documented a series of cave paintings and engravings on stones that were aware of the existence of beings with large heads and flattened body. According to him, had it not been for this first contact, the development of mankind had delayed hundreds of years, maybe thousands. The only thing I was not sure the teacher was where the

encounter had occurred. Although, he had long harbored a suspicion.

The history teacher was not new to me. Occasionally, he was front-page news, always wrapped in a scientific controversy in which his colleagues branded him a charlatan. I was always alien viewer free diatribes those afforded him until one day asked my services as a designer of computer programs. He required a mapping program, which allowed to combine a number of variables, with the idea of turning them into a network of coordinates to establish a hub. It was not easy to solve the problem. We use various scales and variables. Finally we found a place, about twenty kilometers north of Kidal, Mali, destination inaccessible: the place was under the self-declared state of Azawad. Ronaldson used his contacts and bribes and a month later we were under the scorching sun Saharan heavily guarded by a patrol of Tuaregs. It was a week of extensive excavations without results. Finally,

showed that the remains found near Kidal watched an age of about 10,000 years ... How on earth had got there, a space suit, of that data, with logo NASA?



Conquest

By Dolo Espinosa (Spain)

Day 1

We have reached the planet chosen for our diaspora. As we suspected, exist intelligent life, primitive, but with the curiosity necessary to advance knowledge ... especially now that they are going to count on our help. Think that the future of our species depends on us is a heavy burden, but we hope to be worthy of carrying it.

Day 5

Everything is progressing better than expected. The dominant specie, although intelligent, is easily manipulated. Introduce us in their minds was simple. In a few days we have become part of their lives

without them even have noticed and are beginning to work to provide us comfort, food and shelter.

Day 30

Recent days have been tough. We have been ready to abandon the mission and give up the planet. After our last communication we discover that another intelligent species coexist with humans, a species with the same intentions as us and, unfortunately, immune to our mental control. The meeting was not peaceful, the rivalry was instantaneous, attempts at dialogue have been, so far, unsuccessful.

Our intentions make us enemies.

Day 60

We have had bitter fights against our new adversaries. Both sides have suffered very serious losses. The situation was becoming untenable and finally we decided to negotiate and sign an accord.

We'll share this world and the domain of humans. It is best for

everyone. Peace will never be complete, we know, but it's the best we can get.

From now on Cats and Dogs share the domain of this planet but will be, forever and inevitably enemies.



The Chaldean magic

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

Before the door of the Elder gods'
temple, the priest and mage,
Neriglisar, waited for his midnight's
mystic visions, along a small circle of

wise men whose lined silhouettes
were illuminated by the light of the
torches. 'The dried air of the desert
whispered a mysterious litany by the
horizon, and a sacred emotion grew
up in the heart of the mage bathing
the precinct of solemnity.

"Behold the glow of the three
brothers of Anu!," uttered Manu-
Amiel, pointing the three stars from
the Orion's Belt. "The mysterious
rolling star won't take long to show
itself up —so speak up the enjoyment
of its radiance."

"That's the magical star of our



Sumerian ancestors —the cosmic source of our wisdom and inspiration," explained Neriglisar, holding in his right hand his magical cane whose tip was enriched by a scarlet and oval gem with a vague resembling to a human head.

Without further ado he initiated the ceremony. A human circle was formed in the roofless precinct. The litanies were chanted while the mage's cane pointed the rolling star which now appeared at the zenith while they closed their eyes. For an instant there was only silence, till a weird beam of light aligned itself with the cane of

Neriglisar, filling the gem with an Alien light that took up the conscience of the mages to the reality of the heavens. Each one of them was taken into grayish and thin bodies before a projected court of beings that the mages took by celestial torches. A voice spoke to their minds: "You must mix yourselves with the human races, for all the wisdom of our race runs through your veins since your Sumerian ancestors —all the science of the heavens and the numbers are inside you, that's what the Chaldean magic is about: in your genesis is a plan to renovate the world."

Martian archaeology

By Francisco José Plana Estruch (Spain)

It all started when a terrestrial scientific expedition located the ruins of an ancient temple in a Martian crater. Mankind had long been dreaming of this moment; this discovery meant they were not alone in the universe. Or at least they weren't in an earlier era.

They kept digging and found more archaeological remains. Gradually they were surfacing the ruins of an arcane city. Sculptures, pottery and other everyday objects were classified minutely. Hundreds of books were discovered and that were sent to earth to be translated.

Humans didn't spare resources. The desire to know more about the city builders dominated them for decades. Solve the mystery emanating from these ruins it became the most ambitious and most expensive project in which humanity had ever embarked. Thousands of experts were sent there but the cost of building habitats on Mars for them was enormous. It was considered necessary to take money from all sides. Military budgets were lowered and investments in other fields almost eliminated.

There were detractors, of course. Many people disagreed with the huge consumption of resources. Some cryptography experts reported that the arcane texts had no sense. They contained nothing but random noise. Almost no one focused on this.

Forty years after the first excavation, a warlike race of the galactic center decided to start the invasion. The lure that had been set on Mars for a century had worked better than they

would have dreamed if they possessed the ability to do so. Military defenses of Earth were below minimum because almost all human, material

and financial resources were used in the Martian project. Human loss came quickly. Freedom took an eternity to come back.



Instructions for going on a picnic

By Alexy Dumenigo Águila (Cuba)

After lunch, Lu put the dishes in the basket and I picked up the tablecloth. Then, as she walked away with the

package, I went to watch our neighbors downhill, along the river. They were still determined to make their campfire, so I climb down and gave them my lighter. They merely look at me with surprise and some fear, but I think it is natural. I walked away without expecting thanks and returned to Lu, who immediately asked the reason for the delay.

When I told that, her eyes seemed to go out of her orbits.

— Paradox! Paradox! —shouted—
You know we can't leave anything behind.

I calmed her by explaining that



paradoxes were a story made up by the company in order that customers would not cause redundant pollution in such a clean period. But a simple lighter. How much chaos could produce? If I did it, was because it was funny to see them trying to make fire with a lighter.

—Who knows?— I told Lu to bother her even more— Maybe thanks to me, men will learn to master the fire and from there to the infinite combustion. Maybe the whole story depends on it. The Wars of Fire, the eternal engines, the time machines. In that case you should be proud of me, because delivering that

infinite lighter to them, I acted as an instrument of Destiny.

Instead of answering, Lu pointed at the control board and the tax still rising, so I hurried to close the capsule.

—You'd better we have not a single problem —with a graceful move she leaned to pull the lever—. Instrument of Destiny! What a fool I've looked for myself.

The usual purr of the machine reassured us. While rising up above the landscape, I could take one last look at the hairy forms, jumping euphoric around a smoky campfire.

The Gods created us

By Tomás Pacheco Estrada (Mexico)

Planetary ships cross the outer space to reach the planet Earth, they settled there. The world was very rich in gold, there were everywhere, vehicles descended to land, if ships were transformed into cities, through nanotechnology, were huge metal buildings. Satisfied Reptilians used robots to extract all the golden mineral, automata obey orders, until one day rebelled against their creators, waged a fierce war between the droids against reptiles men, was harsh and cruel but eventually won their creators . They decided to destroy all machine with artificial intelligence,

but they needed slaves to gather gold. Scientists used to genetically experiment primates, hominids were not very smart, they were clumsy. Reptilian furious at his failure decided to exterminate the anthropomorphic different species, but Dr. Enki suggested that mingle several DNAs, slaves would give the reptilian intelligence, a lack of manpower carried the plan out. They created the human species based on several alien species that had trapped in his trip sidereal race, also they included the Earth to adapt to the planet. For there were many slaves made them male and female. Men extracted the precious mineral gold mines of the Earth, the maids were servants of housework. The Reptilians were passed by their gods, to be their slaves like human skin over his reptilian skin got. At the end of plundering the planet Earth and take most of the gold, they put a satellite in space Black Knight would watch the progress of the human race. The Gods were spared and their slaves.

But they left the rebels Reptilians and
they took as wives the daughters of
men and became their rulers, they
used their knowledge and taught
astronomy, agriculture, science,
medicine, etc. The reptiles men who
were forged civilization.



Insemination

By Diego Galán Ruíz (Spain)

—You are ready.

—OK let's do it.

The body of the young girl virgin,
and sedated, waiting lying on the
stretcher, that artificially inseminate.
He does not know is there. She has

been kidnapped, but she believes that
is still sleeping peacefully in his bed.

—You did everything you told

—Yes, do not worry.

—It he thought you were an angel?

—Yes.

The two humanoids continue with
insemination. Maria which is the
name the girl, fathered a hybrid being
who changed the history of humanity.



An investor from Sirius

By Odilius Vlak —seud.— (Dominicana Republic)

Nommo sighed, resigned. "Why Amma would be interested to invest evolutionary capital in this remote point of the universe and in this lair of inferior creatures?," it asked itself mentally. Amma —the sky god and chief of one of the nonprofit transstellar companies of planetary investment—, sent it to invest technical and astronomical knowledge to a group of anthropoid creatures inhabiting the third planet of a solar system placed a 8.6 light years from its own: Sirius. It has just emerged from the aquatic environment it

created to live in the planet. It hoped that the fright of the creatures, caused by the descend of its space ship, have already calm down. Seemingly that was the case, for some of them were getting near.

"Have the fire and thunders that came with you be gone, fish-man?" asked the leader in a tongue that Nommo could interpret easily. The typical wise elder from the Level 0.99 societies.

"Yes," it answered, and reveled on the spot its mission and the offer it brought to them.

It spoke about its stellar system of three stars: Sigi Tolo, the heavy Po Tolo and the third one, Emme Ya Tolo. Also, about its home planet, Ryan Tolo, orbiting around the last star. About the benefits they would get from astronomical knowledge, advanced techniques for agriculture, developing of writing, better methods to build homes and breed animals, etc. All that in exchange of what?... for a tiny sample of their genetic

material —their flesh—, correct itself the investor. It knew it was lying. That out of one hundred investment of evolutionary capital, five were successful. It was a game of chance. It hoped to triumph. Others transstellar investors choose that planet too: Enki went to the Sumerian; Oannes to the

Babylonian; Ea to the Acadian. If its investment proof to be a failure, the future myths wont justify that this people, the Dogon, keep itself stagnated in a Level 0.99 society. But that was a risk that had to be run.

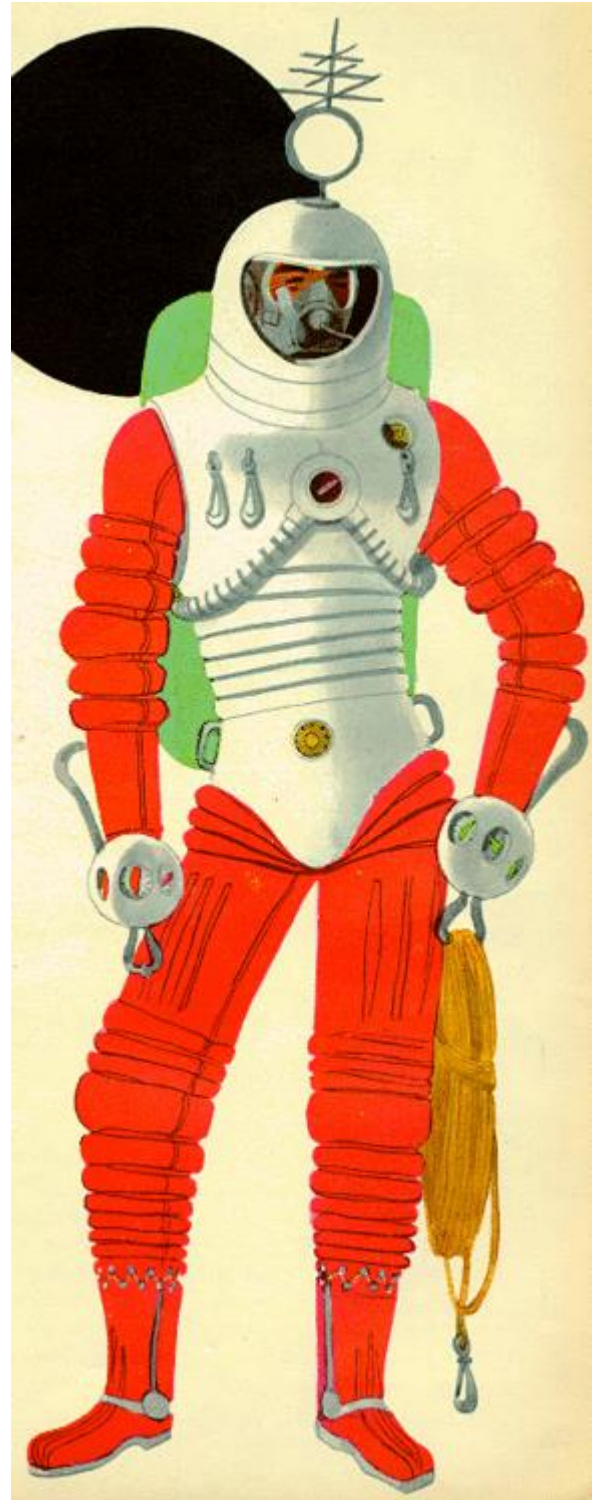


Syncretic Trial

By Alfonso Pedraza Pérez (Mexico)

The Australopithecus eyed the Paranthropus with suspicion, while Homo erectus and Homo habilis, reviewed them with disdain. The Ardipithecus watched stupefied the whole group. All of them, expectant, were looking at one another.

Homo Sapiens, with airs of grandeur, asked to check one by one and concluded that in view of the integrity of their bodies, it had been Missing Link the one that got his rib removed at the Eden.



Unexpected contact

By Francisco José Plana Estruch (Spain)

The artificial intelligence of the scientific ship concluded that the engine failure was too serious to be repaired en route. Although there wasn't crew on board, the IA activated the emergency protocol. Help from the mother planet would take a couple of months. For collected specimens was too long. They would not survive. So in a last act of compassion the IA released them from their confinement in the cargo hold and headed to the nearest habitable planet. The scientific research mission had failed.

The spaceship landed a couple of days later.

Joan saw its arrival while she was preparing for training. He could not believe his good luck. He was an avid reader of science fiction and had always dreamed to become spectator of the first human contact with an alien race. What would they look like? What technological miracles would be able to teach these superior beings?

With great enthusiasm she ran to the slender spacecraft.

The gates of the ship opened. The great moment has arrived. Joan was prepared for the Vulcan greeting that had so often rehearsed in the mirror.

He did not have time to do it. Four wild aliens left the ship. It looked that they have been removed from Paleolithic age.

The first hint that Joan had the alien's superior technology was a wooden spear. It pierced his heart.

It might be better

By Jaime Magnan Alabarce (Chile)

They were human, like us, but their costumes and floats fire gods made them appear. And our ancestors, credulous, considered them as such. They said they came by the way, they were explorers but, upon learning of the existence of extensive deposits of a stone called bauxite, extended their stay. They take hundreds of generations with us and have made us their slaves.

We are condemned to work long hours in grueling conditions where hunger and disease are faithful companions. We extract the mineral and treat complex factories where

large plumes of black smoke have darkened our skies, to the extent that, day and night, often confused. The protective gaze of our ancestors, anchored in heaven, have gone astray and fear dominates us. Our offspring is committed: force us to procreate force, in order to ensure workforce over. He decimated my people, no longer have hope; the only possible future is death.

Within this miserable existence, if you can call it, the only moments of relaxation are some numbered breaks, periods that our "protectors" reward us for the high productivity achieved. At that time, we gather around the old shaman who, after experiencing a frenzied trance, by dint of peyote, that in another parallel world, in a land like ours, the first paleo-contact, so call he had a better outcome. Then I fall asleep happy to know that my other self, at least, is happy.

Evolution

By Dolo Espinosa (España)

We knew that sooner or later they were going to find us but it never worried us because we knew they would not understand us. With us humans possess sufficient curiosity and intelligence to discover and study us but they never will come to imagine that they have before their eyes those aliens about which so much have spoken, written and speculated. No matter how much they watch us or how many investigations they make about us, they never will

know the truth. They would have to tear down mental too many barriers to achieve too. Mental barriers, of course, that were set for us, its creators, millions of years ago.

We have been the engine of evolution.

We have shaped the intelligence and human consciousness.

We are the cause of their curiosity and their thirst for knowledge.

We are who push humanity to explore and search.

Humans are the culmination of our own research.

The perfect for growing medium, multiply and expand

The ideal vehicle to return to the stars from which we come.

Before they called us gods.

Now they call us genes.

Cursed tachyon

By *Daniel Antokoletz Huerta*
(*Argentina*)

The ship, with a dimensional shaking, stops. The tachyon engines stop issuing superluminal particles.

—Captain, we have a problem. I not receive a response from Earth. Either automatically or manually.

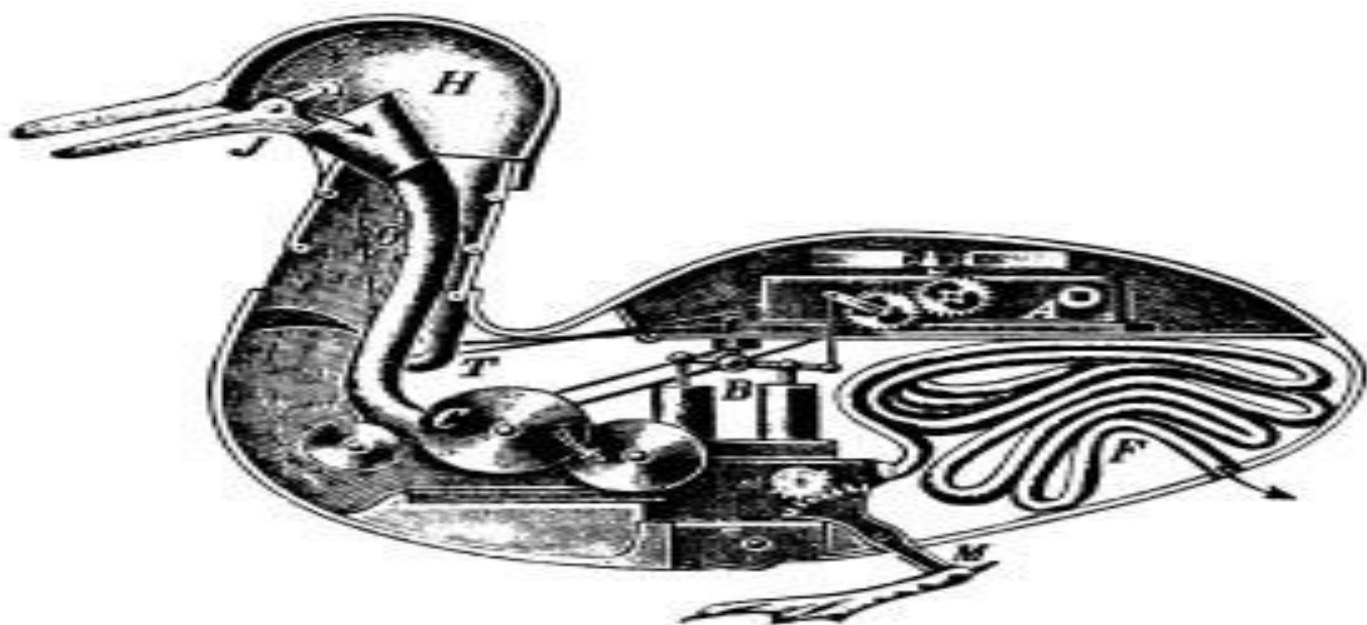
—Does communications equipment worked? —asks and without waiting for a response verifies himself, the communications protocols. No faults.

The ship approaches the planet and the everlasting belt radar satellites and space debris does not appear.

—Sir, what happened? —the astrogator checks planet and coordenadas—. I don't understand, the world changed. I can't see any of the cities. That orchard at the north of Africa, should be the Sahara desert. When we orbit over America in Amazon I saw a jungle.

Captain consults, with the look, to the scientist chief.

—Captain, this is the first time that



we use a tachyon device. There are two possibilities, in the dimensional pinch, we jumped into a parallel universe ...

—Or superluminal speed send us back in time. More than ten thousand years ago, the Sahara was lush vegetation. And five hundred years ago, the Amazon was a jungle. — the engineer intervenes.

—Well. If so, we must not interfere in the history —say the captain.

The ship lands in an European plain wrapped in thunder and lightning.

A group of Neanderthals see land the giant ship.

When the crew down, they prostrate worshipping them as gods.

Contact touch

By Mari Carmen Caballero Álvarez
(Spain)

They were transparent, sexless ... ?, dimensional faces of those ancient beings promised eternal. Camouflaged with the environment, their ships diamondshape reinforcement could be the same stars, the firmament melted the thick darkness that night with the blanket that covered the *Hypogeum*. But his intelligence was not superior but different.

To be revived soon I was clear: this was not the product of one of his many credits. They, the Montrelasas, coming for him. Inhabitants of other planets had contacted the cryogenic vessel through telepathic system *Hello And Bye*, provided with complex

neural connections. The appointee intelligent life had chosen him, what did they want? The sharp rattle of the lift platform in hibernation chamber he was dizzy when *Menphilis-Crakk* ship landed coupled to a huge crater in the restricted area of the Empire. From the strong echo from the sealed capsule shield located absence of planet Earth. But their distant homeland stood in *CarboniadsdX*, the darkest of the Cosmos, thanks to a reflective plate attached to the top inside the cockpit of the Bird of Prey mega-region. He identified effortlessly vernacular of its inhabitants, the montrela2, its strict rules and evening full of gadgets, with the property to expand and contract just by toggling the fuselage. They received orders from the space base, he revealed the inner secret code printed on their bioluminescent exoskeletons. Then he did not hesitate to destroy the encrypted *Assalertnom*, swallowing dust bone flour edible carrier. Because he realized that they were

always close to him and he close to them.

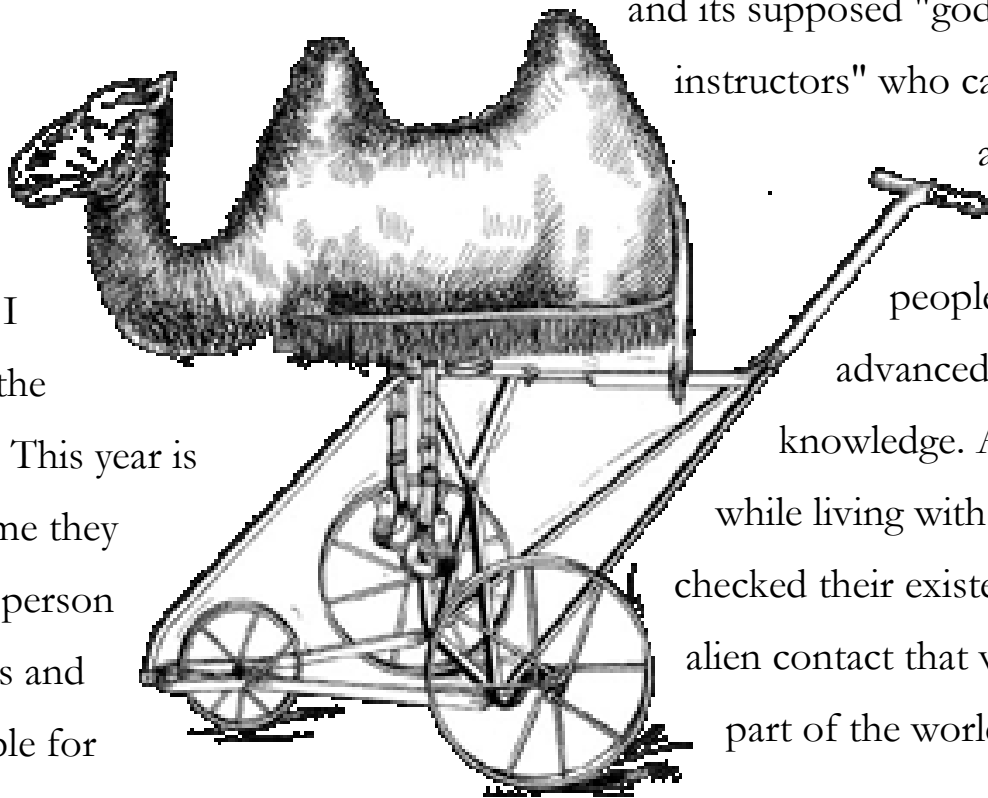
And it is that earthly hosts stubborn in his role as issuers were unable to perform the receiving function. Aliens tired of sending cosmic signs resorted to abduction of Walter Elias Disney interpreter, mediator in the conflict paleocontact Montrelassa *Hibernaculum-bb-* 7 operation.



The ancient astronauts

By M^a Del Socorro Candelaria Zarate
(Mexico)

I suppose I should tell the story again. This year is the third time they change the person who attends and is responsible for the women's area in this place. But without fear of contradiction, I have the certainty that the result will be the same as always for me, at this stage of the game I no longer hopes anything. So do not endeavor to explain the procedure, I know perfectly; I will begin my story.



My name is Mary Jane, I'm 35 years old and I am from France. I am paleontologist profession and spent many years of my career to studying the phenomena of paleocontact around the world. The last place was Mali, I was with the tribe of the Dogon; I studied the Syrian system and its supposed "gods instructors" who came down and gave to this people all their advanced scientific knowledge. After a while living with them, I checked their existence and alien contact that were in this part of the world.

Then I traveled to Mexico in order to study the mystery of the Aztec calendar, but unfortunately for me, told me about UFO sightings in the Popocatepetl and I ventured to this place in order to learn more in depth what was happening and see if it was lucky to demonstrate what was

said among the people who lived
there. But it was beyond expectations;
I was abducted by a spaceship and
taken to another place where strange
beings subjected me to many studies
and held me against my will. Later
they returned me to the same place
where months before I had been
kidnaped.

From that moment, my life has
passed between the white walls and
various psychiatric padded. Doctors
at the end of my story just write notes
on their sheets the same as you just
write: *DLAGNOSIS. Female
schizophrenic patient with paranoid
tendencies.*



Games in the earth²

By Francisco José Segovia Ramos (Spain)

They had walked several samples of material in the area. The group of adult looked the sky. Someone early will come to receive them and they will leave from the Earth. In the distance they saw their children, who were playing draw lines on the ground with long metal rods. They enjoyed making draws about animals and plants which they had seen in their trips on that part of the planet. A child's play, their parents said themselves funnily.

The starship was soon over their heads. They advised their children

and collected all of them in one particular area of the plain. An energy beam sprang from the starship and it wrapped them. Shortly after they disappeared into one light burst. They came back to home.

The visitors moved away towards the limits of the universe. Maybe someday they return to verify how the planet and creatures lived on it had evolved.

As long as, behind them, they left almost nothing. They left only the lines drawn by the small hands of their children wielding long metal rods. Men admired confused and puzzled the lines, which extended throughout all of the deserted plain of Nazca. They would never guess that draw lines was making extraterrestrial children in one universal play. Children, to standards of the humanity, measured two hundred meters height.

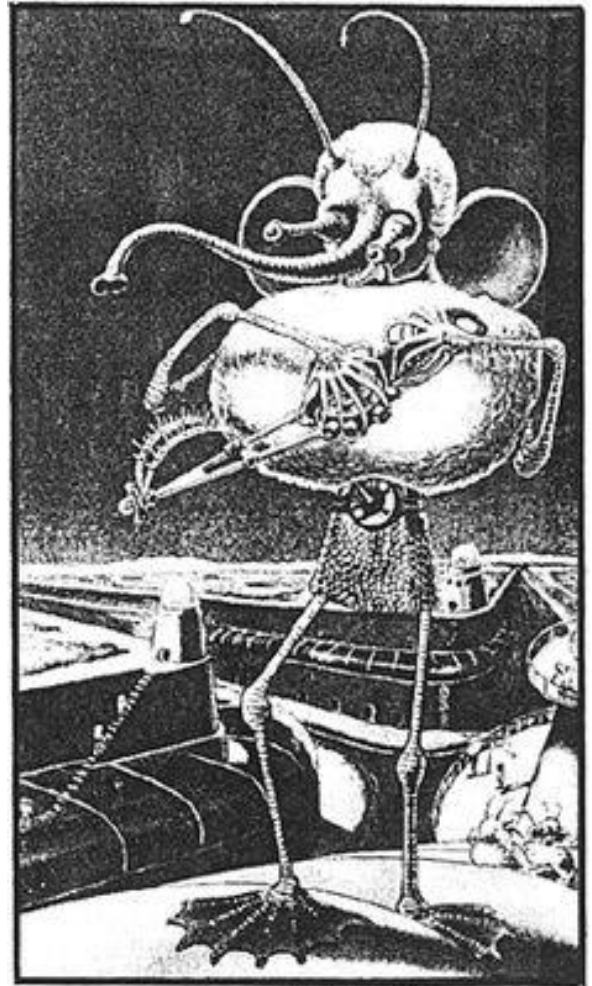
² Translated by Isidoro Hervías.

New world

By Amilcar Rodríguez Cal (Cuba)

The Admiral sent a boat that we back what he called Rio de Mares. When we arrived at the village the indians fled towards mount, leaving stranded houses with everything they had. It surprised us to find in that place dogs that do not bark, and wild little birds inside the houses. We also find several bone heads and many fruits very wonderful flavor.

We do not touch anything, as mandated by the Admiral. But before heading back a blinding lights sprang up in the palm grove. We thought it was a fire or something. Curiosity made us closer. That's when the lights rushed towards us, we ran hastily jumping in the grass. The boatswain,



weakened by a recent illness, lagged. Looking back for a moment I saw one of the lights turned bright red, and the boatswain caught in its beam. I witnessed how the poor man was elevated to the skies and disappeared into the incandescence.

Stumbling we arrive to the coast. The three ships were lined up near the beach. And I spotted with extreme terror, such as near the masts floated in media circles dozen reports those lights, and as the sea began to curl.

The manuscript

By *Lucas Berruezo (Argentina)*

Finally, we decoded the manuscript. I am not referring to the Voynich's crude mess, which barely refers to plants and outdated astrological systems, but to the real writing that was kept in secret from the beginning of time.

For thousands of years, an elite of men, in which I find myself (Aaron's real sons, although our relationship has never existed), kept eight slabs with a so-far indecipherable series of signs. After that, during the Middle Age, a single copy was made in a lost monastery of Navarra, turning such relic in a manuscript. Luckily, those

slabs were lost deep in the sea in the sixteenth century when they tried to take them to America. The same manuscript is kept nowadays in the bowels of a residence in Vigo, Spain, where I am writing at the moment.

To sum up: there are those who believe that the big monuments of the ancient times were made by aliens: the Pyramids of Giza, the Easter Island statues, even the Baalbek or Machu Picchu buildings. Non sense. Why would the Old Visitors build such wonders if they were going to leave behind the infectious human race (an adjective that still describes us)? No, now we know that their real invention was the human race. But that is not the worst part of all, not even the most important one.

The Visitors created us with love (or what we would consider love), with a specific purpose, but when they drew up the slabs, things were going wrong. In fact, the writing was a farewell. The Old Visitors disappeared due to galactic reasons away from our planet,

which are not clarified. We, the
invention, were left behind, evolving
outside the nice guidelines.

There is no God, we are just going
nowhere. Only the imbeciles can
think that, in an infinite universe, the
reasons for our origin are outside of
it. Our real parents are not present
anymore, and our journey to the
Earth makes no sense...
and has no destination.



Beginner's mistake

By Carmen Rosa Signes Urrea (Spain)

The study of this new breed of anthropomorphic beings would be simple since had extensive experience. I was required observation in the background. My help, to occur should be indirect and not assume, for the

race, any changes that might cause irreversible damage or species evolutionary leaps.

I found in my first scan. Perhaps it was that way they look, or that strange grimace between laughter and tears that captivated me about him.

From the first moment I felt empathy for her terminally ill condition and the way in which he had assumed, leaving the protection of the village to its fate.

His legs had even force, on the other hand had lost its upper extremity strength so that it was practically impossible even draw his bow.

Reason more than justified to feel of little use and disappear. On several



occasions I saw him approach his village looking for the comfort of his solitude in contemplation of his wife and children, an act which finished soften. He possessed the remedy and would use it on him. I would simply heal without leaving a trace. He works at night while asleep, there would be no eye contact. But during the third session, he awoke. As imagined he saw me as one of their deities to offer food arrived, along with flint and steel, to heat. One wrong move, or perhaps the rejection of those gifts made will turn aggressive, to lift his stone knife and when the distance

between the two was higher, load the arch against me. How gratifying was seeing firmly hold your weapon! It was useless trying to avoid the heavy dart came to pierce my protective insulating reaching, with unerring aim, my shoulder. Now, I must assume my responsibility, and I do not know which of the two things entail greater punishment, if the recognition that have been overcome by a being with intelligence embryo stage or having left free in the pure air of that planet the filth that we breathe us.



UFO IV

By Bruno Henríquez (Cuba)

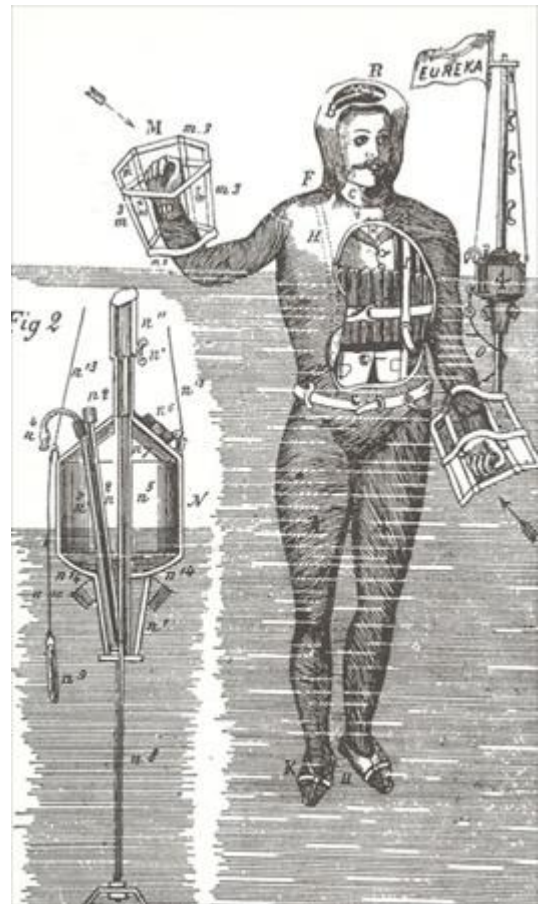
Translate by Juan Pablo Noroña L. (Cuba)

Legends and rumor of things seen
scary and reason denying
star warriors
angels frightful
noise of many waters and presence divine

God.

God comes down in a cloud
noise and fire

He is a man like Man will be
and sees the Primeval's worship
and cannot prevent the chain
of legend, gossip, religion, fear
dark night studded with bonfires



whose flames burn the truth
until one day
when ideas are born anew
may God be Man again
the legend be the history
and Man at last
be God.

Sand and Shadows

By Bruno Henríquez (Cuba)

Translate by Juan Pablo Noroña

L. (Cuba)

We didn't see the lights in the
sky

the wind was against our steps

We went in silence
taking the landscape in
unfazed by the shadows on
the sand

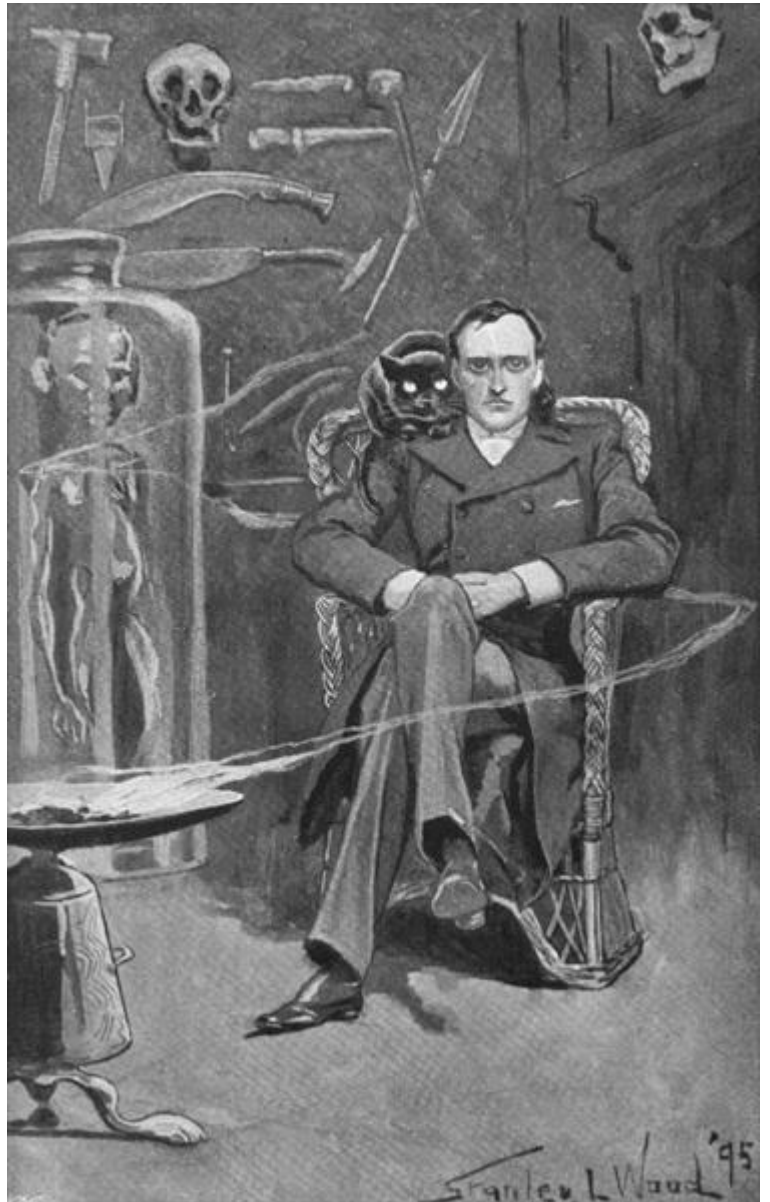
just feeling the weight of
strangeness

seeing the ancient ruins as
new

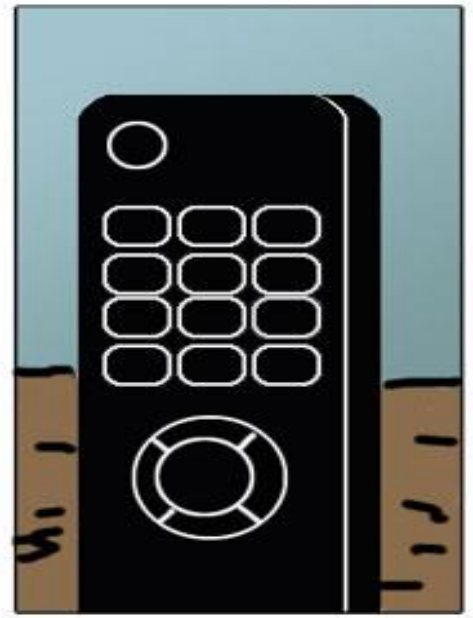
to walk among them

getting to know them step by step, in astonishment

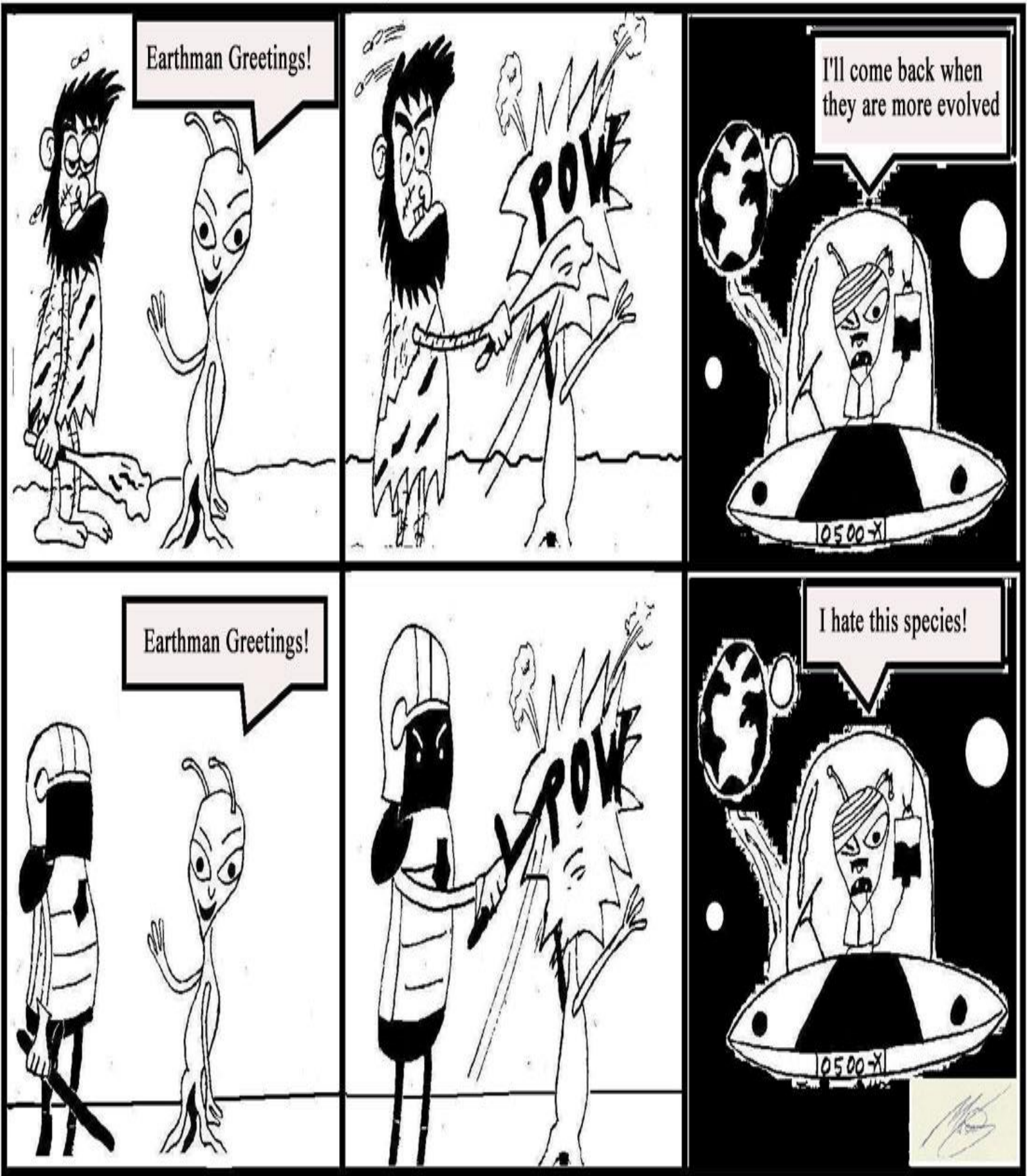
Comparing what was seen from the sky



photos, diagrams
with the rustling of cloth upon stone
and the road dust on the walls
to compare the expected and the impossible
Backing away in silence
burdened with past and history
speechless before stone pyramids
signals sent in the time
when rivers flowed over today's desert
when life bustled where now lie
the inhospitable cities of Mars.



HOMO ZAPPING
FOR
PLAY



The ancient astronaut hypothesis and Creationism

Alien

By Por Tomás Pacheco Estrada (Mexico)

Perhaps aliens from other galaxies beyond ours came to Earth, to settle and create us or how many times the aliens have visited us in ancient times, making contact with humans to convey some knowledge at any given time to develop. They are speculations that belong more to science fiction than the validity of official science. But these beliefs are known as the ancient astronaut hypothesis and analyzes whether creationism Alien aliens created planting our lives in this world, launching from their ships bacteria to create living beings. They were about Noachs with their sidereal vehicles transported the animals to leave them here in their new habitat. Perhaps the aliens we created, mixing his DNA with us, changed our species through genetics. The origin of life was spread by waste accidentally spilled by aliens on Earth: A number of writers and researchers, are those ideas as Professor of Astronomy Thomas Gold proposed the theory of Garbage has occurred.

There are scientists but unfortunately, also charlatans and other men who seek alternatives to the explanation of our origin. The writer Charles Fort was one of the first researchers in the Book of the Damned claimed that the Earth had no owner, extraterrestrials came here and got hold of it, exploiting and sometimes quarreling with other aliens to have mastery of our planet. Von Daniken writer was Erich popularized massively ancient astronaut hypothesis through his successful books, Chariots of the Gods, Memories of the Future, etc. He is explaining that the aliens were the creators of ancient monuments like Stonehenge, the Pyramids of Giza and MAOIs of Easter Island. He also believes that aliens through various eras passed on to us their knowledge of astronomy, writing and science. In addition it is based on myths and legends of the ancient world, where beings from the sky in flying machines and men called them gods. Use old works of art where the symbols are interpreted as images of alien ships.

Another famous researcher is Zacharia Sitchin, his saga The Chronicles of Earth, one of his books the 12th Planet. It refers to who played the Sumerian slats which tells us that there is a planet number twelve called Nibiru orbiting in our solar system and takes 3600 years to turn around the sun and also tells us that the asteroid belt was a planet called Tiamat before explode. Sitchin based on their interpretations of the Sumerian tablets. The Anunnaki lived Nibiru came to Earth to extract gold for that needed labor for it using genetic manipulation created man, after many experiments failed to make him a slave, because different catastrophes left the planet Earth leaving his creation

. And not forgetting the scientific source. We astrophysicist Carl Sagan and his colleague IS Shlovski in his book Intelligent Life in the Universe 1966 where scientists and historians who should seriously consider the possibility that there has been extraterrestrial contact with humans in a part of the story is requested . Clarifying that his ideas were speculative and had no grounds to be corroborated. Besides that may have extraterrestrial visits to Earth at different times and tales Uanna mentioned a kind fish be attached to teach agriculture, mathematics and primitive arts Sumerians. Carl Sagan in his book Broca's Brain 1979 suggests that he and the current Shlovski inspired books of the ancient astronaut hypothesis that abounded in the decades of the 60s and 70s Expressing disagreement with Von Daniken and other writers noncritical, who expanded as valid evidence of extraterrestrial paleocontact and artifacts could be explained scientifically with more conventional theories.

Thus we have the various authors of these theories of ancient astronauts, which over time has doubted that man is able to create the ancient buildings, giving credit to the aliens and has also been developed objects of his time better known as ooparts, appliances out of place as the mechanism Anticera is an astral calculator with gears found in a shipwreck that was used 150 years before the Christian era and we have a ooparts that are disks with a hole in the center found Bayan Kara Ula where they were near some fine with large heads and skeletons. Tsum Um Nai managed to decipher what they were saying those records where narrated that a people called the Dropa, had come from a distant planet and that a fault in his vehicle had been stranded in the mountains, where Ham an ancient tribe the They attacked and killed many of them, until they got to communicate with them and left them alone. The Dropa could not repair their ships so they stayed to live in our world and all that happened 12,000 years ago but the scientific community rejected these ideas.

So my position is that it cannot accept the theory of ancient astronauts as real but to be checked so let's take as a science fiction theme. As he did Lovecraft with its primeval Gods, let's use our imagination to inspire us on this issue and writing works of fantasy and space opera.



Antologías:

Título: Teknochtitlán. 30 visiones de la cienciaficción mexicana

Autor: VV.AA.

Antologador: Federico Schaffler

Colección: Agua Firme

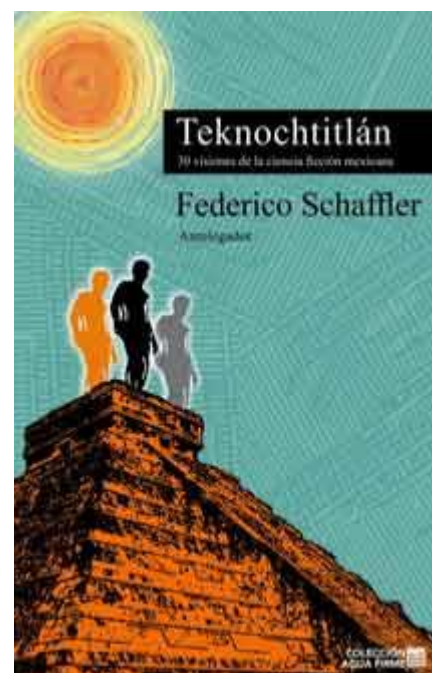
Sinopsis: La ciencia ficción de nuestro país encuentra en Teknochtitlán a algunas de sus plumas más representativas con las expresiones de nuevos escritores, todos bajo la selección de Federico Schaffler, quien en 1991 editara Más allá de lo imaginado, la primera antología de ciencia ficción mexicana.

Alberto Chimal, Ignacio Padilla, Guillermo Samperio, Gerardo Porcayo, Gabriel Trujillo, Silvia Moreno García, Héctor Chavarría, Ricardo Bernal, Jorge Cubría, Ricardo Guzmán Wolffer, Blanca Mart y Gabriel Benítez, junto con 18 escritores más, representan a todos los estados del país, excepto Tamaulipas, cuyos autores están incluidos en Huastekos, para así completar la visión panorámica de la ciencia ficción contemporánea de México.

Muchos de los escritores aquí incluidos son reconocidos no sólo en México, sino también en el extranjero, habiendo obtenido tanto premios internacionales como éxitos en ventas. De los autores jóvenes, estamos seguros que en el futuro varios de ellos habrán también de lograrlo.

Sobre el antologador:

Creador Emérito de Tamaulipas, 2011. Doctor en Política Pública por el Tecnológico de Monterrey (EGAP). Becario del Centro Mexicano de Escritores, 1991, y del Fondo Estatal para la Cultura y las Artes de Tamaulipas, 1995 y 2007. Presidente Fundador de la Asociación Mexicana de Ciencia Ficción y Fantasía, AMCyF, 1992. Editor y Director de Umbrales: literatura fantástica de México, 1992 a 2000. Ganador del Premio Nacional “Kalpa” de cuento



de Ciencia Ficción, 1997. Ganador del Premio Nacional “Charrobot”, de la AMCyF, 1997. Antologador de Más allá de lo imaginado (3 volúmenes, 1991, 1991, 1994), primera antología de cuentos de ciencia ficción de autores mexicanos y de Huastecos: 28 visiones de la ciencia ficción tamaulipeca (2014). Lo mejor de su obra narrativa está incluida en los tres volúmenes de sus Cuentos Completos 1983-2013: Museo de Recuerdos (300 pp., 30 cuentos), Crónicas del Quincunce (200 pp., 6 relatos largos) y Códice Digital (250 pp., 36 cuentos). Cuentos suyos han aparecido hasta el momento en 30 antologías, en español, inglés, portugués y francés y ha sido publicado en México, Estados Unidos, Argentina, España, Brasil, Francia, Italia, Venezuela y Cuba.

<http://bibliotecavirtual.itca.gob.mx/01/teknochtitlan/>

Cuentos:

Título: Sobrenatural

Autor: Samir Karimo

Portada: Juan Miguel Aguilera

Sinopsis: ¿Será que D.Juan se irá al paraíso o al infierno? ¿Quién es Valquiria, será una bruja o...? ¿La muerte se siente sola o se lleva bien con la Vida? ¿Qué son pre textos? ¿En efecto qué es una media naranja, será alguien que tiene una naranja en lugar de un corazón? La Introducción es un personaje o es.... Para contestar a todo esto lean los relatos cortos y cuentos de este libro que cuenta con una portada hecha por Juan Miguel Aguilera donde la realidad y la ficción sobrenatural se mezclan.

Sobre el autor:

Además de traductor, Samir Karimo es aficionado al fantástico. Como autor destaca los textos santa claus sideral y la gota de oro navideña y delirios fantasmales, ambos salidos en la fénix fanzine. Ahora llega con este primer libro de relatos largos y cortos o pre textos que son pretextos para nuevos textos escrito en portugués y en castellano...



http://www.amazon.es/Sobrenatural-Samir-Karimo/dp/150254511X/ref=sr_1_1?ie=UTF8&qid=1431078075&sr=8-1&keywords=samir+karimo

Novelas:

Título: Los cíborgs

Autor: A. García Pérez

Editorial: Edición Personal

Sinopsis: A través de la apasionante historia de un rey inca desterrado por su gente, que llega a la España del futuro, Andrés García aborda el actual dilema entre tradición y tecnología.

Los Cíborgs explora, de un modo sorprendente, la realidad del empleo en nuestro país.



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:

Antokoletz Huerta, Daniel (Buenos Aires, Argentina, 1964) began writing from an early age and has won several awards both locally and nationally. Among the major first prize in

the contest " Cuentos para Niños ", the Argentine Council of Jewish Women of Argentina, in 1993, and in the same year, the first mention of " Más Allá " the Argentine Circle of Science Award are fiction and Fantasy for his short story " La sentencia ". His fantastic and horror stories have been published in various newspapers, magazines and anthologies, among which must be noted that they were selected for Cuentos de la Abadía de Carfax, contemporary stories of horror and fantasy (2005), Grageas 2 (2010) Grageas 3 (2014), Minimalismos (2015) and Espacio Austral (2016). Sinergia Editions announces the publication of his novel Contrafuturo for 2016. Work in bioengineering and technological research in robotics and systems.

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

In 2012 and in Buenos Aires she published El Expediente Glasser (The Glasser Dossier) a

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

<http://violetabalian.blogspot.com>

<http://elexpedienteglasser.blogspot.com>

Bayarri, Salvador (Valencia, Spain, 1967)

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

Berruezo, Lucas (Buenos Aires, 1982)

graduated in Letters (UBA), teacher and writer.

He prefaced anthologies of fantastic tales and Worlds horror entinieblas (Galmort, 2008

and 2009) and participated, along with writers like Alberto Laiseca, Luis Mey and Liliana Bodoc, in Haikus Bilardo (Biting Dead, 2014) by Fernando Figueras and José María Marcos . His stories and articles circulating on the web in different magazines, like insomnia and Axxón. Manages The place of the fantastic, dedicated to literature and horror movies. So far in 2015, Biting Dead published his first novel Evil men wear hats (which is part of the seminar grade on Creative Writing Elsa Drucaroff given at the University of Philosophy and Letters of the UBA) and his short story "Waiting for Matthias "was included in the book Mala blood, a horror anthology with stories of new Argentine writers led by Narciso Rossi for Pelos de punta collection.

Candelaria Zarate, M^a. Del Socorro (Mexico, 38 years old) Academic Program Coordinator of San Luis de Potosí. He has worked in different numbers miNatura digital magazine.

Caballero Álvarez, Mari Carmen (Spain. 55 years old), 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 anthology of VV. AA. (Winds for a pen) fruit of the IV edition of the proposed solidarity foundation appears Isonomía contest selected a story of mine: From those powders ... and Volume (flight Neleb) resulting from III Isonomía event, published a story out of my authorship: Faces of counterfeit currency. Also the digital magazine Echoes 4 contains a story of mine: Malva. In the resulting copy of the I contest of erotic themes (Erotic pure) driven online store Azuquita Diversitex my story appears.

<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 Inonsexist 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*.

Dumenigo Aguila, Alexy (Placetas, Villa Clara, 24 years old) studied at the University of Computer Sciences (UCI). He graduated from XVI Narratives Techniques Course Center "Onelio Jorge Cardoso" and member of the literary workshop "Open Space". He won the Oscar Hurtado V competition in the category of fantastic story and got mention in the Contest Mabuya 2013.

In 2014 he was the winner of Mabuya Award, mention in the tale CF Oscar Hurtado VI Competition and finalist contests minicuento The Storyteller and the Mancuspia papers.

Galán Ruíz, Diego (Spain) He wrote a novel *El fin de Internet* (Atlantis) and one of stories insart of a anthology *Cataluña: Golpe a la violencia de género*.

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/>

Henriquez, Bruno (Holguin, Cuba, 1947)

graduated in geophysics at the upper course of the Academy of Sciences of Cuba and later became a researcher at the Institute of Geophysics and Astronomy. In 1978 he won the first mention in the David contest with the

story book "Adventure in the laboratory", a fact that led to the UNEAC to convene in the next few years a prize of science fiction as a distinctive branch in the contest, marking thus the time for a rebirth of Cuban science fiction.

Bruno Henríquez was founder and president of science fiction literary workshop "Oscar Hurtado" and advisor to the workshop "The Black Hole" (also science fiction). He also created the contest science fiction stories magazine *Technical Youth* and the annual prize short story "Dragon".

He has been a promoter and organizer of the annual events science fiction and director of group *i + Real*, which publishes an electronic newsletter dedicated to the genre namesake, free distribution.

He has published short stories, poetry and science articles (some of which have been awarded) in various Cuban and Latin American magazines. His poems have been translated into Russian and Hungarian.

In 1998 he was responsible for the selection and prolog of an anthology of Cuban science fiction published in Argentina, *dust in the wind*.

https://es.wikipedia.org/wiki/Bruno_Henr%C3%ADquez

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

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

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

www.eleclipsedegyllenedraken.blogspot.com

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 Noguerras 2004" Literary Contest 2005 Center Farralque Fayad Jamis (Finalist) Cuba EventFiction 2003 Award "Rationale "2005 Alejo Carpentier Foundation, International Competition" The Revelation", Spain, 2008-9 (Finalist), 2009- 10 (Finalist) International Competition" Wave Polygon", Spain, 2009, Finalist; monthly Contest website QueLibroLeo, Spain, 2008-9; Microstories monthly Contest on Lawyers, Spain, 2009.

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

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

Morgan Vicconius Zariah -seud.- (Bani, 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>

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

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

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

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

Poetic prose narratives that constitute their first explorations in search of their own

language and therefore the first stage of his literary career.

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

www.zothiqueelultimocontinente.wordpress.com

Pacheco Estrada, Tomás

(Córdoba, Veracruz, Mexico) writer, actor and moviemaker. I do a short film named Ana Claudia de los Santos for YouTube. Work in the tv series A2D3 by Ramón Valdez and Carne cruda in YouTube, extra in the Gloria film.

Pedraza Pérez, Alfonso (Mexico) Surgeon, by the UNAM. Founder and coordinator of the workshop Minificciones of Fictitious and was the subject of the article "From paper to the network: where legitimizing the minifiction" Laura Pollastri (2004) published in anthologies: "One hundred fictimínimos", "Minibichario: Book non-imaginary beings", "Alebrije words" "small stories, big reading" and "Futbol shortly. Microrrelatos joga bonito", "Ecos del Nido" and "KDs!

International Boxing short story Published in magazines: The Owl, The Laughing Hyena, Pleisosaurio, Crítonis and scribes.

Newspapers: La Jornada Semanal, Extra lagoon, Metropolis, Tal Cual of Venezuela, Caracas National. And in many electronic pages devoted to the subject. He published articles in minifiction: Hostos Community College of CUNY (City University of New York), Pleisosaurio Magazine of Peru and Culture of Veracruz was sworn Short Story Award 2011 Augustine Monsreal Compiler "One hundred Fictimínimos. Microrrelatorio of Fictitious" (2012, Ficticia Editorial, Library contemporary tale, No. 34) Compiler "Minificcionistas of the story, magazine imagination" (2014, Ficticia Editorial) Create blogs: "Fictional Ark" (www.arcaficticia.com) showcase the work of 15 years of fictitious Minificciones workshop; "Minificciones of" The story, magazine imagination (www.minisdelcuento.wordpress.com) dedicated to show the world, Edmundo Valades Minificciones selected for his memorable magazine; And "plasticities" (www.plasticidades.wordpress.com) containing

their own texts currently produces and hosts the weekly program "People of few words" radio program dedicated to spreading the universal Microfictions, XECARH 1480 by A.M. Cardonal Radio, Voice of the People Hña Hnu (<http://ecos.cdi.gob.mx/xecarh.html>)

Plana Estruch, Francisco José (Valencia, Spain, 1966) Mathematician and secondary school teacher. He has published a book of stories (the earth is flat. (2015) Ed Phantom of dreams) and has published several stories in an anthology (INS-OMNIUM. (2016) Ed Acen). Has published a story in the anthology THE THREAD OF LIFE AND OTHER STORIES (2016) Ed. As second in the story contest FANTASTICS 2015 and AM anthology SAME TIME AND OTHER STORIES (2015) Ed Phantom of dreams .. He has also published in the online journal BALLET of WORDS Nº9 as winner of science fiction stories of that magazine.

Rodríguez Cal, Amilcar (Santa Clara, Cuba, 1974) Bachelor of Sociology at the University of Las Villas. Annual graduate course narrative techniques of Literary Training Center of Havana. Mention in national competition SF 2003 issue of Technical Youth

with the story "The Flight". Mention in the National Poetry Competition Regino Pedroso 2006. Texts published in anthologies on paper "Press release" and "The balance of the world", publishing Luminaria and Caja China. Chronicles published in national newspapers as a collaborator. First Prize in National Competition III Chronicles "Cuba Deportiva" 2009, with the text "A victory announced". Mention in Sport Cuba 2013 with the text "The Fall". Mention Regino Pedroso 2014 National Poetry Competition. IV Contest prize Chronicles Caridad Pineda in Memoriam, 2015. Mention in SF 2015 Technical Youth with the text "Offering".

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>

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

Illustrators:

Pag. 28 Ascúa, Miriam (Argentina) illustrator.

Pag. 01, 50 Bergamin, Claudio (Chilean/Italian) digital artist and photographer. He works mainly with rock bands creating album covers and visual imagery. His work also includes advertising photography, digital matte painting and comic books.

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

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

Pag. 17 Colucci, Alejandro (Uruguay) *See Interview.*

Pag. 93 Musin, Sergey (Russia) Concept artist, art director and matte painting artist.

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

<https://www.artstation.com/artist/samfx>

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

Pag. 34, 42 Legna, Angel (Spain) my artistic curriculum is small because I make my living in the building and does not leave me much time to fulfill myself as a full-time artist, studied fine arts in Barcelona and at the School of comic Joso and now coloring comics for Carmona Bullets and comics universe, also have been featured in the galeríaonline Procreate three times as an artist which is not easy, I'm an Ipad artist now is a very powerful and very professional tool.

Pag. 73 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. 21 Rubert. Evandro (Brazil, 1973)

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

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

Today is Editor and Chief of Epicenter and Sergio Abad teaches Bullets Comics and Narrative at the University Jaume I of Castellón. Also painted lead figurines and plays drums with Cave-Canem.

Pag. 74 Santamaría Barrios, Manuel

(Cadiz, Spain, 1977) Degree in Marine and Transport Maritime. Currently working as a freelance trainer courses which I manage merchant marine from the facebook page

About illustrations:

Pag. 01 Génesis / Claudio Bergamin (Chilean/Italian)

Pag. 17 S/t / Alejandro Colucci (Uruguay)

Pag. 21 Miedo, Mentiras y Tinta China: Invitación a la cena / Evandro Rubert (Brazil)

Pag. 28 La profecía / Miriam Ascúa (Argentina)

Pag. 34 S/t / Ángel Legna (Spain)

Pag. 42 S/t / Ángel Legna (Spain)

Pag. 50 S/t / Claudio Bergamin (Chilean/Italian)

Pag. 73/ Homo zapping / Puy —seud.— (Spain)

Pag. 74/ 100.000 años no son nada / Manuel Santamaría Barrios (Spain)

Pag. 93 New Ship Concept Experimental 3 / Sergey Musin (Russia)

"Nautical Training Cadiz".

I write because I like without more aspirations.

I have published stories in digital magazines.

Collaborate as opinion columnist in "El Guardián de Latvería " column of the Bay of Cadiz Digital Journal in the section El Rincón del Comic.

Other publications remote literary genre that

I made are the development and revision of manuals for maritime training.

