



The Magazine
of the Brief
& Fantastic



ISSN: 2340-977

Richard: ...is brought to you by Soy lent red and Soy lent yellow, high energy vegetable concentrates, and new, delicious, Soy lent green. The miracle food of high-energy plankton gathered from the oceans of the world.

Soylent green (Richard Fleischer, 1973)

○○○

Computer: Do you identify the word Sanctuary?

Logan 5: Negative.

Computer: Sanctuary is a pre-catastrophe code word. Used for a place of immunity.

Logan's Run (Michael Anderson, 1976)

○○○

Freeman Lowell: [gesturing toward a picture] Look on the wall behind you. Look at that little girl's face. I know you've seen it. But you know what she's never going to be able to see? She's never



going to be able to see the simple wonder of a leaf in her hand. Because there's not going to be any trees. Now you think about that.

Silent Running (Douglas Trumbull, 1972)

○○○

Colossus: We can coexist, but only on my

terms. You will say you lose your freedom, freedom is an illusion. All you lose is the emotion of pride. To be dominated by me is not as bad for human pride as to be dominated by others of your species.

Colossus: The Forbin Project (Joseph Sargent, 1970)

○○○

"You know Chad's definition of the New Poor? People who are too far behind with time-payments on next year's model to make the down-payment on the one for the year after?"

John Brunner, *Stand on Zanzibar*

Overpopulation

Instead of recommending cleanliness to the poor, we advise otherwise, we will make the streets narrower, will put more people in homes and try to cause the reappearance of an epidemic.

An Essay on the Principle of Population
(1798), Thomas Robert Malthus.

We will assume that the young Malthus had an idyllic view from his window. According to the descriptions of the time was Dorking: Almost entirely residential and agricultural, with some lime and brick factories, sawmills, wood and water mills.

Were their trips to the crowded London (dirty and decadent with so many dirt roads and poor defecating in full view) what soured their perfect world and transferred it to the rest of the cities on the planet.

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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).

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The only way to save the poor is poverty. And with these musings generated first safer places for the intelligentsia, surrounded by gardens and music. And for the poor he outlined the first ghettos, far from his eyes in order to preserve the pristine landscape.

And welcome gave a name to its future Effective Demand¹.

Where the poor is part of the smothering statistics, breeding ground for testing new diseases and selective extermination.

I would think that spoke of science fiction, but this is not the case.

I want to take this opportunity to apologize for my delay to take this issue and I hope you good reader patronize this humble son of neighbor.

And now I went to enjoy what we have for you, an efficient selection of

¹ "If everyone is satisfied with the simplest food, the poorest dresses and the most humble homes, surely there would be another kind of food, clothing and housing."

texts each in perfect harmony with the theme suggested.

As always thank illustrator who made our cover, this case Gastón Barticevich, who was able to reflect the rawness and fragility that this issue required.

And we cannot leave out this group of friends who number after number enliven this publication: Evandro Rubert (Brazil); Miriam Ascúa (Argentina); Puy -seud.- (Spain); Santamaría Manuel Barrios (Spain).

Regards!

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Quixote Universe

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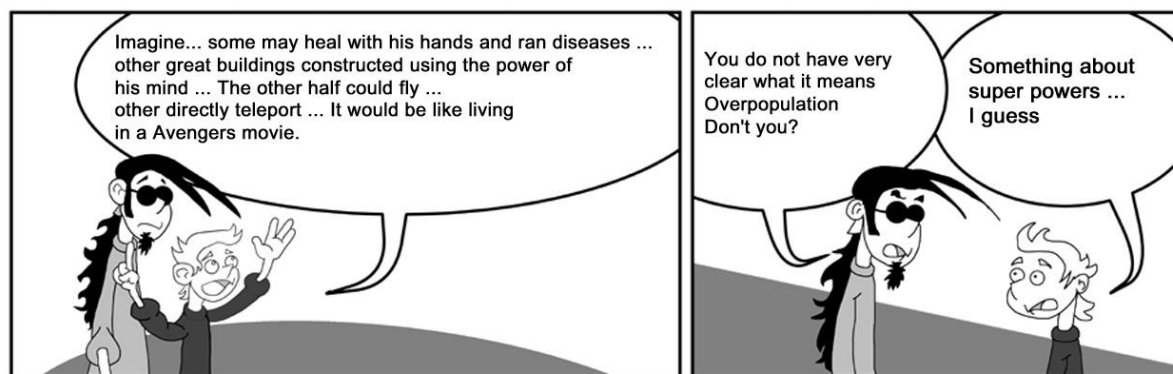
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Fear, Lies & China Ink: Super, but super, super by *Evandro Rubert* (Brazil)



End of the world of the end

By Julio Cortázar

Translate by Paul Blackburn

As the scribes will persist, the few readers there are in the world are going to have to change their roles and become scribes themselves. More and more countries will be made up of scribes, and more and more factories will be necessary to manufacture paper and ink, the scribes by day and the machines by night to print the scribes' work. First the libraries will overflow the houses, then the municipalities decide (now we're really into it) to sacrifice their children's playgrounds to enlarge the libraries. Then the theaters will go, then the maternity homes, slaughterhouses, bars, hospitals. The poor use the books like bricks, they

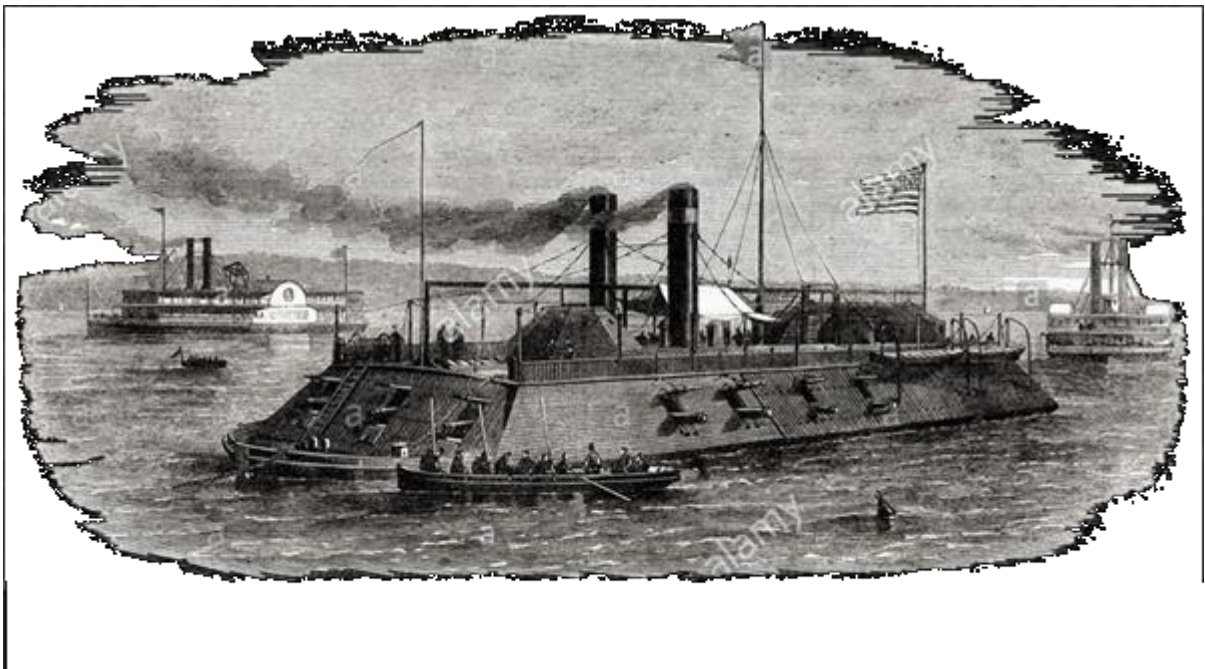
stick them together with cement and build walls of books and live in cabins of books. Then it happens that the books clear the cities and invade the countryside, they go on flattening wheat-fields and meadows of sunflowers, even though the Department of Highways manages to keep the roads cleared, even if only between two extremely high walls of books. At times a wall gives and there are terrifying automobile accidents. The scribes labor without let because humanity respects vocations, and the printed matter reaches the seashore. The President of the Republic gets on the telephone with the presidents of the republics, and intelligently proposes to cast the leftover books

into the sea, which act is accomplished simultaneously on every coast in the world. Thus the Siberian scribes see their works cast into a sea of ice and the Indonesian scribes etc. This allows the scribes to step up their production as the earth again has space to store their books. It does not occur to them that the sea has a bottom and that at the bottom of the sea the printed matter is beginning to pile up, first in the form of a sticky pulp, then in the form of a solid pulp, and finally a tough though viscous flooring which rises several feet a day and will finally reach the surface. Then much of the water invades many of the lands and there is a new distribution of continents and oceans, and presidents of various republics are replaced by lakes and peninsulas, presidents of other republics see immense territories newly open to their ambitions, etc. Sea water, forced to expand with such unprecedented violence, evaporates faster than ever, or seeks rest, blending itself with the printed matter to make that glutinous

pulp, to the point that one day ships' captains on the great trade routes report that their ships are advancing slowly, thirty knots drops to twenty, to fifteen, the engines sputter and pant and the propellers are wrenched and bent out of shape. Finally the ships stop wherever they are at different places in the sea, trapped by the pulp, and scribes all over the world write thousands of articles and books explaining the phenomenon are filled with an enormous happiness. The presidents and the captains decide to convert the ships into islands and gambling casinos, the public arrives on foot upon the cardboard seas, and on these islands and casinos dance orchestras fill the night and sweeten the air-conditioned atmosphere and the dancing lasts until the early hours of the morning. New printed material is piling up on the seashores, but it's impossible to put it into the pulp, so that walls of printed matter are growing and mountains are being born on the shores of the old seas. The scribes

realize that the ink and paper companies are going to go bankrupt, and their handwriting gets smaller and smaller and they use the most imperceptible corners of each sheet and paper. When the ink runs out they write in pencil, etc. When the paper goes, they write on slabs of wood or rock or on stone tiles, etc. The practice of intercalating one text into another begins to become popular, to take advantage of the space between the lines, or to scrape down the letters already printed with razor blades so as to use the paper

again. The scribes are working slowly now, but their numbers are so immense that printed matter now separates the land completely from the beds of the ancient seas. On the earth the race of scribes lives precariously, doomed to extinction, and at sea there are the islands and casinos, or rather the ex-transatlantic liners, where the presidents of the republics have fled to refuge and where they hold enormous parties and exchange wireless messages from island to island, president to president, and captain to captain.



The Space merchants

(Fragment)

By Frederik Pohl & C. M. Kornbluth

Galaxy Science Fiction, 1952

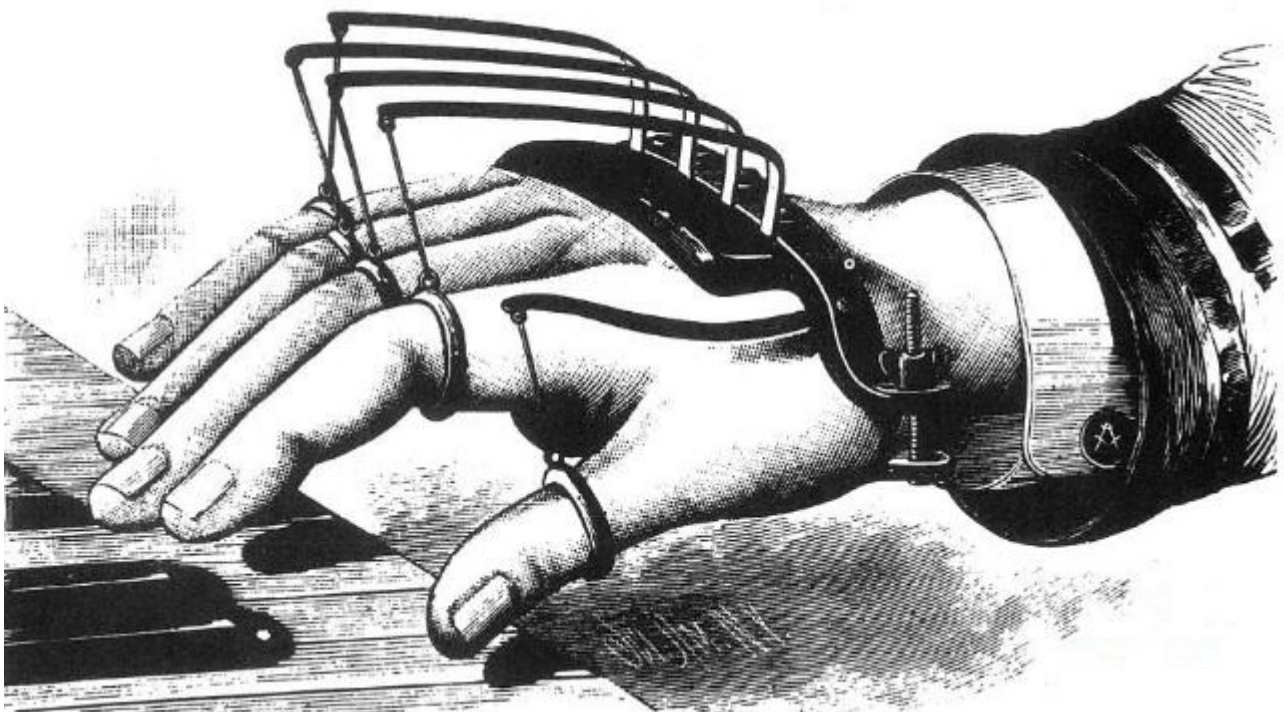
Fowler Schocken inclined his head. "Thank you, Matthew." And he meant it. It took him a moment before he could go on. "We all know," he said, "what put us where we are. We remember the Starrzelius Verily account, and how we put Indiaseries on the map. The first spherical trust. Merging a whole subcontinent into a single manufacturing complex. Schocken Associates pioneered on both of them. Nobody can say we were floating with the tide. But that's behind us." Men! I want to know something. You can tell me truthfully—are we getting soft?" He took time to look at each of our faces

search-ingly, ignoring the forest of hands in the air. God help me, mine was right up there too. Then he waved to the man at his right. "You first, Ben," he said.

Ben Winston stood up and baritoned: "Speaking for Industrial Anthropology, no! Listen to today's progress report—you'll get it in the noon bulletin, but let me brief you now: according to the midnight indices, all primary schools east of the Mississippi are now using our packaging recommendation for the school lunch program. Soyaburgers and regenerated steak"—there wasn't a man around the table who didn't shudder at the thought of soyaburgers

and regenerated steak—" are packed in containers the same shade of green as the Universal products. But the candy, ice cream, and Kiddiebutt cigarette ration are wrapped in colorful Starrzelius red. When those

kids grow up . . ."he lifted his eyes exultantly from his notes. "According to our extrapolation, fifteen years from now Universal products will be broke, bankrupt, and off the market entirely!"



Stand on Zanzibar

(Fragment)

By John Brunner

Doubleday, 1968

“ . . . and Puerto Rico today became the latest state to ratify the controversial dichromatism provision of United States eugenic legislation. This leaves only two havens for those who wish to bear disadvantaged children: Nevada and Louisiana. The defeat of the baby-farming lobby removes a long-time stigma from the fair brow of the Junior-but-One State—a congenital stigma, one may say, since the J-but-O State's accession to hoodness coincided almost to the day

with the first eugenic legislation concerned with haemophilia, phenylketonuria and congenital imbecility ...”

Poppy Shelton has believed in miracles for years, but now there's one happening right inside her body and the real world is leaning on her dreams.

THE DIFFICULT WE DO AT
ONCE. THE IMPOSSIBLE TAKES
A LITTLE LONGER.

—Base version of General Technics
motto

The Caves of Steel

(Fragment)

By Isaac Asimov

Galaxy Magazine, 1953

"**T**his is the third time
this month I've
watched it rain.

Quite a sight, don't you think?"

Against his, Balev had to admit to himself that it was Impressive. In his forty-two years he had rarely seen rain of the phenomena at nature, for that matter.

He said, "It always seems a waste for all that water to come down on the city. It should restrict itself to the reservoirs."

"Lije," said the Commissioner, "you're a modernist. That's your trouble. In Medieval times, people lived in the open. I don't mean on the farms only. I mean in the cities, too. Even in New York. When it rained,

they didn't think of it as waste. They gloried in it. They lived close to nature. It's healthier, better. The troubles of modern life come from being divorced from nature. Read up on the Coal Century, so me times."

Baley had. He had heard many people moaning about the invention of the atomic pile. He moaned about it himself when things went wrong, or when he got tired. Moaning like that was a built-in facet of human nature. Back in the Coal Century, people moaned about the invention of the steam engine. In one of Shakespeare's plays, a character moaned about the invention of gunpowder. A thousand years in the future, they'd be moaning about the invention of the positronic brain.

Bilennium

(Fragment)

By J. G. Ballard

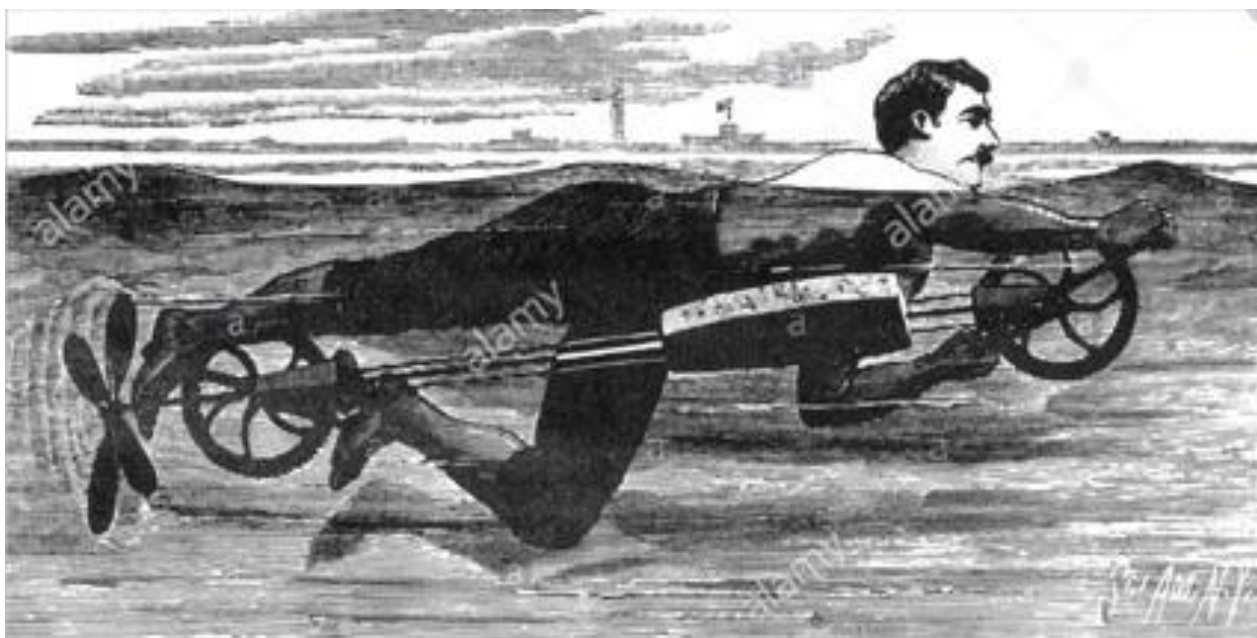
Amazing Stories, 1962

All day long, and often into the early hours of the morning, the tramp of feet sounded up and down the stairs outside Ward's cubicle. Built into a narrow alcove in a bend of the staircase between the fourth and fifth floors, its plywood walls flexed and creaked with every footstep like the timbers of a rotting windmill. Over a hundred people lived in the top three floors of the old rooming house, and sometimes Ward would lie awake on his narrow bunk until 2 or 1 a.m., mechanically counting the last residents returning from the all-night movies in the stadium half a mile away. Through the window he could hear giant fragments of the amplified dialogue booming among the

rooftops. The stadium was never empty. During the day the huge four-sided screen was raised on its davit and athletics meetings or football matches ran continuously. For the people in the houses abutting the stadium the noise must have been unbearable. Ward, at least, had a certain degree of privacy. Two months earlier, before he came to live on the staircase, he had shared a room with seven others on the ground floor of a house in 755th Street, and the ceaseless press of people jostling past the window had reduced him to a state of exhaustion. The street was always full, an endless clamour of voices and shuffling feet. By 6.5% when he woke, hurrying to

take his place in the bathroom queue, the crowds already jammed it from sidewalk to sidewalk, the din punctuated every half minute by the roar of the elevated trains running over the shops on the opposite side of the road. As soon as he saw the advertisement describing the staircase

cubicle he had left (like everyone else, he spent most of his spare time scanning the classifieds in the newspapers, moving his lodgings an average of once every two months) despite the higher rental. A cubicle on a staircase would almost certainly be on its own.



The Futurological Congress

(Fragment)

By Stanislaw Lem

Kongres futurologiczny, 1971

The Council of the futurological Association elected Costarricania as a place of the election, because he was dedicated to the scourge of catastrophic diluvial population growth and how to combat it. For Costarricania currently has the highest rate of population growth worldwide, and under the pressing pressure of that reality, we had to act efficiently. In all honesty I must say - but only say the malleolus- the new hotel, built by the consortium Hilton Nounas,

seemed empty, and Congress had to attend, in addition to the futurists, as many journalists. Since, in the course of discussions nothing was left of that hotel, without fear of being accused of advertising, I can say that was a great Hilton, with a very clear conscience. These words are on my lips a special significance, because I am, by birth, a true bon vivant and a sense of duty only moved me to leave the comfort for the torments of astronautics.

Nothing can be done about that

By Juan Pablo Noroña L. (Cuba)

This little girl wants for nothing but a chance to hug her best friend. So she sighs and looks intently at her mom. Who sighs back and says, have patience, already made a request to synchro-nize your Wildpark with that of your buddy. But mom that's gonna take forever, can i just go in the Jetty now, and points at the cargo ship, dwarfed by the huge Habitat Barge. Child, we've talked about this, transportation is the only scarce commodity, don't they teach you this

at school, you can't go places willy nilly, has to be scheduled. Please it will take so little, i see her Barge from here, look, by the east shore of the bay. The Jetty is for supplies and adults to go about their business, says mom, and when the time comes it will take you and other children to Wildpark in the mainland, and then you'll meet your friend. Well, can we bring food and stuff and stay there the two of us? The eyes of the woman tear up. I'd be sick with worry, and besides they won't allow it, the environmental impact... No! Screw them, screw the environment! Baby, calm down, nothing can be done about that, the way things are... look, what about you get online with her and you talk and play all night, no sleep time, i'll talk to her mom. But the little girl just rests her chin on the rail of the balcony overlooking the east side of the bay.

Census office I

By Jaime Magnan Alabarce (Chile)

The doors slid and McKendra appeared elated, waving a device in his left hand. Edwards, in front of his desk, raised his face pocketing the greeting.

“What's going on?”, he asked, while the newcomer gave small digital unit.

“Quadrant AZQ—0390!”

Edwards reviewed the module by sliding your fingers on the small screen. Then he projected data in a three—dimensional image on a larger scale.



“It's the third increase in the sector, so far this year”, Edwards remarked ruefully watching McKendra dictamen expected. “Is less than the previous... We could ignore it...”

“I Do not want me to risk a sanction, right now running for a promotion!”

“We talk about one quarter of a million...”

“The numbers do not have names, Edwards...”

The aforementioned was silent. Then he said the mice:

“I press the button and ready: we solve the problem!”

“We get paid for it! Moreover, the economy is reactivated in the area of construction, new jobs are generated absorbing cheap labor.

“It's okay”, he said lamely, stamping his signature on the device.

McKendra took it and went proudly.

Edwards set his sights on the screen that dominated his forehead. After a few seconds it showed an alert. Then he could see the development of a new explosion reporting news. Holders threw a total of 263,794 deaths and a series of graphs indicated that the projected world population returned to balance. The

west side of Salt Lake had ceased to exist. With this, her parents and all her childhood memories. With the back of his hands wiped the few tears that rolled down her cheeks. He took a deep breath and returned to her earrings. It was another day at the Census Bureau.

The end of suffocation

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

The medicine's advancements and the endless Capitalism thirst, led astray the mechanized humanity toward the most horrible of the social sceneries. The consumerism, like an invisible agent out beyond the reach of the greatest minds, pushed that human mass into the abyss of a slow and insightful death. Civilization was stagnated in an aging population and an exhausted planet —demanding both food and energy. New Babylon, the North city, was the place where first blew up the chaos like a divine doom.

"This situation slipped away from our hands, the economic system we've built up is the cause of all this mess," said Erick to the members of the State Council through his Neuron transmitter, while braking his way on foot amid the crowd sprawling in every direction. "The city is about to collapse."

The plunder of stores and supermarkets that have been going on for several days, got worst. Cyborgs, trying to subdue the crowd, were run over by the mindless stampede.

"That's the price we're paying by the abolishment of the human conflicts, gambling on a global consciousness for a mass economic," commented Sarah before the Council, with a down cast face over a white gown and holding a singular device with a bottom. Erick was already among them. "This part is painful to me, but the ancient environmentalists were right regarding the apocalypse we were bond to create —happily for us, some of them worked out the

identity chip, coding a mortal virus
for a situation like this. We're going to

sacrifice seven millions people for our
city's sake... God forgive us!

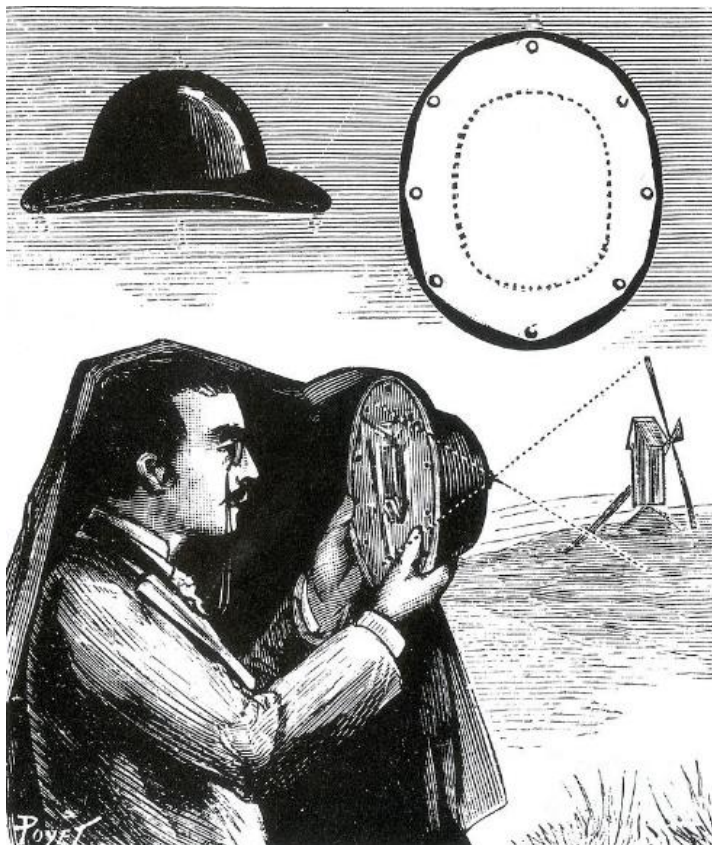


Rolly wheel

By Carmen Rosa Signes Urrea (Spain)

"It seems to be one of the inevitable laws of nature that some humans suffer from misery. These are the people who, in the great lottery of life, will fail. "

- Thomas Malthus (1766-1834)



"Attention! The first wave will exceed three hundred thousand individuals, have everything prepared for the traffic is fluid, orderly and with no altercations. We express orders to quell any hint of rebellion. At the slightest sign skyrocket. And by God, to be accurate, any residue of the migratory flow can be considered by our superiors as an attempt to destabilize the population balance." The sound of the siren preceded the message that was repeated again and again. While human proximity devices: checked entries; lit scanners; verified that the disinfection system and carwash work properly; They had rations; and oiling travel ribbons for softness and lightness before turning to delve into the wilderness; at the height of their protected buildings, the leaders made satellite monitoring of participants, so that the entry into avalanche problems and would not be simple to assign the winners of the stage. Those that finally would get his

place in the bedroom settlement, the 0.01 per thousand runners (equal to or lower than losses suffered between one stage and the previous number). The rest should follow route and strive more in the next opportunity if they wanted to be victorious.

Thousands of people move through the desert direction back to the aid station *RWG-48501720*, on those endless roads that seem to outrun them. Hope for success is reborn in

each attempt. Knowing the futility of the race, but knowing that this is the way to survive, they are competing for: something to put in the mouth, scheduled toilet and restock the equipment that at each stage. Only way to have a life in those uninhabitable wastelands where the tape tireless wheel with each step provides power generators that feed the city that can never accommodate them all.

Central vacuum²

By Paulo Brito (Portugal)

'There are currently 10 billion human beings on earth, but I state with clear conviction that the so-called overpopulation is not a problem, it is a myth. The issue is an inefficient occupation of the planet. Follow my train of thought: if in a five bedroom house, only one bedroom is being used by 50 people, can we say that therein there is overcrowding or poor management of space?'

The G10 members gathered on April 19th, 2082 and agreed in unison with the statements of President Jozefo Paçjo, who continued to speak, saying: 'So, I propose the

displacement of 7 billion people to uninhabited zones of the planet.'

'But how?' was the question that arose from many mouths.

'A machine capable of transporting people from one area to another will be built in geostationary orbit.'

And thus a machine began to be built. On February 12th, 2089, in another meeting of the G10, the apparatus that occupied the sky creating the night in broad daylight began its work. From its interior thousands of tentacular suction tubes began to come out. Panic set in because the device was the metallic vision of Cthulhu, but regardless of this, millions upon millions of people were suctioned to the sound of chomps from the large urban centers and dumped with burps! in Greenland, Antarctica, the Sahara, Patagonia, Gobi, the Great Sandy Desert, on Kaffeklubben Island and many other areas barely or never inhabited until 2089.

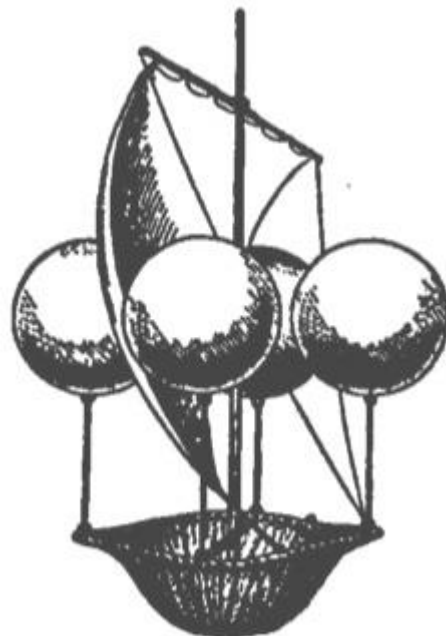
² Translated by Laura Rivas Fernández

And on a scale never seen before, humanity watched live the struggle for the survival of the fittest. Few survived the displacement because they were weak to adapt, but those who were able to face a possibly unfavorable situation would ensure

stronger offspring. The strengthening of humanity supplanted the apparent immorality of the act.

The world population is currently 3.1 billion people.

Jozefo Pačjo was right to say that overpopulation was a myth.



Final destination

By Violeta Balián (Argentina)

Inevitably, New York became another overpopulated metropolis that succumbed to the environmental contamination, climatic change, and industrial waste. Even so, reassured by the well-monitored conditions and a good dose of nostalgia, the UN President asked the political leaders to convene there and together, solve the pressing problem threatening world order. Massive crowds —uprooted from their homes by the same wars the UN had created to contain the increase in population—advanced north searching for warmer climates, refuge, and food. But, as they wandered, they found more hunger, devastation, and hostility. Those who



watched them pass by reported to the authorities that the exiles traveled with their mutant children, strange beings without distinction of age or sex, bearing the same face, devoid of expression, and marching, syncopated in a sort of collective autism. Worse, their numbers were increasing by the day. The implications of this exodus justified the extraordinary meeting. “We have a solution,” announced the Secretary handing over a Report and Action Plan prepared by a team of

scientific experts. The President read: «Instead of looking to the outside, to the space stations or the exoplanetary allies for temporary shelter, humanity has an alternative and should seriously consider the Earth's interior.. Down there, the huge spaces and caverns are more than adequate». The Secretary explained he had explored that possibility already and had made contact with the non-human inhabitants residing in the belly of the Planet. The draconians, he reported,

were well disposed to receive the huge flux of humans. Concerned, the President inquired: And how do we synchronize the expatriation of these crowds? Very simply. An ultrasound communication audible only to the mutant children will mobilize them in the right direction, toward the depths. And the parents? They will follow their children. Will they return? No, definitely no. The voting was unanimous and by acclamation.

Final Point

By Dolo Espinosa (Spain)

I guess it was the right time for the penetration of the idea. The population had reached an untenable point. The world had installed in despair, humanity seemed unable to find anything nice and respectable in herself. The human race had become a patient of depression. The message that we were the most vile, selfish and destructive species that ever evolved on the face of the planet had taken root so, that we had no was no wisp of love for ourselves and our works, or love, or pride...

And then someone suggested our extinction.

The idea took shape gradually and taking root slowly but surely, in the

minds of all. The idea of ending all human beings ceased to be seen as something horrible and became an acceptable and even desirable idea. It was accepted as a fact that our destiny as a species was the collective and therapeutic suicide.

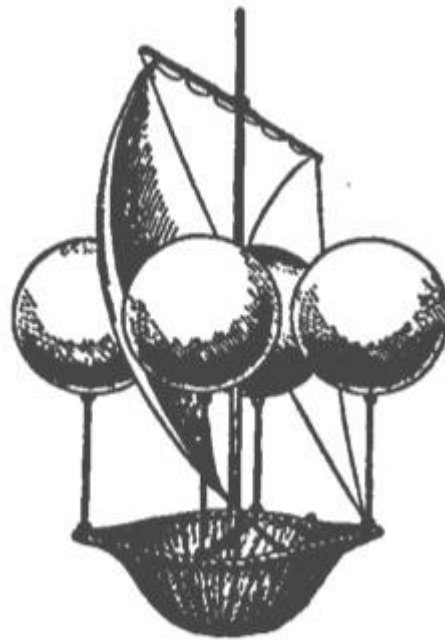
Then, it transformed into political proposal. It took to parliaments. It was discussed at the U.N. and finally, after long deliberations, the immediate, compulsory mass sterilization worldwide was decreed.

Civilization has died of starvation: no cities, no technology, no culture, no children, no future, everything was becoming rubble and ruins. Nature is taking back what we had stolen. The animals roam in large avenues and the buildings have become dens and hunting grounds.

Now that there is not remedy, I, the last homo sapiens, curse the stupidity of those who made us believe we were just filth and they blinded us to the good and beautiful of ourselves.

I agonize, and mankind is agonizing
with me. And both, humanity and me,
will die cursing those who believed

that stupid lie and longing for the
future that they were denied us.



The nightmare

By M^a del Socorro Candelaria Zárate
(Mexico)

What else do I need to see? I'm about to turn one hundred and two years old and what saddens me is to continue here, living. How ironic is this, when I was young I always asked God to give me a long life; today I'm not even sure I believe in Him. In fact, I no longer believe in anything. I wish with all my might die, and think that terrified me the idea of dying as young as my great great grandfather who left at forty years of age; blessed him.

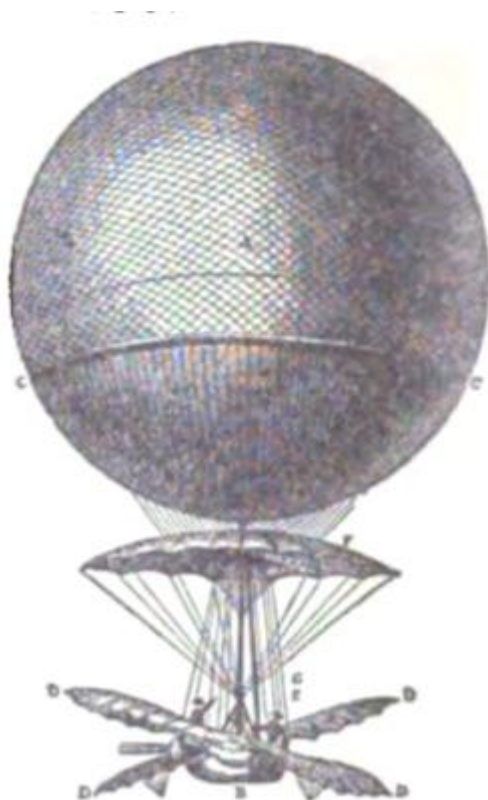
When I was young I believed to die from a serious illness it was something undesirable. Bah!, today I know that "undesirable" is to live in

this world of the late twenty-first century is overpopulated and having to pay the consequences of all that it implies: I have seen endless wars around the world, murders in the streets of the cities, rape in broad daylight, unstoppable unemployment, lack of opportunities for all and natural disasters such as earthquakes, tsunamis, floods, droughts, devastating hurricanes that arrive each year with a more violent and destructive force, volcanic eruptions and a long string of social conflicts and natural problems. Experts say that this is a result that we are many people in the world and we are destroying it and ourselves. The scientific explanation is something called overpopulation.

But that's not the real demon, the monster that lurks around every corner and settled to live with me is the oldness coupled with poverty. In this capitalist, consumerist and highly individualistic world, all of what I told them does not have any relevance to

me; I only care what is destroying me,
what kills me slowly and this
nightmare with no end, every day I
am poorer and older. The real danger

that is killing almost half of the
inhabitants of this planet and nobody
seems to notice.



Anarchy³

By Óscar Quijada Reyes (Venezuela)

—¡Shane!, where are you going?

Please stay with us —his aunt begged, she could not hold back tears.

—Endless litigants before that row, although conditions are critical, this is our planet and know —el young man told the only sister of his mother who remained standing—. Also, we do not know what place we take those ships.

—All has collapsed, there is no food, services no longer exist and insecurity is alarming. Your parents entrusted me to take care, that's what I try to do, as if you were one of my children.

—Aunt, you must go with them, await you. I love you!

The boy started running and walking away, his aunt called him last time, almost no energy.

—Shane...

Nevertheless, he hoped everything would go well for those who boarded the ships. He stood at a safe distance and noticed something strange: after putting earthlings on board, esturilim down machines. I was aware when the first rose and exploded in space. I knew I could not do something to prevent the third will happen the same.

³ Translate by Douglas Quijada Reyes

The south door

By Omar Martínez González (Cuba)

All, in scattering ran and they pushed by the corridor to be able to arrive until the vertical glider.

They no longer fit in that level.

Those that were not able to enter insurance would die; because nobody would give them food, neither it dilutes neither space.

— Thomas, we chose the mistaken road — she told him Looks at it to their husband while the glider moved.

Each one hugged very strong to the son that took loaded.

— We should leave to the cosmos; it will be very difficult to find an underground level that has four free squares — she concluded their idea.

— There is no longer solution... — he said with the overwhelmed face.

— Looks! In the —14B there are eight.

Nevertheless, twenty people that went there also noticed it.

All looked at themselves, increasing the general tension and then they heard the internal announcement: "Listen! The south door will allow alone the exit of five people. "

— Why if there are eight spaces!? — with that desperate query the pushes did begin to arrive in front of the hall door that they would open up.

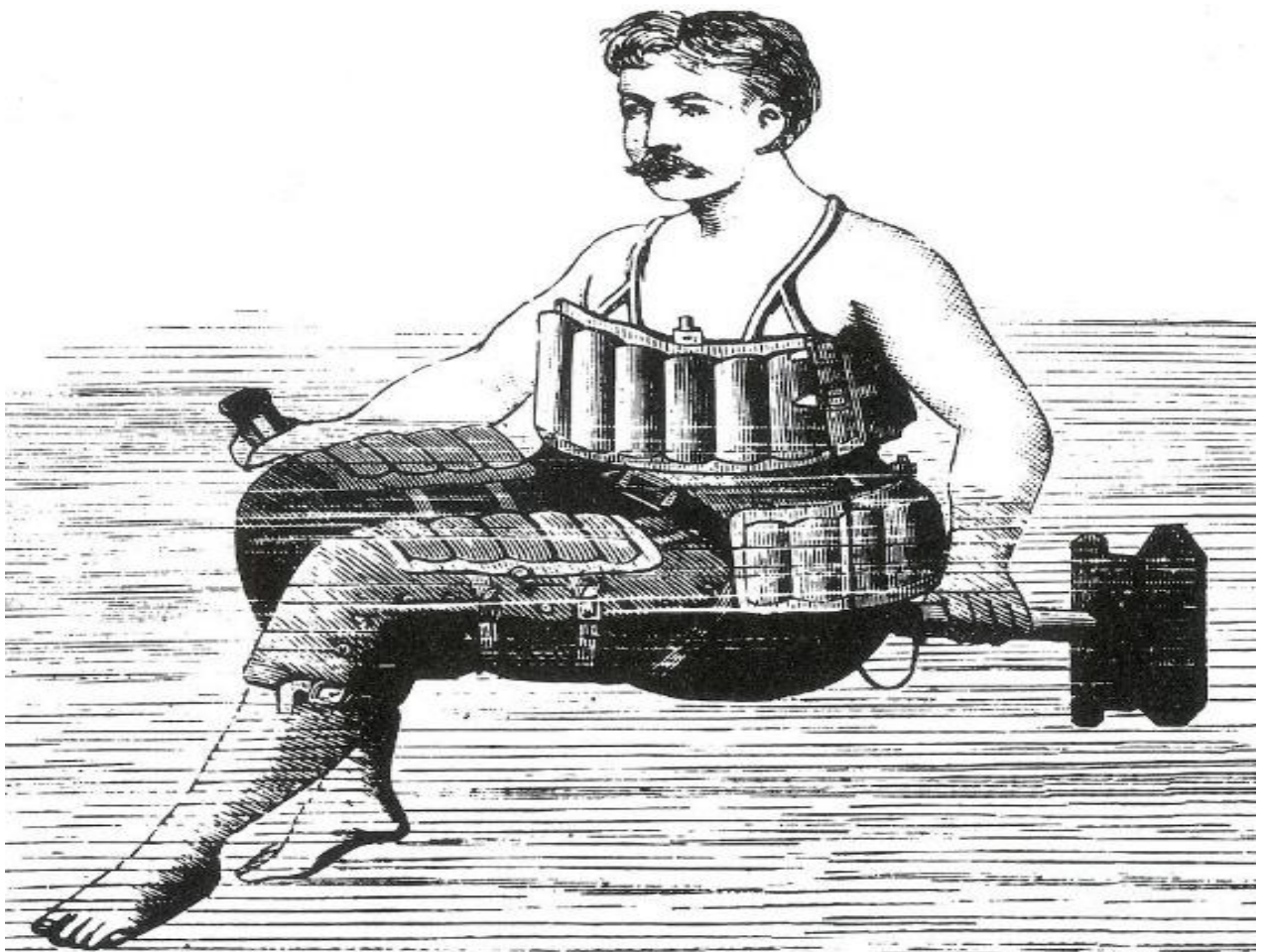
With one stone

By Salomé Guadalupe Ingelmo (Spain)

Truly man is the king of beasts, for his brutality exceeds them. We live by the death of others.

Leonardo Da Vinci

“Despite all shortages caused by radical decrease of resources and consecutive migration of foreign industry, birth rate has continued to grow at a brutal speed in underdeveloped countries. We must seek a way out for all those children who are now crowded like cattle in suburbs where sanitation and food are almost completely missing. You must not feel remorse. They would have no chance in their hometowns. This experience will be extremely rewarding, you will see. Usually those



who try it come back for more. You are acting in a responsible and solidary way; everyone will soon follow your example.”

They have been far too slow to decide to ask for information, but according to their friends raising a child is a unique experience. Furthermore the official has allayed their doubts. Indeed during her stay with them, she will eat whatever she wants—ealthy, obviously—and she will enjoy all the comforts. It is an act of charity, not of selfishness.

After the red tape they will have to wait their turn until a baby will be assigned to them; more requests are processed every day. They have chosen a girl. Their friends say girls are tenderer than boys. They are beginners, so they lack experience. They will acquire it over time.

When the baby came, her room was equipped months ago. She was all

skin and bones, but soon began to gain weight. She no longer looks the same: rosy and plump, to sum up, healthy. She sleeps with her thumb into her mouth, like a suckling pig biting its apple. She looks delicious. Husband and wife, proudly, cross their eyes showing a shared complicity. Their work seems perfect. And it seems ready.

The new couple hesitates. Customers are afraid to become attached. The official finishes his work: “It's the future, I assure you. With this kind of organic stockbreeding, consumers can control the feeding of livestock. The paperwork with the Ministry of Health it is worth in exchange for a safe product. Who, nowadays, can supply hormone-free meat? And tell me, what do you want, a boy or a girl?”

Census office II

By Jaime Magnan Alabarce (Chile)

He was the last to mark the entrance. Behind him the doors closed. As from that time and no one could enter or leave the building and telephone lines along with the emails and all types of electronic communication, were suspended until departure time: the government would not tolerate the leak.

Edwards smiled when he saw behind the glass door to the lovely lady Degrassi, grieving for his delay. He turned and walked toward the turbo lift to reach the 114th floor where his office was waiting. There, he turned on the computer and activated the device stroked in the pocket of his jacket. After checking a couple of

calculations, he pressed the enter button and smiled enigmatically. He settled into his chair posing feet on the desk and leaning her head against her clasped hands on the back. It was a matter of time... After about five minutes, mentally began a countdown: 3... 2... 1... At that instant burst Mackendra desperate.

“Edwards, Edwards!!”, he cried beside himself: “You saw the latest report ??”

If your interlocutor gestured quietly as he studied with indolence.

“The quadrant AAA—0000 has experienced...”

“I know”, he interrupted: “Who pressed the button? You or I? Oops, I forgot: it's automatic”.

Mackendra stared dumbfounded.

“Was you?”

Edwards shrugged:

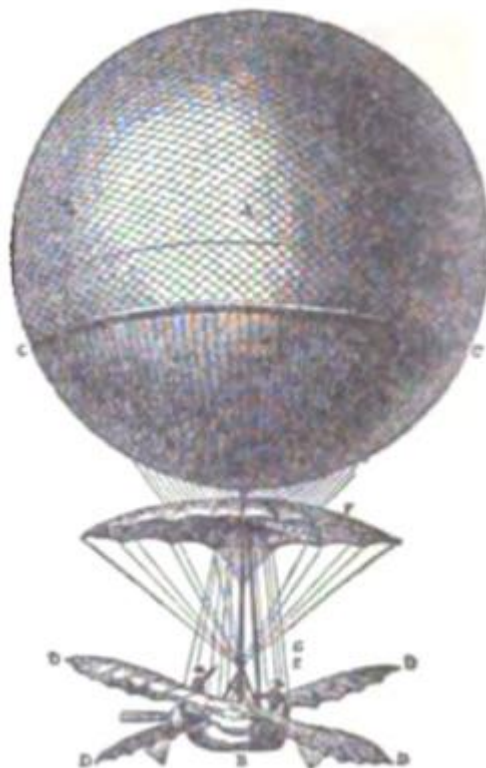
Do you realize what you can do a little gizmo that can hack data?

“You're crazy, you're crazy!!”, he bellowed as he left urging everyone to

evacuate the building, an absurd waste of time.

When he was alone, he stroked his metal bowl which they issued a final aroma of coffee. There was no wife

or children who cry. Neither parents nor friends. However, without knowing why, in his mind recreated the stricken face of Miss Degrassi when the explosion came.



A matter of numbers

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

"After they manipulated humanity toward overpopulation now are developing some macabre game to get rid of what bothered them. These governments seem not get affected by the other kind of overpopulation — that of robots and cyborgs. I got the feeling they're pushing us aside in order to let in artificial entities."

That way Inma thought trying to accommodate himself in a tiny room, so he could muse over his issues. He was the youngest son of a large modern family: his parents got three natural conceived children where the legislation from the South Asia states only permitted one. His parents were

fleeing from the central government that threatened to eliminate two of their sons by violating the birthing law. It's an exodus toward North Asia and Europe to escape from painful death and repression.

"I can see now that the matter is more serious than I thought," whispered the Minister of Defense with a somber face; next to him were two cyborgs hearing carefully. "The number of these special kids has grown up by natural conception."

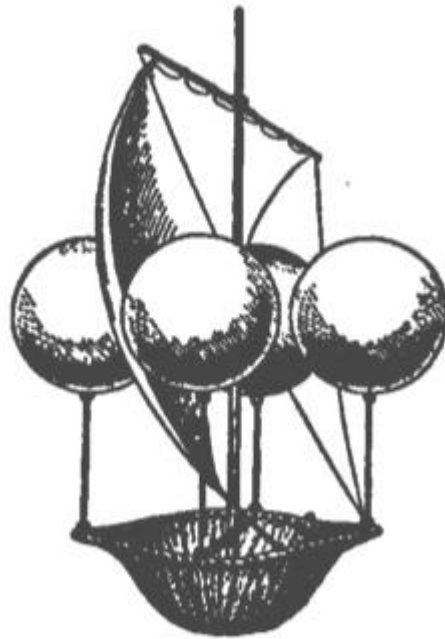
"That's true," retorted one of the cyborgs, "their telepathic powers is trying to overthrow the artificial intelligent ruling the city."

"But they aren't united yet, that kid —the strongest—, is trying to stablish a rapport with all the telepaths to form a rebel army; but our intelligent agents found out his headquarter," replied the other cyborg.

That night, the Inma's house's doors were toppled over. The telepath was caught by a cyborg brigade. He was at ease under the light bulbs. He

smiled when spoke to them: "It was a matter of numbers, already our united minds took control of the State... It's

a matter of seconds for your tin made population stop functioning."



Replacement

By Dolo Espinosa (Spain)

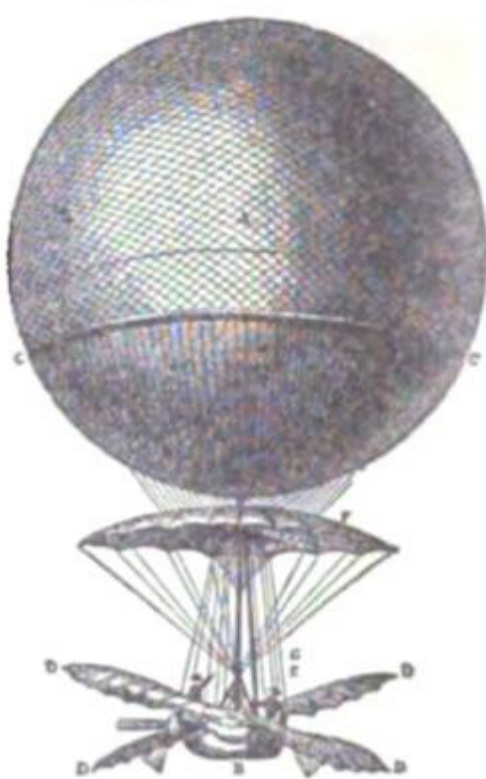
She took her grandson in her arms and breathed his wonderful smell of freshly started life. She filled her eyes with his features, memorizing the millimeter that tiny, wrinkled face, his lips pursed, his eyes closed, his tiny ears, those thin black strands that formed his hair. The little stirred a little, dreaming perhaps with liquid paradise that had just emerged. She touched his hand and the newborn closed yours around her fingers. She knew that gesture was pure instinct but that did not make her emotion (presumably equally instinctive) was lower. He was his grandson, blood of his blood, her own genes advancing into the future.

She spent much time with the child in her arms, enjoying his weight and his touch, singing softly, talking, rocking to the beat of ancient lullabies, until, reluctantly returned to leave the child in its nest, beside her daughter who slept exhausted after childbirth. She wrapped her as as a child, she brushed the hair that falling over her eyes, trying not to wake her. She preferred to leave her like that, without scenes or tears, her daughter was too young to know that this was the best thing and she would make an unnecessary drama.

Finally, she kissed them both, grabbed her purse and left the room. Outside, some kind nurses waited for her and led her, with all kindness, towards the Chambers Transit, nice euphemism for the place they were going to die those whose children had been selected to procreate, as the law required: one life for another. So the balance is maintained and overpopulation was avoided.

With all kindness, the nurses helped her lie down in a comfortable chair, they opened the window into the garden as she had requested, handed

him a headset to listen to your favorite music and, with equal kindness, death was injected into her veins.



The last paradox

By Pablo Martínez Burkett (Argentina)

In my village, I am the only barber. I cannot shave the barber of my people. That's me!

Bertrand Russell, 'The paradox of the barber.

We, with inflexible severity, repressed all warnings released by the experts. That is, as they came out, a team of venal scientists issued papers with strong impugment. And while the citizens awaited the advent of a calamity, the Central Government's resolve emphasized the obvious. However, to be honest, no one cared; in the end, global warming, poor harvests or any other excuse would get the blame. Suffice it to say the

military invasion of the grain-producing countries was not a logical measure. The fields were left devastated and for several generations. Neither the butchery of the Wars of the Elements contributed to eroding the overpopulation in the large cities. As a result, the global surface was left an uninhabitable wasteland. We needed to proceed, at once to prevent a famine that would soon to be unstoppable. And yes, there was a solution, by all accounts implausible. But, as it was essentially true, everybody went along with it. A couple of centuries ago, we abolished classical physics and replaced it with quantum physics. Even the hyperspace starships used those engines. So, without delay, the official propaganda proclaimed that thanks to a quantum leap it was indeed possible for half of the planet's population to live in the same place and at the same time. To achieve that goal, we designed giant Coherent Superposition Projectors crammed with tiny quantum gates while the

Army's task was to force citizens into the so-called treatment. Some were reluctant. Others rebelled and invoked the principle of non-contradiction. Naturally, one can be and cannot be at the same time! We responded by publishing sound refutations of that ancient Greek hoax and executing the subversives in the public squares. The rebellion quelled, the rumors persisted as we came to realize that to observe another citizen we needed to set the instantaneous state of a given system inside the Projectors. Unfortunately, that procedure revealed complications as yet unsolved. And no zeal was

enough to hide the fact that it was not possible to establish an acceptable decoherence time since most of those who submitted to the treatment were no longer around. Or were they? No one knows. However, I do not rule out that someday when we get the answer, they will be there, enjoying a happy existence. Right now, I am convinced no one can blame us. The urgency was real, and so was the intended remedy. We only misrepresented some of the circumstances as well as the success of the entire Project. Sometimes world politics require such sacrifices.

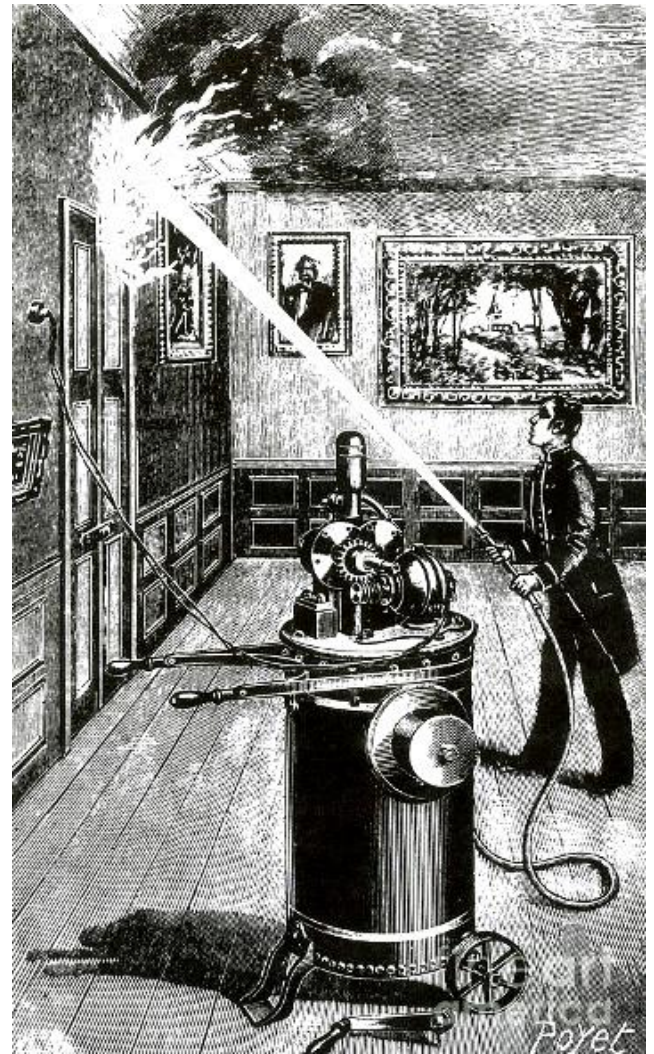
Population control

By Eva Moreyra (Mexico)

Galactic year 3071/Second
Expansion Era/Germinal spaceship
IQV477/ 247 of the extermination
protocol/ Stage 2

I read those lines from the visor lights of the android and it appears to be absurd finding me remembering my age and I hold that thought until the lights fade and turned off completely. According to genetic regulations, I should be dead by now. Nevertheless, I'm still here, holding the pipe that I used to beat over and over that metallic helmet until my arms ached.

The others look at me with fear, cornered at the end of the corridor. A moment later I realize about the



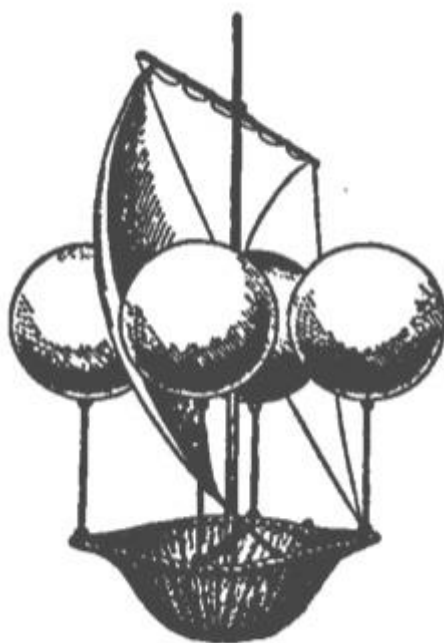
implications of my actions: to damage the pipes and destroy that android I would draw the attention in our trail. We hide the android, pushing it between the pipes and then we run for a while in that maze of dark corridors until we get exhausted. We lie on the floor and then drink water, sharing the bottle between the five of us, giving a couple of sips with apprehension and I can guess what our thoughts are: there's been three cycles since we took refuge in the

tunnels and our supplies begin to be scarce. Is in moments like this that I miss my other life, in which we lived, crammed, in small rooms, sharing beds if we were lucky to earn them. On those days the meals were rationed and a lot of people got sick due malnutrition or recycled water. Back then, it was clear that the space colony didn't survive another ten years.

None of the passengers of the IQV477 should pass the fourth decade of useful life. That was the

price of the colonization travel. The problem was that we never died, we became the big genomic mistake, the bad seed, the population bomb and our failure design was longevity. But the IAs of V.Y.R.L. protocol will fix it.

All is silence, until we listen that faint but known hoot sequence above our heads. We stand up. It's time to run again.



The pale blue tomb

By Carlos Díez (Spain)

Man is the sum of his fantasies.

Henry James.

We arrived late. The world policy of having just one child per each suitable and authorized couple, wasn't enough. The mandatory sterilization of most of the population wasn't enough. The next logical step would have been to move forward the age of death, limiting the old-age years. But the political correctness prevented its application worldwide.

The conservationist sects grew and promoted mass suicides between

those who reached a certain age or even among the youngsters. It was foreseeable that some of them were even further. Soon they no longer needed the approval of the "suicidal". It was prohibited the consumption of more than two thousand calories per person per day. All the obese were repressed and their weights were restored to normal. Then, the same was done with fat people and, finally, with anyone who was slightly overweight.

It was established a "Birth Hiatus" for 25 years and those who failed to comply were sentenced to death along with their kids. But it wasn't enough. Most of the people still held to the idea that "we are too many" and soon it became the perfect excuse to feed all the hatreds that mankind has developed. Human life lost its already little value and became something luxurious, a fanciful vagary, an aggression against everybody.

Our agony did not come from a total war, from a virus designed for

madmen or from a powerful caste
eager to wipe out the mob. We
believed so hard that we were a
plague that we forgot to dream, but
not to live the nightmare. Without
ambitions, life became mere existence
and death one long-awaited reward.
We ceased admiring the stars to

become so obsessed with the mud
that we blended with it, instead of
pursuing the skies.

Now, we are so few, that we can't fill
that world that once was too small for
us. We were able to make this
beautiful planet our roots, but now, it
will be just our pale blue tomb.



Sentence

By Diego Galán Ruiz (Spain)

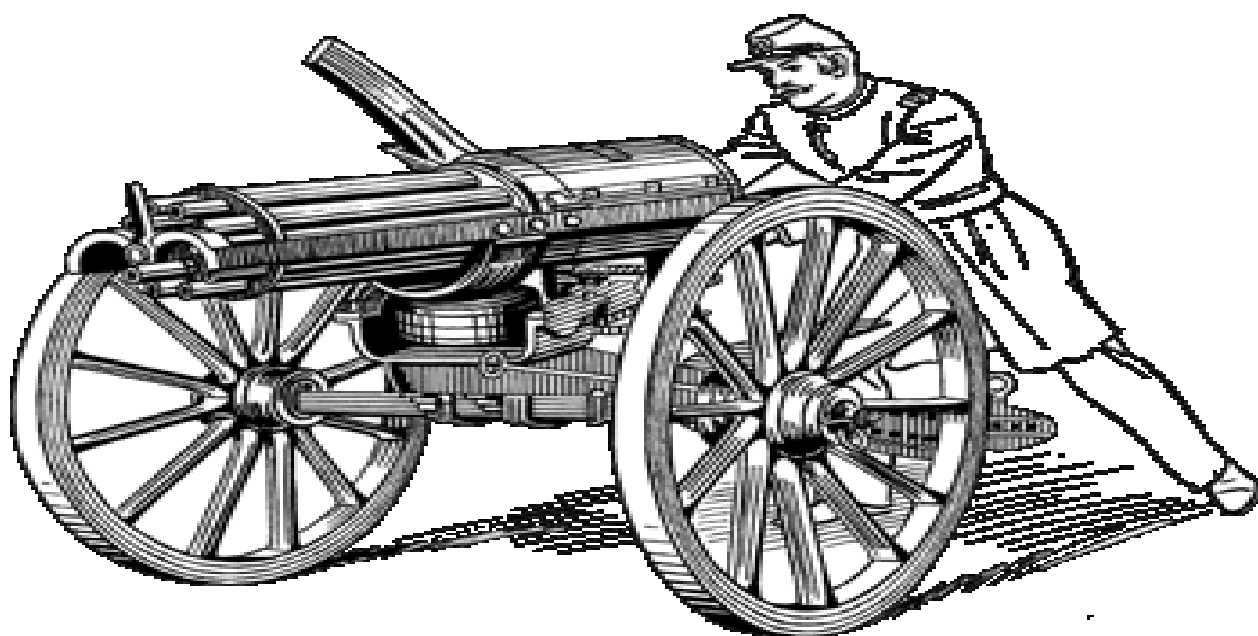
—Joseph Francis, are convicted of crimes against humanity, will be held in the penitentiary of New Capital until you decide what is the most fair sentence, everyone here know that is what he deserves, as we know that no such punishment is possible.

On hearing the sentence I collapsed.

I just did not deserve to be judged, not deserved, if I was in this situation was for wanting to help humanity.

I could say that, to receive the Nobel Prize in Medicine was just over a year, to be tried and convicted of crimes against humanity. Perhaps they had all gone mad, the initial praise, insults and aggressions by any person who crossed the street, to end finally stopped.

That I am accused of being responsible for the overpopulation of the Earth, my crime, have found the cure for death and turned every human being, including, immortal.



August will not wait

By Jaime Magnan Alabarce (Chile)

Grandpa was nervous. He had received the electronic citation and ignored as future reference. Joel, his grandson, was the only one who could help him, but come home after noon. There remained only wait but took more than ten years of waiting, since his retirement. At times studying the calendar, the last week of July marked the reporting period. It could be, as on previous occasions, that the communication was more than just a greeting, encouraging him to spend August, according to the old adage popular. He considered himself lucky but fortune, sooner or later becomes elusive. And so premonition.

When Joel came found him taciturn, reviewing his fingers the window overlooking the busy street, and who cherishes life. The boy guessed what was happening. He turned on the computer and electronics box consulted his grandfather. This time the message was different under the authority invited the old man to move to New Sunset, a city of rest, the ultimate fate of the elderly. However, under the propaganda of perfect paradise, everyone was aware of what it really was: a place where life expectancy not survive August.

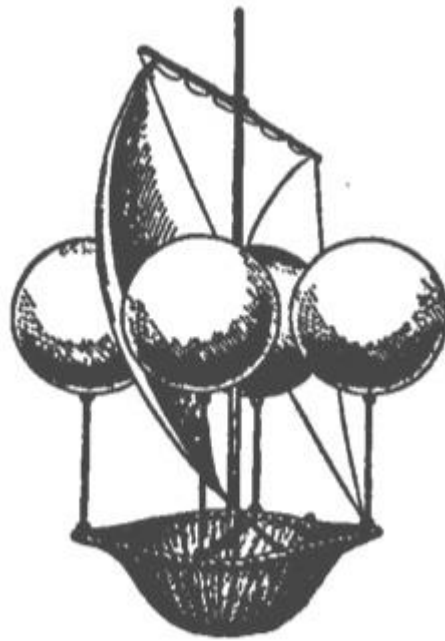
Grandfather and grandson remained silent for a couple of hours. Mentally, they shuffled a plan to circumvent the edict. They had discussed it on many occasions and possibilities were always the same: present at the station to take a trip to New Sunset or be brave cowardice of hastening death. The all—powerful state, present everywhere, would extend his hand to any destination flight. Nobody

escaped the strict rules to maintain the demographic balance.

The hours moved with restless quickly. Dinner was a media ritual, where neither a bite. Wordlessly, the old man decided to retire to his room but not before embracing his

grandson hard. Joel understood that his grandfather did not wake up the next day... The next morning, he found prepared, with a suitcase.

“I Do not want to be late”, said briskly, “August will not wait ...”



Towards the end

By Francisco Manuel Marcos Roldán
(Spain)

Immersed in the Titans cities located
near the highest peaks of the earth
still survives *Homo erectus*. That
hominid who walked on the sheets

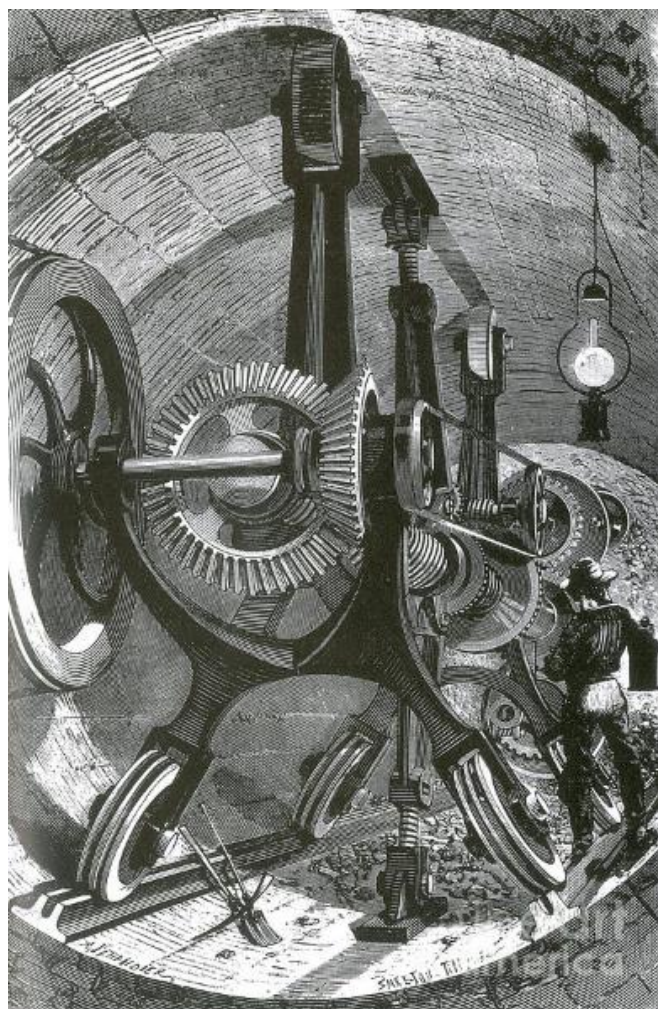
for millions of years, and today it does
in the rugged peaks that are still safe
from the invasion of water. Only
hope that the species , scattered
islands mutating end up becoming a
mere memory, perhaps other species
discover the most amazing being who
ever stepped on solid ground.
Meanwhile the wait is the stronghold
towards the end sunset.



Rot in peace, Overpopulation

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

It wasn't in a hurry to make its way
through the empty look eye, already



softened by that viscous substance it liked so much. So, it decided to take a rest from the long journey crawling from the genital of the next door corpse. There had no need to be in a rush, neither to have the fear its prey get snatch away: there were many of them. After a while it begun to gnaw just in the part of the eye where several blue veins stood out like roots from a muddy soil. While it passed the threshold of that decayed paradise, felt the vibration of a violence movement —surely one of those huge flying beings that use to pierce with their peaks the carcass its species doesn't devour. Took the fancy to go on to the heart, it wasn't in a hurry; beside, the corpse was still fresh, perfect to play the Boy Scout.

In its way it came across with others colleges, each one of them satisfied and without hurry. A deep pulsation, a kind of electromagnetic network, linked them all, generating a sensation of weirdness and amazement: how came to be that so

many members of its species sprang out at the same time? That only could have being caused by an unheard happening in the history of life and death on the earth.

It wished to be one of the huge flying beings to have the pleasure to see billions of *Homo sapiens* corpses stuffing the landscape. Just to gladden itself in the scene. It didn't have to understand the cause of the mass extinction that suddenly fell upon those interesting mammals. Not by a

plague from the outer space nor originated in the earth; neither by the impact of a meteorite; or by an alien invasion; or by a nuclear holocaust, aftermath of their well known tendency to kill each other —but by the exhaustion of the very energy of life with their crazy rate of births. Will happen to its species too, now that the decaying of another has make them agents of that kind of entropy? For the moment, the only consciousness that matter was that of being... the *conqueror worm*.

MITOS Y LEYENDAS

POR Puy

They had an indefinable way, strange and painfully dragged on the ground, exuding a musty smell, like something that takes too much time dead.

His skin was covered with calluses and in the front five appendixes how pudgy flapped worms, and shook independently, how with life.



But you saw it?

No, but I know a guy who knows a guy who says that one day he saw.

And were his feet?

Yes, yes he saw his own feet

Lucky guy!

Puy 16

Semantic error *by Manuel Santamaria Barrios*



El Santa 11/05/2016

*For the last time!
¡The issue of Overpopulation of
miNatura has nothing to do with
you!*

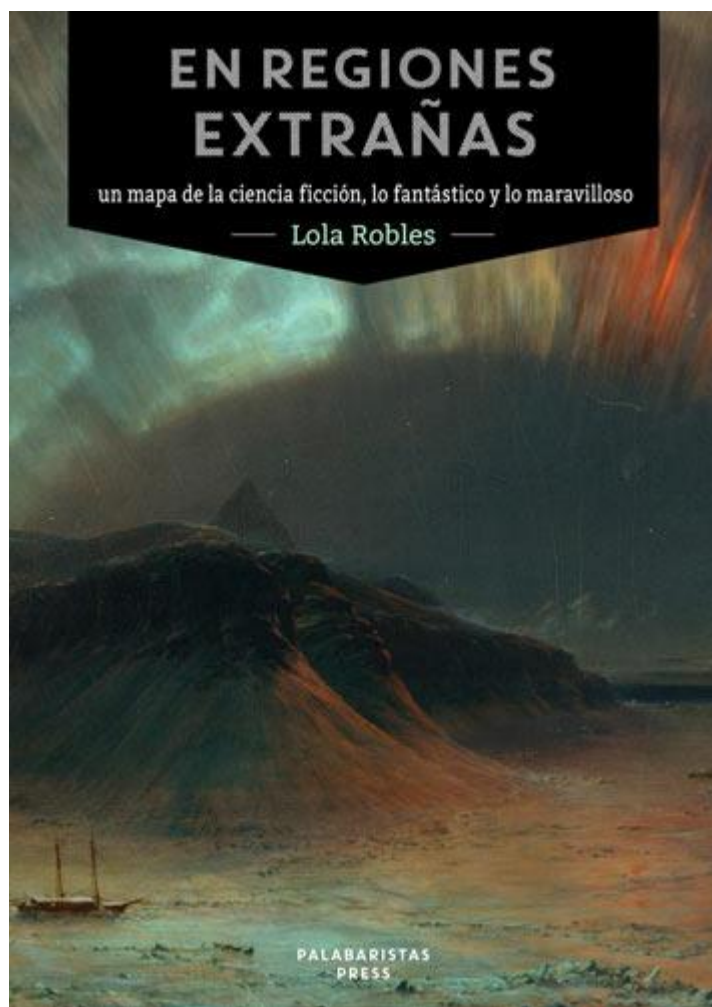


Ensayos:

En regiones extrañas: *un mapa de la ciencia ficción, lo fantástico y lo maravilloso*

Autor: Lola Robles

Editorial: Palabaristas Press, mayo 2016. Edición digital.



Sinopsis: Este libro es el mapa de un tesoro. Nos conducirá por territorios en gran parte todavía sin explorar, hacia islas misteriosas, planetas lejanos, castillos en bosques impenetrables o cuevas de Alí Babá.

Se trata de un ensayo de divulgación para conocer los tres grandes géneros no realistas:

La ciencia ficción, ese continente literario tan grande como Siberia y tan diverso en sus subgéneros como las lenguas del mundo.

La literatura fantástica, gótica y de terror: esos sucesos frente a los cuales nuestra razón fracasa.

Lo maravilloso: los cuentos de hadas, la fantasía épica, la fantasía oscura, el realismo mágico y mucho más...

Encontrarás:

Un método sencillo y práctico.

Numerosos ejemplos literarios y cinematográficos.

Muchas sugerencias de lecturas, clásicas y actuales.

Referencias a otras obras de ensayo para profundizar en los géneros no realistas.

Este es un ensayo apto para todos los públicos:

Un libro de consulta para quienes nunca se han atrevido a acercarse a estos tipos de ficciones.

Para escritores, estudiantes y enseñantes.

Y por supuesto para frikis como la autora, que se empeñan en difundir y explicar estos géneros a otros lectores.

Para descargar el libro: <https://lektu.com/1/palabaristas/en-regiones-extranas/4984>

Sobre la Autora:

Lola Robles (Madrid, 1963), es licenciada en Filología Hispánica y escritora.

Entre sus obras, en el campo de la ciencia ficción, ha publicado las novelas La rosa de las nieblas (1999), El informe Monteverde (2005) y Flores de metal (2007), y el libro Historias del Crazy Bar y otros relatos de lo imposible (2013, coescrito con M^a Concepción Regueiro), además de cuentos y artículos en antologías y publicaciones especializadas. Por destacar entre los más recientes: «Deirdre», en Terra Nova: antología de ciencia ficción contemporánea (2012); «Mares que cambian» en Alucinadas: antología de escritoras de ciencia ficción en español (2014); «Espada de luz de Silicio», en Erídano, Suplemento nº 24 de Alfa Eridiani, Especial Duodécimo aniversario, (septiembre 2014) y «Lo imposible», relato finalista en el XIII Certamen Internacional de Microcuento Fantástico miNatura 2015, en Revista digital miNatura n^a 146 (octubre 2015).

En 2016 ha sido una de las dos seleccionadoras de la antología Visiones, que publica anualmente la AEFCFT (Asociación de Fantasía, Ciencia Ficción y Terror).

Desde 2006 imparte el taller mensual Fantástikas, de lectura y debate sobre géneros no realistas, dedicado a las mujeres como escritoras y personajes literarios. Actualmente lo realiza en el Espacio de Igualdad Hermanas Mirabal, en el distrito de Tetuán de Madrid. Se trata de un taller adaptado para personas con discapacidad visual.

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

Microrelatos:

99x99 (Microrrelatos a medida)

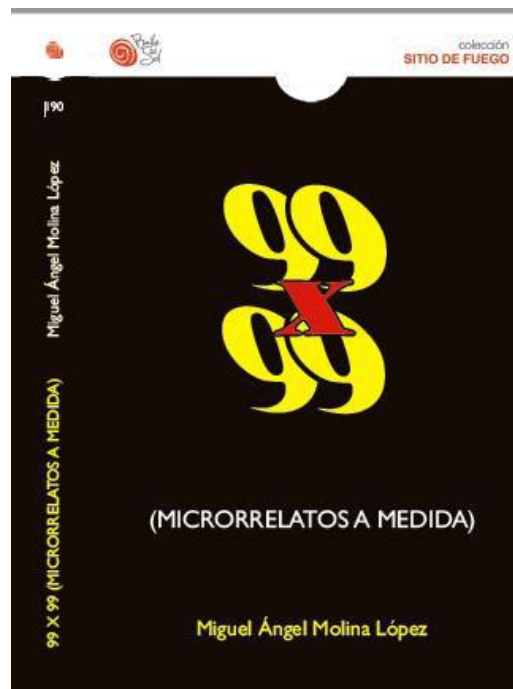
Autor: Miguel Ángel Molina López

Editorial: Baile del sol

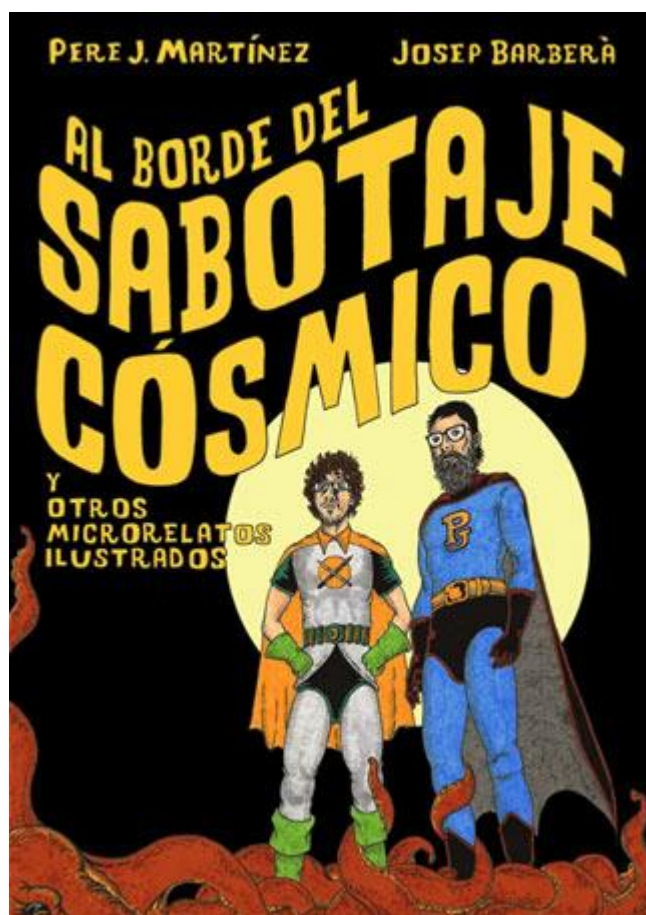
Colección: Sitio del fuego

Sinopsis: El titular de un periódico, una foto, la estrofa de una canción, o la persona que viaja frente a mí en el transporte público son las musas que me permiten contar en 99 palabras parte del mundo que me rodea.

De ahí que mendigos, inmigrantes, desahuciados, seguidores de dietas milagro, maniqués, cinéfilos, chalados, dictadores, perdedores... y otros muchos sean los protagonistas de los 99 microrrelatos que aparecen en este libro.



Al abordaje del sabotaje cósmico y otros relatos ilustrados



Autor: Pere J. Martínez

Ilustraciones: Josep Barberà

Editorial: Ediciones calavera

Sinopsis: Desde la tramoya de la realidad a futuros distópicos. Detalles de historias, a veces extremadamente breves, que suceden más allá de la puerta de la fantasía y se mezclan con la imaginación del lector para hacerse más grandes. Unas ilustraciones impactantes que captan la atención al instante, que descolocan al leer el título y que adquieren toda su profundidad tras digerir el relato. Imágenes llenas de simbolismo que completan el texto y que dan el empujón hacia esos universos dentro

de la mente de quien los vea. En definitiva, una aventura, de la mano de estos dos creadores, a través del tiempo y el espacio a otros mundos insanos.

Antologías:

Futuros en el Mismo Trayecto del Sol. *Antología de ciencia ficción Dominicana*

Antologador: Odilius Vlak.

Portada: Eddaviel

Editorial: Editorial Santuario.

Sinopsis: «Las historias de esta primera antología de literatura de ciencia ficción y fantasía dominicana, han desplazado este país del trayecto del sol al del futuro, eso en este continuum espacio-temporal.

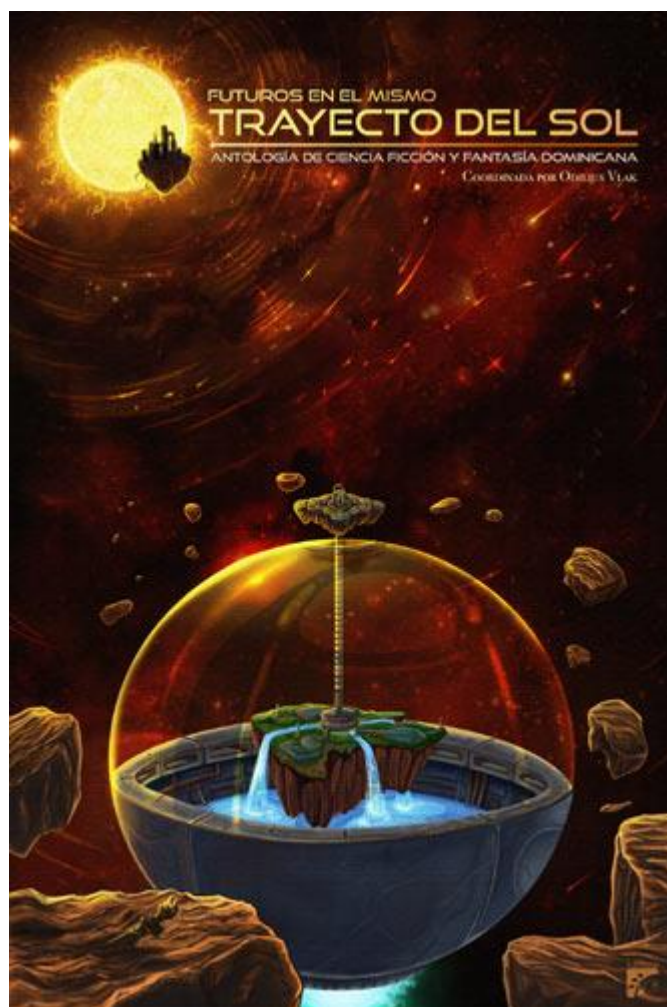
Simultáneamente, lo han amarrado —como víctima a los rieles de un tren—, al trayecto de realidades alternativas de carácter fantástico.

Ambos, el futuro y la fantasía, avanzan a la velocidad de la luz desde la imaginación de cada uno de los autores hacia las mentes extremófilas de los temerarios lectores que no temen ser arrollados por ellos. «Futuros en el mismo trayecto del sol» inicia una nueva era

en la literatura dominicana. He aquí siete historias que los nietos pueden leerles a sus abuelos antes de dormir, para que sueñen con un futuro o realidad fantástica nunca imaginada por ellos.»

Autores:

1. Moisés Santana Castro.
2. Rodolfo Báez.



3. Markus E. Goth.
4. Manuel Antonio González Cabrera.
5. Morgan Vicconius Zariah.
6. Peter Domínguez.
7. Odilius Vlák.

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.

Editor:

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

Writers:

Asimov, Isaac (Russia, January 2, 1920 – April 6, 1992)

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

Ballard, James Graham (15 November 1930 – 19 April 2009)

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/J._G._Ballard

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>

Brito, Paulo (Barcelos, Portugal) writes poetry and short stories from his 15 years by a

need for mental health. In 2013 he decided to release their stories.

Brunner, John Kilian Houston (British, 24 September 1934 – 26 August 1995)

[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/John_Brunner_\(novelist\)](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/John_Brunner_(novelist))

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.

Cortázar, Julio (August 26, 1914 – February 12, 1984)

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Julio_Cort%C3%A1zar

Díez, Carlos (León, Spain, 31 years) has published microrrelatos in two editions of the annual book "Libertad bajo palabras" published by the Foundation of Civil Rights and won the First Prize at the IV contest Cartas de Amor de Caudete.

He has published in the journal "A viva voz" of Caudete and the numbers 10 and 13 of the magazine "Estadea".

About the authors and illustrators collection of poems "Poems for a minute II" of the Editorial hypallage.

Collaborates regularly on the websites of political opinion Austrólibera Who Framed Roger Rabbitles.com and "Clases Medias de Aragón" and the literary magazine Alborada-Goizaldia.

Currently resides in Madrid.

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.

Galán Ruíz, Diego (Spain) He wrote a novel El fin de Internet (Atlantis) and one of staries insart of an 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.

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

Kornbluth, Cyril M. (USA, July 2, 1923 – March 21, 1958)

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Cyril_M._Kornbluth

Lem, Stanisław (12 September 1921 – 27 March 2006)

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Stanis%C5%82aw_Lem

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

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

Marcos Roldán, Francisco Manuel (España), writer.

Martínez Burkett, Pablo (Santa Fe, Argentina, 1965) Since 1990 lives in the city of Buenos Aires. Writer by vocation and a

lawyer by profession is teaching graduate universities in the country and abroad. He has won over a dozen awards in literary competitions in Argentina and Spain. In 2010 he received the 2nd prize in the National Competition Tales Bioy Casares and 1st prize in the National Literature and Fantastic Horror "dark world". He has published stories and poems in ten anthologies. Regularly collaborates magazines and sites devoted to fantasy literature, horror and science fiction.

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

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

www.eleclipsedegyllenedraken.blogspot.com

Martínez González, Omar (Centro Habana, Cuba, 41 years old) Has participated in the following competitions: Provincial Competition "Eliezer Lazo", Matanzas, 1998, 99, 2000 (Distinction), 2001; Municipal Varadero "Basilio

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

Moreyra García, Julieta (Mexico), Bachelor of Health Sciences. Bibliophile, budding novelist and faithful follower of fantastic literature, addiction led her to travel the Creative Writing Program of the University of the Cloister of Sor Juana. Experiment with the pen for several

years, writing inserted in the genre, more to herself than to be read stories.

Morgan Vicconius Zariah -seud.- (Baní, Dominican Republic) writer, philosopher, musician and manager. He began his poetic wanderings in the spiritual and philosophical circles of his native Bani influence subsequently screened at the literary world.

Later he became involved in the literary group of bohemian and subversive movement erranticista court where he met people in the cultural field and music. Was contributor to the literary group the cold wind as some others.

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

<http://zothiqueelultimocontinente.wordpress.com>

Noroña Lamas, Juan Pablo (Havana, Cuba, 1973) Degree in Philology. Editor-corrector of Radio Reloj. His stories have appeared in the anthology Reino Eterno (Letras Cubanas, 2000), Secretos del Futuro (Sed de Belleza, 2005) and Crónicas del Mañana and

the Digital Magazines fantasy and science fiction miNatura and Disparo en Red.Prize was the Short Story Competition and finalist Half-Round Competition Cubaficción Dragon and 2001 among others.

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

Pohl, Frederik George, Jr. (USA, November 26, 1919 – September 2, 2013)

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

Quijada Reyes, Oscar (El Tigre, Venezuela, 1971) With a career spanning two decades in finance, wrote thousands of related administrative, accounting and legal areas pages. His foray into the literary creation is relatively recent, since 2013 has taken certain circumstances to venture into short fiction and poetry. Won the 3rd Prize II Short Story Competition "Carlos San Diego" 2014 Oriental Daily World (Anzoategui, Venezuela); the play "El Aguacate who came from the East" was published in the central pages of the newspaper. Sunday April 24 2016, Latest News, the largest newspaper in Venezuela, published

on page 7 the short story "Empty-handed"; It was in honor of reading, a day after the World Book Day. He was a finalist in more than twenty literary contests and more than forty of his narrative and poetic works have been published in anthologies.

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

Illustrators:

Pag. 27, 71 **Ascúa, Miriam (Argentina)** illustrator.

Pag. 01 **Barticevich, Gastón (San José the corner, Santa Fe, Argentina)**, is an illustrator and cartoonist fantasy art, science fiction, horror, fantasy. He began drawing at age 6 when finished high school went to the city of Rosario to study art, where he studied with artist Prof. Fernando Oter.

He continued his studies drawing at the School of Drawing of Carlos Barocelli, rosarino prestigious cartoonist, where much learn to perfect their particular style.

He made an important seminar concerning its biggest drawing and comic, king of dragons Ciruelo Cabral.

She currently teaches drawing in the west district Municipality of Rosario and illustrator FreeLancer in card games roll, cover books, records and comic strips and illustrations made responsible.

Drawing chapters of the book Aquí mismo, Grageas de Historia Argentina en Historietas Volume IV El Grito De Los Sin Tierra.

He participated in the Quimera Magazines, Grezza, Cosmocapsula, Forjadores, miNatura, and many others.

www.barticevichblospot.com

Pag. 54 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. 07 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. 55 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 "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.

About illustrations:

Pag. 01 Superpoblación / *Gastón Barticevich (Argentina)*

Pag. 07 Fear, Lies & China Ink: Super, but super, super/ *Evandro Rubert (Brazil)*

Pag. 27 Final destination / *Miriam Ascúa (Argentina)*

Pag. 54 Mitos y Leyendas / *Puy —seud.— (Spain)*

Pag. 55 Semantic error / *Manuel Santamaría Barrios (Spain)*

Pag. 71 Final destination / *Miriam Ascúa (Argentina)*

