



MINATURA



The Magazine of the Brief and Fantastic



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Fly not, cowards and vile
beings, for a single knight
attacks you.”

— Miguel de Cervantes
Saavedra, *Don Quixote*.

○○○

Finally, from so little
sleeping and so much
reading, his brain dried up
and he went completely out of his mind.

— Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, *Don
Quixote*.

○○○

When life itself seems lunatic, who
knows where madness lies? Perhaps to be
too practical is madness. To surrender
dreams — this may be madness. Too
much sanity may be madness — and
maddest of all: to see life as it is, and not
as it should be!

— Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, *Don
Quixote*.

○○○

Even among the demons there are some
worse than others, and among many bad
men there is usually some good.



— Miguel de Cervantes
Saavedra, *Don Quixote*.

○○○

Don Quixote I am, and my
profession is that of a
cavalier. They are my laws,
undoing wrongs, lavishing
good and avoiding evil. I flee
from the life given away,

from ambition and hypocrisy, and seek
for my own glory the narrowest and most
difficult path. Is that, silly and goofy?.

— Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, *Don
Quixote*.

○○○

Love joins the scepters with the staff;
Greatness and baseness; Makes possible
the impossible; Equals different states and
comes to be as powerful as death.

— Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, *Don
Quixote*.

○○○

The villains do well is add water to the
sea.

— Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, *Don
Quixote*.

"I do not read," said Don Quixote,
"in a book of chivalry, which I have
none; But I read in this Flos
sanctorum, which is very good.

"And who was that Flas Sanctorum?"
Said Sancho. Was it king or some giant
of those who became mills now a
year?

*Second volume of the ingenious hidalgo Don
Quixote of the Mancha, that contains its
third exit, and is the fifth part of its
adventures by Alonso Fernández de
Avellaneda.*

On the true identity of Alonso
Fernandez de Avellaneda nothing is
known. Many scholars believe they see
the hand of Lope de Vega or some
figurehead in this plot.

Other followings have been made by
Quijote, mainly in French: *Histoire de
l'admirable Don Quichotte de la Manche*, in
two parts written respectively by
Filleau de Saint-Martin and Robert

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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).

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Challe, and *Suite nouvelle et véritable de l'histoire et des aventures de l'incomparable Don Quichotte de la Manche traduite d'un manuscrit espagnol de Cid-Hamer Benegely son véritable historien*, of unknown author.

But it was this that really raised the stir, leading even many professors to complete the reading of the original in this work. It has even been said that the quality of this false second part is superior to the original, in my modest opinion the true value of this work is to have forced Cervantes to finish his Don Quixote and make it clear that there would be a third book: "... let the tired and already rotten bones of Don Quixote rest in the grave, and do not want to carry Castilla La Vieja against all the fueros of death, making him leave the place where he really lies. Long, unable to make third day And new output; That to make a mockery



of as many knights-errant as they were, the two he made were enough, to the pleasure and pleasure of the people whose news they reached, both in these and in the strange realms."

In this way we give our special homage to the IV Centenary of the death of Cervantes.

Not without first to invite them to read the unparalleled adventures that our collaborators gave to the Knight of the sad figure.

And to thank as always the work of the enlightened in this issue:

Josep Barberà Tomàs (Spain); Carmen Urios (Spain); Evandro Rubert (Brazil); Jorge Chipuli (Mexico); Manuel Santamaría Barrios (Spain).

Regards!

Next issue:

CATS

Deadline: December, 15

ERICK FLORES: I HAVE ALWAYS BEEN AND I AM A WRITER OF SCIENCE FICTION AND FANTASY

By Milbo Montenegro (Cuba)

A deadly virus, zombies, clones, robots, a child with certain powers, these are the issues addressed by Erick Flores in his notebook *In Havana* in more difficult (Ediciones Abril, 2016), with which he won the 2015 Calendar Prize, In the genre of Science Fiction. This young author has been gaining space in the writers' plot of our country to offer a particular stamp, a very own look at these platforms within the Cuban narrative. His characters, essentially located in adverse scenarios, experience emotions and conflicts that trap the reader and do not allow him to abandon reading until he knows the final destination, the outcome.

This interview offers me an approach, an attempt to share with readers what lies behind the creative ingenuity, that writing cosmos of an author who is already a voice inserted in the literary atmosphere of the island.

Digital Magazine miNatura: You have just received the publication of your storybook *In Havana* it is more difficult (Ediciones Abril, 2016), with which you obtained the Calendar Prize, 2015, in the genre of Science Fiction, award this much coveted Of the young writers of our country, however, how do you value -

Llegar a ver un texto publicado es uno de los mayores logros al que puede aspirar un escritor, el otro sería llegar a satisfacer al público.

as an author - this recognition? What does it mean for you to have materialized an entire working time in the form of a book?

Erick Flores: I think that the Calendar is one of the most important prizes of the national literary scene. In fact, the most important one that exists for the young creators, since no other one has so much promotion and diffusion - before, during and after - like that done by the Hermanos Saiz Association with the winners and their works. For example, in my case the AHS invited me to promote my notebook on several TV shows, in the Romerías de Mayo, in Holguín and in the space on the Saturday of the Book. All of this is very important and appreciated by the authors, especially if they are young.

As for the other question, I say that getting to see a published text is one of the greatest achievements that a writer can aspire to, the other would be to satisfy the public. For my part, there are my books that have taken years to complete, but knowing that is going to be edited and taken to physical is like the final term, the last bridge to save before the public, who always has the last word.

Digital Magazine miNatura: I notice in your thematic histories already marked within the Science Fiction, although the conflicts and emotions that they experience their characters make of this notebook an interesting proposal for the possible reader. Based on this criterion, how do you perceive the current state of this genre on the island? From your perspective, what contributions and / or arguments - say aesthetic, thematic - give your work a voice, a scriptural seal that differentiates it and places it within the warp of Cuban narrators?

Erick Flores: Well, the genre on the island consists of an excellent collection of young writers who enter different themes of the SF, while touching those conflicts and emotions that you have identified. For that part I believe that this new wave of the Cuban SF can go very far, more now with the opening of culture

and the wifi and other changes that, in one way or another, end up being beneficial factors for the propagation of the works outside from the country. Of course, I could never ignore the work done by Editorial Gente Nueva and the Ámbar Collection, which have opened to the public new authors from all regions of the island.

As for my work, the first thing I point out is that I do not feel very comfortable talking about this, I prefer that others think about me and, especially, the public, for whom I work and think all the time. But, well, argument and contributions? Scriptural seal? To see, in my opinion I think one of the things that most

characterize me is the way I adopt catharsis through literature. All of us are accustomed to endure endless negative situations that are part of our reality, and in most cases to remain silent is the best solution since none of these have remedy. So my writing, for the most part, reflects this reality in one form or another very dark, pessimistic and easy to identify with the environment around us. The other

essence I mentioned before: thinking about the public and what they represent for my work, whose main objective is to reach the masses and make stories read where they are recognized and come to enjoy almost as much as if they were watching a movie. Ah, that is another detail, I always try to take the language of cinema to the texts, many times have cataloged my writings as a "cinematographic style" and I believe it is true and at the same time that the on purpose.

I would never do something like "The Martian" or "Gravity". I do not like that kind of approach to the SF, I prefer the more classic points of view full of situations of action and adventures or human conflicts brought to planes opposed to reality.

Digital Magazine miNatura: Which authors of the international arena have marked your writing? Which of these has not been what you expected?

Erick Flores: Several, I start with Lovecraft and Stephen King, Heinlein, of course. Then I discovered Dan Simmons and his particular approach to SF and terror. At this time, I still have the remnants of Andrzej Sapkowski, who so far represents the paradigm of good writing in the fantastic field. I am also attracted by the style of Arturo Pérez-Reverte, although I have not adopted it at all.

As for those who have defrauded me a little I mention Isaac Asimov, because I went to him looking for style and not stories, his writing is quite simple and sometimes crude, but I cannot fail to recognize the genius of assuming themes that never before had been touched before him, his perspective of robotic conflicts is unique, phenomenal. Another is Herman Melville, when I read Moby Dick could not imagine that such a classic had such a poor writing, I still think that it may be translation problems, but there are other things like the indiscriminate use of the first person and the omnipresence of Ishmael, who knows well what happens in each of the skiffs or what the characters think.

Digital Magazine miNatura: What emotions - whether they are rejoicing and / or bewilderment - provides you with writing stories whose platform is Science Fiction? Why bet on this genre, even knowing that its readers are a very specific group - perhaps selected?

Erick Flores: I do not think that the group of readers of the SF is selective or specific. On the contrary, there are many more people who read this genre than you can imagine, especially because it offers them the themes they like, the entertainment they need to relax or the adventures capable of attracting them to literature that, Yes, it is a genre that plays with disadvantages next to the cinema, television, video games and so on.

As for why I can tell you that I choose SF because it's what I like, what I enjoy and what I consume in my spare time, just like fantasy. When you get such a big feedback it is impossible for you not to produce something similar with your personal tastes. If I do, I think you would be betraying yourself.

Digital Magazine miNatura:

Some claim that the writer translates personological characteristics proper to his writing - understand their characters, stories, verses, etc ... - as a means of exorcising, of relief. In your personal case, how much is there of Erick Flores in the essence of beings, the characters who inhabit their stories? Are they an instrument used by the author to expel emotions, traits, feelings - perhaps detestable or annoying - or are they merely the result of the good office of the writer?

Erick Flores: Sometimes one, sometimes another, sometimes there is of the two, it depends. I have already mentioned catharsis and I can say that, on certain occasions, I do reflect personal experiences or what I imagine the personal experiences of some Cubans on foot should be. Now, getting the reader to identify with the characters and plot, that does respond to some talent and craft.



Digital magazine miNatura: At the moment you have several publications and many are included in the field of Science Fiction and Fantasy, you have also received other awards around these genres as Oscar Hurtado, 2009 and Youth Technical, 2010. Since These realities, could the label of narrator of Science Fiction and Fantasy be attributed to you? What do you think of the labels or classifications that are generally attributed to a writer in relation to his work?

Erick Flores: In fact, yes, I have always been and I am a writer of SF and Fantasy. I am not bothered with the classifications, as long as they are in good faith and not to denigrate an author who has as much right as the most. In that aspect there are many who think otherwise and use these labels to alienate the competition, or underestimate people with different tastes to theirs. I hope this will diminish over time and increase the quality and quantity of works of SF writers, to the point that they cannot ignore us or minimize us more.

Digital Magazine miNatura: This question is almost obligatory: what new scriptural project are you creating at this moment?

Erick Flores: Well, the truth is that I'm very late with my books. I must finish the third part of "Guerra de dragones" for Gente Nueva and the Ámbar Collection, I have a compilation of stories within the mainstream to present contests and at least two more novels, both mixing the fantastic with terror, which is One of the genres that I like and I have not yet exploited enough.

Digital Magazine miNatura: What subject within Science Fiction would you never approach?

Erick Flores: Difficult. I usually like them all, even those who I least like, depend very much on how to approach them. I already have it! I would never do something like "The Martian" or "Gravity". I do not like that kind of approach to the SF, I prefer the more classic points of view full of situations of action and adventures or human conflicts brought to planes opposed to reality.

Digital magazine miNatura: As narrator you have condemned the characters of In Havana it is more difficult to universes and scenarios very crooked, adverse. However - putting you in situation -, if you had, inevitably, to assume the skin of one of these protagonists, those creatures that you invent, what would be?

Erick Flores: What would it be? The sportsman of the tale that gives title to the collection. Nothing personal with him, but he is that I love the zombie crises and I imagine very well fighting in that context.

Moreover, I am of the opinion that when it touches you, it touches you, and on that side I find excellent an environment where survival consists of killing or dying.

Digital Magazine miNatura: What prototype of writer would you never like to become?

Another is Herman Melville, when I read Moby Dick could not imagine that such a classic had such a poor writing, I still think that it may be translation problems, but there are other things like the indiscriminate use of the first person and the omnipresence of Ishmael, who knows well what happens in each of the skiffs or what the characters think.

Erick Flores: The elitist. I would never try to do anything "anti", I would not write in a cryptic way or impossible to decode by the readers. As I said, I work for the public and, if my works do not reach them, I feel that I failed completely.

Burst questions

Favorite theme within the SF

Space Opera, in the style of "Starship Troopers"

What would not you take to a desert island?

Salt water and sand, I think I take them both for granted.

If you could travel back in time and meet your favorite character, what would you say?

"Remind me something, bro, what should I eat to travel to Kadath?"

Favourite dish

Spaghetti with ham.

What music do you listen to?

Rock: Heavy Metal and Melodic Power Metal.

Which book would you recommend? Which one?

"The long march" by Stephen King, super good.

"Paradise", if it was hard for Heras Leon to read it to you, imagine the others.

Super power

Curing and slow aging factor. Wolverine, all time!

About Interviewer:

Milho Montenegro -seud.- (Havana, Cuba, 1982) Degree in Psychology. Graduated from the Literary Training Center Onelio Jorge Cardoso. He has published Faces of City (David Award Mention, UNEAC 2012 and Mention Félix Pita Rodríguez 2013).

About Interviewee:

Erick Flores Taylor (Havana, Cuba, 1982) Graduated from the Literary Training Center Onelio Jorge Cardoso. In 2004 he won the Arena Prize of the Spiral Workshop and was a finalist of the Minicuentos Contest El Dinosaur. He has won several awards in the contest called by the Juventud Técnica magazine. In 2010 he won the Oscar Hurtado Fantasía Award from the Open Space Workshop and in 2011 he was also awarded the Casa Tomada. His stories have been published as part of the anthologies Axxis Mundi and In his brands, ready, future (Editorial Gente Nueva). It has also been included in Time 0 (Compilation of Stories of Science Fiction by Raúl Aguiar), presented at the XXI International Book Fair by Editora Abril.



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Don Quixote

(Fragment)

Chapter VIII. - Of the good fortune which the valiant Don Quixote had in the terrible and undreamt-of adventure of the windmills, with other occurrences worthy to be fitly recorded

By Miguel de Cervantes y Saavedra

“Fortune is arranging matters for us better than we could have shaped our desires ourselves, for look there, friend Sancho Panza, where thirty or more monstrous giants present themselves, all of whom I mean to engage in battle and slay, and with whose spoils we shall begin to make our fortunes; for this is righteous warfare, and it is God's good service to sweep so evil a breed from off the face of the earth.”



“What giants?” said Sancho Panza.

“Those thou seest there,” answered his master, “with the long arms, and some have them nearly two leagues long.”

“Look, your worship,” said Sancho; “what we see there are not giants but windmills, and what seem to be their arms are the sails that turned by the wind make the millstone go.”

“It is easy to see,” replied Don Quixote, “that thou art not used to this business of adventures; those are giants; and if thou art afraid, away with thee out of this and betake thyself to prayer while I engage them in fierce and unequal combat”.

Don Quixote

(Fragment)

*Chapter VII. - Of the second sally of our
worthy knight Don Quixote of La Mancha*

By Miguel de Cervantes y Saavedra

“It was not the devil,” said the niece,
“but a magician who came on a cloud
one night after the day your worship
left this, and dismounting from a
serpent that he rode he entered the
room, and what he did there I know
not, but after a little while he made

off, flying through the roof, and left
the house full of smoke; and when we
went to see what he had done we saw
neither book nor room: but we
remember very well, the housekeeper
and I, that on leaving, the old villain
said in a loud voice that, for a private
grudge he owed the owner of the
books and the room, he had done
mischief in that house that would be
discovered by-and-by: he said too that
his name was the Sage Munaton.”

“He must have said Friston,” said
Don Quixote. 329

“I don't know whether he called
himself Friston or Friton,” said the
housekeeper, “I only know that his
name ended with `ton.”

Don Quixote

(Fragment)

Chapter XL. - Of matters relating and belonging to this adventure and to this memorable history

By Miguel de Cervantes y Saavedra

“I'd like to know, Senora Distressed One,” said Sancho, “what is the name of this horse?”

“His name,” said the Distressed One, “is not the same as Bellerophon's horse that was called Pegasus, or Alexander the Great's, called Bucephalus, or Orlando Furioso's, the name of which was Brigliador, nor yet Bayard, the horse of Reinaldos of Montalvan, nor Frontino like Ruggiero's, nor Bootes or Peritoa, as they say the horses of

the sun were called, nor is he called Orelia, like the horse on which the unfortunate Rodrigo, the last king of the Goths, rode to the battle where he lost his life and his kingdom.”

“I'll bet,” said Sancho, “that as they have given him none of these famous names of well-known horses, no more have they given him the name of my master's Rocinante, which for being apt surpasses all that have been mentioned.”

“That is true,” said the bearded countess, “still it fits him very well, for he is called Clavileno the Swift, which name is in accordance with his being made of wood, with the peg he has in his forehead, and with the swift pace at which he travels; and so, as far as name goes, he may compare with the famous Rocinante.”

“I have nothing to say against his name,” said Sancho; “but with what sort of bridle or halter is he managed?”

Don Quixote

(Fragment)

*Chapter X. - Of the pleasant discourse
that passed between Don Quixote and his
Squire Sancho Panza*

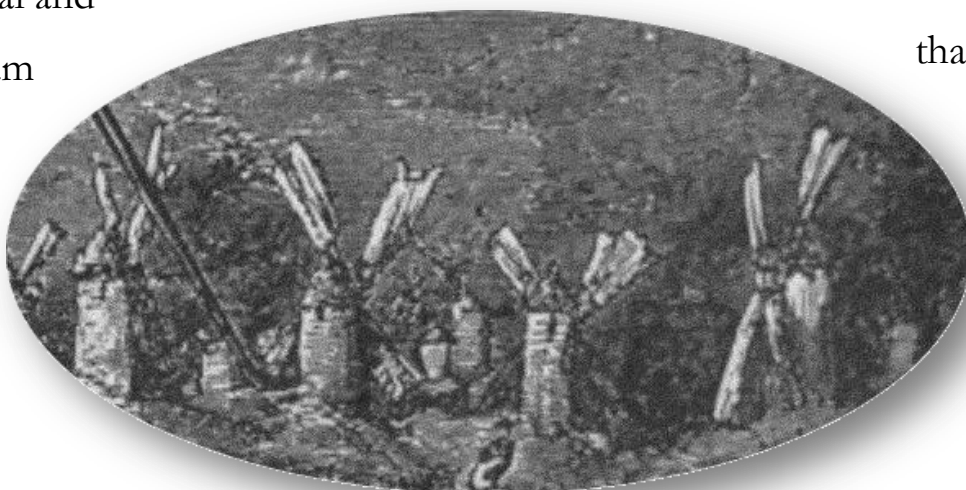
By Miguel de Cervantes y Saavedra

“All that might be well dispensed with,” said Don Quixote, “if I had remembered to make a vial of the balsam of Fierabras, for time and medicine are saved by one single drop.”

“What vial and
what balsam
is that?”

said Sancho Panza.

“It is a balsam,” answered Don Quixote, “the receipt of which I have in my memory, with which one need have no fear of death, or dread dying of any wound; and so when I make it and give it to thee thou hast nothing to do when in some battle thou seest they have cut me in half through the middle of the body--as is wont to happen frequently,-- but neatly and with great nicety, ere the blood congeal, to place that portion of the body which shall have fallen to the ground upon the other half which remains in the saddle, taking care to fit it on evenly and exactly. Then thou shalt give me to drink but two drops of the balsam I have mentioned, and thou shalt see me become sounder than an apple.”



Nag¹

By Adam Gai (Argentina)

At a dusty Castille inn, a horse strove to write its memoirs before it lost them. With a hoof to his forehead to tap its thoughts and another holding a quill wet with the black ink of time, it scribbled in a wrinkled notebook its history and that of its knight--the one who had died centuries ago, as his squire had done as well. Of all the legendary characters the only survivors were it and the donkey, recently appointed Secretary of Finance at a distant region. Now the memories assaulted its mind like mosquitoes. Oh, the barren fields of the past, the giant mills, the highway bandits, the armies of sheep and rams with ideology, the princesses to be

saved, the mirrors of true worlds. At least it still knew who it was and what it was going to remain, not like the horses of now that go to India to find themselves. It thought that its former boss would become crazier if he resurrected, at the sight of the lands crushed by cities, the birds hurt by planes, the jungles shattered, the Amadis of Reality and sweet Dulcinea playing cards by Facebook. Such a misfortune to have lived for so many years--illusions get rusty, ordinary men are still the same sort of men no matter how much skin they have had smoothed, or tattoos they acquire. It suspected that if today, by a miracle, it accompanied its boss again to right wrongs, it would be arrested immediately and locked up in a reeducation stable. It was better to sit still, to lament, to write by hoof what he dreamed and never happened, and to smell the burnt alfalfa fragrance of the alfalfa coming through the broken glass of the inn.

¹ Translate by Ricardo L. Garcia

Unusual rescue

By Óscar Quijada Reyes (Venezuela)

Walking in a distant and secluded beach, I found an almost completely buried old container. It contained a roll, which translated into current Spanish I think it says:

"About thirty years ago I got rid of my armor and other equipment. I try to forget, but every time you step on this path of Castilla, find these two fools. They do not have the slightest idea of what it means to be a gentleman.

"I come home and get my wife very sad, crying, disconsolate.

—What happened? Where is Patricia? —I ask.

—Those three bandits they've taken.

"The first thing I think about is my exploits as a warrior and to reach those who have just seen. It is surprising, help me put a new armor and go after criminals.

"When you get them, throw a desperate attack and just when they go to liquidate me appears. If not for them, I'd be dead, now they are my heroes. Patricia looks very sad, so I try to comfort her:

—Calm down dear, soon we will be with Mommy.

—I do not want to go home, loved one —declares causing my astonishment.

"What bitterness for parents who ignore the feelings of our children!"

Unhappy memories²

By Luis Brito (Portugal)

'At first I thought that a spar or a seam victim of a violent gust of wind had caused the damage of the sails. But when I started to repair them I realized that the problem could not be that. Yes, the sails were torn, but in some parts of the cloth one could see holes, pricks, as if a giant bee had been attacking them with its stinger. It was an absurd thought, I know. The truth is that it took me two days to repair everything and I kept looking over my shoulder - in doubt?' This was the story of my compadre who lives in Castillo de Consuegra and it was the first time I had heard of such a strange case.

A traveller, who en route to Toledo, stopped at my house to ask for a cup of water, said that in Argamansilha de Alba the same thing had happened about seven days ago. Worrisome! Even a little scary, creepy ... I add.

As he was walking away, I looked thoughtfully, and apprehensively, at the motionless sails. I shuddered, not from the cold, as one could only feel a slight breeze, and that was when I remembered that a decent wind hadn't blown in Molino Rucio for over four days. What had really happened in Castillo de Consuegra? The wind? Or?

That night it took me long to fall asleep. But the weariness finally won and my sleep was only interrupted by the screeching of the rusty weather vane that danced madly at the mercy of a bold wind. It was then, still lying down, that I heard the sound of hooves. I peered out the window and saw two shadows heading to the mill. I carefully travelled the path that leads to the mill and stopped

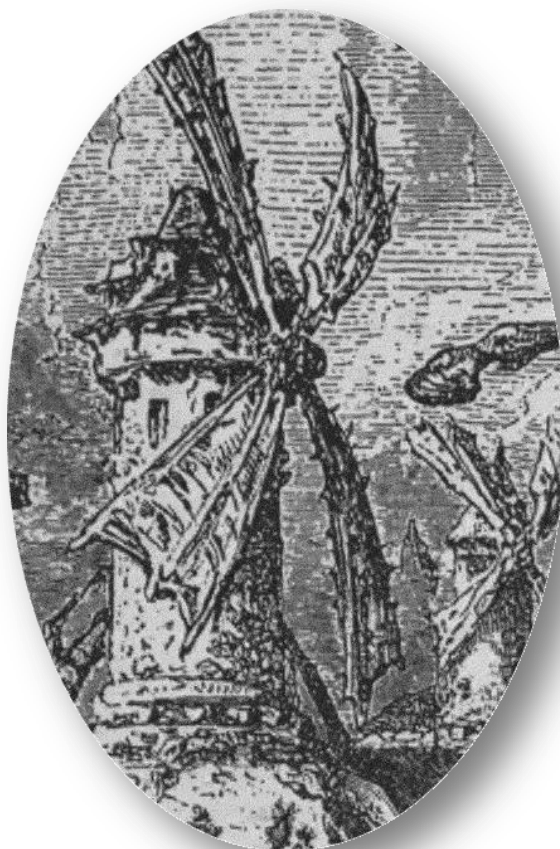
² Translation by Mercie Pedro e Silva

dumbfounded, flabbergasted, before a demonic vision: a slender man on horseback, holding a spear, in the company of a burly pig, shouting 'Do not flee, cowards and vile creatures; it is only one knight who charges at ye.' And with the spear he began to attack the mill. However, the spear got caught in the rods which led, fortunately, to the fall of the horseman and he rolled miserably through the field. The tumble was so great that he fainted.

The rest you know, Your Honour. I called the authorities and that gentleman there was arrested. He could not move due to the great fall. As he was taken by the authorities, he babbled to the pig 'They were giants before Frestão transformed them.'

A crazy man!

'Mr. Quixote, do you have anything to say in your defence?'



assistants didn't cease of preparing the magic balm to supply their legionary.

The time of battle didn't care.

The Legion Quijotera was already of return: Victorious.

The Legion Quijotera

By Omar Martínez González (Cuba)

Each one of the members of the Legion Quijotera received the message. *"To be presented in four hours next to the fifth mill of the hangar to receive the Balm of Fierabrás and to leave to the defense of the satellite KJ-3."*

The a hundred members of the Legion were presented; with their pilot and to the same assistant; each one of these took the ingredients for the preparation of the balm and power to provide it to their legionary.

With all the ships of the Legion in the air got ready the jump. Then they found an infinite number of space ships surrounding the KJ-3. The mission was defined: TO SAVE THE SATELLITE. The a hundred

Windmills

By *Dolo Espinosa* —seud.— (*Spain*)

A sun of justice chastised the heads of animals and men. The manchego field was dozed in the summer afternoon. Some mills, the blades stopped by lack of wind, seem to nap while they wait, too, that the heat begins to subside. At their feet, a tiny figures looked at on high, some shading their eyes with their hands to protect themselves from excessive light, others waving fans that only move the heated air.

In the silence, the voice of the guide resounded making a speech a thousand times repeated that the others listened shoing lazy flies.

—... And these three here, named Sardinero, Burleta and Infanto are those famous windmills that the

Knight of the Sorrowful

Countenance, the great Don Quixote mistook for giants fierce.

After this and a few, oh !, several movements head admiring and falsely interested faces, the procession continued way, more thinking of the tasty food that awaited them than in historical monuments that most of them began to be fed up.

The mills are left alone again, as they have always been, alone in the silence manchego, the blades starting to move slowly, reluctantly. Soon a deep voice breaks the silence:

I'll never understand, woman, these humans who call crazy to those who are able to see the reality, as that famous Quixote that they always speak although I do not keep that memory, he saw us just like what we are.

I do not understand them either, husband, but give thanks to that because it has allowed us to live in peace.

'I think the same, the third giant said.
But it's better that they call crazy
those who see that they chase us as
monsters.

After this, silence returned to the
manchego field.



The knight of the keyboard

*By M^a del Socorro Candelaria Zárate
(Mexico)*

Right now is about to turn the midnight and I'm still sitting in front of my computer surrounded by so much darkness, the light of the screen is reflected in my face and it makes me resemble like a spectrum of the horror story. The stark reality gives me insomnia that keeps me much more closer to the fantasy, that I already live in it. Blank sheets filled of stories of all fictional characters with their adventures generate addiction in my readers and allow me certain luxuries.

And this is actually my personal life, I have transformed my love stories in

a simple quixotic adventures, and I'm sure that would not be part of the most basic argument of a teenager trying to cope with the disappointment of it's first love. But on the other hand, already in my forties, I still see her as my beautiful lady Dulcinea and convinced that as Don Quixote to Sancho Panza, there's someone with bad art has transformed the giants in simple mills wind with the only desire to take away the glory of maturity; another pretext to justify the unjustifiable.

Near dawn when I turn off the computer and the reality that had remained lurking hovering over me mercilessly transforms my beloved Dulcinea in plain pocked styling and menacing giants in simple windmills. If the heaviness of the truth makes me unbearably its rawness, back to the computer to pound the keys with only worthy fury of one who enters a creative trance, and so embraced my fantasies of Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance give rise to become

creative Knight keyboard and seek
refuge once again in the fantasy that
allows me to support my reality.



Madness

By Jaime Magnan Alabarce (Chile)

Both see science fiction movies, my
uncle lost his mind. It is now
common to see him lashing out with
my laser pointer, against gigantic wind
towers, mounted on a red scooter,
model 1966, which for him is nothing
other than a shuttle 81572, type B,
used in the War of the clones.



Character

By *Diego Galán Ruíz (Spain)*

Always I wanted to be real,
not just a character of a
disturbed mind.

Much has been said about
me. Without even there I am
considered an essential part
of the story for the
protagonist perhaps his
greatest motivation that
drives him to move forward
in their "noble gaits".

Yet none of the other
characters is real, I am the less real of
all, to exist only in the mind of one of
them.

Who am I then, and that this
interest in becoming a flesh and
blood? Why not the protagonist? My
true creator. At any rate, on the 500th

anniversary of the publication of the
first part of Don Quixote, decided to
create the character that got the most
votes through an online vote,
Dulcinea was chosen. That's me, in a
few hours I will be born after having
spent nine months in the womb of a
surrogate mother, the expectation is

high, but will have to spend a
few years before they can
see the Dulcinea Don
Quixote created in his
mind.



An adventure of sword and sorcery

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

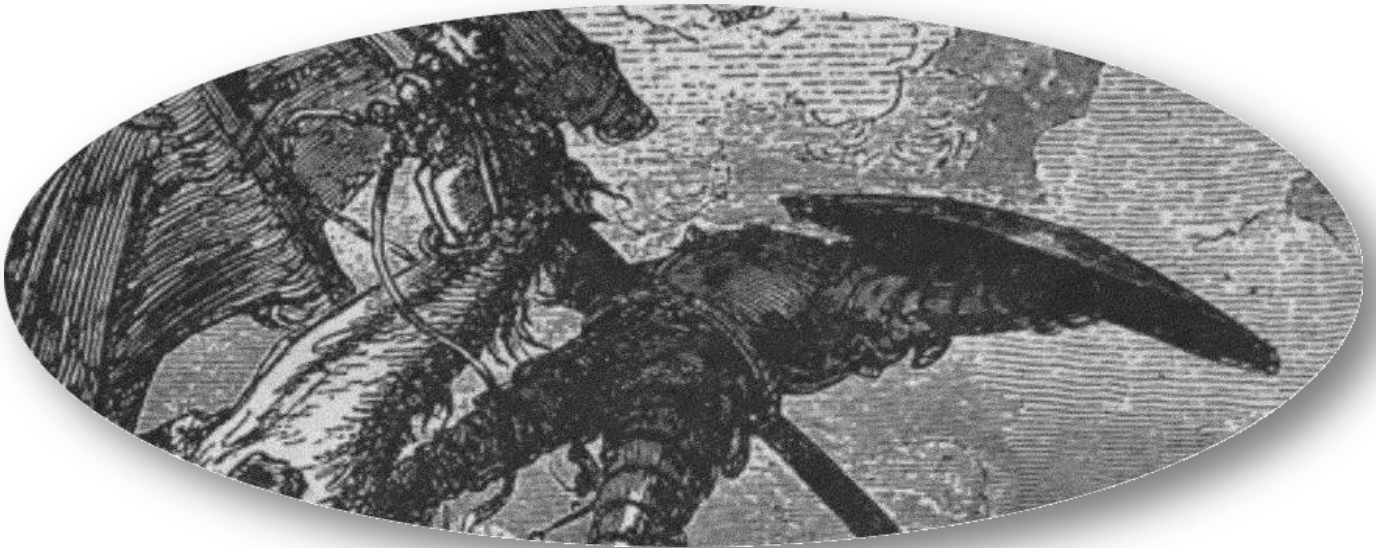
It's the twentieth first time I'd failed in the combat when I happen to realize the error. I'm Don Quixote T-78 —the last one in a large series who tried hundreds of times to work out the mystery. Each one of them were disposed, the same destiny surely I'll share if prove unable to cross the threshold. I only had one live left in my vital sequence; after it, the immolation.

That night I was connected again to that story from a literary past; when man used entertains himself performing the ideas in his imagination. Now, machines were the

ones in charge of the living aspect of the fantasy: the new man had lost that capacity long time ago. We're designed from the very Uterox to live such stories: the lives for which we're born. While riding on Rocinante I noted that on my breastplate, like in other occasions, appeared an image with the number of my lives. In that occasion, the image twentieth two showed a kind of joker whose name was: The Madman. Suddenly, an unknown genius woke in my mind — as if the destiny favored me with an idea. Behind me, Sancho Panza and his same babblings:

"Look my lord, those you see over there aren't..." I stop his speech making him to put a finger on the image. Forthwith, all his madness and illusion disappeared. At last, both of us could see how those giants wave in mortal defiance his arms which our swords and arrows dismembered. Freston, the sorcerer, was incapable that time to hypnotize us with the illusion of the wind mills. Our swords

made their ways through enchanters
and kidnapers of princess and every
dark abomination. It's an honor to be
a knight riding along to my beloved
Dulcinea from Toboso after have
killed Freston and the dragon, who
enchanted my friend, Sancho, with
strange madness call reality.



Don Quixote in the land of augmented reality

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

"Stop my lord! Those aren't giants but windmills, why you can't understand that all those chivalric romances you read became a software installed in the hardware of your brain, making you see an augmented reality out of..."

Sancho Panza shut up his mouth, amazed by his own words. What kind of nonsense he was talking about? — software, hardware, augmented reality? Was him being trapped by a madness kin to that of his master? The squire searched the panniers of

his donkey, taking out the weird object given to him by the virtual entity. He pressed his fingertip where he was instructed and a shining covered the crystal like screen of the smartphone. He started the game it said was based upon their adventures.

"Your adventures inspired the technology of the holographic augmented reality... The madness of Alonso Quixano was the first great example of augmented reality in the literary fiction... much better than that of the *Odyssey* by Homer."

Sancho remembered those words from the entity who, also said — before go back supposedly to the future—, that indeed the game was an augmented imagination, for it was installed in the mind of Miguel de Cervantes, their creator: "You're a synaptic process in his brain, with a defined electro and chemical patten that we've spotted with a software run by nanobots... so every time you come across with..." Don Quixote's exclamation brought him out to the

surroundings: "Don't flee cowards
and vile creatures it's a single knight
who attack all of you!" The Knight of
the Sorrowful Figure was about to
clash against the windmills. Sancho
touched the symbol of the giant in the
screen and forthwith the windmills
became real giants. He crossed
himself, frighten by that magic that
made real the madness of his lord.

Miguel de Cervantes looked
dumfounded the manuscript of his
novel, asking himself why the
mysterious modification.
Preoccupied, he decided to take a
rest. He didn't want to end up like his
character, after all, he had been a fan
too of the chivalric romances.

Somewhere in la Mancha

By Dolo Espinosa (Spain)

After reading the more than one thousand pages of the book in less than sixty seconds X-C 513 remained static. For several minutes his cybernetic brain gave thousands of laps to what it had read. Then it projected a holographic image of himself and contemplated it. If it had had human traits its expression would be between thoughtful and evaluative. It observed holography from every angle very carefully: his brilliant body was very stylized, if it were human would be extremely thin. Its head, elongated ends in something that might seem a beard. Reliefs in extremities and torso looked like armor parts.

If it had could, the robot would have opened his eyes wide to express its surprise:

I am Don Quixote, it said in infrasonic whisper.

And it decided, at that moment, that it must live all the adventures of the unfortunate gentleman.

Unfortunately for him, X-C 513 chose to become in its faithful squire to the first short and stocky man who found: the head of the project of which it was part who realizing of its delirium, he immediately ordered that "Mr. Don tin Quixote" was disconnected and repaired without delay.

A month later, X-C 513 was connected again.

You'll never do weird things again, commented the engineer patting his head.

X-C 513 looked at him with his immutable face and then returned to the usual static posture of waiting.

If the engineer had been able to hear
infrasound, he had heard the robot
muttering:

Somewhere in la Mancha, in a place
whose name I do not care to
remember...



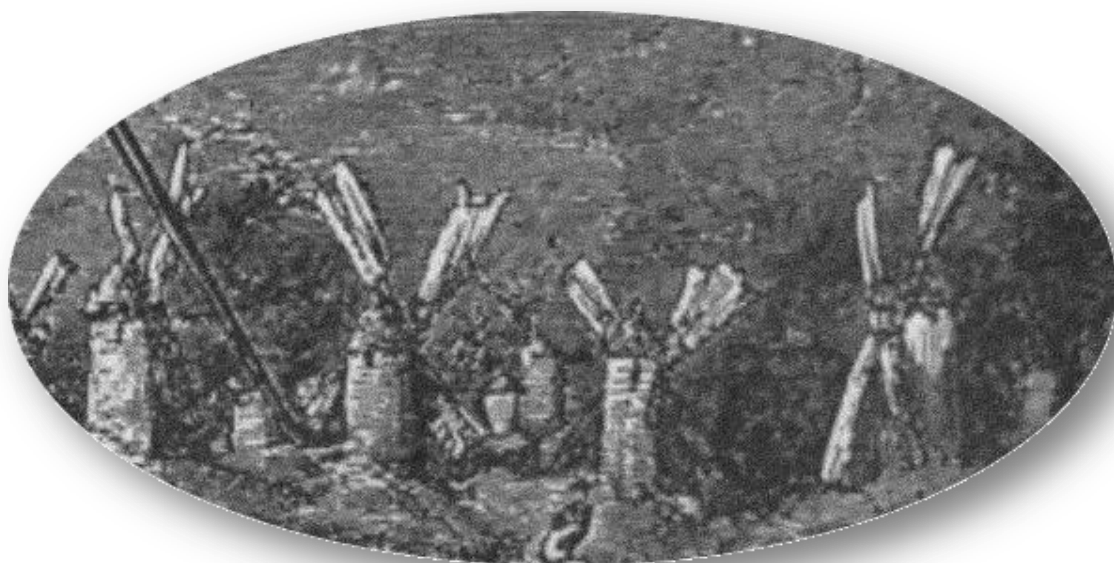
Kyxothe

By Tomás Pacheco Estrada (Mexico)

An American writer decided to make a mashup of the novel Quixote but adapting to science fiction. Where Mr. William Smith is a collector and reader space operas. He went crazy, believing himself a space cadet, liberator of oppressed galaxies and destroyer of dictators robots. The US put on a suit thinking motorcyclist was an outfit of an intergalactic hero. Hull stood and called himself Kyxothe. While traveling on the road thought his car was a spaceship. Leaving the city, he got out of his car to look at electricity pylons, picturing see giant robots, pulled a toy gun, the colored lights were turned on to pull the trigger. Powerless to note that not hurt them; He climbed back to Rozy-

Nanthe ship to take off from the world and go for help. He was driving when he saw a tramp called ride, Kyxothe stopped the rocket and went up the alien from another galaxy. The beggar realized his folly to do with clothing motorcyclist and a helmet to Will and wanted to get off but Kyxothe convinced him to open his wallet and give money, in his imagination were holographic information cards Earth and the universe. The robust ratty called himself Michael Andrew, the mentally disturbed christened it Zanzhopanz. Night was falling when a prostitute came to offer their services, the woman had the body covered with tattoos and face piercings looked about. Andrew told him he was crazy Kyxothe auction, the girl got into the car to discover that brought tickets and so the three would travel the galaxy battling aliens and reptilians releasing planets tyrants. The mentally disturbed called Dhul-Zy-Nhea the prostitute and together with his partner space, the trio would travel at

the speed of light in the Rozy-Nanthe ship. Knowing the success of the book, the writer made another mashup where Alonso Quijano went mad from reading vampire novels and believed one slept in a coffin and hated sunlight, wearing layer.



Don Genaro³

By Lucas Berrueto (Argentina)

Don Genaro became old in the same way as any man could have arrived to his destination after a long bus trip: asleep. He lived his life in full (he was eighty five years old), but he felt that somehow, life has passed him by. Nowadays, secluded in a depressing nursing home, Don Genaro was looking forward death as he had expected life in other times. A life that, according to his expectations, has never arrived. He knew that death would not let him down likewise, although he may have to wait a bit longer.

According to Don Genaro, old age was the time of absence. The lack of future that would not bring anything;

the lack of past that persisted based on nostalgia, as well as the lack of present that implied an existence without guidance, alone. At that moment, Don Genaro caressed the cover of his favourite book, *The Ingenious Hidalgo⁴ Don Quixote de la Mancha*, while he was looking through the large windows of the dining room into a garden full of soil with little grass. He thought... He thought about that marvellous character created by Cervantes, the thin *hidalgo* who became crazy after reading cavalry stories at a time in which books were important enough to be regarded as dangerous.

Don Quixote... Everyone believed that novel was a parody, a comedy, a mockery... But Don Genaro didn't think that. He saw sadness, being a torn man who had to invent a world for himself because the world around him was pure absence. Alonso Quijano could be mad but he was not wrong. He was a true hero due to the

³ Translate by Yanina Pandullo

⁴ Member of Lower Spanish Nobility

fact that he lived with passion, not because he was right. Precisely the thing he had never had: *passion*. And that's how Don Genaro was approaching death, with impassive children, unknown grandchildren and a dead wife. Alone, looking at the garden.

He thought of doing something more than once. He thought of standing up and seeking freedom, such as a 21st-century- Quixote. But he didn't do it because his hips were in bad shape and his blood pressure was even worse.

He stared at the book on his lap. A thin knight was giving Don Genaro an earnest expression. At the end, Don Quixote had been defeated by the reality, and the same had

happened to Don Genaro. After all, reality always won out.



Kybernetes

By Salomé Guadalupe Ingelmo (Spain)

But a time will come when we may
be able if we are not now.

Miguel De Cervantes Saavedra, Don
Quixote of La Mancha

They have passed so many years that
I don't even remember how I called
before. However, I remember exactly
when I decided to change my name.

Alonso strokes the flank of his
faithful Rocinante, his flying
motorcycle.

—Now it is yours. This too—he
passes him the old book. You were
my best student. I can't teach you any
more, except for leading by example.

—It's not a game, Alonso. The
enemy is not a windmill.

—I know. It is an unscrupulous
giant trampling the weakest and
feeding on their dreams and hopes. It
exploits its victims until they are
empty and shriveled. My father
finished that way too. He also walked
with that vacuous gaze the few years
he lived after they deemed him
unusable. Someone has to try to stop
it. I owe it to all those who, resigned,
thought they had no choice.

—It will crush you without
hesitation.

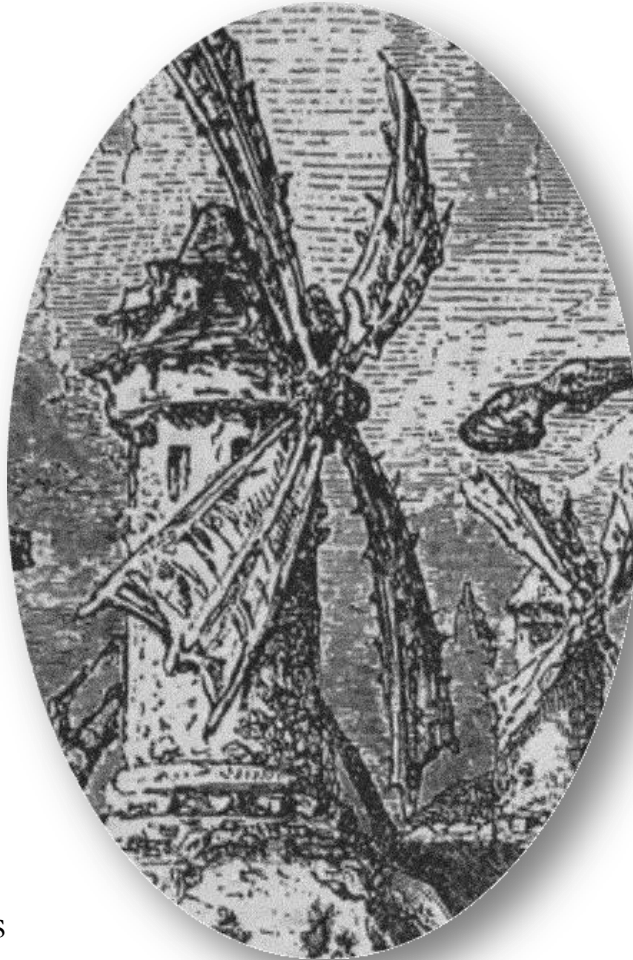
—You are probably right—he
whispers while walking along the
deserted broad avenue.

At the end of the street, the
disproportionate abdomen, boundless
appetite, indolently rests on the
shriveled bodies of those who have
nothing else to offer. Surrounded by
complacent servants ready to feed and
protect, it seems a despotic queen
bee.

The man rebukes it; he firmly waits
its onslaught. But the monster simply
ignores him. When it gets bored,
disdainfully snaps its fingers. Its
foolish drones, puppets without
judgment or feelings, take up arms in
unison.

There was no room for hatred or
revenge. There were no losers, only
winners, as my teacher would have
wished.

After his death,
dissenting voices
multiplied. Many of
us, despite fear,
adopted the name
of Alonso in
subsequent years.
We brandished the
book that finally
made us free. The
beast stopped
confusing our voices
with the wind. Although it
believed we were only insignificant
ants, infuriated but harmless, the
hands of many poor men, together,
they can bring down the greatest
enemy. And the giant with feet of clay
fell. Its drones, orphans, joined us.



Love never made any coward

By Carmen Rosa Signes U. (Spain)

Love and desire are two different things; that not everything you love want or everything you want is love.

The general slowdown raised the alarm in the TOBOSO CORP. Millions of freethinkers were connected to the company to discuss the intertwined network of operators who formed an integrated entirely by robots attached to the great mother template: artificial intelligence since its creation had not ceased to grow. For more than 80 years since the end of the century, that no human being is physically involved. Uninterruptedly, the machines had created and regenerated all sectors of




development, under the watchful eyes of observers in the network. After those walls everything was unknown. Hidden creators had developed a whole network of hierarchies that, on more than one occasion, had promoted rebellions, wars and disputes, soon quelled by the mother, that her superiors and find out. A host of personalities conformed that new society that now had been paralyzed. The doors opened and the

army of technicians delved steadily. Thousands of cyber eyes witnessed the discomfiture of those beings surprised to be attacked, knocked down and finally defeated by the attack of the lanky figure of an android that, riding on a robotic vehicle, preparing a second charge. Near him, another android smaller, squat, paunchy, again preparing weapons first and encouraged him with great fanfare to reach its goal. And from the heights the great

mother "Dulcinea" as well call the cibercaballero made it known vencedera satisfied the second time against the master. They say that in a first show of force that quixotic character to the giant generators, engine company, who beat shouting faced: "Non fuyades, cowards and vile beings, for a single knight attacks you.". And he knew pleased at the arrival of such a loyal lover who never fail him because so had the books.

Workers without law, political corruption, the security forces against the people, usurious banks and inquisitors church . By God! friend Sancho that in this Spain are more necessary than ever!




El Santa 02/08/16

Antología:

"Órbita Juracán. Cuentos cubanos de ciencia ficción"

Antologador: Leonardo Gala Echemendía.

Editorial Voces de Hoy, Miami.

ISBN: 978-1535537735

330 páginas

Órbita Juracán, antología de relatos de ciencia ficción de 26 autores cubanos, residentes tanto dentro como fuera de Cuba. Con relatos de reconocidos escritores, junto a nuevas voces, esta antología permite acercarse a la historia de la ciencia ficción cubana, así como pulsar su devenir más reciente.

Listado de cuentos:

La anunciación: Daína Chaviano

La ciudad de tu infancia: Yoss

Los recolectores de sueños: Bruno Henríquez

Mi amigo, el inventor: Roger Durañona

Mundos com-pasados: Anabel Enríquez

Yo también soy hijo de Pedro Páramo: Yonnier Torres

Elsinor Revolution: Elaine Vilar Madruga



Muñekita Karla: Dennis Mourdoch

Cómic: Yadira Álvarez

Reacción de fusión asimétrica: Ricardo L. García

Una de vampiros: Ricardo Acevedo & Carmen Rosa Signes

Certifico de aptitud: Claudio del Castillo

Escape M: Carlos Duarte

Peligro de exterminio: Denis Álvarez

Barreras de tiempo: Evelyn Pérez

Yuca y dominó: Joe Iriarte

CAN: Zullín Elejalde

Proyecto Chancha Bonita: Juan Pablo Noroña Lamas

La Diosa: Malena Salazar Maciá

Las cosas ya no son lo que eran antes: Erick Mota

Las extrañas decisiones de Vladimir Denísovich Jiménez: Yasmín Silvia Portales

Tenía la carta en la mano: Víctor Hugo Pérez

Ojos clonados: Leonardo Gala Echemendía

El sueño de Vero: Alejandro Rojas

Adansonía Digitata: Michel Encinosa Fú

Herederos de Cthulhu

Autores: VV.AA.

Antologador: J. J. Arnau

Editorial: kokapeli

Portada: Pablo Uría

Sinopsis: Podríamos decir que, además del padre, Howard Phillips fue ideólogo de los Mitos de Cthulhu. Cuando comenzó a producir los cuentos, no tenía en mente otra cosa que explorar el terror primigenio —ese que enfrenta al alma humana con los terrores de un cosmos desconocido— como eje de sus historias. Pero, pronto comenzó una relación epistolar con otros autores, el Círculo de Lovecraft, del que surgieron una serie de narraciones que compartían una serie de elementos y que engrosaron el corpus de los llamados Mitos de Cthulhu.

En esta antología, muchas décadas después, un grupo de autores españoles nos ofrecen sus propias exploraciones de los Mitos de Cthulhu. Aquí, encontraremos a autores que han frecuentado de manera asidua los Mitos junto a otros que los abordan por primera vez. Leeremos relatos ajustados al canon de los Mitos, otros más fronterizos y algunos experimentales. Los hay de terror puro, homenajes, humor y hasta alguna parodia. Los autores noveles se mezclan con otros muy veteranos, y los cuentos de manera expresa para la antología lo hacen con otros que ya fueron publicados hace años. Todos juntos, nos dan una panorámica bastante ajustada —aunque, como siempre, incompleta— del influjo que los Mitos de Cthulhu han tenido y tienen en los escritores de fantástico español.

Autores:

Prólogo por J. Javier Arnau

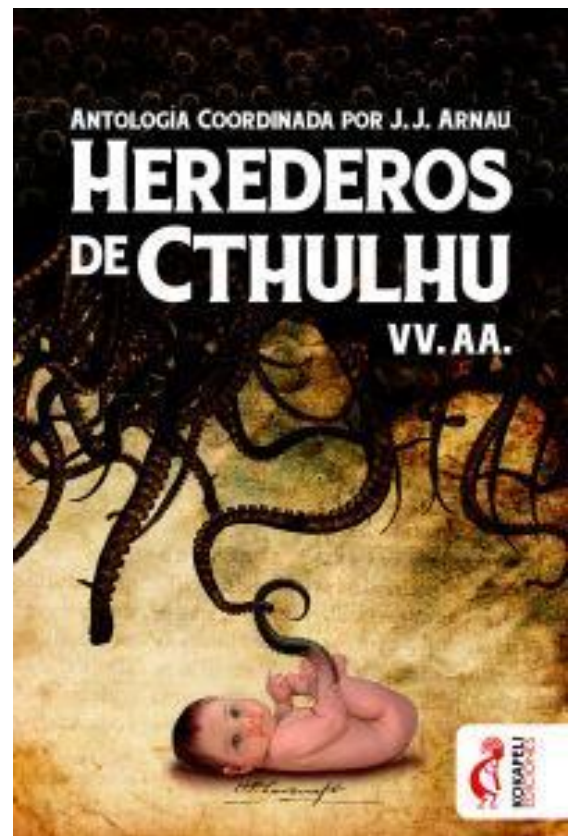
Beatriz T. Sánchez con «Los ojos de Yog-sothot»

Javier Redal con «El horror sin nombre»

Nieves Delgado con «El color que salió del agua»

Laura López Alfranca con «Arrastra las palabras»

Heberto de Sysmo con «El cuadro negro»



Juan José Tena con «El heredero»

Marta Martínez Velasco con «La invocación»

Pablo García Naranjo con «Advenimiento»

Aída Albiar con «La Hermandad del umbral de la vida»

León Arsenal con «Whateley terminal»

Sergio Mars con «Yamata-no-orochi»

Javier Arnau con «En el inframundo»

Sonia Córdoba y Alberto Valverde con «Origen»

J.E. Álamo con «Abdel Muta'al»

Ramón San Miguel con «Infiltrada»

Gabriel Romero de Ávila con «El demonio está aquí»

Ramón Muñoz con «Final de trayecto»

Librerías afiliadas donde se puede pedir el ejemplar:

<http://www.libros.cc/librerias.php>

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:

Berruezo, Lucas (Buenos Aires, Argentina, 1982) has a degree in Letters (UBA), a teacher and a writer.

Prologó the anthologies of fantastic stories and of Horror Worlds worlds (Galmort, 2008 and 2009) and participated, along with writers like Alberto Laiseca, Luis Mey and Liliana Bodoc, in Haikus Bilardo (Muerde Muertos, 2014) of Fernando Figueras and Jose Maria Marcos . His stories and articles circulate on the web in different magazines, such as Insomnia and Axxón. It manages The place of the fantastic, space dedicated to the literature and the cinema of terror. As of 2015, Muerde Muertos published his first novel The Bad Men Wear Hat (which is part of the creative writing degree seminar that Elsa Drucaroff will dictate at the University of Philosophy and Letters of UBA) and his short story "Waiting for Matías" was included in the book Mala sangre, an anthology of terror with stories of new Argentine writers directed by Narciso Rossi for the Pelos de punta collection.

Brito, Paulo (Barcelos, Portugal) writes poetry and short stories from his 15 years by a need for mental health. In 2013 he decided to release their stories.

Candelaria 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.

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 "LVOLPEI" (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, 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.

Gai, Adam (Buenos Aires, Argentina, 1941)
writer, poet and critic.

Buenos Aires in 1941. I studied Literature at
the Faculty of Philosophy and Letters of the
University of Buenos Aires, where I graduated
with a thesis on the narrative of Enrique
Anderson Imbert. From 1972 to 1987, I taught
Spanish and Latin American literature in the
Department of Spanish and Latin American
Studies at the Hebrew University of

Jerusalem, where I did my doctorate on the
narrative work of Juan Rulfo, for which I
received the Rosario Castellanos Foundation
Award (1980-1981). I have also taught Spanish
at the University of Haifa and the Open
University, and I have taught Spanish-
American literature courses at the University
of Tel Aviv and at the Instituto Cervantes
branch in Tel Aviv. I have published articles on
the narrative of Anderson Imbert, Benedetti,
Bianco, Bioy Casares, Borges, Carpentier,
Cervantes, Cortázar and Valle Inclán. I wrote a
novel (still unpublished) and short stories,
some of which have been published in
electronic magazines: Axolotl, El coloquio de
los perros, Axxon, La zorra y el cuervo,
miNatura, Remolinos, in the blog Esperando a
Godot and In the Sherezade Project.

<https://adamgai.com/>

Galán Ruíz, Diego (Spain) He wrote a novel
El fin de Internet (Atlantis) and one of stories
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/>

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*.

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 Tecnica 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.

Pacheco Estrada, Tomás (Córdoba, Veracruz, Mexico) writer, actor, filmmaker

Take a short film is Ana Claudia de los Santos and is on Youtube. I was also extra of the movie Gloria. Winner of the first places of the cane festival in category stories.

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

Quijada Reyes, Óscar (El Tigre, Venezuela, 1971) Writer of other areas that enters the

literary activity in 2013. Finalist in more than thirty contests and with a number of more than forty narrations and poems published in printed and / or digital anthologies, magazines and newspapers.

With "The Avocado that came from the East" won the third prize of the short story contest "Carlos San Diego" of the newspaper Mundo Oriental, where the work is printed in the central pages on Sunday, March 2, 2014.

Ultimas Noticias, the newspaper with the largest circulation in Venezuela, publishes its story "Con las manos vacias" on Sunday, April 24, 2016, on the occasion of the celebration the day before of World Book and Reading Day.

www.unaspaginasmas.wordpress.com

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

Illustrators:

Pag. 01 Barberà Tomàs, Josep (Spain, 1973) illustrator.

Among his works are the following:

Illustrated verse, book of fragments of illustrated poetry and To the Edge of Cosmic Sabotage illustrations of microrelatos.

<https://www.facebook.com/BarberaTomas.dibuixos/>

<https://www.facebook.com/edicionescalavera/>

Pag. 45, 60 Chipuli, Jorge (Mexico) He won the magazine prize for the magazine La langosta has posed 1995, the second place of the prize minicuento: The difficult brevity 2006 and the first prize of microcuento Sizigias and Twitteraturas Lunares 2011. He was a fellow of the Center of

Writers of Nuevo León. He has collaborated with texts in the magazines Armas y Letras, Hyperespacio, Deletéreo, Literal, Urbanario, Rayuela, Office, Papers of the Mancuspia, the locust has settled, Virtual Literature, Ship, Thresholds, Weapons and Letters, the Spanish Miasma and the Argentina Axxón. It has been included in the anthologies: "Columns, anthology of the double", (ITESM, 1991), "Natal, 20 visions of Monterrey" (Clannad 1993), "Silicio en la memoria" "(UANL, 2011)," Remote

Worlds and Infinite Skies "(UANL, 2011) and" Teknochtitlán, 30 visions of Mexican science fiction "(Government of the State of Tamaulipas, 2015). He has published the mini-book: "Los infiernos" (Poetazos, 2014), "Binary" (Fantasies for Nightwish, 2015), "Deconstrucción de Eva" (Lunar Cat, 2015), will soon publish: "To sing in the patios" And "Dreams that rhyme" (poems for children). His children's play: "Sueño de una noche en la Mancha" was presented at the Teatro de la Ciudad (2016).

Pag. 14, 31 Urios, Carmen (Girona, Spain, 1995)

From her earliest childhood she felt very attracted to the world of drawing and, after several years, this is her first published work.

www.allysterraven.tumblr.com

Pag. 16 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. 47 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 Latveria " 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 Don Quijote / *Josep Barberà Tomàs (Spain)*

Pag. 14 Dulcinea 2 / *Carmen Urios (Spain)*

Pag. 16 Fear, Lies & China Ink: Fighting against windmills / *Evandro Rubert (Brazil)*

Pag. 31 Dulcinea 1 / *Carmen Urios (Spain)*

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