

MINNATURRA

**The magazine
of the Brief
and Fantastic**



ISSN: 2340-977

If cats looked like frogs we'd realize what nasty, cruel little bastards they are. Style. That's what people remember."

Lords and Ladies, Terry Pratchett.

○○○

For the cat is cryptic, and close to strange things which men cannot see. He is the soul of antique Aegyptus, and bearer of tales from forgotten cities in Meroë and Ophir. He is the kin of the jungle's lords, and heir to the secrets of hoary and sinister Africa. The Sphinx is his cousin, and he speaks her language; but he is more ancient than the Sphinx, and remembers that which she hath forgotten.

The cats of Ulthar, H. P. Lovecraft

○○○



Women and cats will do as they please, and men and dogs should relax and get used to the idea.

Robert A. Heinlein.

○○○

What greater gift than the

love of a cat.

Charles Dickens.

○○○

I would like to see anyone, prophet, king or God, convince a thousand cats to do the same thing at the same time.

Neil Gaiman.

○○○

A cat has absolute emotional honesty: human beings, for one reason or another, may hide their feelings, but a cat does not."

Ernest Hemingway

"I am the cat (Mau), who fought hard by the Persea tree in Annu on the night when the foes of Neb-er-tcher (a form of Osiris) were destroyed"

The Book of the Dead, Seventeenth Chapter.

We're all mad here. I'm mad.
You're mad.

Cheshire cat.

It is believed that the tradition of the nine¹ feline lives of the Anglo-Saxon culture comes from Ancient Egypt. In his cosmogony, nine is a number of great importance because Atum-Ra (the sun god) gave birth to nine other gods, known as 'The Nine'. To visit the

¹ The Latin tradition of the 7 lives comes from the time of the Black Plague in Europe when the cat (Especially the Black) was considered a carrier of the plague and an ally of the Evil One.

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

Asociación Cultural miNatura Soterranà

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¿How collaborate miNatura Digital Magazine?

To work with us simply send a story (up to 25 lines) poem (up to 50 lines) or item (3 to 6 pages)

Times New Roman 12, A4 format (three inches clearance on each side).

Entries must respond to the case (horror, fantasy or science fiction) to try.

Send a brief literary biography (in case of having).

We respect the copyright to continuous power of their creators.

You can follow our publication through:

<http://www.servercronos.net/bloglgc/index.php/minatura/>

Facebook:

<http://www.facebook.com/groups/126601580699605/?fref=ts>

The Library of Nostromo:

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

world of darkness Atum-Ra was transformed into a cat and to guarantee his own survival he endowed with nine lives. That is why the cats were sacred animals, they were mummified when they died, they were kept mourning and they were penalized for their mistreatment and murder².

Let us be deceived by their purring or the lost gaze of their eyes that drag us inexorably to another dimension, like the chariot that Bygul and Trjegul throw the cats of the goddess Freya. All the puzzles will disappear with them.

As always invite you to enjoy this number, made with great care and dedication and invite them to participate in our IX fair of fantastic poetry miNatura 2017.

² Diodorus Siculus wrote "Whoever kills a cat in Egypt is condemned to death..." Possibly this sentence inspires Lovecraft in *The Cats of Ulthar*. It is said that in Ulthar, which lies beyond the river Skai, no man may kill a cat.

To thank as always the participation to all the writers who accompany us and their illustrators:

Gastón Barticevic (Argentina);
Carmen Rosa Signes Urrea (Spain);
Elena Fortanet (Spain); Evandro
Rubert (Brazil); Miram Ascúa
(Argentina); Glen Collins (USA);
Sergio F. S. Sixtos (Mexico); Ariel
Carlos Delgado, (Colombia); Manuel
Santamaría Barrios (Spain); Rafa
Castelló Escrig (Spain)

Regards!

Next issue:

MAD SCIENTISTS

Deadline: March, 1º

BASES DEL IX CERTAMEN INTERNACIONAL DE POESÍA FANTÁSTICA MINATURA 2017

La Revista Digital miNatura convoca el IX Certamen Internacional De Poesía Fantástica miNatura 2017

BASES DEL CERTAMEN

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

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

3. Los originales tienen que enviarse a la siguiente dirección:

revistadigitalminatura.certamen@esliterarios@blogger.com

4. Los trabajos deberán ir precedidos de la firma que incluirá los siguientes datos: seudónimo (que aparecerá publicado junto al poema para su evaluación), nombre completo, nacionalidad, edad, dirección postal (calle, número, código postal, ciudad, país), e-mail de contacto (importante su inclusión puesto que no queda reflejada en el correo recibido), y un breve currículum literario en caso de



poseerlo (estos datos no serán publicados). A aquellos trabajos que lleguen sin seudónimo se les aplicará, como tal, el título del poema; en el caso de que éste falte se entenderá que el poema lleva por título el primer verso y así será reflejado.

5. Se aceptará un único poema por participante. La publicación del mismo en las horas posteriores al envío dentro del blog Certámenes Literarios miNatura <http://certamenesliterariosminatura.blogspot.com.es/> previa moderación, hará las veces de acuse de recibo, porque la cuenta de correo dispuesta para el recibo de las mismas no ofrece la posibilidad de mantener correspondencia con los participantes.

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

Importante: la cuenta de correo dispuesta para el recibo de las participaciones no es un buzón de correo, sólo admite entradas, no ofrece la posibilidad de mantener correspondencia con los participantes, ni tan siquiera queda reflejada la dirección del remitente y no admite adjuntos.

7. Los poemas tendrán una extensión mínima de 10 versos y un máximo de 50 en su totalidad. Deberán presentarse en tipografía Time New Roman puntaje 12, sin formatos añadidos de ningún tipo (justificación, interlineado, negrita, cursiva o subrayado, inclusión de imágenes, cuadros de texto, etc). De poseerlos éstos serán borrados para su inmediata publicación en el blog. (Para comprobar la extensión de los poemas se utilizará una plantilla de documento de Word tamaño de papel Din-A4 con tres centímetros de margen a cada lado, eso quiere decir que aquellos versos se sobrepasen una línea en dicho formato quedarán fuera de concurso pues se entenderá que exceden el número de versos máximo admitido a concurso).

8. Aquellos poemas que no cumplan con las bases no serán etiquetados como ADMITIDO A CONCURSO. Los poemas no etiquetados de esta forma

dispondrán de una única oportunidad, dentro del plazo de recepción, para modificar su envío y que su texto pueda entrar a concurso (NOTA: se ruega a los participantes que revisen el blog del certamen en los dos días posteriores al envío para certificar la perfecta recepción del poema, de no encontrarlo escriban a la dirección indicada en el punto 6 de estas bases indicando título del poema y seudónimo).

9. Las obras, inéditas o no, no deben estar pendientes de valoración en ningún otro concurso.

10. En el asunto deberá indicarse: “IX Certamen Internacional De Poesía Fantástica miNatura 2017” (no se abrirán los trabajos recibidos con otro asunto).

11. La participación y los datos exigidos, deberán ir integrados en el cuerpo del mensaje que no debe quedar en ningún caso vacío. No se admiten adjuntos de ningún tipo.

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

13. El primer premio no podrá quedar desierto. Los trabajos presentado serán eliminados del blog una vez se haya hecho público el fallo del certamen y tan sólo quedarán en él aquellos poemas que resulten destacados en el mismo. En ningún supuesto los autores pierden los derechos de autor sobre sus obras.

14. El jurado estará integrado por miembros de nuestro equipo y reconocidos escritores del género. El fallo del jurado será inapelable y se dará a conocer el 27 de abril de 2017 y podrá ser consultado a partir de ese mismo día en

nuestros blogs (Revista Digital miNatura, Asociación Cultural miNatura Soterrània y Certámenes literarios miNatura).

También será publicado en páginas afines y en el grupo Revista Digital miNatura en Facebook: <http://www.facebook.com/groups/126601580699605/>

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

16. El plazo de admisión comenzará el 2 de enero y finalizará el domingo día 12 de marzo de 2017 a las 12 de la noche hora española.

Ricardo Acevedo E. y Carmen Rosa Signes

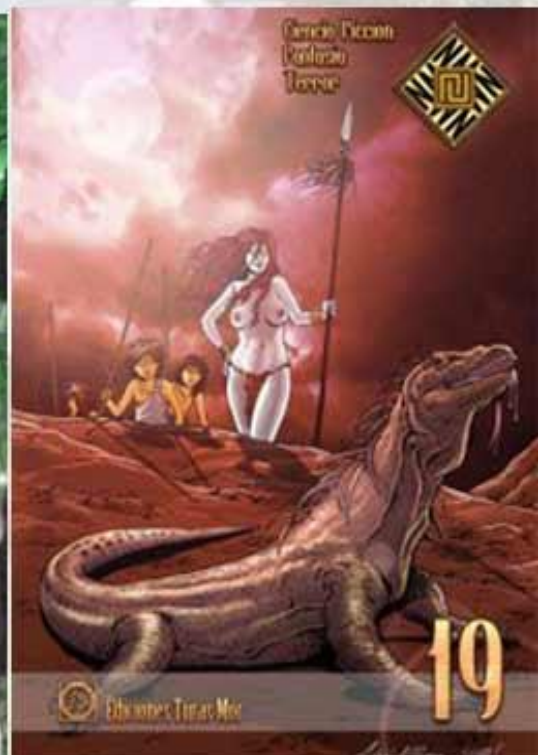
Asociación Cultural miNatura Soterrània

Directores de la Revista Digital miNatura



Ciencia Ficción
Fantasía
Terror

An interview with Santiago Oviedo,
editor of the journal NM
by Richard Montenegro



By Richard Montenegro (Venezuela)³

The human being has the soul of taxidermist, forensics, so if we look at the popular wisdom oracle Wikipedia, we will see that a journalistic interview can be classified into thirteen different categories. Some of them as sonorously surprising as: Appreciative or Interpretive.

Humbly today we bring you an interview of profile or semblance, a conversation in the distance and maintained in time, that instead of smoke signals, electrons are sent at high speeds from one side to another of the orb: the WEB, a modern version Of the [dreamcatchers](#) of the [Ojibwe](#). Richard Montenegro, through Cristina Chiesa, challenges Santiago Enrique Oviedo on the most varied issues: personal, professional, literary and culinary.

The management



Revista digital NM nº 16

³ This interview was originally published at [http:// www.grupolipo.blogspot.com /.../ isaac-asimov-me-sabe-comida-canada.html](http://www.grupolipo.blogspot.com/.../isaac-asimov-me-sabe-comida-canada.html)



Digital Magazine miNatura: Cristina, your contribution was fundamental for the realization of this interview. Could you share with us what was your impression of the interview and the way it was done?

Cristina Chiesa: Working in this way, as an intermediary, I realized how difficult it is to schedule an interview, to contact people, to think the questions, to link them with one another in a dynamic and intelligent way so as not to repeat themselves and lead the viewer to a Reading that interests, as was this case. I am honored to have been able to collaborate because I not only refreshed what I already knew about Santiago but I had the immense pleasure of a daily rapport with the interviewer who was immensely enriching.



Digital Magazine miNatura: How would you present yourself to our audience?

Santiago Enrique Oviedo: At one time writer and translator of fantastic literature and eventually columnist, in these times I prefer to play as director of NM, a free electronic magazine, continuation of the Argentine fanzine *Nuevomundo*, founded in 1983 by the late writer Daniel Barbieri (Buenos Aires, 1951-2004), dedicated to spreading stories of science fiction, terror and fantasy written originally in Spanish.

Digital Magazine miNatura: Do you remember the first book you read?

The knights of King Arthur, in the yellow cover books of the Robin Hood collection.

Santiago Enrique Oviedo: That book immersed me in the marvelous, in the sense of honor and tragedy, which would then lead me to dive into Celtic culture and enjoy the universe of Tolkien.

Years later I read *The Death of Arthur*, Mallory, and I did not dislike those gentlemen who spent more time outside the armor than inside, when they received some Castilian in their abode.

Digital Magazine miNatura:
How was your first encounter with science fiction?

Santiago Enrique Oviedo:
Verne's reading of childhood. Bradbury in adolescence and later Lovecraft. Tolkien almost at the age of majority and then Cordwainer Smith.

From there, an eternal search for new authors.

Digital Magazine miNatura: Does *El Eternauta* mean anything to you?

Santiago Enrique Oviedo: The heroes of classic American stories were always athletic, intelligent and brilliant. When the stereotypes were left out, the

The heroes of classic American stories were always athletic, intelligent and brilliant. When the stereotypes were left out, the answer was the anti-hero, with a whole bunch of flaws and sometimes even ridicule.

***El Eternauta* introduces the novelty that in history the hero is a common character, with which anyone can identify.**

answer was the anti-hero, with a whole bunch of flaws and sometimes even ridicule.

El Eternauta introduces the novelty that in history the hero is a common character, with which anyone can identify.

Daniel Croci, the founder of Nuevomundo, was passionate about the work of Héctor Germán Oesterheld, before it was taken as an ideological symbol and, therefore, adored or criticized, according to who quoted it.

Personally, I like more the stories of *Mort Cinder* and then those of *Sherlock Time*.

Digital Magazine miNatura:

How many Argentine Science Fiction writers do you think remember Juan, the first Argentine astronaut, today?

Santiago Enrique Oviedo: In Argentina the space activity is not followed with much interest, except the news of impact of the moment.

We were one of the few countries that sent monkeys to space with their own means, but absurdly we do not give importance.

Nor to the fact that we are able to build nanosatellites, as an option to larger contraptions, which would be more onerous for our limited economy, because that would have to accept some success for the government on duty.

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That's on a general level. Perhaps it is the same mentality that determines that Argentines are more authors of fantastic literature or terror than CF hard.

Similarly, there was not much magical realism around here, unlike other countries on the continent.

Digital Magazine miNatura: What author would you recommend to a reader that starts in CF?

Santiago Enrique Oviedo: That, of course, always depends on the potential reader.

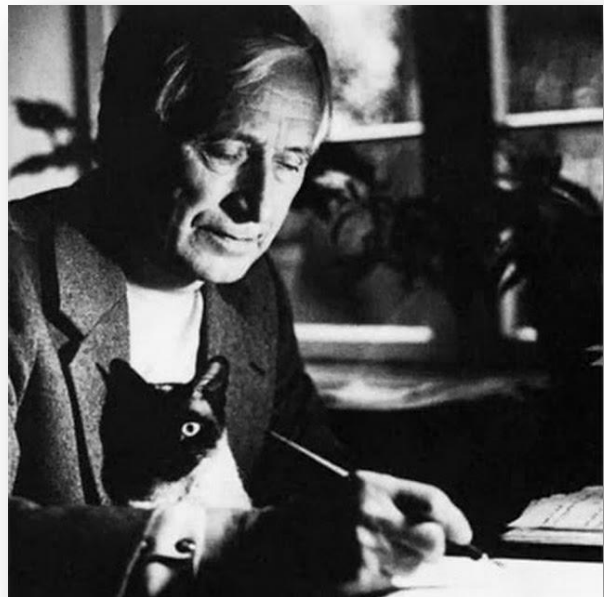
But basically, Philip K. Dick.
Also Fredric Brown.

If you are entering adolescence,
A magician of Terramar. If you are a
little older, Lovecraft and Abelardo
Castillo. Tolkien always. If you are
looking for something deeper, Ernst
Jünger.

I do not have much read from
the new authors of the genre, so my
recommendations usually go by the
classics.

By the way, always, the great authors of universal literature. Someone who
resists systematically reading CF is no worse, after all, than the one who does not
accidentally approach the mainstream.

Digital Magazine miNatura: Santiago, for those who do not know
Abelardo Castillo What could you tell us about him? What would you
recommend to us to get started in your work?



Ernst Jünger

Santiago Enrique Oviedo: He is an Argentine writer who develops both in the field of realistic and fantastic. He has excellent management of time and dialogues. The latter serve for retrospective scenes, because a phrase from a past conversation is hooked with the phrase of the present and vice versa.

Near our genre, we could mention the story books *Las panteras y el templo* and *El espejo que tiembla*.

Digital Magazine miNatura: If I name you Isaac Asimov in what food do you think and why?

Santiago Enrique Oviedo: In canned food.

Not one of my favorite writers, really. Or maybe it's not about him as a writer, but about the personality I had, that makes me not like me.

An example of egocentrism, to my liking, he once commented from one of his works that the original story had been published in a magazine that included a tale by such a "Cordwainer Smith".

Paul Linebarger excelled in imagination, literary quality and humility.

Digital Magazine miNatura: Santiago, imagine this situation. If you invited Paul Linebarger to dinner and he gave you the opportunity to choose the menu. What would they dine?

Santiago Enrique Oviedo: Roast duck and beer from Munich

In canned food [In reference to Asimov] .

Not one of my favorite writers, really. Or maybe it' s not about him as a writer, but about the personality I had, that makes me not like me.

Digital Magazine miNatura: Do you still have a future to speculate about the future?

Santiago Enrique Oviedo: As a genre, the SF, even despised, will not cease to exist, because it is a continuous speculation about the future from our present, even when it is nourished by the past, as in the case of the stream "steampunk".

If you can vary the quality of production, but it is up to the editors to raise the rod so that there is no repetition of trite themes, mastered by a cénacle of self-indulgent friendships.

In that sense, SF is always a challenge. An eternal wonder "what if ...".

Digital Magazine miNatura: If you randomly ask a passerby from Buenos Aires what science fiction novel has read or which author knows what do you think he would name?

Santiago Enrique Oviedo: Bet on *Martian Chronicles* as a play, and Bradbury in general

Digital magazine miNatura: How did you manage to run the magazine NM and what are the functions you perform in it?

Santiago Enrique Oviedo: At the beginning of the nineties Daniel Croci (real name of Daniel Barbieri) delegated the direction of Nuevomundo to me and I had to take care of the selection of the material, its ordering, to guide the layout and to resolve the differences of opinion of the team of Collaborators in case of discrepancies.

Years after the disappearance of that magazine, shortly after the death of Croci, I decided to revive the spirit of that fanzine and to launch a publication that served to spread the new Pan-Hispanic literature.

The cost calculations discouraged me from facing a paper project and opted for an electronic format, which allowed me to instantly reach anywhere on the globe.

After having lived the different stages of management of Nuevomundo (multidisciplinary team, collegiate body, one-person or democratic management and others), I opted for the system that I thought was most appropriate.

Consequently, I was in charge of contacting the authors, selecting the texts and correcting them, designing the publication, composing the magazine, generating the website and promoting it.

Eventually people came along saying that she had to do this or that thing and then she was challenged to carry out that proposal. Thus, for example, Barbara Din improved the graphical aspect and there are those who ensure that there is also a paper version.

However, the main part of the task is in my hands, seconded by Cristina Chiesa, who - besides supporting me as a wife - corrects the texts and gives me their opinion when selecting the material.

Digital Magazine miNatura: Do you think of Daniel Croci frequently?

Santiago Enrique Oviedo: He is one of the best friends I had and I consider that the word "amigo" must be used with great care.

In childhood and adolescence, some study partners are almost siblings and may last a lifetime, but they are imposed by circumstances.

When in adulthood an equal friendship is achieved, on the other hand, one is already free to choose with whom to meet and one must be very attentive with the generalizations of everyday language.

I have colleagues and many acquaintances, some of whom I appreciate a lot and others who deserve me a deep respect. Friends, on the other hand, are few and inspire me, because of it, absolute confidence. With the death of Croci and others, I have less and are never replaced, although some new may appear.

Digital Magazine miNatura: Santiago commented that you work with Cristina Chiesa, your wife, in NM magazine. Could you name a story or poem that reflects or defines an aspect of your relationship?

Santiago Enrique Oviedo: [*El Viajero*](#)
(NM 16)



Daniel Croci

Digital Magazine miNatura: Within the mainstream of literature, it is common (at least in Venezuela) the accusation that literary backscratching networks define the visibility of authors and it is also common to say that the literary world is limited To a conflict of egos. Based on your experience Does this play out in today's fantasy world?

Santiago Enrique Oviedo: Unfortunately, from what I have seen and lived, I am afraid so and I suppose it will be the same everywhere.

In a universe of writers and publishers broad enough, and with a market in tune, that would not be more inconvenient, but in areas limited like ours, the result is often against the quality of production.

Digital Magazine miNatura: Do you think the Ibero-American reader is still impervious to reading CF works by Spanish-speaking authors?

Santiago Enrique Oviedo: More than waterproof, reluctant. However, here in Argentina some small publishers are giving some space, which makes NM not feel so alone in its effort to disseminate these authors.

Digital Magazine miNatura: What steps should an author interested in collaborating with *Revista NM* follow?⁴

Santiago Enrique Oviedo: When you are already satisfied with the material, you only have to send it to the email address of the magazine: revistanm@gmail.com. If it was previously published, it is appropriate to report where it appeared, to include it in the credits.

The only requirement is that it be CF, terror or fantasy in the broad sense, written in Spanish. That is, fantastic pan-Hispanic literature

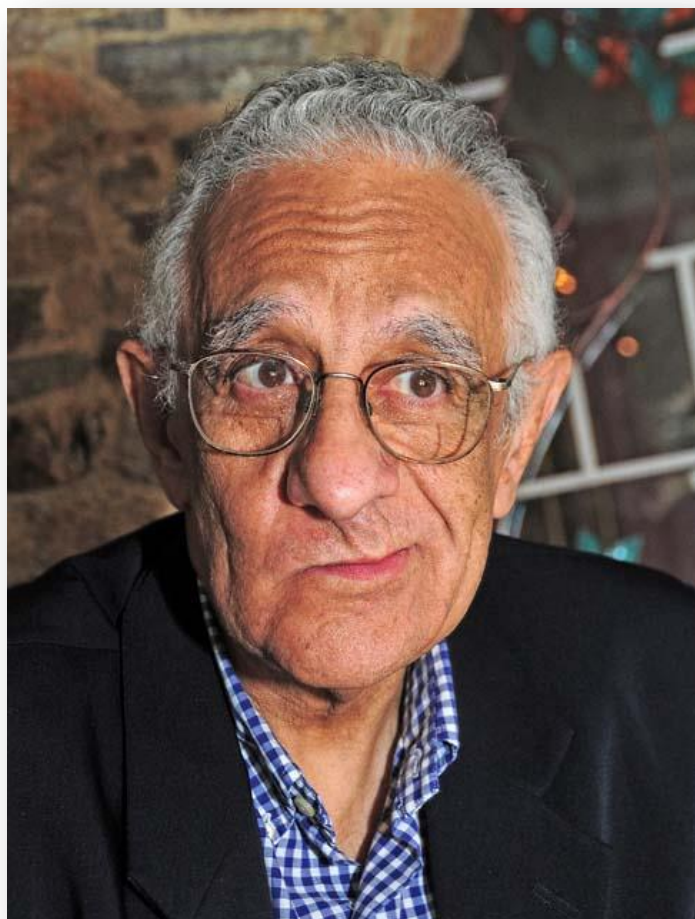
Digital Magazine miNatura: Do you know the work of a Venezuelan writer? What do you know about Venezuela's science fiction, fantasy or horror literature?

⁴ Unfortunately the digital magazine *NM* disappeared in May 2016. However, all that material did not disappear, because everything that was once in <http://www.revistanm.com.ar> can now be found on <https://sites.google.com/site/revistanm/>.

Santiago Enrique Oviedo: Unfortunately I know very little of the material of Venezuela; I barely read anything from Susana Sussmann. Most of the foreign collaborations for NM come from Mexico, Spain, Peru, Chile and Colombia. However, in n° 8 I published Ronald Delgado's "Replica" (which later served as the title for a collection of his short stories), and in Ephraim Gatzuz's no. 37 "Aerophobia".

I hope that in the not too distant future the proportion of Venezuelan authors increases.

Apart from that, a friend born there loaned me a few years ago some book from Otrova Gomas, which I found quite amusing. Beyond that, Venezuelan literature in general is a "terra incognita" and I fear that this happens for most of the Argentines



Otrova Gomas

Digital Magazine
miNatura: What did you think about the Santiago interview?

Santiago Enrique Oviedo: I appreciate your kindness with this interview, I really liked it. Some questions came out of the ordinary. I found this a real find. Thank you!

Thank you Santiago for giving us the time you spent to answer these questions and for the possibility of getting to know you a little more and the work you have been doing with NM magazine. From Venezuela we send good wishes to you, to yours, to NM magazine and fantastic Hispanic American literature.

About the interviewee:

Santiago Oviedo (Buenos Aires, Argentina, 1960)

During the 1980s, he collaborated with almost all Argentine fanzines of CF, as a writer, writer and translator, and by the 1990s he was a columnist in Fierro's comic magazine and director of the Nuevomundo fanzine.

In 2007 he launched the free electronic magazine NM, dedicated (like the disappeared *Nuevomundo*) to the diffusion of the fantastic literature panhispanica.



About the interviewer:

Richard Montenegro. Belonged to the writing of magazines Nostromo and Ojos de perro azul; Was also part of the staff of the University of Carabobo University of Torrential Culture magazine. He is a contributor to Li Po Group

blog: <http://grupolipo.blogspot.com/>. He is the author of the book 13 fables and other stories, published by the publishing house the Dog and the Frog in 2007 and 2008; Is co-author of Terrorist Anthology of the Li Po Group published by the same publisher in 2008, in 2014 of the ebook Worlds: Two years of Science Fiction and in 2015 of the ebook Three years walking together both books edited by the Portal Science Fiction. His chronicles and stories have appeared in Venezuelan periodicals such as: the weekly University Time of the University of Carabobo, the letter Reverse magazine of the newspaper Notitarde, the Venezuelan, Diario de Guayana and the newspaper Ultimas Noticias Gran Valencia; In the Spanish electronic magazines Alfa Eridiani, Valinor and Gibralfaro, Journal of Literary and Humanities Creation of the University of Málaga and in portals or websites such as the Spanish Science Fiction, the Venezuelan-Argentine Writer and the Colombian Cosmocápsula.



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Fellow traveler⁵

By Manuel Santamaría Barrios (Spain)

They say when the world was young, when men were beings linked to nature, they asked the Great Tiger to speak on their behalf to the gods. Humans feared the Last Trip, and wanted a partner to guide them down the great path. To grant them this boon, the Great Tiger showed up at the gates of the underworld. It was a dark and cold place, but his heart did not know fear. With his paw he banged on the gates.

"Who calls with such vitality where there is no life left?"

"I am the Great Tiger, open up. For I wish to speak to Nekra, the last abode, I come on behalf of men."

"Impossible! You are a feared carnivore and this servant, he is an undead, I fear the delicious smell of my rotten flesh tempts you. Strip yourself of your strength, and only then you will pass."

The Great Tiger dropped his golden skin, thus emerging the shadows' daughter, Kalim, whose descendants were thereupon known as panthers.

"Will you open the gates for me now, Undead?"

"Do you take me for a fool? In here you would be virtually invisible; Nekra would strike me on the spot. Strip off your strength or forget about the hearing."

Kalim shed his mantle, thus appearing the lynx. "And now, can I pass?"

"I would not object, but the road is too narrow and it is written that only two feet can touch the ground. You weigh too much to carry you; once I was young and powerful, but now only bones supported by magic remain of me."

⁵ Translate by Ricardo L. García Fumero

The lynx then dropped its last but one skin, leaving the cat--which had the intelligence of the tiger and the invisibility of the panther, but was light enough to be carried. Thus the

Great Tiger kept his promise to men. As a tribute the cat would never serve humans---they would share worlds, that of the living and that of the dead.



Letter to Marseille

By Juan Pablo Noroña (Cuba / USA)

...but enough about the ingrate. I must tell you of someone i met at Montsouris Park this Thurs-day. Le Douanier Rousseau, the one that year after year aspires to the Salon and hardly makes it to Les Indépendants, had with him the daughter of the Consul of Bonafide. From a distance she looked like any girl, though soon you see furry little paws under her organdy skirt and pointy little ears coming out of her bonnet. A doll! Barely talks, which is a virtue. I am told bonafideans start late, at 6 or 7;

must be glorious to live in that country. They were behind the Guignol, i ap-proached them, and right after Monsieur Rousseau's courtesies i struck a conversation. Read this slowly: the Consul has engaged the services of the painter because his daughter is the only cat able to see the world like us humans, in color, and he wants an artistic career for Tigrine, such a lovely name. Just then Monsieur Rousseau was showing her the kites other children were flying, and how their shadows on the green grass have a reddish hue. Unfortunately my talk was a distraction, and little Tigrine sprang in chase of the shadows of the kites. Not good for her dress. Monsieur Rousseau was so upset it moved me to console him by reminding him that cats will always be cats.

The concubine

By Violeta Balián (Argentina)

All the buzz was around my master, Osaki, the famous illustrator of geisha and cats by the window whose career was cut short by the incipient blindness that reduced him to paint only cats, just because he knew their shape by heart. And his deranged concubine, the beautiful geisha Kuro, who by all accounts pestered him relentlessly: 'I'm still beautiful yet you no longer paint me, Osaki, you don't love me.' In my opinion, it was the master's



indifference that made Kuro place her bitterness onto what she detested the most: the subscriber. My situation changed. Doors and windows were kept shut to prevent me from entering the house. The maid chased me away with her broom. Leftovers, as well as the meager sardines,

disappeared. Banished, I was forced to hunt. One day, I was wandering about in the garden when Kuro herself entrapped me and choked me to death. Wrapping my small body in a tatami she made a bundle of

sorts and tied it up a tree, next to the street. Bewildered, the neighbors noticed a cat's four legs and a pair of ears sticking out from the sack. Children threw rocks at it. But, embraced by the Merciful, I didn't suffer; all I could hear was my master's voice calling me to his side.

How had that wretched woman justified my absence! That I was a stray cat? In His Infinite Kindness, Buda graced me further with an incorporeal state. I went inside the studio and found my master weakened and disturbed. ‘Get to work Osaki, we need the money,’ she shouted. The bundle still hung from the tree. ‘Ugh! How disgusting!’ complained the maid as she watched a swarm of flies preying on it. They brought it down, and I manifested myself in the flesh. Horrified, Kuro

ran away and I went after her. She tripped, lost her clogs and in the fog, most unluckily, she took a turn into a dark passage that led straight into the foul waters of the Shimbashi canal. Days later, her body washed ashore. That night, sitting by the burning brazier the master said: ‘Neko, don’t go away. We’ll take that long trip together, you and I.’ Looking on the bright side, I jumped on his lap and cuddled up. The master, finally at peace, fell asleep at the soft sounding of my purr.

Through the Roose's eyes

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

Sondra Binning knew the secret after went through the barriers of the virtual reality in a winter night. She found out that virtual region, hidden to the common people, thanks to an avatar who said to be a friend from the cybergoth club to which she visited. Every virtual clubbers stand out by their usual ailuromania. They came from many cities around the world. In that region, built up by the new engineering of the information taught to the men by a weird AI, everyone could adopt the most bizarre forms. The catlike ones were the favorite. Sondra minded her

password and very soon found herself in that sanctuary. The moon was drew upon the eternal zenith of a midnight sky, in which a deep indigo blue seemed to picked up the hearts upward to the small stars shining around. The temple was roofless, and in the center, were the crowd gathered, there was a statue of the Goddess Bastet.

"Hi Sondra, welcome again to Neo-Eternal Bubastis, the city where rule our beloved mother Bastet," said the mysterious figure with a cat head who led her the first time through the virtual reality toward that eccentric place.

"I want to know who you really are. You say to be a friend from the club, but whom?"

"I'll unveil the secret. Everyone here lived a past life like a cat in the temple of our mother Bastet, even you. The virtual reality it's a gap for the elemental spirit of our race manifest itself as a spiritual universe taking a conscious form. I'm Roose,

your cat. In another time I was the priest that took care of your mummification. Look inside me..."

After those words, Sondra was absorbed. Through the Roose's black

face with white spots, her honey eyes got melt with his, unearthing a mystic past of feline glory, there, in the magical Egypt from the pharaohs.



The desire

By Diego Galán Ruiz (Spain)

'Please, my Lord grants me this wish.

Day after day I asked God the same desire, day after day was not granted me, but today would finally fulfilled my dream.

That disgust of life, tomorrow is Monday again and my monotonous life take its course I said aloud.

While still lamenting the phone rang, I picked it up quickly might be good news.

—John Speech, tell me.

His desire is on its way—he said nothing more and hung up.

My face was a poem, you could say they had just scare me, who had called? How did he know my desire?

All this is very strange, I'm sure this is a joke, it is impossible for anyone to know of my desire, I would not have told anyone, I must calm down and not think about it—I said to myself, then I decided to stretch on the couch to sleep.

Morfeo was not long in coming for me.

While sleeping I had a strange feeling, as if someone fuck me in his arms and fondle me like a pet caresses.

Wake Juan and enjoy your desire—the same voice that had scared me by phone he woke me up.

I opened my eyes, my wish was fulfilled, no longer would have to go to work, a being who had no face me in his arms, turned into a cat watched horrified to strange character.

—Take Advantage of your desire—said nothing more, then I leave it on the floor and left.

Miaow—I said.

Without a trace

By Patricia K. Olivera (Uruguay)

He wore dark glasses to protect the autumnal sunshine that bathed the square at that time of day. He had sat on a bench with her legs crossed and unfolded newspaper. He did not abandon the position or serenity when police cars began arriving with lighted alarms.

Immediately the environment was filled with onlookers who sought to

know the cause of such a display.

With a half-smile on his lips, trying to simulate the same astonishment that the rest of the people, he saw him leave with his usual elegance.

"Cute pussycat" he thought proudly.

It was no wonder, it took months to train him for that day; they would not find any incriminating evidence. Get collect substantial compensation when checked that his wife had disappeared without a trace.

He always knew that the diet of meat he had devised for his cat someday would be of great benefit to him.

The Cats Library

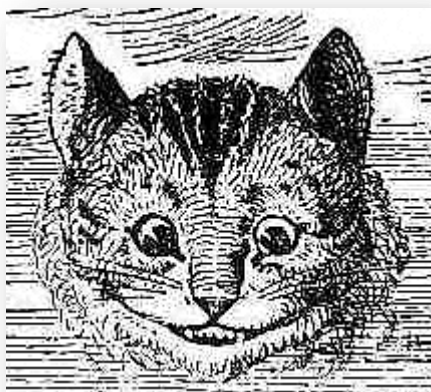
By Hugo Casarrubias (México)

The building was on the outskirts of Yumglin, the main town of Timberstirn and from there you could already notice the kind of place it was. The largest library on the continent that housed hundreds of volumes, encyclopedias, manuals, papyri, novels, etc. A wealth of knowledge, but from its construction to its abandonment cats never stopped guarding the last rooms where they kept hidden, forbidden, mystical books, those that only the magicians know its content. The Order Taurius (belonging to Timberstirn) did not agree that these volumes were kept in this building, especially by the cats as they were the guardians of forbidden knowledge

and thanks to them the library had to be abandoned altogether as well as guarded. These rooms could also protect her to death and anyone who would approach them was considered dead. The folklore of these creatures dictated this, and the magicians and sorcerers knew it, as well as they had a close relationship with the mirdion, guardians of the underworld. The first death happened as soon as the first curious came too close. He wanted to read "The Book of Eternity," the bible of the extinct and forbidden Orm Order written by its founder Urghus, but the destiny of that man became a very different one. No one knew how exactly it happened, but the witnesses who were close to these rooms mentioned terrifying cries. The Knights of the Internal Guard immediately went inside the building after being notified by a man who left the library quite frightened. Both men came to the place and could only see what little was left of that man near the forbidden volume. Suddenly hundreds of cats emerged from their

hiding places and showed their sharp fangs as a ghostly gleam rose from their eyes. From that day the building was immediately abandoned to its

fate, thus dictated by the Order Taurius or otherwise the cats would continue arming their infernal feast.



Cat eyes⁶

By *Lledó Martí Urrea (Spain)* y *Carmen Rosa Signes Urrea (Spain)*

‘Tomorrow, after 51 days, we will be able to take out the bandage. We are anxious to see the result’, the head of surgery seemed excited. ‘Be calm, Julia, this will end soon’.

Julia was 33 years old and she had a successful career as a top model, but in the latter years her success was decreasing. In this job, novelties are always vital to survive. She was used to live in grand style, and she refused to lose it, so she volunteered to the surgery. She knew that if the surgery was successful, the agencies would fight over her. Nobody could resist to the first woman with cat eyes. Over all the eccentricities that she was



offered to stand out again, that was the most appealing. She loved cats. The following morning, she was going to be reborn.

The night seemed endless. She tossed in bed, curling her up between the sheets, but Julia could not sleep. As soon as the sun scratched the blind’s slits of her room, the sleep took over her body. At eight o’clock, a nurse woke her up, the doctor was going to take the bandage out. Instantly the bandage disappeared from Julia’s eyes. When she opened them, everybody was amazed. Her

⁶ Translate by Lledó Martí Urrea

beautiful feline green eyes lighted her face up. She looked in the mirror and she even found difficult to recognise herself.

After some tests, the doctors verified that her vision was perfect, even better than before because she would not need to use contact lenses anymore. They gave her the all-clear and Julia went home. On her way, she decided to visit her agent. When he saw her, he said that everybody would

want to hire her. He was going to arrange interviews with the most prestigious magazines. She would be a star, the cat woman. But Julia was not pleased, she did not seem to be interested in that world. When she arrived home, her cat, Mout, was waiting for her. She cuddled the cat and fed her. While she was preparing the dinner, Mout meowed. Julia opened the window and they went out together to explore the night, from rooftop to rooftop.

The world and a window⁷

By Paulo Brito (Portugal)

It's raining. The cat, lying on the windowsill, stares hypnotized at the rainwater that runs down the glass. I pet its fur. As I watch the people on the street with an umbrella in their hand fighting the rain and the wind and getting soaked, I imagine how it would be nice to have a hot chocolate. I look at my cat and I feel like he understands me. Now, with a full cup of hot chocolate in my hand, I watch the people on the street, increasingly frustrated in the fight against the rain and the wind. What a difference a cup of hot chocolate

makes to see the world through a window - fantastic!

I don't understand why more people aren't drinking hot chocolate. The cat meows in agreement.

⁷ Translation by Mercie Pedro e Silva

A mew like the last death-rattle

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

The mew took over the sorrowful
dying hiss expelled by the neck
swollen of buboes of the inquisitor;
the human death-rattle was tear apart
by a mourning purr, uttered in the
deathly beyond ingrained in the fix
look of his eyes.

"Meowwwwwwww...!", the echo
travelled at the speed of the Black
Death that have just finish him.

"Vade retro satana!, may the blood
of Christ clean his soul from your
pest's blemish," exclaimed the monk
that improvised to him the last
sacraments. His trembling hand
grasped a worn out wood crucifix

while his nervous eyes went up and
down the black stained corpse.

"It's a curse," said another monk
making the sign of the cross and
sprinkling blessed water over the
corpse. "All the members of our saint
Catholic faith utter that satanic mew
at the moment of dying by the pest,
as if a cat's soul supplanted theirs...
hear those echo... It's a
pamdemonium!"

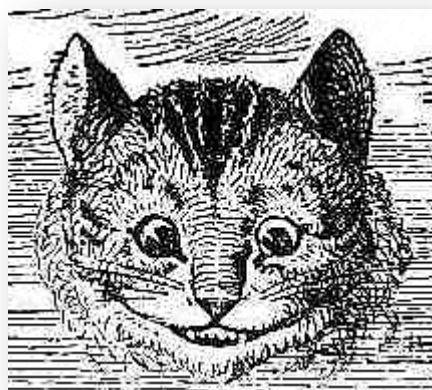
In that moment, the monk
remembered the bonfires from the
Saint John Nights in which him, along
the inert inquisitor by his side, burned
not only witches but also thousands
of cats. That blame-worthy
recollection was fixed too in the
memory of all the fanatics fleeing
terrorized from the mews expelled by
the victims of the pest.

A rat, frighten by the mew, got trap
between his legs. The monk shook it
off his cassock and then beat it.
Drove by a macabre feeling, he
followed it out the backyard of the
abbey where the chilling echo of the

dying mews ruled the night.
Thousands of rats flee terrified. A
sudden revelation enlighten his mind.

The monk opened his eyes. He
realized he was on a cart. His body

burn and his neck was swollen —the
Black Death! He raved: "The rats...
they're the true consort of the Devil,
not the cats... stop killing them... are
the rats... the pest...
Meowwwwwwwwww...!"



Witch

By Dolo Espinosa —seud.— (Spain)

Old Agnes was a witch, everyone in the village knew it, and as a witch she was visited and consulted by all the people. She was not really loved. Not respected. But at least he was consented and accepted, if only because they found her useful.

Then came the problems, those that always come to a town: drought, sick animals, some unexpected death. A series of chained misfortunes that immediately made people look guilty, and it was not long before they decided Agnes was to blame.

That's why they were there that cold and foggy morning, armed with

gallows and torches, sweeping through the rickety hut of Agnes and dragging the poor old woman who, frightened and confused, tried to protect her emaciated body.

In the midst of the commotion, there was only one point of stillness: Agnes's cat, sitting on the window sill, looked at all with notary solemnity.

Agnes looked at it with pleading eyes.

The cat looked at her without losing its stillness.

For a second it was tempted to save her, but that would have involved discovering itself, something that did not seem too convenient in that moment and place.

It was time to look for another human.

As the mob prepared the fire for Agnes, the black cat was lost in the shadows of the forest.

The Feline Seneschal Nu-We

By Pablo Martínez Burkett (Argentina)

And I seemed to find in its
necromancy a thing I had innately
known or inherited, and for which I
had always been vainly searching.

The whisperer in darkness, H. P.
Lovecraft.

We perceive the images of things but
not the things themselves while the
Admiral perceives them as they are.
So does Bastet, his cat. It is clear to
me that she lives in a dimension
where space and time are absolute
and her consciousness of the universe
lies in that immobile and eternal
perception. However, I am the Feline
Seneschal and I should know but no,
I do not. I have only a distant,
diffused suspicion. I will receive the
knowledge as soon as I am initiated in
the sacred mysteries and, after going
through the rigorous acts of



purification and denial, my soul finally nestles in a symbiotic animal. In the meantime, the Admiral follows her orders, all of them. And all Bastet has to do is spread one claw over the navigation charts for the ship to set sail to unknown latitudes. Thus we came to this remote frontier where the natives considered us gods. Their adoration bewilders me but both, the Admiral and Bastet, revel in it. So much, they are not even disturbed by the deaths that resulted from our conquest. Our need for the locals' extractive expertise was a good enough reason, they reckon. In exchange, we taught them the divinatory arts, the laws that govern the stars and the crops, the magic, and the funeral rites. Still, they were never satisfied. Many of the tribes felt oppressed and successive massacres failed to appease them. We fought them in battle and transgressed them. Despite it all, everything went wrong

for us. We mated with the daughters of men. An utter failure for our progeny is an aberration. And we quickly realized we were committing a blasphemy. If the Supreme One decrees it, there will be no expiation, much less, access to the ultimate knowledge. In the end, the enormous effort amounted to nothing. And now even Bastet seems uneasy as little is left of her quiet existence. The Admiral summoned us with urgency. He had received a directive: we must leave. In seven days time, everything will be swept away by a fabulous flood destined to bury the ingratitude of these perfidious beings. Although the ship's log registers that it was their entire fault, I know we are accomplices of our own immorality. My name is Nu-ah. I will now defect and set free an innocent people. My soul will never unfold into a cat and I rather prefer it this way.

The Hex Hypoxia's cats

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

Since long time the transhumanists had overstepped the limits of the human ethic when they did the first experiments mapping animal brains, looking for enhance their cognitive activity. The copies, stored in the information warehouses, made some notable progress in a wide range of rational skills. Later on that psychic activity was implanted in their biological brains, developing in them some qualities unknown till that moment.

Professor Herman Hollerith made test on cats; storing in his computer Hex, all their cerebral activity. His

laboratory got near a hundred to which he improved their intellectual dexterity to the point of developing strange psychic powers. One night he observed a telekinetic phenomenon. The AI, Hex, measured the mental energetic fields on one of the feline, comparing them to his friend Hypoxia who was connected to the mapping brain machine, when the electrodes flew in all directions. The animals' cages opened up shocking down the professor. His friend, a performance artist and gothic model, stayed connected to the cerebral machine several seconds, before got free floating out of the cylinder where she lied.

"Hypoxia, are you fine?," exclaimed Hollerith still lying on the floor.

"I'm a new being," she answered with a cat like candor in her white face; her eyes, feline and blue, seemed to speak telepathically to a parade of cats toying around her sexy body.

"I'm Hex Hypoxia, the great feline spirit —the personification of

voluptuousness," her voice stretched over the laboratory making the cats talk through her mind. Just then,

Hollerith found out that a new type of artificial intelligent had passed out the machine threshold.

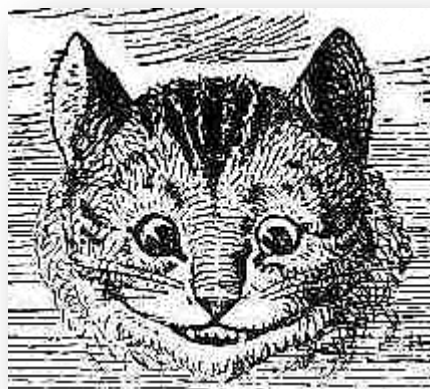


Sweet revenge

By Patricia K. Olivera (Uruguay)

He watched for days. Crescents in his eyes dilated and contracted when she followed her movements. The day

saw falling unconscious from one of those habitual drunkenness waited until the minutes turned into hours. When she became convinced that the woman did not move, she walked slowly and elegance. She smelt the woman and meowed affectionate before her small, sharp nails finally began to take revenge for the constant mistreatment of her mistress.



Do not blame a cat

By Nazareno Medel Carrillo (Chile)

Sitting in a corner of his room, he reminds him of little Sam, those tender eyes, the spatters attacking unsuspecting cords, the pranks he gave when he pursued Pintitas and Payasin their mischievous companions. They used to climb the apple tree and then sneak through the kitchen window, hide behind the furniture, and then attack some unattended leg. For a moment he smiles, thinking of the uproar that his mother made when he saw the three kittens sprinkling the remains of cake, a cake that he had eaten, and not to be discovered incriminated the trio of bandits. A guilty feeling invades him and his eyes get wet when he remembers how his mother reacted

with the playful gang. That afternoon was the first and only time that little Sam suffered a punishment that took him to spend his nights in the courtyard. With each night little Sam was more aloof, sometimes lost for several days, which worried them at first but knew by the owners of Payasin and Pintitas that they ran in their yards and sometimes went beyond the fences . As winter approached, they tried to enter the house again but the exile had become voluntary.

That night it snowed and the morning began with a telephone call, Payasín and Pintitas were lost. The families agreed to meet to check the boundaries of the nearby forest. When they arrived they saw prints and hair strands scattered around the place, began to call them, but there were no answers. The children burst into tears when one of the parents found the limp body of Payasin and beyond that of Pintitas; They did not find Sam's, but there was a trail of

blood in the woods. Since that day it did not stop snowing for several weeks and it was a cruel winter, but as soon as it started it ended and the spring came with extreme heat.

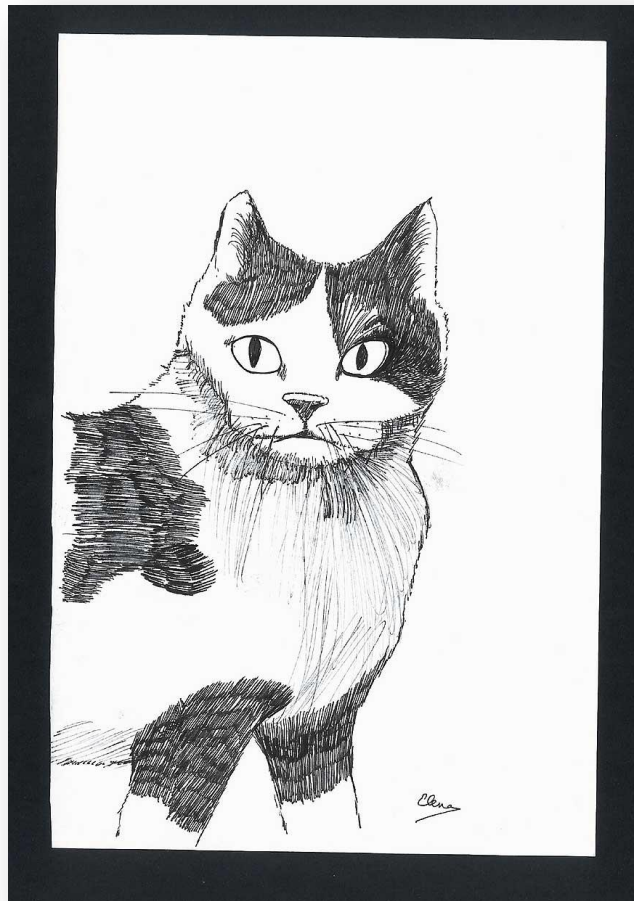
A burning sensation runs through his leg. I had entered the dining room and there Sam was chewing something, I could not believe he had survived the winter! But when he approaches to caress it is with the

empty look of his mother who lay on a pool of blood. Unmovingly he watches the scene until a scratch on his leg pulls him out of the trance and runs to his room. Curled up tries to understand what has happened; Suddenly the room is flooded with a scent of musk and mud, remember that in the morning he left his window open, he turns his head and sees how Payasín crouches watching him and savoring his fear.

Missed in the shadows of the night

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

My name is Snobol, I have more than a century and a half of life, although I do not know exactly the date of my birth. I've always had a young look ... too young for my opinion. Today I still retain the appearance of a child with slanted



eyes, very skinny, with black hair and matted ... a pariah anyone.

I have spent most of my life fleeing, especially from powerful and ambitious men. I was born with the gift of clairvoyance and the ability to

be a great prophet; my words become law when they are concretized in forceful facts. For that reason I have been persecuted, imprisoned and tortured when they have tried to obtain from me the answers that the

powerful want to know. That is how I lost three fingers of my right hand, when I refused to answer to a King the future of his mandate and the destiny of his kingdom. I have spent more time than I should have been a

human; but without my missing fingers, my other condition complicates my survival.

Soon I will return to my longed-for form of black cat, big, thin and with slanted eyes; that I always was. The great monarch who now governs in these lands, has the citadel full of posters offering a reward for my capture. He is about to die and his kingdom to perish under the flames of enemy fire, his eldest son and captain of his army will be massacred and his family murdered with cruelty. But history has a course to follow in the relentless timeline; So the fact that

I am captured and forced to tell you what will happen to the Monarch will not change the course of things, fate always imposes itself and enforces its right to exist in one way or another.

So when night comes I will melt into their shadows and become one of them. After all, they are looking for a boy who plays and wanders in the narrow streets of the citadel flooded by the sun and not a skinny, black and lame cat that lives lost in the shadows that night tends on him. That has always been my strength and also my weakness: I was born a cat man.

Skin color

By Diego Galán Ruiz (Spain)

Why they killed my brother, his only
crime the color of their skin.

When will this senseless slaughter,
when stopped chasing us, to kill us
when?

We have not learned anything from
the past, thousands of years of
evolution and why, to return back to
the beginning.

The day he died it seemed the
beginning of a new era, a liberation,

but none of that, we fell into their
same mistakes, only evolve to be like
them, act like them. A breakthrough
for our race finally did not help, but
we would have been better to stay in
our old way.

Without them our existence seemed
totally assured, no longer were in
danger. Now after 3000 years of the
extinction of the human race, black
cats, a sign of bad luck, bad omens
for these despicable beings, we have
become cats second, beleaguered,
despised and killed by white cats, who
could imagine a scourge of racism
humans, it would also be a curse for
the new breed of cats evolved.

The cat

By Daniel Antokoletz (Argentina)

Every time I look up, he's sitting there. He watches over me. The slow movement of the tail tells me that it isn't a statue. When I cut the grass, I feel his gaze on my back.

"Go away!" I throw a stone to it. He doesn't even flinch. I only hear the curse of my neighbor because the projectile fell in his yard.

Sitting there, it looks like an extension of the wall. His silhouette terrifies me every moment.

I don't drink "mate" in my garden, I can't rest in my room, the grass grows uncontrolled... If at night I see thru the curtain, I can see the two lights of his eyes.

"Son. What you see, is a daemon from the afterlife sent to carry dead people". Says Maria, the rabble of the town. "If he's looking at your house, something serious will happen here."

The doorbell rings. He's my neighbor.

"Good morning, Roberto." I say, glad to receive someone.

"Not so good." He says. "If you keep throwing things into my garden, I'm going to call the police." Shows me a stone and put it in my hand. "If you're crazy, throw the stones yourself."

He don't finish listening to my apologies. He goes out.

I heard it scratching the roof. An uncontrollable trembling grips my body. In the upper drawer, it's my father's old Colt 38. I go out into the garden, and it's there. I shoot. And shoot. And shoot. And shoot. I smile. The shadow disappeared. When I turn, a new shadow appears on the wall. I fall on my knees. Then another

appears next to it, and another, and another, and another...

I look at the gun hanging from my hand. He still has one bullet left.



The island of the cats

By Jaime Magnan Alabarce (Chile)

It was not until five years after the arrival of the first "cargo", to learn the real dimension of the subject ... Until then, in the middle of the 20th century, the small island of Fujima came to contain a population of about 900 inhabitants. Its port was the capital of the department, the most remote of the Oji Province. Fujima was composed by a good amount of farmhouses and farms, dedicated to agriculture. As the population grew, the island was considered an important point of supply, increasing the number of berths. No one saw this unusual port activity with a bad eye. No one issued the necessary

ordinances. Soon the bad hygienic practices of the sailors wreaked havoc. Then came a great invasion of rats that ravaged barns and tents. At the risk of creating a huge famine and the black plague, the city council decided to import huge quantities of cats to eradicate the problem. Such was the success of the crusade that, in half a decade, the problem was solved. And as usually happens with the solutions, it was considered that the felines were no longer necessary and had to be disposed of. Cats had begun to multiply and, as there were no rodents, the ecological balance was threatened, forcing the municipality to exterminate all cats on the island. When the carnage began, the felines fled to the countryside. As food became scarce, cats began to incorporate animals into their diet and then humans. Thus, infants, children and old, the weakest, were the first victims. Then they would attack any human in furious layers. Local police attempted to do something, but the meager contingent and lack of

resources, did not succeed. When the cats began to stalk the vicinity of the port, the population fled in terror. Since then, the island was at the mercy of the felines. And there they still live. Now the ships elude her, and when they snake their coasts, there is

a disturbing mewling, carried by the wind. There is an unwritten law that prohibits landing in Fujima; although sometimes the unwary who decides to visit it. We have never heard anyone come back.



Superstition

By Dolo Espinosa —seud.— (Spain)

That black cat suffered so much
with its fame to cause bad luck that,

one day, it decided to paint some
parts of its body of white color. Since
then it is much happier: people no
longer run away to see it and it can
continue to distribute bad luck calmly
wherever he goes.



Tycho⁸

By Iván Mayayo Martínez (Spain)

The impressive shape of Earth Seven hovers heavily over Tycho, capital of the Seventh Moon. The eternal presence of the planet, once a menace for nekos (the moon inhabitants, biped human—sized cats with huge forked tails), has become pure scenery before which the Parliament of Order performs its daily farce.

Inside an office bathed in blue light, seeping from outside, Minister Amara watches a projection with a puzzled expression on her face. A big albino neko with green eyes is sitting in front of her; he speaks the common language with a slight accent.

— As you can see, Madam Minister, the subject not only concerns the

lunar Government. Corruption, thinking beings trafficking, drugs... Everything leads us to the source of rottenness: Earth Seven, The Chancellor and all the ministers. Order is crooked. The Great Mother knows well.

— Why me?

— Despite your humanity, let us say that you are our best option.

— And what if I refuse?

The neko operates the player once more. His tail moves in an enthusiastic way, he smiles at her and bares his fangs.

— Sweetheart, this is for your eyes only

The minister stands up in silence when the projection ends and then heads to the door.

— Take heart. We attend the beginning of a profitable partnership. Have a good night... Madam Chancellor.

⁸ Translated by David Mayayo Martínez and Iván Mayayo Martínez.

Instinct

By María Victoria Vázquez (Argentina)

Since the woman from the floor above ours died, her cats wouldn't stop complaining.

The moans were annoying, they torn the air apart, but what overwhelmed me the most was that they were so similar to my baby's crying.

Finally the Animal Control people came. I had been left in charge of the animals so I gladly signed the authorization to put them down.

Sometime after that, the cats returned. I thought they would be already dead by then.

First I bumped into one, then others appeared, until they completed the couple dozens of felines the old lady

managed to collect while she was alive.

I would wake up and see them on the window sill. They had changed. They were extremely skinny. Their fur was dull and messy. Maybe they had been drugged in captivity for their eyes were no longer green or yellow: they had a venous tinge, they irradiated a reddish light that would make their looks more intense, more powerful. I could notice that even during the nights: those red glimmers could pierce the curtains, always fixed in me.

I decided not to feed them, to wait until they left. I talked to the rest of the neighbors and they agreed, although the cats didn't seem to harass them as much as they haunted me.

The apartment where the animals had lived was empty, I assumed they wouldn't stay there without food. Their carnivorous instinct would eventually take them somewhere else.

One night in the middle of my sleep, I heard the moans again, that piercing and guttural crying, that sounded as if born in the abdomen and sharpened through the throat. Or maybe it was just my child who slept in the room next door.

I got up, not completely awake yet, and went over there barefooted. My

feet touched something sticky. I turned on the hall lights and saw a deep red liquid mixed with regurgitated fur balls that came from my baby's room. More of it dripped from the cradle.

The window was open. Everything was silent. I couldn't even manage to scream.



Clone cats

By Julieta Moreyra (Mexico)

The cats of Mrs. Cheshire are, again, on the balcony. They're a couple of plushy kittens that stare at me with their metallic eyes of emerald that jam together at the twilight afternoon, seeing with a synchronic blink. In that instant, they begin a cycle that defines their simulacrum of life: a blink, a yawn, a blink, a meowing. Then they give a number of little steps at the edge, a feat of acrobatics, and that stretch and loosen very typical of cats.

The final act ends when the cats polish their perfect golden hair.

These clone imitations and other cybernetic trinkets are the only things that can endure rarefied environmental. Every afternoon, I can't desist to contemplate that spectacle with unique fascination, maybe because it is a reminder of our human futility, because of the boredom, because of the course of time: the longing of the last trace of a life of freedom, out of the capsids, when we can breathe clean air and the sun behave benevolently. Now, life is an artificial spectacle.

Those cats make me realize that, when our last colony perish, they will kkep doing that dance, again and again.

A crisp meow sounds in the nighttime silence

By Salomé Guadalupe Ingelmo (Spain)

This cat always knows under what tree is in it's interest to get. It shall become vizier.

Terenci Moix, *The Blind Harpist*.

The Egyptologist, accustomed to the cries of the old building, immediately distinguishes the call of the beast. A stray cat must have sneaked into the building again. The watchman probably has left a window open. “*Maledetto micio*”. He puts his glasses on the desk and jaded, leaves his books. He is about to go in search of the intruder. Naturally these activities do not fall within his sphere of responsibility, but he prefers to waste his time taking charge personally of the matter instead of finding some indiscreet excrement at the wrong place later. “*Se vuoi una cosa fatta bene,*



falla da te', he repeats the phrase so often heard in his father's mouth.

He barely has time to distinguish the object into which he stumbles.

However he hears the familiar creak of the stiff bandages. The smell of resins with which it was embalmed reaches his nose. His rational mind rebels against. He opens his mouth to articulate a reproach interrupted by the brutal fall. During the flight, his face—frozen in a last grimace of horror—looks back and finds that it is indeed true.

At the foot of the stairs lies the body of the archaeologist. His neck, broken, adopts an impossible angle. The corpse stares out the window at a round and huge moon like the moon that watched him from heaven in Biban el-Harim.

Once the police leave the museum, the watchman collects the mummy from the ground.

“It's a new piece, discovered by the deceased. Last night he was cataloging it. It must have slipped out of his hands while he lost his balance and fell rolling. As a posthumous tribute to him, it will be exhibited immediately,” director mutters sadly.

The eyes of the feline, hieratic as when it was alive, shine victorious in its empty sockets. The cat finally regains its prominence. After being stripped by the excavators of toys buried with it in order to make more pleasant the eternity, the cat, the favorite of the queen, the owner of a large catlike harem, an appreciated stallion whose only duty consisted in sleeping, gaining weight and generating kittens, even reduced to dried salted tuna, has obtained its revenge.

Felina Black

By Patricia Mónica Loyola (Argentina)

The ships were already enlisted to invade, only missing the order of Felina Black.

The emperor (a Bombay cat) while liking his whiskers whispered.

—I want all livers shaped like a hearth.

Felina Black smiled, with a very sensual purr she whisper in the emperor ears.

—Soon the Earth will be devastated and humans beings will be a tasty memory.

She pressed the red button, starting the countdown 3...2...1



The watcher

By Dolo Espinosa —seud.— (Spain)

The cat looks at him, standing on the table, so still, that at first he confuses it with one of the curious figures with which the old woman has filled the house. The cat yawns and moves the long tail lazily while still looking at it.

The man watches the clock for the umpteenth time. Restless. Anxious. The damn cat starts to make him nervous and the old woman does not come out. He had planned everything to the millimeter but nothing is coming out as he expected. It was simple, entering pretending to be a customer of the old witch, beat her, kill her and cut her in her own bathtub.

Just as he had done with other lonely, stupid old women.

But until the stupid client she was attending was gone, he could not do



anything.

And the cat looked at him. No blinking. Without meowing. Without doing anything else to observe.

He rose from his chair and, to calm himself, began pacing the room, wiping sweaty hands on his jeans.

The cat, not moving from its place, followed it with the glance.

Something grazed his legs, and as he looked down he saw another huge cat slip between them, then a mew make him lifted his head: on one of the furniture, four cat—eyes looked at him. Suddenly, that room had been filled with felines what emerge out of nowhere. On the chairs, under the

table, on the small sofa on which he had been sitting...

Cats that watched him, followed him ... and began to corner him.

When the old woman appeared at last, her visitor was barely a heap of bleeding, trembling flesh moaning under a blanket of cats.

—Oh! —she exclaimed cheerfully—
I see that you have found your food!
Enjoy, my little ones, enjoy!

And the purring cats continued to press their sharp teeth into the bloody mass that moaned for help.

LOCATION: Center of studies on the behavior of the troop.

INFORM: Colonel Emerson G. Hatton.

Agent Flegr

By Carmen Rosa

Signes Urrea

(Spain)

I thought I could explain some of my strange behaviors, which are not beneficial to me but they are for the parasite that needs a new guest.



Jaroslav Flegr

Yesterday we suffered an attack on our facilities. Little or nothing could be saved from the laboratory after those animalists, skipping all the security barriers, reached their target by fulfilling their threats. They destroyed all the equipment, emptied the refrigerators, disabled the

machinery and released the animals. I imagine they were trying to erase the traces of our experimentation rather than save those cats that were soon destroyed by our boys.

REPORT 36/5592-J24

DATE: July 10, 2024.

As a result of this action and the obvious daring of the attackers, I am pleased to communicate the success of our project. The total certainty that the agent Flegr has been synthesized, and that, as we had already anticipated, the *Toxoplasma gondi* that lives with the cats and is transmitted through their feces, is able to control the will of the infected in such a way That in the process, and due to the slowing of the reaction time, they are exposed more, making the subjects no less than in beings able to risk boldly without calibrating

the consequences because it also diminishes their sense of responsibility. Unfortunately for the animalists we had entered the phase of experimentation - not animal - prior to the emission of our conclusions.

CONCLUSIONS: We are therefore ready for mass production and sending it to places in conflict in which, once all subversive elements have been infected, the possibility of failure against the enemy has been reduced by more than 85% due to Above.

Second life

By Jaime Magnan Alabarce (Chile)

Kneeling before me, he looks at me through his eyes flooded with tears. His expression of pain and impotence puzzles me, makes me doubt whether to continue this transfiguration or not. The process to a new life, the second that I will experience in this plane, is not without pain either. It was not difficult to disguise the cause of my death: a furtive exit to the street at the precise moment that a truck was crossing. All very well calculated. The perfect setting. The physical pain that comes to this charade is nothing compared to the suffering experienced by the man in front of me, become a child. However, the Great White Cat, our custody of the faith, has dictated its

will: it is time to leave this body and this human who believed to be my master, although in reality was my slave. Because what he ignores, like the rest of his kind, is that we, who are called cats, are not originally from this planet. When we came to this, thousands of years ago, we tried to establish our ancient civilization and it was only with the Egyptians with whom we lay our foundations, but the bellicose idiosyncrasy of this world disrupted our plans, condemning us to exhaust our seven lives, and in the future Next conquer humans. Plan that, little by little, we are concreting. Who could suspect adorable pets like us?

Pain dies, like this life. I close my eyes and there is nothing left. The transition is wonderful, psychedelic colors and images of existence in our world destroyed by a comet, complete my feedback ... Now I start my second life.

On my first foray into another cat, I visited my former slave. My game is

still crying, that already a week. I want to get closer to adopt it and repeat the story, but the Great White Cat appears forcing me to follow my purpose. Behind is the man sitting on a step in the garden, caressing an

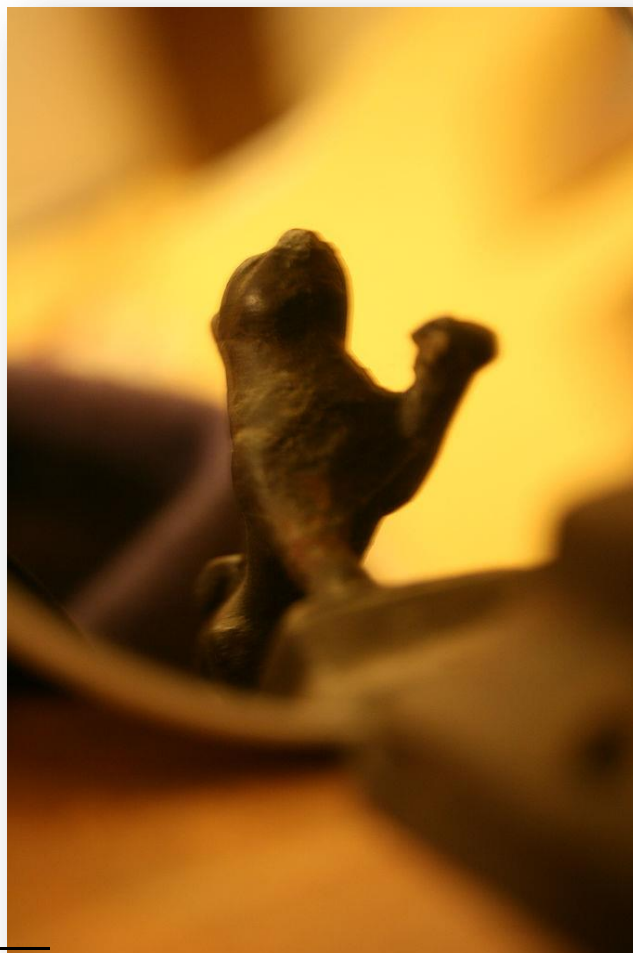
absurd toy with which I entertained. I'm sure I'll miss him. I hope that when we conquer this planet he no longer finds himself, I would not want to have to blind him the only life he has.



Cats know things⁹

By *Lucas Berruezo (Argentina)*

Almost nobody can deny the fact that cats know things. The man always guessed so. That is the reason why in the ancient Egypt, pharaohs were buried with their cats, so that these animals would “guide” them to the other world. That is the reason why, in the Middle Ages, it was believed that witches copulated with the devil, who had the shape of a cat. That is the



reason why currently, in the middle of the 21st Century, there are still those who are suspicious of black cats. I once heard that a woman cured of a breast cancer only because her cat spent hours licking the area where the tumor was located. I also heard that the same cat died from cancer shortly after that.

Has any of you ever seen a cat in a funeral? I would bet that you have not. Anyone can remember an old stray dog looking for strokes or

sleeping somewhere around, or one or two birds flying up or down to eat anything but cats... no, cats do not attend funerals. At least, not in full view.

I happened to see a cat in a

⁹ Translate by Yanina Pandullo

dark room of a funeral home. I saw it but I wish I hadn't. I was alone. We have been asked to leave the place so as to move my uncle's body to the town cemetery. But I had to go back because I had forgotten my jacket on one of the leather chairs in the room. Therefore, I entered the room at the same time as a grey cat, which was seeping through one of the windows of the back garden, full of plants. My uncle's body was still there, waiting for the coffin to be sealed.

The cat saw me and was about to run away but it suddenly realized that I did not pose a threat. The cat approached the coffin, which was still

open, and suddenly jumped into it. How may I explain what I saw? How could I not go mad? How could I say that my uncle began to shake and he was unable to open his eyes and mouth due to the glue on his body? How may I explain that the cat moved on the frantic body, approached its mouth to my uncle's nose and remained in that position until there were no more movements, after which the cat left the room from where it came, without even looking at me?

Cats know things. Things that we do not know. Things that we'd better not know.

Bad idea

By Alfredo Ojeda Torres (Chile)

Cats are like the fox of "The Little Prince", they watch you, they talk to you with their eyes, with their catlike movements they try again and again your willpower, your unreal feeling of superiority.

If they stay by your side it is not because you have achieved something, it is because he, she... tamed you.

That's why when that cat came in through the window that I left open unattended at night and I waited in the kitchen with meows of feigned appreciation, I kicked it out and then I went to work as if nothing. Bad idea not to have killed the shot, not to have thrown it by the garbage incinerator... because there it was, at

night waiting for me. I finally gave in and let myself be seduced by his purring of Judas.

His comings and goings, especially in August, soon tired me. One night I caught him in a cage, a company that was not easy, and I took him the next morning to the vet to castrate him...

Bad idea. If he showed signs of change in his character, he lay down at the foot of the bed. I took my sleeping pill and switched off the light. I dreamed of black cats that surrounded my bed, with a leading cat that climbed on my chest and scratched me... wanted to wake up but could not. The nightmare grew and grew in anguish. The cats clawed at me, meowing madly around me. And the lead cat would not let me move. Cats and more cats penetrated the windows, the doors, fell from the ceiling. The leader cat looked at me with terrible anger... I had to wake up!

The cry attracted the neighbors. I tried to get up but pain prevented me... The neighbors, half dressed,

knocked the door, shouted, called half the world... I did not understand the blood in my bed, I could only try to understand what had happened.

They took me to the nearest hospital while the cat, in a still dark corner of my room, tasted, unperturbed, the last remnants of my testicles.

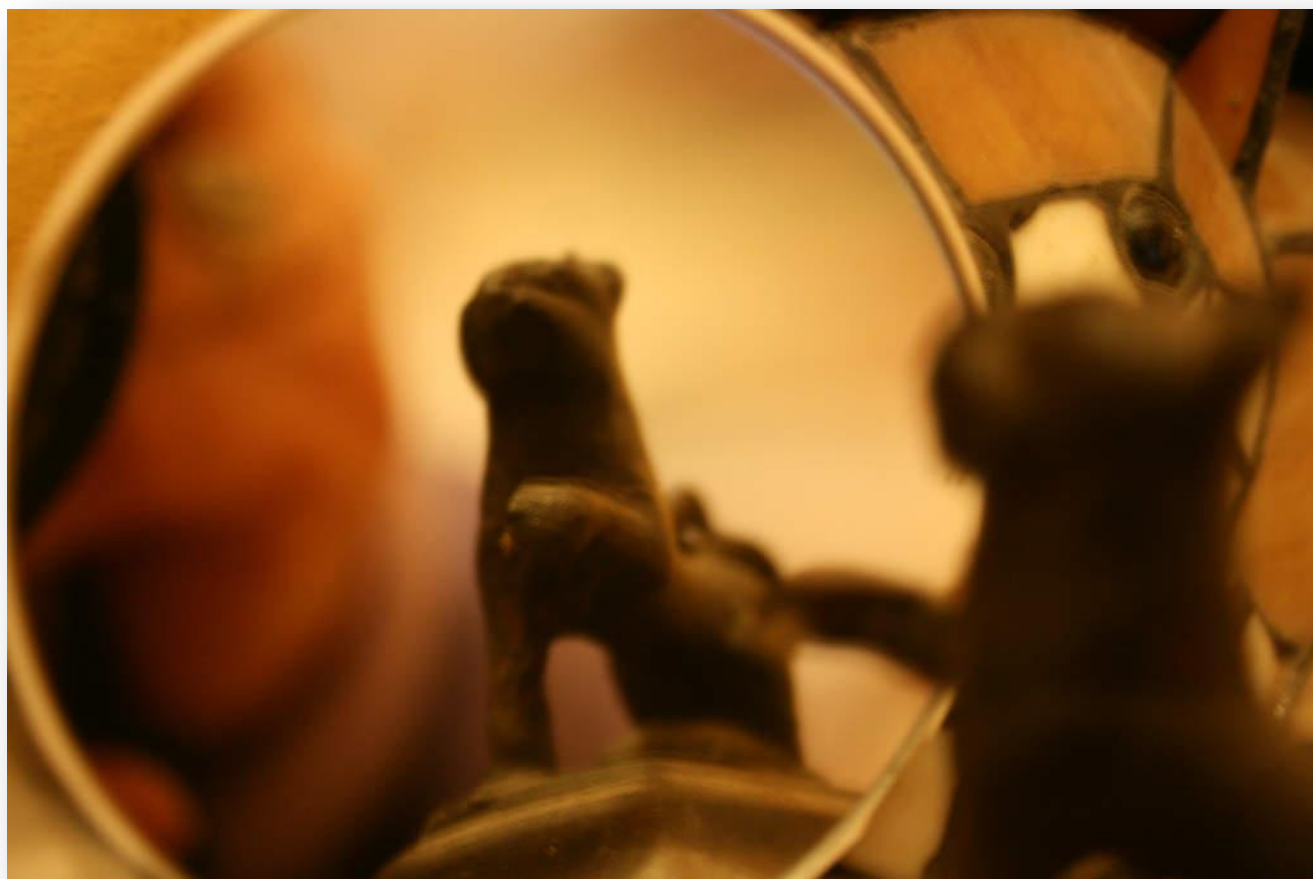


The cat and the moon

By César Melin Matamala (Chile)

He did not know where he slept.
Whenever he came to dawn, he
meowed with a melancholy timbre,

scratched the doors by jumping softly
through the windows. However,
today I did not wake up. I got up as
usual, drowned in my reality,
transposed with ideas and notions. I
turned to the outside, quite naturally I
moved along the path remembering
milimetrically where to put my legs. I
approached the canelos where my cat
usually played and found it there. I
was still, I looked into his eyes, inside
they reflected the green of the grass
stained with dew, an incredible
mixture of colors. I worried and could



not imagine anything, the cat began to meow, spoke to me in a strange, ancient language, so ancient, I felt it. He seemed to scold me in a warm tone with the softness and firmness that only grandparents have. "Brother cat", I said, "you who descend from great hunter monsters, masters of the shadows, you have come into my life in the midst of my torments. Son of lightning and sun why do you blame me in front of my tree and my moon? Have not I been faithful to you in the summer? "I was rude and contemptuous. The cat, with a stern gesture, looked at me, his quiet eyes alienating the silence, jumped up

among the branches singing and mewling. "Here you buried my grandfather and my father, the shadow of the tree gathered their memories, the remaining atavisms grew on the edges of the roofs. Tomorrow I will run to the river to fight with death, scratches on the back, ridicule of the dogs lame and sarcasms of the rough man, labrador of port exploits.

The cat came down from the branches and ran to its exit in the old gate. I fell to the ground and realized that my problems are mine and nobody else's.

The robot cat and the girl with the sad eyes

By J. Daniel Abrego (Mexico)

The feline became alert. The atmospheric pressure indicated by the holographic barometer was of 600 hectopascals.

This wasn't precisely good, so he set off on his way to home, it was imperative to communicate his partner that a tropical depression with a high thermal impact was approaching to them.

He climbed with dexterity over the titanium fence and skilfully dodged the solar batteries that provided energy to the sowing drones.

As soon as he entered to the rickety steel plate house, a sweet caress came over him. His loyal companion, the girl with the sad look, smiled to him with one of her classic grimaces.

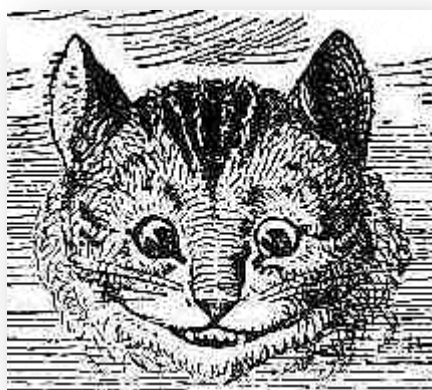
The cat allow her to rub his brilliant tungsten back, and then emitted a curious and incessant whine very similar to a real purr.

The little girl put her hands over her cheeks to show surprise, and without expressing a single word, she headed to the threshold of the housing. Then she blinked two times and the sowing drones left their jobs in the beans field to return to the hangars. After this, she rubbed her own nose with the left hand, and then a huge turbine emerged from the center of the greenhouse, aiming directly to the skies.

An awful clatter filled the place, triggering that the metallic feline jump to the arms of the little girl. The black clouds approached to the farm quickly, so the funny couple entered to their home without doubting and

then they took a place in front of the solar chimney. They huddled under an electric blanket and stared through the window with hope.

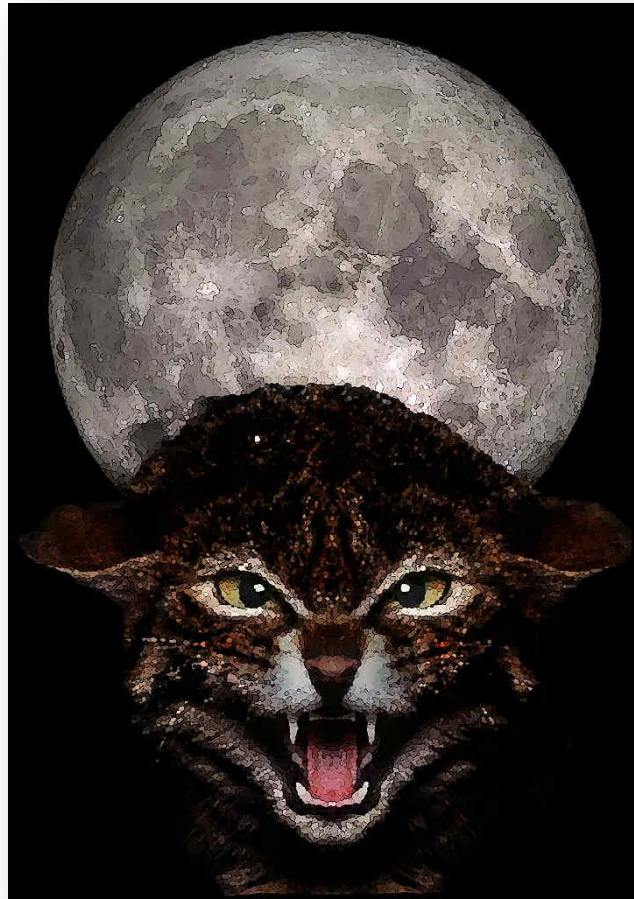
At last, after so many months, the acid rain that they were looking forward has finally arrived.



The Seven Lives Of The Cat

*By Patricia
Richmond —
seud.— (Spain)*

We insomniacs
live at the edge
of insanity:
under the weight
of exhaustion
when we have to
be awake and
the burden of
wakefulness
when it's time to
sleep. It's been so many sleepless days
that I see everything in black and



white, with no strength to focus on
reality, allowing routine to carry me. I
could stay like this, tiptoeing through
life, if it weren't for that damned cat. I
find it everywhere, mocking me,
walking agilely and elegantly before

me, throwing my
clumsiness and
bewilderment in
my face.

But it's not
very clever. I've
already killed it
in six different
ways. This time
it'll be the last...
I'll wait for it to
appear, close my
eyes really tightly
and I'll take all
the red pills. I

know it'll leave forever like that and
I'll be able, at last, to sleep.

MYTHOLOGY AND LEGEND OF THE CAT

By Tomás Pacheco Estrada (Mexico)

The cat, that quadruped and furry animal has stories from the world of mythology and legends. But let me be a Kot Bayun to tell them, which is a cat of Russian folklore, able to cure any disease if they caught it but it was difficult and complicated as Kot Bayun defends telling endless stories that numb the hunter to kill him. So start telling them that in

the Bible the cat does not appear but they say that in the ark of the flood, when Noah noticed that there was a plague of mice that were running out of food, Noah asked God for help and he told him to caress three times The head of the lion, when the fierce sneeze, two cats emerged from their noses that gave solution to the problem. In ancient Egypt, the cat

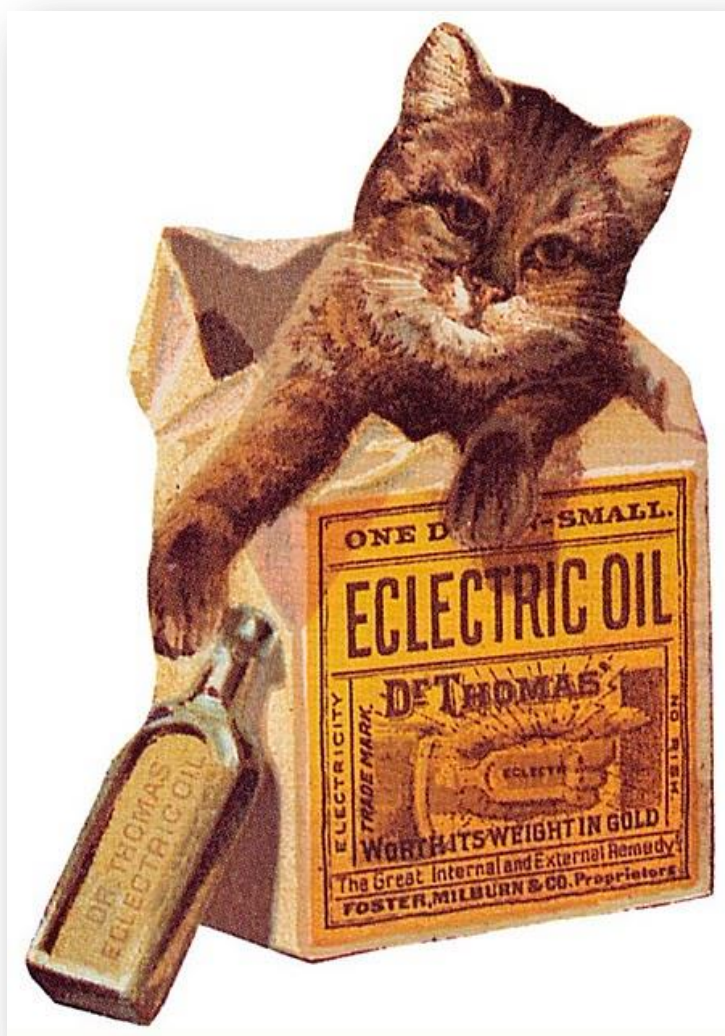
was worshiped as a god because it protected the harvest from rodents. When a cat died, the family mourned by cutting their eyebrows and then embalmed the cat by being mummified. In addition they had a goddess called Bastet, had the form of cat domestic or woman with cat's head, being protector of the harmony, the happiness and of the pregnant women. The Egyptians surrendered to the Persians when they put cats on their shields, since the Egyptians preferred to surrender rather than injure one of those animals considered sacred to them. In the Norse mythology there was an event, one morning, Thor was rebuked by Freyja for



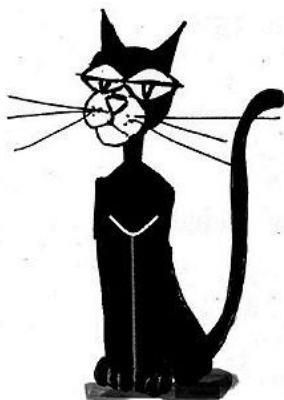
awakening him from his sleep, the god of thunder went on his way when listening to some songs and investigating the origin of the melodies. Thor discovered that they came from the nest of some blue cats, cared for by their father, who also sang: Sleep, sleep, my dear little ones. The god of thunder asked him to finish singing the lullaby, said he would do it if they took their children to a woman to take care of them, this said that if, but the father asked for a high status. Thor was annoyed, feeling offended, threatening him but the older cat pulled out its claws to turn into a bird and fly away. Thor took the blue kittens to Freyja, who was delighted with the gift that from then on the cats would always accompany her in her carriage. Being a Kilkenny cat is a popular phrase used to describe a man who fights fiercely, legend has once had two cats who fought so fiercely to death that only their tails and nails remained. So says the song: "There were once two Kilkenny cats / Each thought there was a cat over / So they fought and fought / And they scratched and bit / Until (except their nails / and the tip of their Tails) / instead of two cats there was none left! This is the familiar cat, which is a demon that takes the form of a black feline. When a man or woman made a pact with the devil he became a witch or sorcerer, a devil would give them to be his guides in doing and evil. The Jólakötturinn is a monster of Icelandic folklore, also known as Yale cat, a huge feline that attacked people who did not receive new clothes before Christmas Eve. In the East in Japanese folklore there are terrifying cats like the Bakeneko, a cat that passed the hundred years of life, with a long tail; Could speak, walk upright, able to fly and change shape. Devour humans to transform themselves into them and steal their identity. Another sinister being is Kasha, an anthropomorphic being with a cat's head and a tail of fire, riding in a fiery carriage, stealing the bodies of newly deceased, who have not yet been buried, but the sinners ripped their souls to take it away to the hell. Also we have the Nekomata or cat of forked tail, is similar to the Bakeneko only that differentiates because its tail was divided in two, the Nekomatas are able to animate and control

the corpses as if they were puppets and a cat to become Nekomata must Drink human blood or feed on a human corpse and also that cat could be transformed into a beautiful woman.

The Splinter Cat or chipper cat is one of the creatures from the tales of Wisconsin and Minnesota. This creature has the hard head that it uses to break the trees and to throw them to the ground, it does in which there are bee honeycombs, interestingly it does not eat the honey. He could not miss the legend of the king of cats of Celtic origin, it begins when a man when traveling looks at nine black cats with white spots in the chest, carrying a small coffin with a gold crown on him and one of the cats to see The man was heading towards him saying: Tell Tildum that Tim Toldrum is dead. The man escaped fearfully and frightened and when he arrived at his house where he lived with his wife and his cat Old Tom, I told them what happened, what would be his surprise when his cat exclaimed: "What? Old Tim is dead? So now I am the king of cats! And escaping through the chimney he was never seen again. There is in the United States the Cactus Cat or cactus cat, it is a feline with prickly hair, cuts the



cactus with bony blades that it removes of its front paws, to leave the juice out for several days, until fermenting and intoxicated with him and meowing. In Scotland round the Sith Cat, is a huge black cat with a white stain on the chest, this cat steals the soul of the people passing over its corpse before its burial. In Sanhaim milk was left for the Cat Sith to bless the house. The legend of the nine lives of cats emerges from this creature as the witch could become a cat only eight times, on the ninth occasion would remain a cat for the rest of his life. According to an Irish legend of Celtic origin, the monstrous giant cat Banghaisgidheach, king of the cats of Kilkenny, made his home in the caves of Dunmore and was the murderer of the monstrous Luchtigern, the lord of the mice. In Greek mythology they say that Apollo wanted to scare his sister Artemis, so he created several lions but she defended herself by turning them into cats. There is the cat of desires, which consists of taking the cat on the knees and be caressing and ask for a wish, if this is done the pussycat if it is a cat's desires. In Thailand when a king died a temple was created where the corpse of the monarch was put together with the cat, when the cat escaped through a tunnel it was believed that the soul of the king had possessed the body of the cat. In Germany, when a very bad person dies nine cats appear to take him to hell. To finish I will tell you that some time ago in Internet there were people who sold bonsai cats, that put the cat in a jar to deform it and it remained locked up until dying; Fortunately it turned out to be a joke, it only remains to say meow.



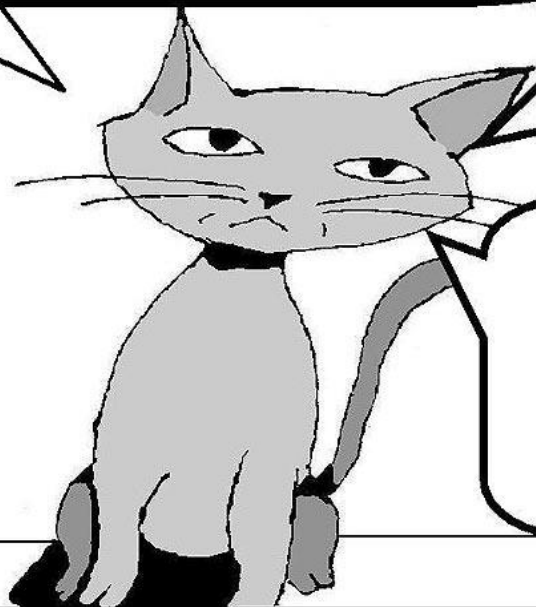
2016

Pedigree by Manuel Santamaría Barrios

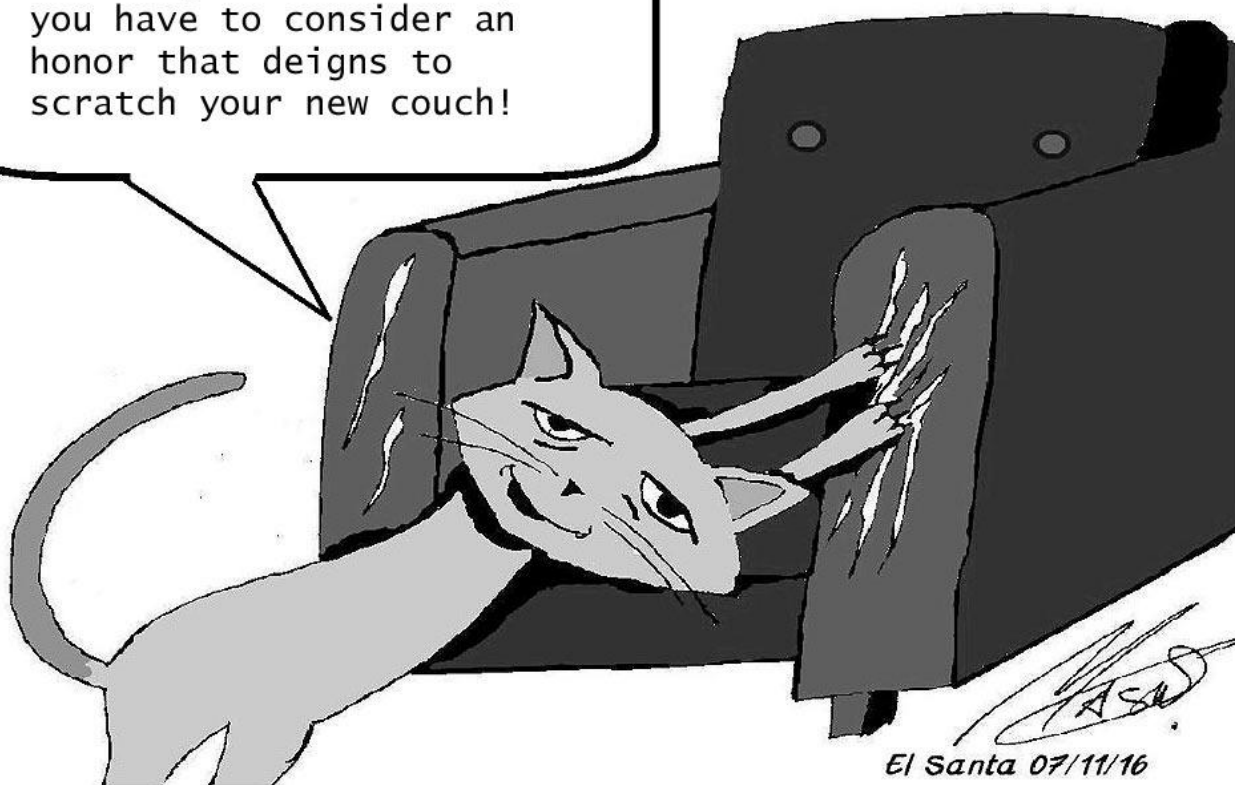
In Egypt I was worshiped as Bastet.
In China I went Li-Xhow bringing
peace, strength and serenity to the
family

In Japan Ainous
the fearsome
resurrected cat.
In India Sati
goddess of
fertility.

The Pope Gregory
the Great and Louis
XIV worshiped me.
Mahoma had the cat
Muezza by his side.



So insignificant human,
you have to consider an
honor that deigns to
scratch your new couch!



El Santa 07/11/16

The Cat

By [Charles Baudelaire](#)

I

In my brain there walks about,
As though he were in his own home,
A lovely cat, strong, sweet, charming.
When he mews, one scarcely hears him,
His tone is so discreet and soft;
But purring or growling, his voice
Is always deep and rich;
That is his charm and secret.
That voice forms into drops, trickles
Into the depths of my being,
Fills me like harmonious verse
And gladdens me like a philtre.
It lulls to sleep the sharpest pains,
Contains all ecstasies;
To say the longest sentences,
It has no need of words,
No, there's no bow that plays upon

My heart, that perfect instrument,
And makes its most vibrant chord
Sing more gloriously
Than your voice, mysterious cat,
Seraphic cat, singular cat,
In whom, as in angels, all is
As subtle as harmonious!

II



From his brown and yellow fur

Comes such sweet fragrance that one
night

I was perfumed with
it because

I caressed him
once, once only.

A familiar figure in
the place,

He presides, judges, inspires

Everything within his province;

Perhaps he is a fay, a god?

When my gaze, drawn as by a magnet,
Turns in a docile way
Toward that cat whom I love,
And when I look within myself,
I see with amazement
The fire of his pale pupils,
Clear signal-lights, living opals,
That contemplate me fixedly.¹⁰

¹⁰ The Flowers of Evil, William Aggeler (Fresno, CA: Academy Library Guild, 1954)

The Naming of Cats

By [T. S. Eliot](#)

The Naming of Cats is a difficult matter,
It isn't just one of your holiday games;
You may think at first I'm as mad as a hatter
When I tell you, a cat must have THREE DIFFERENT NAMES.
First of all, there's the name that the family use daily,
Such as Peter, Augustus, Alonzo, or James,
Such as Victor or Jonathan, George or Bill Bailey —
All of them sensible everyday names.
There are fancier names if you think they sound sweeter,
Some for the gentlemen, some for the dames:
Such as Plato, Admetus, Electra, Demeter —
But all of them sensible everyday names.
But I tell you, a cat needs a name that's particular,
A name that's peculiar, and more dignified,
Else how can he keep up his tail perpendicular,
Or spread out his whiskers, or cherish his pride?
Of names of this kind, I can give you a quorum,
Such as Munkstrap, Quaxo, or Coricopat,

Such as Bombalurina, or else Jellylorum —
Names that never belong to more than one cat.
But above and beyond there's still one name left over,
And that is the name that you never will guess;
The name that no human research can discover —
But THE CAT HIMSELF KNOWS, and will never confess.
When you notice a cat in profound meditation,
The reason, I tell you, is always the same:
His mind is engaged in a rapt contemplation
Of the thought, of the thought, of the thought of his name:
His ineffable effable
Effanineffable
Deep and inscrutable singular Name.

The cat of bad luck

By Lynette Mabel Pérez (Puerto Rico)

I slide down the rooftops.

A solitary chord in the cornices.

I move away from the broomstick trying to beat me.

I run from the shoe that wants to reach my shin.

It's not funny at all.

Only humans can laugh at something like that.

My previous owner left prints on my neck.

Traces product of his love.

A shit of love.

Same as the one that hides in the garbage.

Similar to the one that underlies the belly of this city.

Dozens of street cats walk with me.

They maul their abandon on gray days.

Step under a ladder.

Some humans cross themselves.

They are confessed believers.

The streets look empty, devoid of soul.



My mood coincides with the day, today is Friday, May thirteenth.
Some hostel is waiting for me.
Someone who wants to see me sleep,
But I still love life.
I want intimacy and cat love.
Maybe a fire by the carpet,
But I cannot trust humans.
They would take me to the shelter, me, the cat of bad luck.

Cuentos:

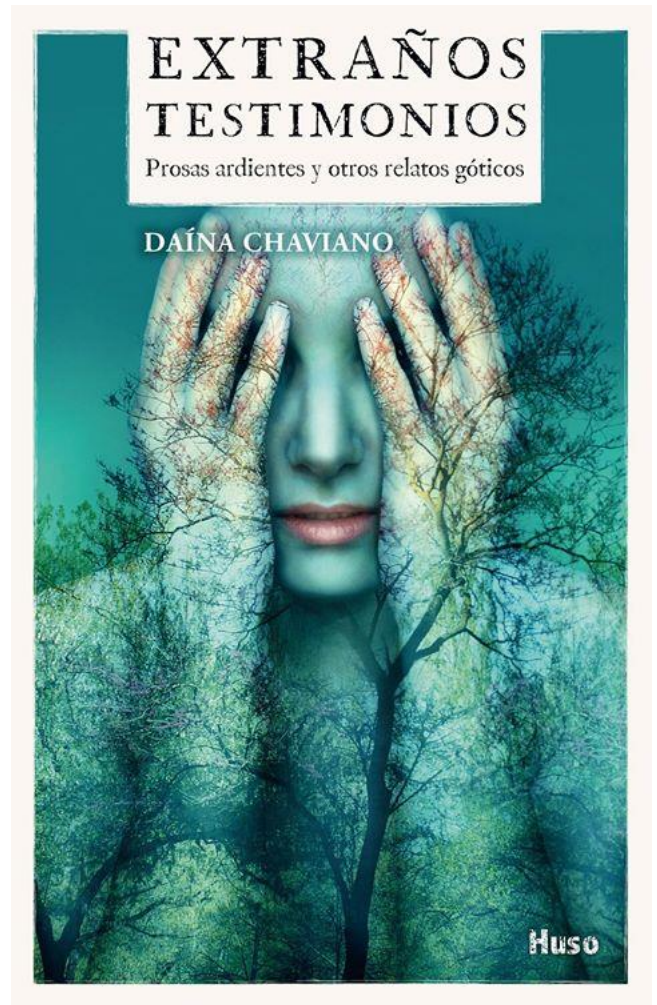
Extraños testimonios, prosas ardientes y otros relatos góticos

Autor: Daína Chaviano

Editorial: Huso

Sinopsis: Extraños testimonios, prosas ardientes y otros relatos góticos, es una obra que se divide en dos partes, cada una integrada por siete relatos. La primera se denomina “Sacrilegios nocturnos” y la segunda “Prosas ardientes”. El libro, conceptual, gráfica y numéricamente (el siete no puede ser casual), está concebido como un ritual en el que Chaviano invita a los lectores a participar de la magia de lo fantástico que forma parte de una cotidianidad compartida. El diseño de la cubierta, así como el de sus páginas interiores, se confabula con títulos que celebran lo extraño, tales como “Teje, araña, teje”; “Elogio de la locura”; “Discurso sobre el alma”; “Ciudad de oscuro rostro”; “La sustancia de los sueños”; “Vida secreta de una mujer loba” y “El pájaro de fuego”, entre otros.

El laureado escritor Antonio Orlando Rodríguez ofrece un interesante prólogo que titula “Revelaciones de la extrañeza” y que, como su nombre lo indica, viene a



significar una observación del decálogo fantástico que habita en el universo de Daína Chaviano. Rodríguez celebra la edición diciendo que “Algo que me atrae especialmente de estos testimonios es la multiplicidad de lecturas e interpretaciones que permiten. Por ejemplo, podría darse por sentado que una colección de cuentos de esta naturaleza esté divorciada del plano real, pero no es así. Las ficciones de Chaviano suelen moverse en más de una dimensión”.

Sobre la autora:

Daína Chaviano (La Habana, 1957) representa para la crítica internacional una de las tres autoras más importantes de la literatura fantástica y de ciencia ficción en lengua española. Junto con Angélica Gorodischer (Argentina) Elia Barceló (España) integra la conocida “trinidad femenina” de la literatura fantástica en Hispanoamérica. En Cuba publicó varios libros del género, logrando convertirse en la autora más seguida por los lectores. En 1991 se residencia en Estados Unidos y desde entonces desarrolla una obra que integra temas contemporáneos con elementos mitológicos y fantásticos. Con tales ingredientes su literatura adquiere una dimensión internacional entre diversos lectores.



Revistas:

Korad

Datos: nº 25, Mayo-Agosto de 2016. La Habana, Cuba

Aquí lo dejamos con el contenido :

Un Gundam Sobre La Tumba De Karel Capek. La Figura Del Robot En La Ciencia Ficción (artículo teórico) Erick J. Mota

Acta Del Jurado De Cuento Fantástico Y Ciencia Ficción

MISIÓN 446 (Mención cuento de ciencia ficción) Malena Zalazar Maciá

LA ÚLTIMA NOCHE DE GUZMÁN CASTILLO (Mención Oscar Hurtado de cuento de fantasía) Raúl Piad

KAREL ČAPEK Y R.U.R. (ROSSUM'S UNIVERSAL ROBOTS) (Artículo teórico) Manuel Rodríguez Yagüe

SYSTÉM (cuento clásico) Josef y Karel Čapek

Acta Del Jurado De Poesía
Fantástica Y De Ciencia Ficción

VIGILIA (Mención Oscar
Hurtado de poesía fantástica)
Milena Hidalgo

EL LARGO VIAJE (Mención
Oscar Hurtado de poesía
Fantástica) Alexy Dumenigo

Sección Plástika Fantástica:
Alex Grey

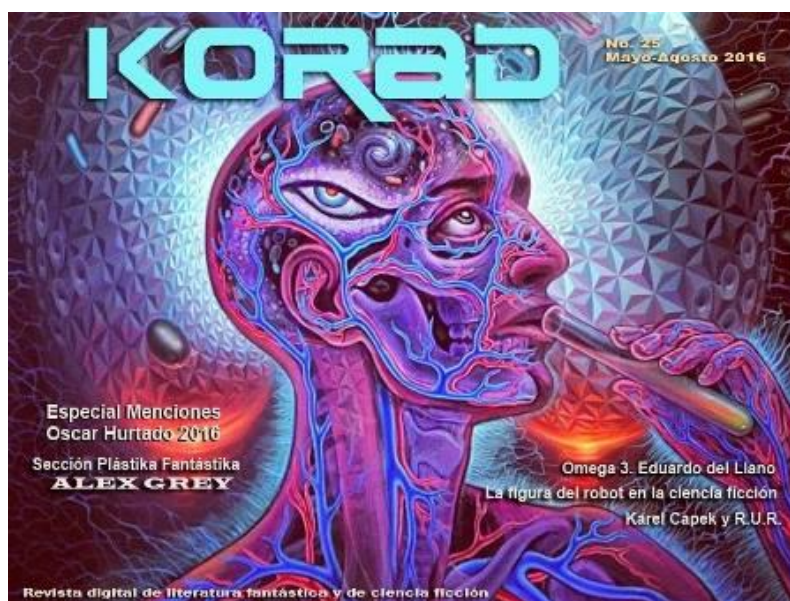
Sección Humor: Junta Directiva. Daniel Burguet

Sección Poéticas: Como Escribir Fantasía Oscura

Cine Fantástico: Historia Del Cine Fantástico Y De Cf En Latinoamérica (6ta Parte). Raúl Aguiar

Reseñas

Convocatorias a concursos





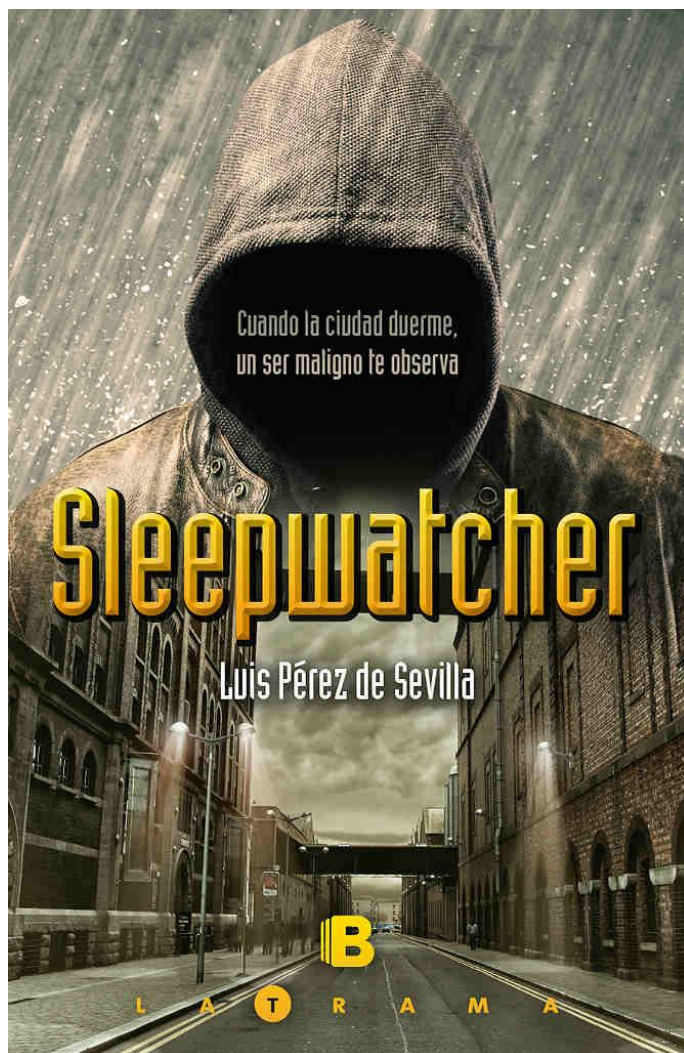
Novelas:

Sleepwatcher

Autor: Luis Pérez de Sevilla

Editorial: Ediciones B México

Sinopsis: Tras años de distanciamiento entre Daniel y su hermana, ella le ha enviado a España una misteriosa carta acompañada por una llave invitándolo a visitarla. Proviene de Halifax, Nueva Escocia, ciudad en la que está trabajando en un laboratorio de investigación y donde, décadas atrás, ocurrió una tragedia naval que ha acarreado diversas consecuencias fatales. Sin dudarlo mucho, Daniel vuela a Canadá sin imaginar que tendrá que revelar una serie de horribles misterios que incluso ponen en riesgo su propia vida.



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:

Abrego, J. Daniel (Mexico, 33 years old)

Bachelor in Marketing and Master in Project Management. Writer and Independent Literary Critic with 6 self-published books. His stories have been published in magazines such as Monolito (1), The Narratorio (3), The Crypt (2), Grezza (1), Cronopio (1), Light of Candil (2), Dark Times (1). He operates his social networks himself under the pseudonym "Viento del Sur" (Twitter and Instagram: Viento_del_sur1, Facebook.com/loscuentosdevientodelsur.)

Antokoletz Huerta, Daniel (Buenos Aires, Argentina, 1964) began writing from an early age and has won several awards both locally and nationally. Among the major first prize in the contest "Cuentos para Niños", the Argentine Council of Jewish Women of Argentina, in 1993, and in the same year, the first mention of "Más Allá" the Argentine Circle of Science Award are fiction and Fantasy for his short story "La sentencia".

His fantastic and horror stories have been published in various newspapers, magazines and anthologies, among which must be noted that they were selected for Cuentos de la Abadía de Carfax, contemporary stories of horror and fantasy (2005), Grageas 2 (2010) Grageas 3 (2014), Minimalismos (2015) and Espacio Austral (2016). Sinergia Editions announces the publication of his novel *Contrafuturo* for 2016. Work in bioengineering and technological research in robotics and systems.

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

In 2012 and in Buenos Aires she published *El Expediente Glasser* (The Glasser Dossier) a science fiction novel with Editorial Dunkin 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>

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.

Casarrubias, Hugo (Mexico, 28 years old) I have now published two horror novels: "En Tinieblas" and "El retrato de la condesa", these novels can be found on the Dreamers Editorial page. They are about to publish a story called "El Guardian" through the Mexican magazine Fantastique.

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, 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 stories insert 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.

Loyola, Patricia Mónica (Argentina) has published in different digital magazines and her books are: "Letters from the Face" Anthology Poetry and Stories Editorial Dunken. Revelations "Anthology Poetry Editorial Dunken. Interlaced "Poetry and Narrative Editorial Dunken. Tribute to Antonio Machado "Editorial Anthology Artgerust (Spain). Tribute to William Shakespeare "Antología Editorial Artgerust (Spain). Penumbría. Anthology Digital tale Purpura and garnet. Narratorio Digital Anthology short story Zero. Narratorio Digital Anthology cuento Cóndor.

Martí Urrea, Lledó (Castellón, Spain, 1988), translator and interpreter, fond of reading and the cinema of science fiction and mystery, and writer in my free time.

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

He recently presented "Penumbras Smith" (Ediciones Galmort, 2010), a book of stories

that give the reader a unique account of joint portrait and disclosure anomalous every day.

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

www.eleclipsedegyllenedraken.blogspot.com

Mayayo Martínez, Iván (Logroño, Spain, 38 years old) As a child I have been a voracious reader and I have always liked to write but I have to wait for my university stage so, having been declared finalist in a contest, publish my first poem , "Looks (for before coffee)" (in Now and in the hour and other stories, but you suddenly and other poems. From this moment the process of writing becomes irregular and it is not until ten years later, after approaching again the fantastic genres and science fiction and the birth of my first child, when I return. He was a finalist in several contests, and published the short story "Berserker" (in Brief Heroicities II, Ed. Diverse Literatura, 2016), the story "The Hour of the Navigator" (in Through the Stars. 2016) and the micro-account "Postcards" (in the digital magazine miNatura number 152. 2016).

I currently reside with my wife and son in the municipality of Rivas Vaciamadrid in Madrid.

Medel, Nazareno (Chile, 39 years old)

More reader than writer. A fan of fantastic literature, especially the work of Professor Tolkien. "The Black Cat," a story by E. A. Poe, started him on the path of terror, where H P. Lovecraft has become a traveling companion. In the last time the zombies have become an obsession, perhaps to be Licensed in Anthropology see in that sort the decadence of the society. Indeed, it has conducted research linked to the rescue of the intangible heritage of Lebu and sometimes acts as cultural manager.

Melin Matamala, César (Chile, 1990) He

grew up on the bank of the Lebu River in Chile. Descendant of Mapuches. He lived much of his childhood with his aboriginal grandmother. He learned the world view of the Mapuche people lafkenche. In his youth he is influenced by literature, especially by philosophy and poetry. Amateur to the performing arts, music and to write small poems.

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 HalfRound 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

Ojeda Torres, Alfredo (Victoria, Chile, 1970), I studied degree in Literature in Santiago and I began to read and to write from very small. I live in front of the sea, and I participate in a literary workshop every week; Self-published a short novel and experimental called "The mutilated conscience". I have published poems and short stories in different cultural media, both printed and digital.

Actually a live in the city of Lebu, Province of Arauco.

Olivera, Patricia K. (Montevideo, Uruguay)
future Proofreader Style and Degree in

Linguistics. Post your authoring texts on blogs that manages and participates in others where. He has worked in network Literary Magazines from around the world. Currently working in miNature Digital Magazine of the Short and the fantastic, Revista Literaria Palabras (Uruguayan magazine where he also participates as assistant editor) and El Descensor. Don't have books published but shares space with other authors in several anthologies of short stories and poetry.

<http://mismusascuenteras.blogspot.com>

<http://mismusaslocas.blogspot.com>

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.

Patricia Richmond -seud.- (Spain, 54 years old) I have won a number of micro-narrative and short story contests. Among them, the micro-narratives of the Federation of Zaragoza Barrios, the fantasy stories "Encounters in the third sentence" of the

Letras Inquietas portal and I was a finalist of the international story competition Ana María Matute, from Torremozas publishing house. I have published short stories in magazines such as Penumbria (Mexico), Scribere (Spain) and El Narratorio (Argentina). I currently collaborate with the group of artists "Zaragoza a Lápis" in the creation of the animated comic "El Centinela de Zaragoza".

Pérez, Lynette Mabel (Moca, Puerto Rico, 1976) She has a Master's Degree in Language Arts from the Inter-American University of Puerto Rico. She has published five books: Imaginería (Isla Negra Editores), the poetry plaque Psicodelias Urbanas, Mundo cero under the seal of Verde Blanco, is coauthor of Modern Woman and Ars memoriae under the same label. It was awarded in several literary contests. Published in national and international magazines. It was included in the anthologies of the Army of Roses, Leads: Puerto Rican Poetry Anthology, Broken Wings, Sutures, No Frontiers II, Power Tales, Fantastic Visions and the Anthology of Children's Literature 1,2,3 For all my friends, among others . He compiled with Miranda Merced the

anthology Fantasía Circense: anthology of contemporary literature. It belongs to REMES. She was a professor at the Metropolitan University, Aguadilla Campus and currently works at Columbia University Center in Caguas.

Santamaría Barrios, Manuel (Cádiz, Spain, 1977) Degree in Nautical and Maritime Transport. Currently I work as a freelance teacher of merchant marine courses which I manage from the facebook page "Cadiz Training Náutica".

I write because I like it with no more aspirations.

I have published stories in digital magazines.

I collaborate as an opinion columnist in the column "El Guardián de Latveria" of the Diario Diario Bahía de Cádiz and in the El Rincón del Comic section.

Other publications away from the literary genre that I have done are the development and revision of manuals for nautical training.

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

Vázquez, María Victoria (Buenos Aires, 1973) Future graduate in Communication Sciences from the University of Buenos Aires. English teacher. Culture columnist on the radio show "Las buenas y las malas". Multi-tasking woman, like most.

In 2016 published his first book of stories, "Cold", editorial Intruding Texts.

Other texts available at
<http://comocontintachina.blogspot.com.ar/>

Illustrator:

Pag. 31 Ascúa, Miriam (Argentina) writer and illustrator.

Pag. 01 Barticevich, Gastón (San José de la esquina, Santa Fe, Argentina), 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.barticevichblogspot.com

Page. 111 Castelló Escrig, Rafa (Castellón de la Plana, Spain, 1969) illustrator.

Graduated in the School of Arts and Crafts of Castellón in the specialty of Graphic Design (1993). Cartelista, illustrator and plastic artist, at the moment compagina his work in the local administration in a small town council of the province of Castellón with his creative work.

He recently participated in the exhibition of his drawings and paintings at the 1st Traditional Exhibition in Sant Joan de Moró (Castellón) and in the 16th edition of the "PASEARTE" Art Fair in Castellón de la Plana.

[Http://cuadernosdelcazador.blogspot.com.es](http://cuadernosdelcazador.blogspot.com.es)

/

<https://www.facebook.com/rafa.castelloescrig>

<https://twitter.com/rafacastello69>

Pag. 45 Collins, Glen (Oklahoma, USA) |

first started with the guitar and even played in a group ... One of the best moments of my life! Until I discovered the computer and determined that was my way.

I grew up in the age of Computers and I am very proud of belonging to that community. Drawing using photoshopCs3 complementing it with the use of animated gif where art and creation prevail.

[Http://arteoscurodarkart.blogspot.com.es/2](http://arteoscurodarkart.blogspot.com.es/2013/04/glen-collins.html)

[013/04/glen-collins.html](http://arteoscurodarkart.blogspot.com.es/2013/04/glen-collins.html)

Pág. 86 Delgado, Ariel Carlos (Bogotá, Colombia, 1971) See Writers..

Pag. 23, 52, 64, 81 Fortanet, Elena

(Spain) poet, writer and illustrator.

Pag. 25 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.

Pág. 67 Salinas Sixtos, Sergio Fabián

(Ciudad de México, México) writer.

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(Cádiz, Spain, 1977) See Writers.

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